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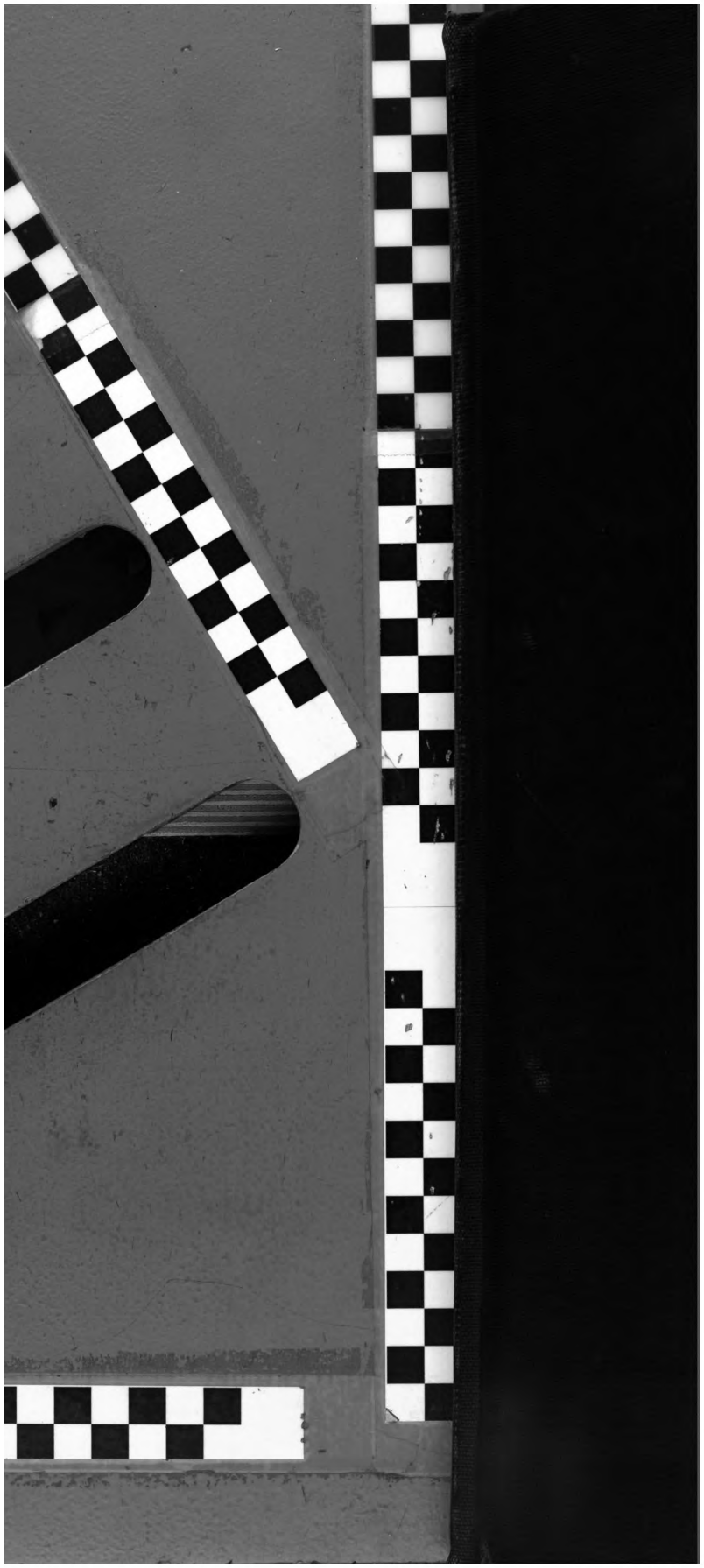
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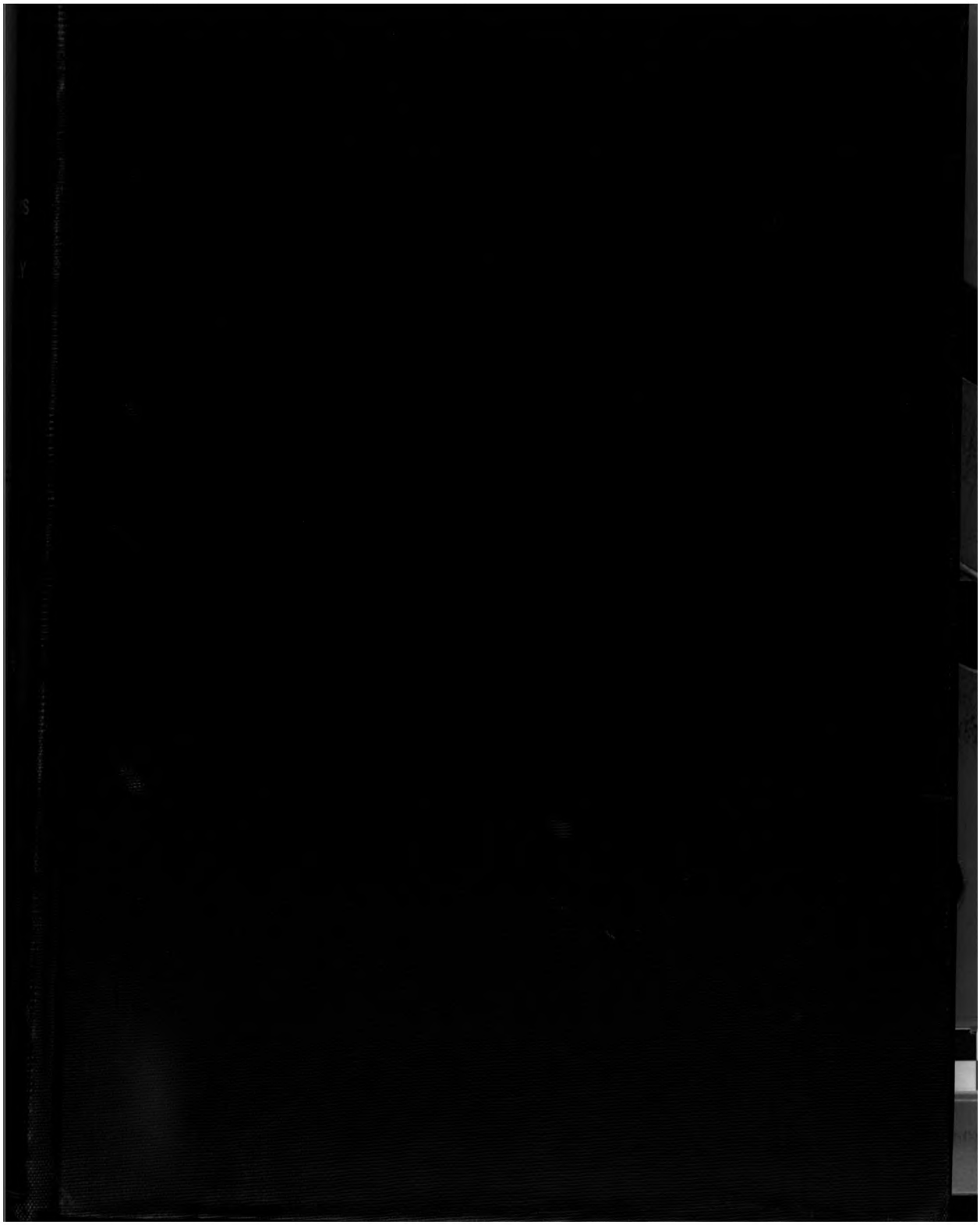
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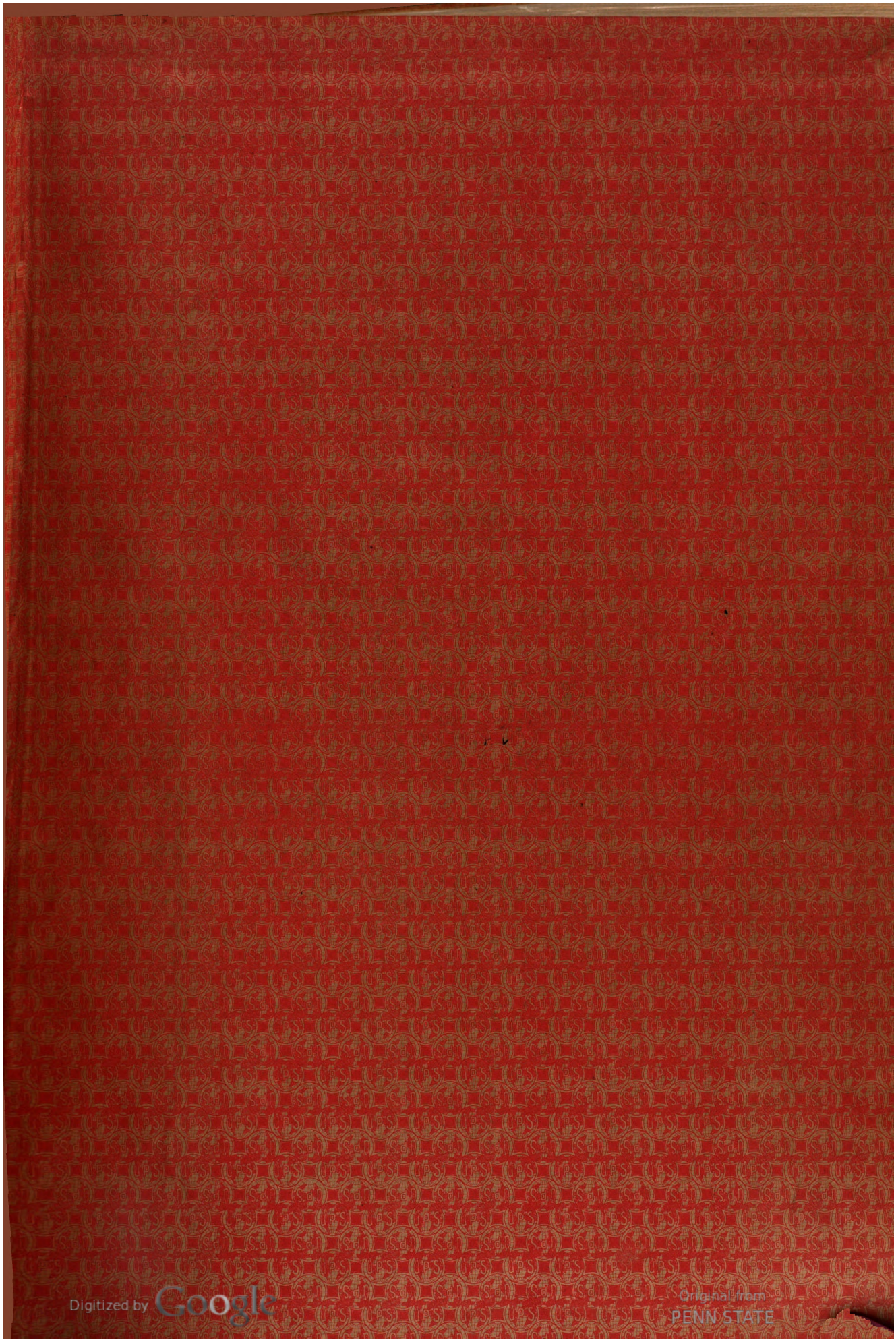
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

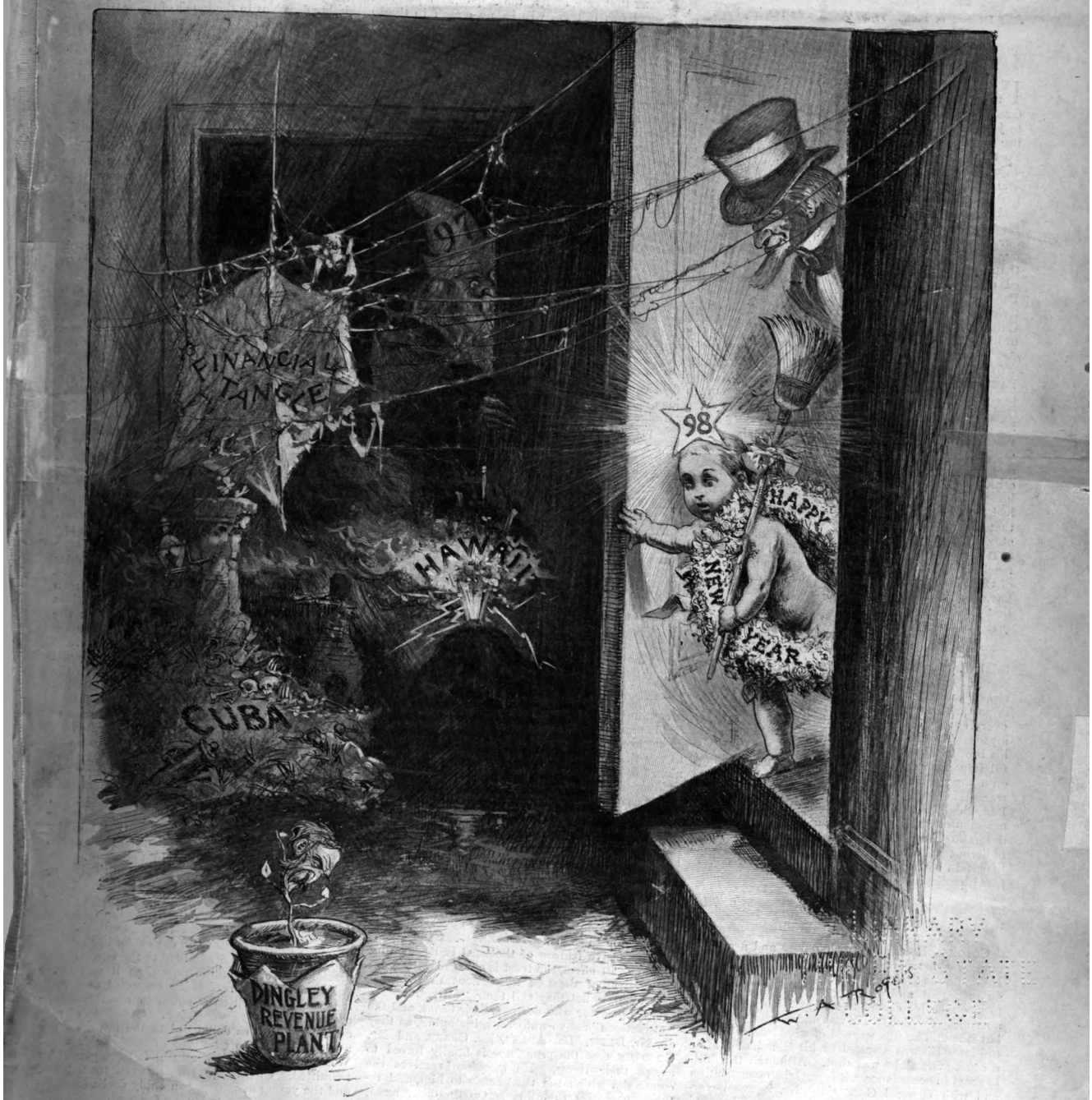
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

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PLENTY OF WORK FOR THE NEW YEAR.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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IT is clear that not only is Germany determined to retain control of Kiao-chou Bay, but that Great Britain, Russia, Japan, and France all expect to join in a division of Chinese bays and adjoining coasts. Russia has strengthened her force at Port Arthur; and Great Britain, of course with Japan's consent, has entered Wai Hai-wei Bay. The English newspapers are even suggesting that the United States would like a slice of the pork; and doubtless, if we were already in possession of Hawaii, our Jingoes would be clamoring about our "sacred duty" in China, and the necessity of our securing a naval station there. We may be thankful, then, that we have not yet burdened ourselves with foreign complications in the Pacific. As for the German Emperor, his hysterics and his warlike effort to protect religion in China will probably pass his bill for an increase of his navy.

WHEN Secretary GRESHAM and Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE agreed on $425,000 as the sum which the United States ought to pay for the seizure of Canadian sealers, under the Paris award, Congress rejected the agreement on the ground that the sum was exorbitant, and that some of the claimants were American citizens, who were not entitled to any recompense. It is not true, as our English critics say, that this action of Congress was dishonest or dishonorable. Congress had a right to insist on being satisfied that justice be done, and that neither too much nor too little be paid. Senator MORGAN was the chief opponent of paying $425,000. He believed Mr. GRESHAM had been overreached; but by an act of Congress, Judge KING of Canada and Judge PUTNAM of the United States, have examined the testimony, and have found that the $425,000 was about fair. It is discovered that our debt to Canada, with interest, is $464,000.

WILLIAM II., Emperor of Germany, to the superficial eye, is managing his empire very much as some of our sensational publishers manage their newspapers. He is constantly declaring his own importance, and exaggerating the significance of every event in which he or his government plays a part. The other day, at Kiel, he took leave of his brother HENRY, on the departure of that hopeful imperial admiral to China. HENRY is going on a voyage which is not at all likely to end in war. He goes to take possession of Kiao-chou Bay, which China has practically surrendered. The ceremonies at the departure were of such a melodramatic character that they would have been ludicrous if Prince HENRY had really been going to certain battle and probable death. They either furnish a theme for comic opera that could be most fittingly treated by GILBERT and SULLIVAN, or they suggest that the two princes who participated in them should be treated for hysteria.

COLONEL RUIZ, a Spanish officer and a gentleman, was murdered by Cubans a few days ago. He had gone to see his friend Colonel ARANGUREN, an insurgent, and also a gentleman. He wished to persuade his friend to accept Spain's plan for autonomy for Cuba. He was under a flag of truce, but it is said he was warned of what might happen to him. He was arrested by his friend, and, after a court-martial, he was shot. Although this killing was in accordance with the Cuban constitution and with General GARCIA'S order, it was nevertheless brutal. The constitutional provision and the order are themselves brutal. WEYLER is a brute. The Spanish soldiers have often shown themselves to be brutes. We fear that the insurgents are not their betters in this respect. The killing of RUIZ was not the act of patriotic soldiers, but of a gang of cruel murderers, from whom talk of WEYLER'S barbarities will henceforth be immodest and grotesque.

THE silver men, if we are to believe Senator CHANDLER, are enraged because the administration is undertaking to fulfil its promise to promote sound-money legislation. Although Mr. MCKINLEY can plead that he did nothing until after he had aided DINGLEY to reduce the country's income, and although Mr. GAGE can honestly say that his measure of reform is as small as possible, Mr. CHANDLER threatens the Republican party with vengeance if any currency-reform bill is passed. Why did the Republican party and Mr. MCKINLEY promise currency reform? Is it Mr. CHANDLER'S belief that the promise was made for the purpose of deceiving sound-money Democrats into voting his party's ticket? At any rate, the promise gave Mr. MCKINLEY that vote, and if the Republican party now repudiates it, there will be no reason in the future why any Democrat shall ever again vote for any Republican candidate. Fortunately for the party, Mr. MCKINLEY and Mr. GAGE do not agree to Mr. CHANDLER'S dishonorable proposition.

IT may be that the people of New York city are at last to enjoy rapid transit, but there is not much hope for it in the opinion of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court on the application to confirm the report of its own commissioners. The majority of the court, in effect, say that the Rapid Transit Commissioners may try to make a contract, but they clearly intimate that the contract can be successfully attacked in court if it provide for the construction of the whole work at once. The Commissioners apparently think that they can avoid this dilemma by making contracts for the building of the road by piecemeal, the sum involved in each contract being safely within the borrowing capacity of the city at the time of making the contract. They rely upon an increase of borrowing capacity by the time they are ready to enter into the next contract, by the natural increase in the assessed values of property within the city, the city's power to borrow being limited to the creation of a debt equal to ten per cent. of the assessed valuations. As it is, however, the minority opinion by Judge INGRAHAM shows conclusively that the city's present margin of borrowing capacity will not sustain the loan of $35,000,000 that will be necessary for the construction of the whole road, without counting the millions for incidental expenses that will be required. Moreover, the bond of $15,000,000 which the court requires from the prospective contractors for surety is so enormous that it seems as if the judges intended to kill the project. It is unfortunate that the judges have dealt with the matter so fully, for although fair-minded men must be greatly impressed by Judge INGRAHAM'S reasoning, the decision will, for a time at least, greatly impair the influence of the court; for most men, especially those angry at the loss or postponement of rapid transit, will believe that they are the victims of a court controlled by Tammany or the Manhattan Elevated Railroad—a belief that is doubtless unjust, but inevitable.

THE people of the theatre are greatly stirred up by a combination of New York managers whose object is practically the control of all the theatres and actors in the country. It is just to these managers to say that among them are men who have furnished to the public the best plays and many good companies of actors. But when so mild-mannered a man as Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, one of whose sons is said to be connected in business with the trust, is moved to say of the combination that it is oppressive and injurious to his art, there is reason to believe that the welfare of the dramatic art is really threatened by the trust. Several actors, including Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY, Mr. FRANCIS WILSON, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD, and Mrs. MINNIE MADDERN FISK, are forming a hostile combination, and they agree among themselves, in effect, to refuse to play for the trust. It seems that the peculiarly offensive feature of the trust is its booking agency. In effect, the trust is charged with gaining control of theatres throughout the country by refusing what they call their "attractions" to every proprietor who declines their terms, and the "attractions" are so numerous, including, as they do, Mr. DREW, Miss ADAMS, Mr. CRANE, and Mr. GOODWIN, that the proprietor is finally forced to accept their terms. He therefore receives the companies which the trust sends to him, and refuses to receive the others. On the other hand, actors who refuse its terms are prevented from playing in any theatre which the trust controls. Frequently this means that recalcitrant actors and their companies are not permitted to play in certain cities. It is charged, also, that the trust has refused to "book" companies unless a certain player, disliked by it, should be discharged. It is also stated that the press outside of New York and the other larger cities has been threatened with withdrawal of advertisements if the trust's methods were criticised. In effect, it appears that the trust says to actors who are also managers, "You shall play where we wish and on our terms, or we shall drive you into cheap theatres or out of all the cities we control, and they are many." To the proprietors of theatres it says, "You shall exhibit the drama under our dictation, and if you permit certain actors to play in your house we shall deny you the attractions which your public desires." This is certainly an odious tyranny, and the revolt of the players is not to be wondered at. So far as the public is concerned, it ought to be interested in upholding what is called the actor-manager, for the drama flourishes best in the hands of the dramatic profession itself. It is inevitably decadent in the hands of those who love it only for the profits of the box-office. It is to be hoped that the actors who have the capacity for management will regain control of their own art. It will be a sad day for the drama in this country when it falls entirely into the hands of a single trust of managers.

THE MODERN BAR.

A FEW days ago Judge PATTERSON, of the New York Supreme Court, was reported to have said, in the course of an after-dinner speech, that the bar has degenerated; that it is not the equal of the bar of a few years ago in intellect or in learning; that it has ceased to be a profession and has become a trade. Since then Judge PATTERSON has stated that he was not accurately reported, and while there is much indignation at the speech expressed by some lawyers—not always of those who are winged—there is a general inclination and a marked disposition to regard the alleged speech as jocose.

It would be a great pity if the bar should be permitted to escape just chastisement either by a denial that Judge PATTERSON'S speech was made, or by surrounding it with the atmosphere of jest. Whether Judge PATTERSON thus criticised the bar or not, or whether he intended his remarks for a joke or not, it is true that the bar is not so respectable as it was thirty years ago; that it is not so distinguished by learning and by character; that the community does not now so much as it did regard the leading lawyers as its leading citizens; and that the atmosphere of the bar is now commercial, whereas it used to be professional. The time is not so distant that men of middle life cannot recall the sacrifice for the community made by CHARLES O'CONOR and his associates; and while some lawyers are now engaged in municipal and other reform movements, they are chiefly old men brought up in old traditions or enthusiastic young men who are moved by the well-defined moral instinct that is felt and manifested by all classes in the country. It is not to the leading lawyers in active life that one now turns first for aid in a great civic crisis, as the community invariably did in the older day. The reason is plain. In the earlier time lawyers belonged not only really but in sentiment to a learned profession, and they spent their lives in the study and advancement of sound principles of public as well as of private law. They lived somewhat removed from the lay community. They were the dignified associates of members of the other learned professions—of the clergy and the physicians. But within a generation all this has changed, and the lawyer is a business man, practising law as a trade in aid of business enterprises and even of speculations, he is governed by precisely the same ethical considerations as govern his adventurous clients, and, in the main, cares little for general constitutional and political questions.

The existence of Mr. CARTER and of others of his type and character does not change the fact that a different code of ethics is followed by the majority of the profession in these days than in the days when Mr. CARTER was admitted to the bar. Sharp practice is more common now than it was then. A lawyer's simple word is less respected now than it was then. Written stipulations are more general now than they were then. Questions of procedure are now as delightful to the mind of the average lawyer as questions of merit once were. What was once unprofessional is now generally permitted. Clients are sought, even touted for, and the young man who honorably declines to accept causes on speculation, or for contingent fees, is likely to go without clients. Even the rascals of the old days carried themselves towards the outside world with a certain professional dignity

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which is now observable only among the very best of the modern leaders. So far as the main body of the bar is concerned, it is composed of pushing, energetic men of business who are intent upon gain. Many of them are able and many of them are learned, but ability and learning are employed in the trading spirit, while the delights of learning in which the older lawyers used to take pleasure, to the great advantage of forensic oratory, are no longer a distinction of the legal profession. If one wishes to fathom the low estate to which the English of the bar has sunk, or to note the tone of disrespect which often marks the attitude of the younger bar to the bench, one has only to spend a day in any trial court of the highest jurisdiction in the metropolis.

There is, of course, a reason for this change in the moral and intellectual atmosphere of a great and dignified profession, in the practice of which many strong and pure minds still delight. The eager pursuit of wealth does not explain it. Wealth was pursued as eagerly in the older day as now. The rapid accumulation of fortunes through the gains of science, and through the opening of new fields of enterprise in new lands, does not explain it. Nowhere has there been a greater economic and social revolution on account of new-made riches, and nowhere have the ventures of discovery and exploitation been more excitedly followed than in London, and at no time in the history of the English bar has the barrister been a more dignified figure. The code that obtained at the American bar a generation ago, and that still governs the lives and the practice of the best of our older lawyers, is still observed of the profession in England.

The only explanation for the change that is at all satisfactory is to be found in a cause from which spring a good many other tendencies and evils of our time. When the bar was at its best, when pride in the profession, respect for its traditions, glory in its learning and in its achievements for humanity and for self-government, pervaded the whole body of lawyers; when even the shifty practitioners who were unable to comprehend it, yet paid the respect of hypocrisy to the beauty and dignity of the code of ethics which was as the conscience of the lawyer, the educational system of the country had not been revolutionized by utilitarianism. The old theory was that the youth seeking a liberal education should be withdrawn from the world for four years, for the study of the humanities and for the training of his intellect in the retirement and seclusion of his college. For four years he was guided by teachers who undertook to teach him himself, to give him control of himself, and to make him know and feel the intellectual and spiritual heights to which the antique mind had attained. Out of the old-fashioned college, or taught according to its system, came first the great clergy who dominated New England thought; most of the writers who gave us our first noteworthy literature; the statesmen who won the admiration of CHATHAM by the conservatism, the wisdom, and the ability of their address to the crown, who afterwards framed the Constitution, and then interpreted it. Out of the old-fashioned college came, also, the great lawyers and judges of the early part of the century, and most of the lawyers who, in our time, are preserving the best traditions of their profession.

The new spirit which animates our universities and colleges is not conducive to the dignified retirement in which the healthful aloofness of a cult is preserved, in which a priesthood, whether it be of religion or of the law, keeps itself unspotted from the world. The modern boy is tossed into the arena of competitive struggle when he is sent to a university or a college, and is told to prepare himself for the business of making money. Not that there are no scholars nor instruction in the modern babels. There is more scholarship and there is more opportunity than ever before. But the atmosphere is hostile to reflection, and it would be as pertinent to ask a Brahmin to fulfil his destiny in a boiler-shop as to demand of the average boy that he saturate his mind and soul with the humanities in the midst of the noisy competitions of companions who are training themselves in the arts of getting the better of one another in the future business struggles of the world. It is impossible, of course, to discuss the relative merits of the old and the new system of education in an editorial, but if any of our readers desire to pursue the subject further we refer them to Professor PECK'S enlightening essay on the "Downward Drift in American Education," which is to be found in his recently published volume of essays, entitled *The Personal Equation*. Our reason for alluding to the subject at all is for the purpose of offering an explanation for not only the downward drift, but the actual fall of the American bar from a learned profession to a trade. The moral is clear. If boys are taught that life is trading, all their efforts will be for success in trading. If the country wants men who love learning and who have high and spiritual ideals, we must have some institutions of learning where utilitarianism does not thrust out the humanities.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM AND THE PEOPLE.

WITH the politicians who advocate a return to the spoils system it has become a favorite argument that civil service reform as embodied in the existing law is not popular, and that if the question whether it should be sustained or abandoned were submitted to a vote of the people, there would be a large majority adverse to it. In support of this allegation they refer us to the loud clamor for the opening of the gates of the classified service which is kept up with growing impatience by a certain class of party workers; to the flood of letters certain members of Congress—such as Mr. GROSVENOR from Ohio and Senator GALLINGER from New Hampshire—are receiving, in which the repeal of the civil service law is vehemently demanded; and to the fact that a "civil service amendment" to the Constitution of Maryland, voted upon by the people of that State at the last election, was defeated.

As to the clamor proceeding from the ranks of party workers for the repeal of the civil service law, and as to the multitude and the urgency of the letters containing the same demand which encumber the mail of certain members of Congress, the facts are admitted. But those facts do not prove that *the people* are against civil service reform. They prove only that a number of persons who have long been anxious to get to the public crib without passing the examinations prescribed by the civil service law are now shouting more loudly than ever before, because they think that if their present chance pass away they will never have another; and that as the President is unwilling to break his and the party's pledges, these persons are all the more glad to find in the Senate and the House of Representatives men of more elastic conscience, into whose bosoms they can pour their woes without any fear of alarming a sage intelligence, and whom they can hope to excite to incessant vociferation in the advocacy of their desires. It is a well-known fact that persons who want things to which their title is questionable are apt to become the most prolific letter-writers; and if the members of Congress who hear so much from the enemies of civil service reform would only publish the names of their correspondents, it would at once become manifest how little these deserve to be called "the people."

It was a significant coincidence, with a touch of humor in it, that during the recent annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, in Cincinnati, the principal Republican morning paper in that city, the *Commercial Tribune*, while publishing on one page a flaming onslaught upon the civil service law from the pen of Representative GROSVENOR, who insists that "the people" are imperiously calling for its abolition, repeated editorially on another page its own emphatic endorsement of President MCKINLEY'S saying that "the system has the approval of the people," and added that "this is a sentiment in harmony with the belief of an overwhelming majority of the citizens of Cincinnati, of Ohio, and of the Union." And what the members of the Civil Service Reform League saw and heard of the citizens of Ohio went far to confirm that judgment.

Nor is the result of the recent vote in Maryland to be considered as a sign of a drift in the opposite direction. The civil service reformers of that State had drafted an amendment to the State Constitution which they desired the Legislature to submit to the people. The amendment came out of the Legislature in so disfigured a shape that it was doubtful whether its adoption would not rather discredit than advance the cause of civil service reform. Had the amendment been such as the friends of that cause desired, an energetic campaign would have been made in its favor. As it was, that plan was of course abandoned. And, more than that, while some of the civil service reformers thought it best to give the amendment a nominal countenance, others declared themselves frankly against it. It had virtually no advocates. No wonder that it failed! It is more surprising that it received even as many votes as it did.

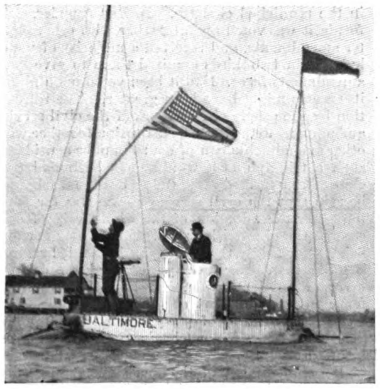
But wherever the merit system has been submitted to a popular vote in good faith, it has issued triumphantly from the contest. In Chicago it received an astonishing majority. In Evanston, Illinois, and in Seattle and Tacoma, State of Washington, the people emphatically sanctioned its embodiment in the municipal charters. In Los Angeles, California, it was voted upon, together with other charter amendments, and received a majority of votes, but not the two-thirds required there to give such amendments force. Had it been voted upon alone, its success might have been greater. The ratification by the people of New York of the civil service amendment to the State Constitution, together with other amendments, can, of course, not be considered such a triumph as it would have been had that clause been ratified separately; but it may indeed be said that the civil service clause was far from impeding the adoption of the whole body of new constitutional provisions, and that ever since, while being attacked by the spoils politicians, it has, in a steadily increasing measure, enjoyed the decided favor of public opinion, and found vigorous defence in the best part of the press of the State without distinction of party. It is therefore the declared policy of the friends of civil service reform to secure, wherever possible, the submission of the embodiment of the merit system in State constitutions and in municipal charters to the popular vote, with the full confidence that the system needs only full and fair discussion to secure for it the approval of the sound sense and the patriotism of good citizens.

This confidence grows stronger as in the discussions now going on two things are constantly becoming clearer to the popular understanding. One is the democratic quality of the competitive principle upon which the merit system is based. The artful pretence of the spoils politicians, that the examinations as they are held under the civil service law give college-bred men an undue advantage over all others, and are therefore calculated to impart to the public service an aristocratic character, has long been exploded by statistics proving that where the merit system was in force not more than ten per cent of the successful candidates have been college graduates, and outside of the scientific branches of the service hardly more that six per cent. But that pretence was intended to obscure to the popular eye the important fact that not the merit system but the spoils system is the aristocratic one, inasmuch as it makes the obtaining and the keeping of public employment dependent upon the favor of the powerful, which favor can be won and retained only by political or personal service; and that not the spoils system, but the merit system is the democratic one, inasmuch as it opens the way to public employment through free competition alike to the poor and the rich, to the lowly and the powerful, on equal terms, without regard to personal or political service rendered or to be rendered, and as it thus gives the best man the best chance independently of the favor of anybody. The more clearly this vital difference between the two systems impresses itself upon the popular mind, the more generally it will be recognized that the merit system embodying the great democratic principle of the equality of opportunity before the law is, in the truest sense of the term, the people's cause, and that its assailants are enemies to the right of every citizen freely to compete for public employment without being dependent upon the favor of the powerful. And there are many signs indicating that those most interested, the masses of the people, are beginning keenly to appreciate this feature of the question.

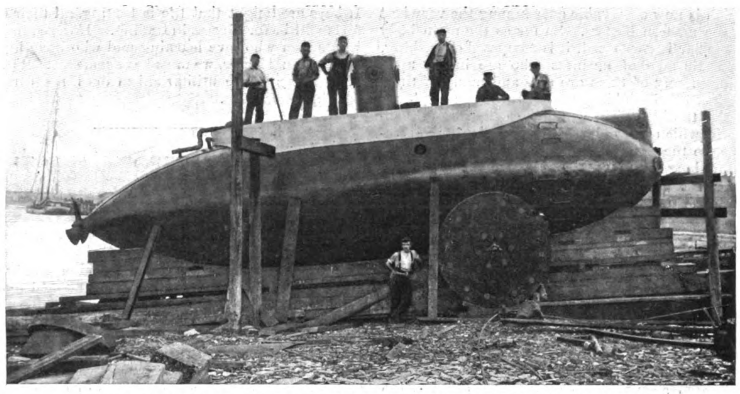
The second thing that promises good results is the impression produced by the kind of warfare at present being waged against the civil service law in Washington. The brutal cynicism with which certain Republican Senators and Representatives kick aside the solemn pledges of their party contained in its national platforms for a quarter of a century—pledges upon which the party has constantly asked for the votes of the people—shocks the popular conscience. From day to day it is becoming more evident that those who clamor for the repeal, or at least the virtual emasculation, of the civil service law have not taken the trouble to inform themselves even of the simplest facts, but put forth the most astonishing falsehoods about the operation of the law with an unscrupulousness beyond belief. The ignorant and flippant recklessness with which they misrepresent the effects of the merit system cannot fail to convince any candid mind that they have nothing in view but the distribution of spoils among their hangers-on, no matter how the public interest may suffer. And when they threaten the President with "trouble in the party" unless he do things which they know would morally ruin him, the spectacle is simply revolting to the popular sense of decency. Indeed, the assailants of the merit system in Congress will have no reason to be surprised if before long they hear something very disagreeable to them from "the people" whose approbation of their course they claim with such noisy assurance.

CARL SCHURZ.

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LAKE'S SUBMARINE BOAT—JUST BEFORE THE START.



LAKE'S SUBMARINE BOAT IN DRY DOCK AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—[See Page 6.]

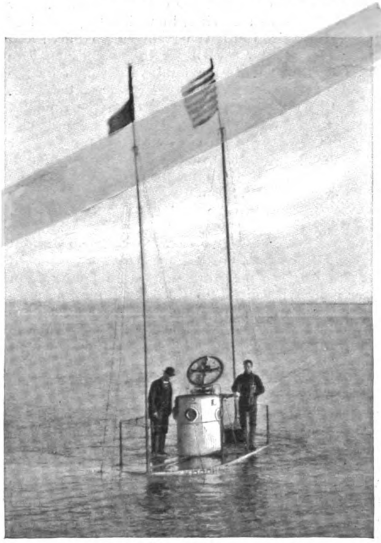
ENGLAND'S LITTLE WAR IN INDIA.

[Special Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.]

Bara Camp, near Peshawar, *November 17, 1897.*

Elephants have been used in warfare since days beyond history, but it has been reserved for the Peshawar column of the British force now suppressing the belligerent Afridis and other tribesmen on the northwestern frontier of India to establish a precedent in the matter of a heavy battery of artillery, in which the big 12-pounders are packed on the backs of the great brutes, like the light sectional guns on the backs of mules in a mountain battery. As long as artillery has been known in this country the elephant has been used to drag cannon, but despite a more or less useful record in this matter of traction, there are still those who have doubts as to his utility in his new rôle. He is too sagacious and too powerful for the job. Though no coward at heart, he appreciates the vast utility of prudence, and (if wounded in an encounter the merits of which he does not understand nor desire to understand, but which he knows affects no personal interests of his own,) he is liable to get out of harm's way with the utmost expedition that his enormous bulk is capable of. If one of the fifteen elephants in a battery bolts, the other fourteen are morally certain to follow his sagacious example; and if fifteen elephants, each with half a ton of artillery on his back, go pelting backwards through a long column in one of the narrow defiles that the country hereabouts abounds in, then somebody is sure to get hurt.

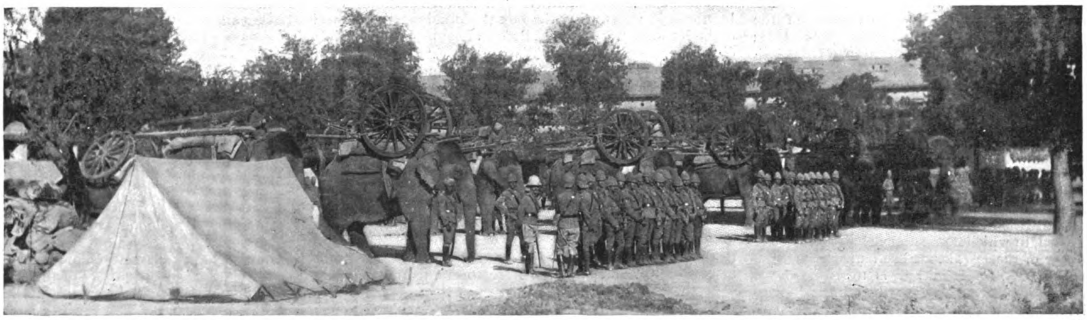
The enemy knows this, he has good marksmen, and the elephant is an easy target, and hence the reluctance of General Hammond, who commands the Peshawar column, in the matter of accepting this new arm within the circle of his troops at Bara. It takes, as has been stated, fifteen elephants to carry the six guns of a battery—six elephants for the unmounted guns, six for their heavy carriages, and three for spare wheels and stores. The ammunition is carried in leather-covered boxes on the backs of mules or ponies, as in the case of a mountain battery. Theoretically the battery can be brought into action in about six minutes, but the risks are so many that some persons who are considered war wise declare that no officer would dare to dismount his guns in the vicinity of an enemy. In case of any accident it would take so long to pack up again and get away that the pieces would probably have to be spiked.



LAKE'S SUBMARINE BOAT—GOING DOWN.

When a gun has to be carried away, the gun elephant comes alongside the piece and kneels down, while the gunners unlimber the gun itself, which is then lifted up bodily by the men, who carry it shoulder high to the skids that are placed against the animal's side. There ropes are slung around the piece, while a man stays at either end to steady it. Another man is posted on the back of the elephant to drop the piece into its wooden cradle when it reaches the top of the skids. The rope that is looped under the gun is then passed over the elephant's back, where it is grasped by the balance of the gun's detachment, who haul on it like sailors on a sheet until it drops into its groove in the cradle, which is strapped tightly over the pad—some eighteen inches thick—on the elephant's back. A very similar operation has next to be gone through with the carriage, only it takes longer. The carriage itself is first lifted up, then the wheels, which have been detached while the hoisting was going on, are lifted up by four men apiece and refitted to their axles. All this takes time—too much time, according to some people. A regular mountain-battery gun can be unslipped and brought into action in thirty seconds. The weight of the gun is about nine hundred pounds, and that of the carriage about twelve hundred. There are twelve men to each gun, not counting the driver, or *mahout*, who sits on the elephant's neck. One of the photographs sent herewith shows a Maxim-gun detachment. Whatever the elephant batteries may prove to be, there can be no doubting the fact that the Maxim is a splendid auxiliary to infantry troops, and the men seem inspired with extra confidence when they see it brought into use on their side during an action.

E. A. M.



NEW STYLE OF ELEPHANT BATTERY, WITH THE PESHAWAR COLUMN—TIRAH FIELD FORCE, FORT BARA, INDIA.



MAXIM-GUN DETACHMENT, OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY AT FORT BARA, INDIA.

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Sir Godfrey (Mr. O'Donnell). *Lady Pamela* (Miss Williams). *Captain Scarlet* (Mr. O'Mara). *Lady Constance* (Miss Clark).

SCENE FROM ACT I. OF "THE HIGHWAYMAN," SMITH AND DE KOVEN'S COMIC OPERA, AS PERFORMED AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

MUSIC.

COMPARISONS in music ought to be deemed less odious than contrasts between incomes or noses. The operatic clock of Mr. Harry B. Smith and Mr. Reginald De Koven, so long partners in the crime of comic-opera making, by no means invariably has struck twelve since the days of their "Robin Hood" as a novelty. Sometimes it has not struck seven. In "The Highwayman," a new three-act piece now in its third week at the Broadway Theatre, the note of a real success is full.

There is no particular need to give a summary of Mr. Smith's brisk plot. "The Highwayman" embodies—all from a librettist's vague and irresponsible stand-point—much lively dialogue, many effective, conventional, neatly defined characters as the stage wants them, and gallops along nicely with—curious to note—neither blood nor thunder of an out-and-out sort. In all the romance not so much as one big holster pistol is cracked off, first, last, or in the middle. When it comes to pulling a trigger, Mr. Smith's gallant *Captain Scarlet* and *Lady Constance Sinclair* are as economical as Offenbach's brigands, who are always pointing bulky blunderbusses, but carefully abstain from the crude vulgarity of a shooting-match.

As to Mr. De Koven's music, Mr. De Koven has not written as fresh-seeming and as vigorous a little score since—well, we all know what. There is not a tedious episode in his three acts, nor a number that we would wish curtailed or away, unless it be the introduction to one act, and an ambitious lyric of a florid kind that Miss Hilda Clark sings—though the latter might be acceptable were it even tolerably sung. The orchestration has the purpose and point that one has looked for in vain in the instances of Mr. De Koven's operettas recently preceding this one. His songs are graceful; the concerted writing, solid and neat, is ambitious, but justifies itself, unless in the finali. Mr. De Koven somehow does not yet understand—at least not securely—the art of condensing and upbuilding an effective, vivid finale, with all his clever technical carpentry. Even in "The Highwayman" a strong act is impotently concluded. But we can afford to forgive a composer this weakness, exactly as we can afford to forgive him those suggestions (liberal to any auditor with a good memory and with a long theatrical experience) of melodic ideas not unknown to Mr. De Koven's predecessors in opera-making. Originality in a contemporary composer's themes? The melody, the treatment, that shall never hint at a man's operatic forebears, from Pergolesi and "La Serva Padrona" to Massenet's "Sapho"? Truly the operetta-composer who purposes being original for five minutes together has to travel on a road much harder than the proverbial Jordan. Unluckily, too, his route is not nearly so well known.

"The Highwayman" is capitally acted, for the most part excellently sung, and in the details of the stage-setting and the mechanical details of the piece it is a credit to the management in no common degree. Mr. Joseph O'Mara (*Captain Scarlet*), Mr. Van Rensalaer Wheeler (*Captain Rodney*), Mr. Jerome Sykes, who is extremely droll as *Constable Quiller*, and Mr. Harry Macdonough as the ambitious and love-struck *Toby Winkle*, are all acceptable as actors and as singers in their parts. Nothing will give Mr. O'Mara a romantic bearing, but he is not impossible as a highway gallant. Miss Hilda Clark is a *Lady Constance* as pretty as a Dresden figurine, and a lively actress, whose good voice only needs some approach to decent tuition (before tuition is too late) to be also a more than endurable singer—which last she hardly is at present. Miss Maud Williams dramatically is entirely acceptable as the willowy and anxious *Lady Pamela*, and sings agreeably withal. As for Miss Nellie Braggins, her activities as *Doll Primrose*—a barmaid of romantic fancy—and her cockney pronunciation of a word that on her lips becomes "'Ero," are the joy of the audience before the first scenes are ended. Praise for a large share in so specially smooth a representation belongs to Mr. Freeman, the stage-manager, and to Mr. De Novellis, as musical director. By-the-bye, it is stated that this novelty at the theatre in question is an effort toward making the house one exclusively and continuously busy with comic operas by the same company. With a more accomplished group of women singers the idea is certainly to be commended.



"TOBY" IS ARRESTED.

Almost from music's outset the trick on its part to slip outside of its real demesne has been obvious. Recently such campaigning has been plaguily aggressive. From merely suggestion we are invited to pass to orchestral description, from description to rank realism, from realism to the dressing up of philosophy, religion, psychology, and goodness knows what not else that is intangible. There seem to be no limits to contemporary programme-music of the superintellectual sort; and those theories about the article in question which have been so brilliantly used, or so grotesquely abused, by Berlioz, Wagner, and their imitators, every now and then break forth into a wild illustration that makes one gasp and long to call a halt. In forms of musical



"DOLL PRIMROSE" (MISS BRAGGINS) AND "TOBY WINKLE" (MR. MACDONOUGH).



MR. JEROME SYKES AS "FOXY QUILLER."

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art ordinarily lucid the attention of auditors has been asked toward "underlying ideas," profoundly essential "leading motives," deep "philosophical significances," in a score, to a degree that would have driven crazy with righteous indignation Bach and Mozart and Beethoven and Schubert—not to speak of other composers that on the whole we really must consider of equally decent abilities. The last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented a special example of this sort of composition—of the kind of music intended to be far more than good or bad music. "Thus Spake Zarathustra," a symphonic poem by Richard Strauss, the now well-known Munich composer and conductor, was presented for the first time in this city. Strauss's score is yet a novelty in Germany, as to many concert-centres; and many places are not likely to hear it at all.

This Richard Strauss is an astonishing genius at orchestration. He early wrote on his banner elaborate and unblushing musical realism. He defined betimes, also, his aim at building up a musical work on an "intellectual" basis. He is young, a Decadent, and—unfortunately—his actual sanity is occasionally said to be doubted by his best friends. In an earlier symphonic poem, "Death and Glorification," Strauss "described" musically everything that may belong to a man's dissolution, from a flickering out soul to the harps of heaven. On the present occasion Strauss is inspired to commit to music the crazy mysteries of the crazy Frederick Nietzsche, conveyed in the latter's poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra." The poem has nothing to do with Zoroaster or with the lofty and simple religion called from the Sage One of Persia. With what, then, does it have to do instead? What has Strauss tried to paint musically? Let us indeed see. In twelve pages of solid philosophical analysis we read of, *imprimis*, The Over-man; *item*, "Transvaluation of Life"; *item*, of "The Dwellers in the Rear World"; *item*, of the "Yearning," of the "Convalescence" of the Soul, and in chaotic succession of at least a dozen more choice psychological dainties. They are all put into Mr. Strauss's dish, and supposed to sing together like the four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in the pie. It was absolute pain to see the awed intentness of the night's audience on Riemann's explanatory sermon to "Thus Spake Zarathustra," printed with the programme.

But the relief to all such tortured souls is not yet barred. For, after all, what have we to do with all this farrago of a composer's inspiration, forsooth? The indiscretion is in his letting us know of it at all. Injury comes in expecting our entrance into it. No wonder we are antagonized. To the winds with your psychologic or poetic analyses! Away with your Wolzogenish catalogues of hidden "meanings," and all your fardel of solemn bosh or of semi-musical rhapsody! The question is not how a musical work comes to exist, but what it is when finished and extant. It would be really nothing necessarily worthy of more than remark from a spectator if he knew that the "Winged Victory" had been "inspired" by a Welsh rabbit, or that the "Aurora" of Guido was a conception originally evolved on the lines of a skirt-dance. We have merely to make up our minds whether one is a good piece of sculpture, the other a good picture.

Dismissing, then, any superfluous interest in Nietzsche's poem "inspiring" Strauss, and hearing the score simply as a new and up-to-date musical work, it is perceived to be a splendid piece of orchestration, built on certain musical motives (for the most part effective and clearly defined) interesting as we hear it, and reaching to gorgeous and very musical climaxes. The technical complications in it are so great that there is often the effect of noble simplicity. It is full of variety in subject and rhythm, full of amazing and beautiful orchestral color, and of bewildering effectiveness to the ear. Nobody need understand anything about its literary or intellectual source to find it so. It will bear inclusion in the repertory of any orchestra capable of playing it. It is a far more dignified and beautiful work as music than anything its composer had previously written. Unluckily, like so much of the music of the day, it is deficient in that inner musical eloquence which is not to be discounted. No matter how sumptuous the instrumental effects, it will not live. Its score will be catching dust when Mozart's "Don Giovanni" or the best pages of the composer of the Heroic Symphony (on whose birthday came this concert) are held in undiminished regard. The difficulties in it are appalling. Under Mr. Paur and by the Boston orchestra named, its performance was a triumph. E. Irenæus Stevenson.

THE LAKE SUBMARINE BOAT.

The Lake submarine boat *Argonaut* achieved satisfactory if not brilliant results in its recent experimental trial in the Patapsco River at Baltimore. Even granting the specially favorable circumstances, still the inventor proved he could run his boat at a moderate speed on the surface, take a fairly large company under water, prowl about in any desired direction on the bottom, send out and work a diver freed to a great degree from the hamper of entangling gear, and, after remaining under water over four hours, bring the craft and its adventurous company promptly and safely to the surface. Two dives were thus made, and when landed all hands united in praising the comfort and safety of the essay.

For descriptive purposes the craft may be roughly divided into three sections—the forward one being the working-hold of the diver, that amidships the living-quarters and the boiler-room, and that aft the engine and machinery space. In the bow air-tight doors, constituting a "lock," permit the bottom trap, which gives egress, to be lifted, while the inflow of the water is restrained by the requisite compression of the air. Stout bull's-eyes are fitted into these doors and into the hull, and a searchlight of about four thousand candle-power will be carried. This is an important factor in extending the zone of work and of multiplying the efficiency of the divers.

In the living-quarters air is furnished, when the depth is not too great, through funnel-masts extending above the surface, and, when these cannot be employed, through flexible tubes, or in the greatest depths from reservoirs of compressed air. This is not especially difficult, for submarine boats here and abroad have dived and remained below for hours without discomfort, where the only supply of air came from this or similarly installed sources. The fire-power, other than for propulsion or for crawling about, is furnished by gasoline-engines, an improved form of this having, after many experimentations, been found to give the best results. Of course many special appliances are fitted to the boat, and the interior seems a net-work of confusing pipes and valves; but the ease and simplicity with which the inventor functioned his boat proved all this to be an admired disorder deftly planned.

The scientific relations of buoyancy apparently have been carefully determined, and the certainty with which the work of submersion, such as the dropping of the anchor, the filling of the water-ballast tanks, the winding down of the boat to her anchorage, and her steadiness and stiffness, was secured argues well for the ultimate success of the craft in waters which are neither too deep nor too rough on the surface. A little tank fleet of cargo-boats to accompany the working-machine is promised, and if only a tithe of the hundred millions of dollars which are, on good authority, lost yearly be recovered, the American boat and its native inventor will deservedly reap a rich reward. J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

THE FIRST NATIONAL FLAG.

Prospect Hill (known also as Mount Pisgah) was the strongest fortification of the American army during the siege of Boston, and it was here that the Union flag was unfurled for the first time January 1, 1776, the day on which the new Continental army was organized.

Upon that day copies of the King's speech at the opening of Parliament had been sent from Boston by General Howe to Washington. The speech was one better fitted to arouse opposition than submission to the English throne. It stated that the British nation was too spirited and powerful to give up those colonies which had been protected for so many years with "much expense of blood and treasure"; that both its army and navy had been strengthened, and that negotiations for foreign aid were already entered into. The English authorities entertained great hopes of the salutary effects of this message from the throne to the rebellious Americans. Accordingly the hoisting of the Union flag and the discharge of thirteen guns that saluted it were hailed with great delight by the British officers, who supposed it to be a token of submission to the crown.

Referring to these circumstances, Washington, in a letter to Joseph Reed, dated January 4, 1776, said: "The speech I send you. A volume of them were sent out by the Boston gentry, and, farcical enough, we gave great joy to them without knowing or intending it. For on that day—the day which gave being to our new army, but before the proclamation came to hand—we had hoisted the *Union flag*, in compliment to the united colonies. But, behold! it was received in Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech made upon us, and as a signal of submission. So we hear by a person out of Boston last night. By this time, I presume, they begin to think it strange that we have not made a formal surrender of our lines."

The Annual Register of 1776 gives a more detailed description of the flag. It says, "So great was the rage and indignation [of the Americans] that they burned the speech and *changed their colors from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes*, as a symbol of the number and the union of the colonies."

Previous to this, so-called "Union flags" were sometimes displayed, but were merely British standards with the legend "Liberty and Property," or "Liberty and Union," set upon the field as emblems of colonial rights and principles.

In 1855 the historian Benson J. Lossing discovered a contemporary colored drawing that for the first time rendered an authentic presentment of the flag. It was a sketch of the *Royal Savage* (Arnold's flag vessel on Lake Champlain in the battle of October, 1776). An ensign was depicted flying at the mast-head. This flag displayed the British union—the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew—in the usual upper corner, but the field had been changed from the solid red into alternate stripes of red and white. It was doubtless the union jack in the corner of the flag hoisted at Cambridge that caused the English to misinterpret it—to suppose that the Americans intended to submit once more to the rule of George the Third.

The colonial Union flag of thirteen stripes was also displayed in Pennsylvania during the year. A letter describing the departure of the American fleet under Admiral Hopkins from Philadelphia, in February, says it sailed "amidst the acclamations of thousands assembled on the joyful occasion, under display of a Union flag, *with thirteen stripes in the field, emblematical of the thirteen united colonies*."

After allegiance to the British crown had been thrown off, the jack bearing the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew became inappropriate, and on the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation.

The illustration represents the ceremony of raising the new colonial flag. The scene depicts the interior of the fortifications on Prospect Hill, looking southeast across the Charles River toward Bartons Point in Boston.

The colonial troops, while much better organized than ever before, were still without a regular uniform, the occasional buckskin hunting dress of the Southern riflemen or of the frontiersmen being in picturesque contrast to the bucolic homespun of the New England minutemen.

Washington's uniform is described in a letter written July 20, 1775, thus: "His dress is a blue coat with buff-colored facings, a rich epaulette on each shoulder, buff underdress, and an elegant small sword; a black cockade in his hat."

Three of the cannon used at this time are now planted upon Cambridge's common. They date from the reign of George the Second.

The profile of Boston, it may be said, has been rendered as carefully as possible from contemporary drawings and prints of the period. Edes & Gills North American for 1770 contains an engraving by Paul Revere, entitled "Landing of the Troops in Boston, 1768," which gives an approximate view of that city, with its beacon, towers, and spires. Besides this, Lieutenant Williams of the Royal Welsh Fusileers, while stationed in Boston under General Gage, made a panoramic view in colors of the country surrounding the city. A copy of this drawing is in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The vessel in the middle distance represents one of the British war-ships guarding the approaches to the city.

Clyde O. DeLand.

THE PICTURES OF A FAMOUS COLLECTOR.

There died recently in Paris an American of means, leisure, and discriminating taste, whose house contained a rare lot of artistic treasures, and whose picture-gallery was one of the noted æsthetic centres of a city by no means lacking in such things. The man was William H. Stewart, and his collection has been brought across the water to his own country, where it will be shortly sold at auction, and, prior to which, it will be shown at the galleries of the American Art Association, on East Twenty-third Street.

Mr. Stewart's gallery was not only attractive by reason of the excellence of his collection, but it had the added distinction of containing many pictures of world-wide fame and a large number of examples of one of the most brilliant painters of the century—the Spaniard Fortuny—whose pictures were the talk of Europe, and whose work possessed the charm of originality, of dainty invention, and of astonishingly brilliant technique. No less than twenty-five of his canvases were hung in the splendid residence of Mr. Stewart in the Avenue de Jena. From the moment of the painter's appearance on the artistic horizon of Paris this American became a faithful patron, buying liberally and choosing intelligently, while the acquaintance beginning with almost the first purchase ripened into a warm friendship that only ended with the lamentable death of the young artist. So it happened that Mr. Stewart became the owner of such works by Fortuny as "Arab Fantasia," a picture containing such action and movement as few men ever put into a canvas before, and his most important "Academicians choosing a Model." This picture has been reproduced in many mediums, and marks perhaps the highest point of Fortuny's skill; it is a marvel of execution no less than a composition of wonderful interest.

Then there was the well-remembered "Antiquary," with its quaint old art enthusiasts lingering over portfolios, while there were Fortunys galore of breakfast parties in the open air, of men in ancient armor and garb, of Arabs and negroes and of dainty women in fetching gowns. In short, almost every note in the gifted Spanish painter's gamut was sounded in this attractive collection. Nor were others of his clever countrymen missing; for there are recalled able and wonderfully clever performances by Ribera, and pictures by the gifted Zamacois, who, like Fortuny, was stricken down untimely. His portrait of the "Infanta," dainty and quaint, and the clever "Checkmate" well represent his talent. Then there were Madrazo, painter of attractive women, and Rico, of whom Mr. Stewart secured a dozen pictures in his best manner before the artist gave himself quite over to the dealers. Here he signed astonishingly dexterous bits of architecture, landscapes, and glimpses of Paris, of great beauty, whether he worked in oil or water-colors.

The visitor who recalls the collection as it hung in Paris will remember that the pictures, as a general rule, were of modest size, and that Mr. Stewart was attracted by work of careful finish and much detail; but while insisting on precision, the owner was discriminating in his choice, and there are few of the pictures that do not possess all the bigger qualities as well. He may be said to have laid nearly all the art races under tribute. The Germans—Wilhelm Leibl and Adolf Menzel, two of the world's great artists—are splendidly in evidence, the former with some types of "Village Politicians," a picture that created a sensation when it was first shown in Paris, and the latter with a water-color of scarcely less ability and importance. Then from the famous Meissonier at least two panels are recalled, each characteristic of the *peintre des petites choses*, one of which, "End of a Game of Cards," was not only painted in great detail, but possessed a dramatic interest the man seldom gave to his compositions, and that, with all its elaboration, was kept broad and simple.

An important painting and one with a history is Paul Baudry's "Pearl and the Wave," a nude figure of exquisite delicacy, beautifully painted, which once hung in the boudoir of the Empress Eugénie.

Still one more painting comes from the lamented Baudry, the replica of his Luxembourg canvas "Fortune and the Child," in his best manner of work. To the average New-Yorker the name of Léon Bonnat immediately suggests strong, personally treated, life-size portraits of eminent French politicians or prosperous American merchants. But at the Salon of 1866 this same Bonnat sent a composition containing a number of figures not over six or eight inches high, painted with an exquisite detail and an elaboration that excited the liveliest approbation. Mr. Stewart promptly secured the canvas, and its excellence will be at once recognized.

With all these brilliant painters there are, in addition, the more sober men of 1830: Corot, with two examples; Daubigny, with a fine river-side landscape; Rousseau, with a wood interior; Decamps, Harpignies, and Troyon, with five canvases; for Mr. Stewart was catholic in his tastes, and did not confine himself to one school. There are also works by Alfred Stevens and Heilbuth, painters of beautiful women, while the American Humphrey Moore and the Russian Pettenkofen are also represented.

Mr. Stewart's gallery contained perhaps the largest and best collection of the popular Roman-Spanish school ever brought together. As a boy, living on his father's plantation in Cuba, he had become fluent in the Spanish tongue, and when the young Spanish painters came to Paris, Mr. Stewart's house, generously kept and ever open to the artist, was the first place that attracted them. It seems a pity to dissipate a collection unique of its kind, and it will be interesting to watch the outcome of the sale, in view of the present somewhat confused art tendencies of the picture-buying public. Arthur Hoeber.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

NOTHING is forgotten in Boston. A cautious citizen of that town observes with concern the enormous and increasing number of evergreen trees that are cut off in their youth to serve as Christmas trees, and writes a terrifying letter to the *Transcript* calling attention to this peril which threatens the evergreen forests, and demanding investigation and statistics. The case as he makes it out is somewhat appalling, since he has learned that 600,000 Christmas trees were brought to Philadelphia alone last year, besides all that were sawed off with oiled saws in the night in private grounds. He says, too, that America, besides supplying the home market, exports whole ship-loads of Christmas trees to Europe. It all sounds very ominous, yet there is solace in the knowledge that it only takes five or six years to grow a Christmas tree, and that there is no very obvious reason why they should not be raised in nurseries in sufficient numbers to meet any demand. Then, too, we are entitled to get further reassurance from the reports of statisticians that American families are constantly decreasing in numbers, and that in Massachusetts in particular the time seems imminent when there will be no children to speak of, and then the demand for Christmas trees will necessarily abate. What Philadelphia could do with 600,000 Christmas trees is matter for explanation, unless that town is a great distributing-point for them.

We are invited to hope that the familiar stories about the extremely perishable quality of modern book-paper are exaggerated, and that the books of our day are more durable than has been supposed. A committee of the Society of Arts, in London, which was recently appointed to investigate the deterioration of paper, lately reported that there have been periodical complaints of the sort it was charged to look into for the last six centuries, and probably longer. Soon after the art of paper-making was introduced from Africa into Spain it was complained, and probably with justice, that the Christian paper was inferior to that made by the Moors. About 1220 an Italian emperor issued a proclamation forbidding the use of paper in transcribing public documents. In 1336 Peter II. of Spain stirred up the paper-makers of Valencia "to restore the paper to its good old quality," or look out for disagreeable consequences. So it has been from time to time ever since.

The current charge against book and news paper is that it is nearly all made of wood, and won't hold together or keep its color so long as rag paper. This is probably true of most news paper, which is mainly composed of ground wood and clay. According, however, to a recent article in the *Evening Post*, all wood paper has greatly improved. The ground-wood paper is brittle and changes color, but the wood chemically prepared has a pretty good fibre, which, though it is not so long as rag fibre, does make respectable paper, which is fit for its use in making the better class of books.

The enormous demand for paper, which, by-the-way, is vastly more dangerous to our forests than the demand for Christmas trees, keeps the paper-makers in constant search for raw material, as well as on a constant strain to reduce the cost of manufacture. In almost all branches of manufacture the cost of production has been prodigiously reduced in the last twenty years, but the way the paper-makers have cut their prices in two has been as extraordinary as the cheapening of steel.

Cotton cloth was sold the other day in New England at the lowest price it ever brought. Reasons: over-production in dull times, and the competition of the Southern cotton-mills. What is going to be the upshot of the competition of those Southern mills? Will the cotton States finally get even with New England by filching away one of her greatest industries? A layman must not discuss such a subject; but the cost of living in Georgia must be less than in Massachusetts, and that and the obvious saving in freights make one wonder whether in the end the Massachusetts mill hands won't have to go South and help to counterbalance the negro vote. There must be very hard thinking in New Bedford and Fall River and Lawrence and other towns over the current problems of cotton-spinning.

An interesting despatch comes from London about the recent protest of the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons against "the contempt and neglect" with which military doctors are treated. They are subjected, it is averred, to every kind of slight, with the result that competent and self-respecting medical men shun the service, which gets "the scum of the profession." It is easy to see how such an evil as this would grow. Bad treatment must of course drive out the good men, and then the worse the doctors, the worse the treatment, and *vice versa*. Now, it seems, the mischief has gone so far that the health of the army is imperilled.

So far as army officers are responsible for ill-treatment of army doctors, their punishment is sure to fit their crime and follow it promptly. But it is conceivable that poor pay has attracted poor men, and that second-rate men have invited indifferent treatment, and then the point of view changes and the fighting-men seem to be victims. In any case, Mr. Kipling's friend Thomas Atkins is a victim, and an innocent one, for surely he does nothing to forfeit his title to competent medical care.

Just what the electric cab can do on an iced asphalt pavement it has not happened to the present paragrapher to observe, but, generally speaking, the electric vehicles seem to find favor and patronage in New York. They have come to be so familiar in the streets that no habitual New-Yorker turns to look at one any more. A cab of a new pattern, with the coachman on a box in front, has turned up, and seems better adapted than the earlier hansom-cab vehicles to gain the confidence of the timorous and wary. There are persons whose peace of mind while riding in a carriage is greatly promoted by inability to see what is ahead of them, and to such persons the electric hansoms have been about as inviting as a seat on the cow-catcher of a locomotive.

The cowboy, who was thought to have become very nearly extinct, is reported to have come to life again in western Kansas. Grain-raising has been given up in that country, and it is the fashion now—a very profitable fashion it has proved—to ship cattle there from Texas and let them range over abandoned farms which disappointed settlers have deserted. The farms have owners, and in many cases the cattle-men pay rent, enough in some cases to pay the taxes, in other cases, not enough. There is not enough water in western Kansas for grain, but it seems that cattle and chickens can prosper there. Grasshoppers can eat up most crops, but chicken crops swell on them. Of course where there are herds of grazing cattle there will be cowboys, but whether the Kansas cowboys are real Lin McLeans is not yet determined. Mr. Owen Wister and Mr. Remington have not been to western Kansas yet to look them over.

Word comes that the Post-Office Department is getting ready to make the changes in the colors of postage-stamps which are called for by the international agreement adopted at the postal congress last spring. The one-cent stamp is to be green, the two-cent, red, as at present, and the five-cent, blue. The shades of colors used depend upon the engraving, and experiments are now in progress to determine what shade of green is best suited to the head of Franklin, and whether the present one-cent Franklin blue or the fifteen-cent Henry Clay blue will be more becoming in the five-cent stamp to General Grant. The Post-Office Department is also credited with an intention to issue several new stamps in commemoration of the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha.

A Pittsburg despatch to the New York *Herald*, dated December 1, records that a Pittsburg company is receiving orders from time to time for considerable quantities of aluminum for "The Atlantic and Pacific Aerial Navigation Company," to be used, apparently, in the construction of air-ships. The despatch says that Hiram Maxim is superintendent of construction of this company, and that two San Francisco men are officers of it. It quotes Mr. Maxim as stating that he had built an air-ship that would go, and was now in the business of making others. This is a better story than the one of recent date which credits Mr. Keeley with an invention which will fly as soon as he has perfected a scheme for overcoming the attraction of gravitation.

Somewhere north of the arctic circle must run the line at which international jealousies stop. That at least is the impression conveyed by Mr. A. C. Harmsworth's gift of the ship *Windward* to Lieutenant Peary for his use in his next arctic expedition. Mr. Harmsworth is the extraordinary young Britisher, still under thirty-five, whose confidence that he knew what the majority of the English people wanted to read has been justified by the prodigious circulation of the half-penny London *Daily Mail*. Mr. Harmsworth started and controls the *Daily Mail* and sixteen other journals, and is obviously a person of enterprise and of a very active mind. The *Windward* has been engaged for the last three years in promoting the exploration of Franz-Josef Land, and is the ship, as will be remembered, on which Dr. Nansen came back from the North. She belonged to Mr. Harmsworth, who fitted her out for the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition. The despatch which tells of her new destiny says that she is to be overhauled and sent to America.

According to the sixteenth annual report of the Tuskegee (Alabama) Normal and Industrial Institute, recently issued by Principal Booker T. Washington, there have been, during the late session, 1072 students in the institute, of which about one-third were women. The average attendance is about 850. Mr. Washington speaks of the great usefulness of the institute in giving to negroes the sort of industrial training in carpentry, brick-laying, tailoring, sewing, housekeeping, and the like, which, in slavery days, used to be systematically undertaken on the larger plantations. There is need of present industrial teaching which goes beyond this and includes intelligent agriculture, dairying, mechanical and architectural drawing, and the making of estimates and contracts, all of which are required to enable negroes to compete with intelligent white labor, and especially with the foreign skilled laborers who are fast coming into the South. The special necessities of the institute are for money for a new trades-building, and for endowment and current expenses. An endowment fund of $500,000 is named as the institution's chief requisite; but it also wants $10,000 for a dormitory for women, $10,000 for a dormitory for men, $4000 for a hospital, and $10,000 for the better equipment of various industrial departments, as well as permanent scholarships of $1000 each, sums of $200 to carry a student through the four years' course, and sums of $50 annually to pay the tuition of one student.

The great usefulness of the Tuskegee Institute as a means of developing and improving the Southern negro is very generally recognized. The rudiments of self-help are taught there. It is the spirit of the place that has made so notable the annual Tuskegee Conference, which begins this year on February 23.

The members of the Yale Glee and Banjo Club are on their annual holiday trip into the Western wilds. They started on the Wednesday before Christmas, and their travels end on January 9. They travel in two cars, eating in one and sleeping in the other. There are forty-three men in the party. Their first performance was in Brooklyn, on December 22, and their itinerary includes Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Louisville, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Colorado Springs, Denver, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Cleveland, and Buffalo. That means a journey of 4500 miles. In the spring the clubs make an Eastern trip, which takes them as far south as Baltimore and Washington, so that in the course of the year the Yale banjoist covers a great deal of ground and sees a good deal of the country.

No doubt these journeys are of considerable educational value, and perhaps they are worth the time and strength they consume, albeit they must be wearing to the tissues. The chief mystery about them is how parents are induced to connive at them. It used to be supposed that folks who sent their boys away to college liked to have them at home for the holidays, both to profit by their company and to look them over and take note of their growth and progress in civilization. Maybe these Yale singers are orphans. At any rate, they have no trouble with their parents, and if they have living parents at all they must have reduced them to a condition of perfect docility and submission.

After all, what you do makes hardly as much difference as how you do it. There is the recent case of the rejection of Tammany's dole of $50 by the Rev. James W. Putnam, of the Trinity Baptist Church of New York. Tammany, as will be remembered, sarcastically distributed its surplus campaign funds among various charities, and as part of this distribution $50 was sent to Mr. Putnam for his deserving poor. Mr. Putnam not only declined to receive the check, which was reasonable enough, if he felt that way about it, but hurled it back weighted with rebuke and comminatory texts. That was a good way to excite sympathy for Tammany, but it was not at all a wise way to decline a gift.

A paragraph in the *Sun*, the other day, concerned the experiences of a Nassau Street picture-dealer, who had just made an assignment, after waiting vainly for several years for his business to pick up. He said that during the recent hard times the picture business, naturally enough, suffered very much; that some branches of it, as the trade in artists' proofs and fine paintings, will revive, but that there is no prospect of a revival of the trade in copies, engravings, and colored prints. Those wares, he thinks, have seen their best days, and what trade in them there is left has gone, he says, to the department stores, whither also has drifted the chief part of the business of framing. Prior to 1884, he said, the sale of reproductions of various sorts was profitable; since then it has been growing yearly less profitable, until now, as stated, the department stores have got whatever there is left of it. All this ought not to be surprising, perhaps, considering how processes of reproducing pictures have multiplied within twenty years, and how their products have been scattered abroad. Of course there are more—vastly more—pictures made and framed now than ever, but that it should have come to be done by wholesale, and ceased to be profitable according to old methods, is credible enough. The picture-dealer's story is not unlike the reports that we get from some of the old-time booksellers.

Frank Kirby, of Camden, New Jersey, whose infant child died a fortnight ago of diphtheria under Christian Science treatment, has been put under arrest, charged with criminal negligence. Another child at his home was ill of the same disease and under the same treatment. These cases, which occur not infrequently, are very distressing. A hitch about the general use of Christian Science as a means of dealing with disease is the difficulty of determining the competence of the practitioner. The same objection exists as to doctors, but there are some means of protecting the public against maladroit or ignorant physicians. Apparently there is none against bungling Christian Scientists. Conceding, for the sake of argument, that an expert Scientist is qualified to have the charge of the sick, it is still conceivable that there are professed Scientists who don't know their business, and are not qualified to practise it. Against such persons the public seems to have no protection.

The Harvard University committee on physical training and athletic sports, of which Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt is a member, has made a report, which is published in the last number of the *Harvard Graduates Magazine*. It finds the condition of athletic sports in the university to be healthy in a general way, but speaks of "certain dangerous conditions" which seem to require modification. Chief among these it finds to be "the abnormal interest taken in all college contests" by students and the public, and the excessive attention which they get from the newspapers, with the result that players—football-players especially—"are led to believe that their doings are of real importance to the civilized world, and come to the game far more often overwrought mentally by the nervous strain than overworked physically."

The game is then played before an immense audience, excited to the point of blind partisanship. No boy can fail to feel the difference between a game so played and one played for the pure love of sport. The hardest head is likely to be affected by the need of winning the applause and support of the audience, and the temptation to distort the true purpose of sport into a mere struggle for victory is too great. It is no wonder that in games of physical contact bad blood is aroused and dishonorable acts sometimes occur; nor is it strange, with such contests keenly in mind, with newspapers seeking to find and publish every detail, that there should be difficulty in arranging the conditions of the games, and that an undesirable form of diplomacy should be developed.

This expresses very forcibly the sentiment that a good many people have nowadays about college sports, and especially about football, that there is too much serious business about it, and not enough game. Football as played by the representative teams of what some one calls our leading football institutions is awfully serious. The crowd has palpitation of the heart; disabled players, overwrought mentally, as the Harvard committee says, are dragged weeping off the gridiron; and defeated teams, also more overwrought than exhausted, are liable to do hysterical things. It is a pity that a little levity cannot be smuggled into this fine sport. The Harvard committee's remedies are hardly proportionate to the violence of the disease. It says it cannot blame the American people for wanting to see athletic contests, and though it insists that the spectators, especially at football games, shall be limited as far as possible to college men, and that the games shall be played on college grounds, that clearly is not enough. College men are the very fellows that make the trouble. What seems to be needed at every great football match is a couple of able clowns to attract part of the attention of the crowd and mitigate the earnestness of the players. If the eleventh man on every team were a clown, and decked out in a suitable dress, it would undoubtedly relax in a wholesome degree the tension of the contest. Circus clowns are usually competent acrobats, and there is no very obvious objection to choosing for football clowns young men who have the use of their limbs, and are even able at a pinch to kick a goal. But football clowns of some sort are badly needed. The responsibilities of players of that game are at present too heavy and the strain too intense.

E. S. MARTIN.

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RUFFED-GROUSE SHOOTING—AN OPEN SHOT.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Original from PENN STATE



THE RED AXE.

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER I.

DUKE CASIMIR RIDES LATE.

WELL do I, Hugo Gottfried, remember the night of snow and moonlight when first they brought the Little Playmate home. I had been sleeping—a sturdy, well-grown fellow I, ten years or so as to my age—in a stomacher of blanket and a bedgown my mother had made me before she died at the beginning of the cold weather. Suddenly something awoke me out of my sleep. So, all in the sharp chill of the night, I got out of my bed, sitting on the edge with my legs dangling, and looked curiously at the bright streams of moonlight which crossed the wooden floor of my garret. I thought if only I could swim straight up one of them, as the motes did in the sunshine, I should be sure to come in time to the place where my mother was—the place where all the pretty white things came from—the sunshine, the moonshine, the starshine, and the snow.

And there would be children to play with up there—hundreds of children like myself, and all close at hand. I should not any longer have to sit up aloft in the Red Tower with none to speak to me—all alone on the top of a wall—just because I had a crimson patch sewn on my blue corded blouse, on my little white shirt, embroidered in red wool on each of my warm winter wristlets, and staring out from the front of both my stockings. It was a pretty enough pattern too. Yet whenever one of the children I so much longed to play with down on the paved roadway beneath our tower caught sight of it he rose instantly out of the dust and hurled oaths and ill words at me—aye, and oftentimes other missiles that hurt even worse—at a little lonely boy who was breaking his heart with loving him up there on the tower.

"Come down and be killed, foul brood of the Red Axe!" the children cried. And with that they ran as near as they dared, and spat on the wall of our house, or at least on the little wooden panel which opened inwards in the great trebly-spiked iron door of the Duke's court-yard.

But this night of the first home-coming of the Little Playmate I awoke crying and fearful in the dead vast of the night, when all the other children who would not speak to me were asleep. Then pulling on my comfortable shoes of woollen list (for my father gave me all things to make me warm, thinking me delicate of body), and drawing the many-patched coverlet of the bed about me, I clambered up the stone stairway to the very top of the tower in which I slept. The moon was broad like one of the shields in the great hall, whither I went often when the great Duke was not at home, and when old Hanne would be busy cleaning the pavement and scrubbing viciously at the armor of the iron knights who stood on pedestals round about.

"One day I shall be a man-at-arms too," I said once to Hanne, "and ride a-foraying with Duke Ironteeth."

But old Hanne only shook her head and answered:

"Ill foraying shalt thou make, little shrimp. Such work as thine is not done on horseback—keep wide from me, *toadchen*; touch me not!"

For even old Hanne flouted me, and would not let me approach her too closely, all because once I had asked her what my father did to witches, and if she were a witch that she crossed herself and trembled whenever she passed him in the court-yard.

Now, having little else to do, I loved to look down from the top of the tower at all times. But never more so than when there was snow on the ground, for then the city of Thorn lay apparent beneath me, all spread out like a painted picture, with its white and red roofs and white houses bright in the moonlight—so near that it seemed as though I could pat every child lying asleep in its little bed, and scrape away the snow with my fingers from every red tile off which the house fires had not already melted it.

The town of Thorn was the chief place of arms and high capital city of all the Wolfmark. It was a thriving place too, humming with burghers and trades and guilds, when our great Duke Casimir would let them alone; perilous often, also, with pikes and discontents when he swooped from the tall overfrowning Castle of the Wolfsberg upon their booths and guilderies—"to scotch the pride of rascaldom," as he told them when they complained. In these days my father was little at home, his business keeping him abroad all the day about the castle-yard, at secret examinations in the Hall of Judgment, or in mysterious vaults in the deepest parts of the castle, where the walls are eighteen feet thick, and from which not a groan could penetrate to the outside while the Duke Casimir's judgment was being done upon the poor bodies and souls of men and women, his prisoners.

In the court-yard, too, the dogs, fierce russet-tan blood-hounds, ravened for their fearsome food. And in these days there was plenty of it, too, so that they were yelling and clamoring all day, and most of the night, for that which it made me sweat to think of. And beneath, the rebellious city cowered and muttered, while the burghers and their wives shivered in their beds as the howling of Duke Casimir's blood-hounds came fitfully down the wind, and Duke Casimir's guards clashed arms under their windows.

So this night I looked down contentedly enough from my perched eyrie on the top of the Red Tower. It had been snowing a little earlier in the evening, and the brief blast had swept the sky clean, so that even the brightest stars seemed sunken and waterlogged in the white floods of moonlight. Under my hand lay the city. Even the feet of the watch made no clatter on the pavements. The fresh-fallen snow masked the sound. The kennels of the blood-hounds were silent, for their dreadful tenants were abroad that night on the Duke's work.

Yet, sitting up there on the Wolfsberg, it seemed to me that I could distinguish a muttering as of voices full of hate, like men talking low on their beds the secret things of evil and treason. I discerned discontent and rebellion rumbling and brooding over the city that clear, keen night of early winter.

Then, when after a while I turned from the crowded roofs and looked down upon the gray far-spreading plain of the Wolfmark, to the east I saw that which appeared like winking sparks of light moving among the black clumps of copse and woodland which fringed the river. These wimpled and scattered, and presently grew brighter. A long howl, like that of a lonely wolf on the waste when he calls to his kindred to tell him their whereabouts, came faintly up to my ears.

A hound gave tongue responsively among the heaped mews and doggeries beneath the ramparts. Lights shone in windows athwart the city. Red nightcaps were thrust out of hastily opened casements. The Duke's standing-guard clamored with their spear butts on the uneven pavements, crying, up and down the streets, "To your kennels, devil's brats; Duke Casimir comes riding home!"

Then I tell you my small heart beat furiously. For I knew that if I only kept quiet I should see that which I had never yet seen—the home-coming of our famous foraying Duke. I had, indeed, seen Duke Casimir often enough in the castle, or striding across the court-yard to speak to my father, for whom he had ever a remarkable affection. He was a tall, swart, black-a-vised man, with a huge hairy mole on his cheek, and long dog-teeth which showed at the sides of his mouth when he smiled, almost as pleasantly as those of a she-wolf looking out of her den at the hunters.

But I had never seen the Duke of all the Wolfmark come riding home ere daybreak, laden with the plunder of captured castles and the rout of deforced cities. For at such times my father would carefully lock the door on

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me, and confine me to my little sleeping-chamber—from whence I could see nothing but the square of smooth pavement on which the children chalked their games, and from which they cried naughtily up at me, the poor hermit of the Red Tower. But this night my father would be with the Duke, and I should see all. For, high or low, there was none in the empty Red Tower to hinder or forbid.

As I waited, thrilling with expectation, I heard beneath me the quickening pulse-beat of the town. The watch hurried here and there, hectoring, threatening, and commanding. But, in spite of all, men gathered as soon as their backs were turned in the alleys and street openings. Clusters of heads showed black for a moment in some darksome entry, cried "U-g-g-hh!" with a hateful sound, and vanished ere the steel-clad veterans of the Duke's guard could come upon them. It was like the hide-and-seek which I used to play with Boldo, my blood-hound puppy, among the dusty waste of the lumber-room over the Hall of Judgment, before my father took him back to the kennels for biting Christian's Elsa, a child who lived in the lower Guard opposite to the Red Tower.

But this was a stranger hide-and-seek than mine and Boldo's had been. For I saw one of the men who cried hatefully to the guard stumble on the slippery ice; and, lo! or ever he had time to cry out or gather himself up, the men-at-arms were upon him. I saw the glitter of stabbing steel and heard the sickening sound of blows stricken silently in anger. Then the soldiers took the man up by head and heels carelessly, jesting as they went. And I shuddered, for I knew that they were bringing him to the horrible long sheds by the Red Tower through which the wind whistled. But in the moonlight the patch which was left on the snow was black, not red.

After this the crooked alleys were kept clearer, and I could see down the long High Street of Thorn right to the Weiss Thor and the snow-whitened pinnacles of the Palace, out of which Duke Casimir had for the time being frightened Bishop Peter. Black stood the Gate Port against the moonlight and the snow when I first looked at it. A moment after it had opened, and a hundred lights came crowding through, like sheep through an entry on their way to the shambles—which doubtless is their Hall of Judgment, where there waits for them the Red Axe of a lowlier degree.

The lights, I say, came thronging through the gate. For though it was moonlight, the Duke Casimir loved to come home amid the red flame of torches, the trail of bituminous reek, and with a dashing train of riders clattering up to the Wolfsberg behind him, through the streets of Thorn, lying black and cowed under the shadows of its thousand gables.

So the procession undulated towards me, turbid and tumultuous. First a reckless pour of riders urging wearied horses, their sides white-flecked above with blown foam, and dark beneath with rowelled blood. Many of the horsemen carried marks upon them which showed that all had not been plunder and pleasuring upon their foray. For there were white napkins, and napkins that had once been white, tied across many brows. Helmets swung clanking like iron pipkins from saddle-bows, and men rode wearily with their arms in slings, drooping haggard faces upon their chests. But all passed rapidly enough up the steep street, and tumbled with noise and shouting, helter-skelter, into the great court-yard beneath me, as I watched, secure as God in heaven, from my perch on the Red Tower.

Then came the captives, some riding horses barebacked, or held in place before black-bearded riders — women mostly these last, with faces white-set and strange of eye, or all beblubbered with weeping. Then came a man or two also on horseback, old and reverend. After them a draggled rabble of lads and half-grown girls, bound together with ropes, and kept at a dog's trot by the pricking spears of the men-at-arms behind, who thought it a jest to sink a spear point deep in the flesh of a man's back—"drawing the claret wine," they called it. For these riders of Duke Casimir were every one jolly companions, and must have their merry jest.

After the captives had gone past—and sorry I was for them—the body-guard of Duke Casimir came riding steadily and gallantly, all gentlemen of the Mark, with their sons and squires, landed men, towered men, free Junkers, serving the Duke for loyalty and not servitude, though ever "living by the saddle"—as, indeed, most of the ritterdom and gentry of the Mark had done for generations.

Then behind them came Duke Casimir himself. The Eastland blood he had acquired from his Polish mother showed as he rode gloomily apart, thoughtful, solitary, behind the squared shoulders of his knights. After him another squadron of riders in ghastly armor of black and white, with torches in their hand and grinning skulls upon their shields, closed in the array. The great gate of the Wolfsberg was open now, and leaving behind him the hushed and darkened town, the master rode into his castle. The Wolf was in his lair. But in the streets many a burgher's wife trembled on her bed, while her goodman peered cautiously over the leads by the side of a gargoyle, and fancied that already he heard the clamor of the partisans thundering at his door, with the Duke's invitation to meet him in the Hall of Judgment.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE PLAYMATE COMES HOME.

But there was to be no Session in the Hall of Judgment that night. The great court-yard, roofed with the vault of stars and lit by the moon, was to see all done that remained to be done. The torches were planted in the iron holdfasts round about. The plunder of the captured towns and castles was piled for distribution on the morrow, and no man dared keep back so much as a Brandenburg broad-piece or a handful of Bohemian gulden. For the fear of the Duke and the Duke's dog-kennels was upon every stout fighting-kerl. They minded the fate of Hans Pulitz, who had kept back a belt of gold, and had gotten himself flung by the heels, with no more than the stolen belt upon him, into the kennels where the Duke's blood-hounds howled and clambered, with their fore feet on the black-spattered barriers. And they say that the belt of gold was all that was ever seen again of the poor rascal Hans Pulitz, who had hoped for so many riotous evenings among the Fat Pegs of Thorn, and so many draughts of the slippery wine of the Rheingau careering down the poor thirsty throat of him. But, alas for Hans Pulitz! the end of all imagining was no more than five minutes of snapping, snarling, horrible Pandemonium in the kennels of the Wolfsberg, and the scored gold chain on the ground was all that remained to tell his tale. Verily, there were few Achans in Duke Casimir's camp.

And it is small wonder after this that scant and sparse were the jests played on the grim master of the Wolfsberg, or that the bay of a blood-hound tracking on the downs frightened the most stout-hearted rider in all that retinue of dare-devils.

Going to the side of the Red Tower which looked towards the court-yard, I saw the whole array come in. I watched the prisoners unceremoniously dismounted and huddled together against the coming of the Duke. There was but one man among them who stood erect. The torch-light played on his face, which was sometimes bent down to a little child in his arms, so that I saw him well. He looked not at all upon the rude men-at-arms who pushed and bullied about him, but continued tenderly to hush his charge, as if he had been a nurse in a babe-chamber under the leads, with silence in all the house below.

It pleased me to see the man, for all my life I had loved children. And yet at ten years of age I had never so much as touched one—no, nor spoken even, only looked down on those that hated me and spat on the very tower wherein I dwelt. But nevertheless I loved them, and yearned to tell them so, even when they mocked me. So I watched this little one in the man's arms.

Then came the Duke along the line, and behind him, like the Shadow of Death, paced my father, Gottfried Gottfried, habited all in red from neck to heel, and carrying for his badge of office as Hereditary Justicer to the Dukes of Wolfmark that famous red-handled, red-bladed axe, the gleaming white of whose deadly edge had never been wet save with the blood of men and women.

The guard pushed the captives rudely into line as the Duke Casimir strode along the front. The women he passed without a sign or so much as a look. They were kept for another day. But the men were judged sharply and suddenly, as the Duke in his black armor passed along, and that scarlet Shadow of Death with the broadaxe over his shoulder paced noiselessly behind him.

For as each man looked into the eyes of Casimir of the Wolfsberg he read his doom. The Duke turned his wrist sharply down, whereupon the attendant sprites of the Red Shadow seized the man and rent his garment down from his neck; or the hand pointed up, and then the man set his hand to his heart and threw his head back in a long sigh of relief.

It came the turn of the man who carried the babe.

Duke Casimir paused before him, scowling gloomily at him.

"Ha, Lord Prince of so great a province, you will not set yourself up any more haughtily. You will quibble no longer concerning tithes and tolls with Casimir of the Wolfmark."

And the Duke lifted his hand and smote the man on the cheek with his open hand.

Yet the captive only hushed the child, that wailed aloud to see her guardian smitten.

He looked Duke Casimir steadfastly in the eyes and spoke no word.

"Great God, man, have you nothing to say to me ere you die?" cried Duke Casimir, choked with hot sudden anger to be so crossed.

The elder man gazed steadily at his captor.

"God will judge betwixt me, a man about to die, and you, Casimir of the Wolfmark," he said at last, very slowly; "by the eyes of this little maid He will judge!"

"Like enough," cried Casimir, sneeringly. "Bishop Peter hath told me as much. But then God's payments are long deferred, and, so far as I can see, I can take Him into my own hand. And your little maid—pah! since one day you took from me the mother, I, in my turn, will take the daughter, and make her a titbit for the teeth of my blood-hounds."

The man answered not again, but only hushed and fondled the little one.

Duke Casimir turned quickly to my father, showing his long teeth like a snarling dog.

"Take the child," he said, "and cast her into the kennels before the man's eyes, that he may learn before he dies to dread more than God's Judgment Seat the vengeance of Duke Casimir!"

Then all the men-at-arms turned away, heart-sick at the horror. But the man with the child never blanched.

High perched on the top tower, I also heard the words, and loved the maid. And they tell me (though I do not remember it) that I cried down from the leads of the Red Tower, "My father, save the little maid and give her to me—or else I, Hugo Gottfried, will cast myself down on the stones at your feet!"

At which all the men looked up, and saw me in white, a small lonely figure, with my legs hanging over the top of the wall.

"Go back!" my father shouted. "Go back, Hugo! 'Tis my only son—my successor—the fifteenth of our line, my lord!" he said to the Duke in excuse.

But I cried all the more: "Save the maid's life or I will fling myself headlong. By Jesu Mary, I swear it!"

For I thought that was the name of one great saint.

Then my father, who ever doted on me, bent his knee before his master. "A boon!" he cried, "my first and last, Duke Casimir—this maid's life for my son!"

But the Duke hung on the request a long, doubtful moment.

"Gottfried Gottfried," he said, even reproachfully, "this is not well done of you, to make me go back on my word."

"Take the man's life," said my father—"take the man's life for the child's and the fulfilling of your word—and, by the sword of St. Peter, I will smite my best!"

"Aye," said the man with the babe, "even so do, as the Red Axe says. Save the young child, but bid him smite hard at this abased neck. Ye have taken all, Duke Casimir—take my life. But save the young child alive!"

So, without further word or question, they did so, and the man who had carried the child kissed her once, and separated gently the baby hands that clung about his neck. Then he handed her to my father.

"Be gracious to Helene," he said; "she was ever a sweet babe."

Now by this time I was down hammering on the door of the Red Tower, which had been locked on the outside.

Presently some one turned the key, and so soon as I got among the men I darted between their legs.

"Give me the babe!" I cried. "The babe is mine; the Duke himself hath said it." And my father gave her to me, crying as if her heart would break.

Nevertheless she clung to me, perhaps because I was nearer her own age.

Then the dismal procession of the condemned passed us, followed by my father, who strode along with his axe over his shoulder, and the laughing and jesting men-at-arms bringing up the rear.

As I stood a little aside for them to pass, the hand of the man fell on my head and rested there a moment.

"God's blessing on you, little lad!" he said. "Cherish the babe you have saved, and, as sure as that I am now about to die, one day you shall be repaid." And he stooped and kissed the little maid before he went on with the others to the place of slaughter.

Then I hurried within, so that I might not hear the dull thud of the Red Axe on the block, nor the inhuman howlings of the dogs in the kennels afterwards.

When my father came home, an hour later, before even he took off his costume of red he came up to our chamber and looked long at the little maid as she lay asleep. Then he gazed at me, who watched him from under my lids and from behind the shadows of the bedclothes.

But his quick eye caught the gleam of light in mine.

"You are awake, boy!" he said, somewhat sternly.

I nodded up to him without speaking.

"What would you with the little maid?" he said. "Do you know that you and she together came very near losing me my favor with the Duke, and it might be my life also, both at one time to-night?"

I put my hand on the maiden's head where it lay on the pillow by me.

"She is my little wife!" I said. "The Duke gave her to me out in the court-yard there!"

And this is the whole tale of how the Little Playmate came to dwell with us in the Red Tower.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINTER ETCHINGS.

COUNTRY.

Vague sorrow in the chill snow-laden air.
A hush along the sombre country ways
So fair with bloom and song in summer days.
Then night slips down, and from her silent wings
Soft plumage falls till ere the dawn she flings
A winding-sheet of glory ev'rywhere.

CITY.

The heavy cart along the cobbled street
Pounds out a measure hard and pitiless—
A prelude to privation and distress.
Then storm and night, a whirling flare, come on,
And squalid life, and death, and drabbled dawn
With muffled tramping of a million feet.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE YEAR 1897.

While the year just closed presents to retrospection no single event of overshadowing importance, it is in the sum of its events so full of significance that historians, reviewing it hereafter, may conclude that since the Franco-Prussian war and the federation of Germany no other year has been more remarkable or more worthy of attentive study. A year of movements and economic climaxes rather than of startling events, it thrusts on the world's attention, as the two greatest facts of the time, the growing political importance of Germany and the already transcendent commercial importance of the United States.

Having determined to become a great colonial power, Germany has deliberately measured its forces against those of England, and instead of continuing to look upon France as its greatest rival, it has turned away from France, and ignoring French jealousy wherever possible, has matched its power politically and commercially with that of the British Empire.

The real master-key of international politics during the year was the cablegram which the Emperor of Germany sent to President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic in the latter part of 1896. England, with a far-reaching grasp of large things, and a foresight such as the world has not seen before since the building up of the Roman Empire, was working in Africa to connect its possessions in South Africa with its protectorates in Central Africa and in the Nile Valley. The concessions latterly made to Russia by English statesmanship have been manifestly in the interest of this plan of civilizing Africa by building up in it a vast Anglo-African empire, capable of furnishing England with all needed supplies of raw material, and of giving new markets for English goods to make good losses now threatened by the growing competition of Germany and the United States. Erratic as the German Emperor is supposed to be, he has nevertheless grasped the meaning of this magnificent policy, and it must be conceded that if he has not known how to oppose it with the same intellectual brilliancy shown in its conception, he has known how to make the hereditary "Faustrecht" of the Hohenzollerns serve his purposes where a more purely intellectual policy might have failed. The Greek war with Turkey gave him an opportunity to assert the disposition of Germany to step in front not only of England but of Russia as the arbiter of the fate of Europe. He succeeded to his own satisfaction at least so far that he is quoted since as threatening to crush other powers which offend him "as I crushed Greece." Such displays of his individuality, while they make him interesting always and absurd at times, do not serve to conceal the fact that the power behind his throne and the actual power of the throne itself is the German people—a people multiplying rapidly, moving into the cities and becoming more social every year, swarming over the boundaries, emigrating, and actually if not nominally colonizing as no other people except the English have done since the great "swarming of the nations" in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. Leaving for the moment out of consideration the Russian Empire, we have as the spectacle which dwarfs everything else in the year the work of the three great

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powers of the old Teutonic stock of the fourth century—England, Germany, and the United States—dominating the world, and at the end of the nineteenth century so much the masters of the present and the future that it is almost impossible now to conceive circumstances under which peoples of another blood can make even a fair pretence of contesting their leadership of the world.

Great as have been our domestic difficulties, grave as have been our blunders of domestic management, the year has brought us what is perhaps, after all, the greatest triumph of our history, as it certainly is in one direction a climax of the beneficent forces which have worked in our domestic economy since the extension of railroads made us economically, and in fact as well as in name, a continental power.

The trade history of the world has been deeply affected and probably radically changed by the great crop failures in the southern hemisphere during the past two years. Followed as they were this year by a crop shortage in Europe, which Beerbohm estimates at 100,000,000 bushels on the wheat crop alone, these seasons of scarcity in India, Australia, and other Southern countries have thrown on the United States the chief responsibility for feeding the world. No other nation in recent memory has had such an opportunity, and no other nation could possibly have met it as we have been able to do. We have shipped our breadstuffs and provisions both from Atlantic and Pacific ports, drawing gold in return from both northern and southern hemispheres. We have handled in the last six months rouleaux of American eagles which have travelled from New York to London, from London to Australia, from Australia to San Francisco, from San Francisco to New York, and then into the Treasury at Washington. As a result of such causes, the gold reserve in the Treasury has been run up to more than $150,000,000, and easily held there, while it is said that in the last six months the single State of Nebraska has paid off $28,000,000 in farm mortgages.

This, however, is only part of the victory peace has given us during the year. We have become the greatest iron-producing country of the world, and during the year we have done much to give the world substantial proof of the fact. It may be mentioned in illustration that on February 9 a Pennsylvania firm took contracts for 11,000 tons of steel rails ordered by Japan, and the next day shipped a cargo of armor plate to Russia, while the Southern iron districts have invaded England and Continental Europe, selling pig-iron there below the lowest European price. Birmingham, Alabama, alone, after paying freight charges by rail and water, has sold to Europe during the year a gross amount of pig-iron which in a statement made during December was placed at 50,000 tons. While no other single line of manufacturing shows such great gains as do iron and steel, we have increased our exports of manufactured goods in many directions. As a result of the movement begun under the Wilson tariff, we have reached the extraordinary figure of $1,050,000,000 in exports for the year—a considerable increase over the unusually large exports of 1896.

This outward movement of our products has been accompanied by a reorganization of railroads which went into the hands of receivers during the "storm-and-stress" period several years back. This reorganization has been general, and usually at a lower rate of interest. It culminated in the action of the Reorganization Committee of the Union Pacific in bidding in the government lien on that road at $57,564,000. As a result of this movement, important railroads which have been obliged to impose on traffic burdens necessary to meet interest at from seven to eight per cent. are now in a position to release charges down to an interest basis of three and a half to four per cent., with a marked advantage to our export trade—the growth of which has been greatly fostered by the decrease in railroad rates during the last ten years.

Striking as all this is, perhaps what will hereafter be considered the most striking economic feature of the year has kept itself far in the background. It is revealed in the figures showing that while there were only 622 miles of steam railroad track laid during the twelvemonth, the miles of electric track in use had increased from 86 in 1887 to 14,000 in 1897. These figures, based on estimates given by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, show the culmination of one era and the beginning of another. Electric traction, for all the purposes within its scope, has already virtually superseded steam; and while the freight business of the world is likely to be done by steam for a long time to come, the building of steam roads is practically at a standstill, while the work of introducing electricity for purposes of traction is being pushed as it has never been before.

While such gratifying features of our national life during the year are undoubtedly of more importance both to our present and our future than related facts which cannot be considered without greater or less dissatisfaction, it has been apparent enough to every one that in detail the year has been one of difficulties, requiring more than ordinary intelligence and frequent sacrifices. If this has been true in private business and in social and family life, it is not less true that our national affairs still show the effects of blunders committed in the recent as well as in the more remote past.

The new tariff bill, which passed the House April 1, by a vote of 205 Republicans to 121 in opposition, has not yielded the revenue promised from it by its supporters. While the customs receipts for the fiscal year were $176,554,000 as against $160,021,000 for the preceding twelvemonth, and while the deficit for the fiscal year was $18,052,000 as against $25,203,000 for the fiscal year 1896, Secretary Gage, in a signed statement made since the date of his annual report, says that "the Treasury has been running steadily behind during 1897, expenditures exceeding receipts at the rate of about $6,000,000 a month." This showing for the calendar year certainly does not encourage an access of confidence in the promise that the new tariff law would soon abolish the deficit. Its first six months are months of manifest failure if it is judged as a revenue-producing measure. The Secretary promises an "improvement of $2,000,000 a month, which will put the government on a self-supporting basis." As an inevitable incident of the passage of the bill, business was disordered and heavy advance imports forced. That when the stock thus imported is exhausted there will be any such increase of revenue over the first six months as Mr. Gage anticipates only those whose reasons for optimism are as great as his own will find it easy to believe. As the year drew to a close, the national Treasury was running with "an available cash balance, including the gold reserve," of about $240,000,000.

The commissioners appointed to confer with other governments on the subject of silver coinage accomplished nothing. During the year Japan and several Spanish American countries formally adopted the gold standard. The increasing production of gold and the discovery in the Klondike fields of new placer mines of almost unexampled richness were related events bearing on the final settlement of the coinage question.

The most striking events affecting our relations with other countries were the rejection of the arbitration treaty with England, the negotiation and submission to the Senate of a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii, and the continuance of negotiations with Spain for the settlement of the troubles in Cuba.

The complete success of our arbitration in adjusting the difficulty between England and Venezuela raised hopes in the early part of the year which were disappointed when the Anglo-American treaty (signed January 11) came to vote in the Senate. The treaty polled a majority vote of 43 to 26, vindicating the principle, but failing to become effective for lack of the two-thirds vote required by the Constitution. The Hawaiian annexation treaty was signed and sent to the Senate on June 16. The Alaska boundary treaty with England was signed in February, and treaties of minor importance have been ratified during the year with Japan, the Orange Free State, and the Argentine Republic. The assassination of Cánovas del Castillo by the anarchist Golli, or Angiolillo, on August 8, led to the succession of a Liberal cabinet in Spain, but as yet the change has not affected our foreign relations in such a way as to call for discussion in this connection.

The event in the relations of the great European powers which attracted most attention and excited most alarm during the year was the advance made by Greece into Turkish territory as a means of supporting its claim to a Greek protectorate over Crete. The actual beginning of the war was on February 10, when a Greek torpedo-boat, commanded by Prince George, left Athens for Crete to support the occupation of the island by Greek troops under Colonel Vassos. It was asserted at the time, and is perhaps true, that Greece had "encouragement from influential sources" in both England and Russia, but the influence of Germany was thrown the other way, and all the powers were compelled to act in concert throughout as police, obstructing Greece as the aggressive party. After crossing the Turkish boundary, the Greeks made several displays of brilliant courage, but it soon became evident that they were a badly disciplined mob, wholly unfit to be matched against the Turks, under Edhem Pasha, organized under the German system and drilled by German officers. The war ended May 19, in the armistice brought about by the intercession of the Czar, after Greece had received the most exemplary and humiliating whipping which has rewarded aspirations after military glory in recent times. Until it pays its war debt it must remain little more than a taxing district under supervision of the powers. Its dream of "Pan-Hellenism" is over.

England has been greatly cramped during the year in its work of organizing its protectorates in Africa by the opposition of both France and Germany. International jealousies make strange bedfellows; and France, influenced by its Mediterranean protectorates, has antagonized England's movements in the Nile Valley, while Germany has opposed them in central and southern Africa. Nevertheless, England made substantial progress, not only in the Benin expedition, but in preliminary movements to reoccupy and hold the Sudan.

While Africa was the key of the international politics of Europe during the first half of the year, China has begun to assume an importance which for obvious reasons is in inverse ratio to her weakness. In January last it was asserted, denied, and reaffirmed that Russia had concluded a secret treaty with China, as the result of which the Trans-Siberian Railroad, now being pushed as rapidly as possible to the Pacific coast, is to have right of way through Manchuria to an ice-free port, given up by China to a Russian protectorate. It was supposed that this treaty was made with the tacit consent of England, which is now assumed to be nearer to an understanding with Russia than it has been in many years.

It is believed by some that when the German fleet sailed from Kiel on December 16, bound for Chinese waters, with the openly announced intention of enforcing such demands as Germany may make hereafter, the policy which shaped the movement was that of compelling concessions to Germany in China wherever they are made either to Russia or England, and by standing ready to take the aggressive in Chinese waters, to make it easier to extend German power in Africa at the expense of England.

The outbreak on the northern frontier of India began in July—instigated, as was suspected, by Abd-er-Rahman, the Ameer of Afghanistan, who, however, has made strenuous denial of responsibility for it. While the revolt has led to such picturesque fighting as that at the Dargai Pass, it has not been as serious as was anticipated, and its political importance seems small.

The famine in India, which caused some to believe it possible for the revolt to become general, has been relieved to a considerable extent, chiefly at the expense of the Indian treasury, though England has made extraordinary exertions, and has even surpassed her efforts in the great famines of the past. At one time more than 2,000,000 people in the famine region were carried on the government pay-rolls.

The troubles which during the past two months seemed to threaten the existence of the Austrian Empire as now organized have been accounted for in various ways, but they have their origin in conditions reported in an inconspicuous cablegram of March 21, announcing the result of the elections as "an unprecedented gain for the socialists." The Austrian cabinet resigned on April 2, but the Emperor refused to accept their resignation, and there was a lull, followed, however, by what seems to be very scientific work on the part of the Radicals in forcing on the Conservatives all those disturbing issues with which Austrian Conservatism is most unprepared to deal.

An international event which may prove to be of great importance was the meeting of the Postal Congress in Washington. It opened May 5, with fifty-five countries represented, and prepared a treaty for ratification by all of them. The result may finally be an international postal service, both for letters and parcels, greatly superior to the present system, which is of such recent origin that it is still imperfect. Von Stephan, Postmaster-General of Germany, who organized it, died during the year.

In science the year has given no one discovery equalling in brilliant impressiveness that of the X ray or of argon, but for the first time in history a steam-aeroplane of any considerable size has lifted itself and flown a considerable distance without the aid of hydrogen or other gas; the third-rail system of using electric power has been applied successfully in the suburban passenger traffic of steam railroads; all records on the ocean have been broken by improved steamships; and what seem to be really substantial advances have been made in telegraphing without wires. This is only part of a long record of attempt and achievement in physical and mechanical science, but if there were nothing else it would call for admiration.

The organization of Greater New York and its first election under its new charter are events hardly surpassed in importance by any other in our domestic affairs. The greater city equals in population half a dozen States which might be selected for comparison with it if such comparisons were not unnecessary. The most important event in the business history of the city during the year was perhaps the result of attempts to give a new direction to the outward movement of Northwestern breadstuffs. The "shot-gun" quarantine system, which was illustrated in the South as a result of the outbreak of yellow fever, was also shown to be a matter of fundamental importance to New York city, as it was to the country at large. The trade of the South was almost paralyzed by it for over a month.

Among the most important measures of legislation adopted during the year were our immigration bill, and the French bills giving further encouragement to the French peasant class at the expense of foreign commerce and of the population of the cities. The English educational bill, though much discussed, was not radically important, as it made a grant of only five shillings a head to the children in "voluntary and board schools."

In April the United States Supreme Court decided the Western Traffic Association a violation of the anti-trust law, and a month later it upheld the Berliner patent. In the case of the *Three Friends* it defined our responsibilities as a neutral power. The lower Federal courts decided against the validity of the Texas anti-trust law, and (Judge Showalter acting) issued an injunction restraining the enforcement of the Indianapolis three-cent-fare law.

Excepting the strike in the coal regions, the year was remarkably free from general disturbances among wage-earners, and wages showed a slight upward tendency (officially estimated at from five to twenty per cent.). In the cotton-mills of New England, however, there was a threatened reduction of wages as the year ended, due to successful Southern competition.

A marked feature of the year at Washington, and a highly important one, is the disappearance from the Senate rolls of so many of those whose names became familiar during and soon after the civil war. When the roll of the Senate is called now, the country hears new names, such as Penrose, Fairbanks, Kenney, Rawlins, Heitfeld, Deboe, and others which still sound unfamiliar. The Senate, in the last few years, has become practically a new body, in spite of the constitutional safe-guards against sudden changes in its membership.

The dedication of the Grant Monument drew to New York the greatest crowd which the city had ever seen assembled.

The ascension of Andrée in the balloon by means of which he hoped to reach the north pole attracted the attention of the civilized world, which has since waited vainly for authentic news of him.

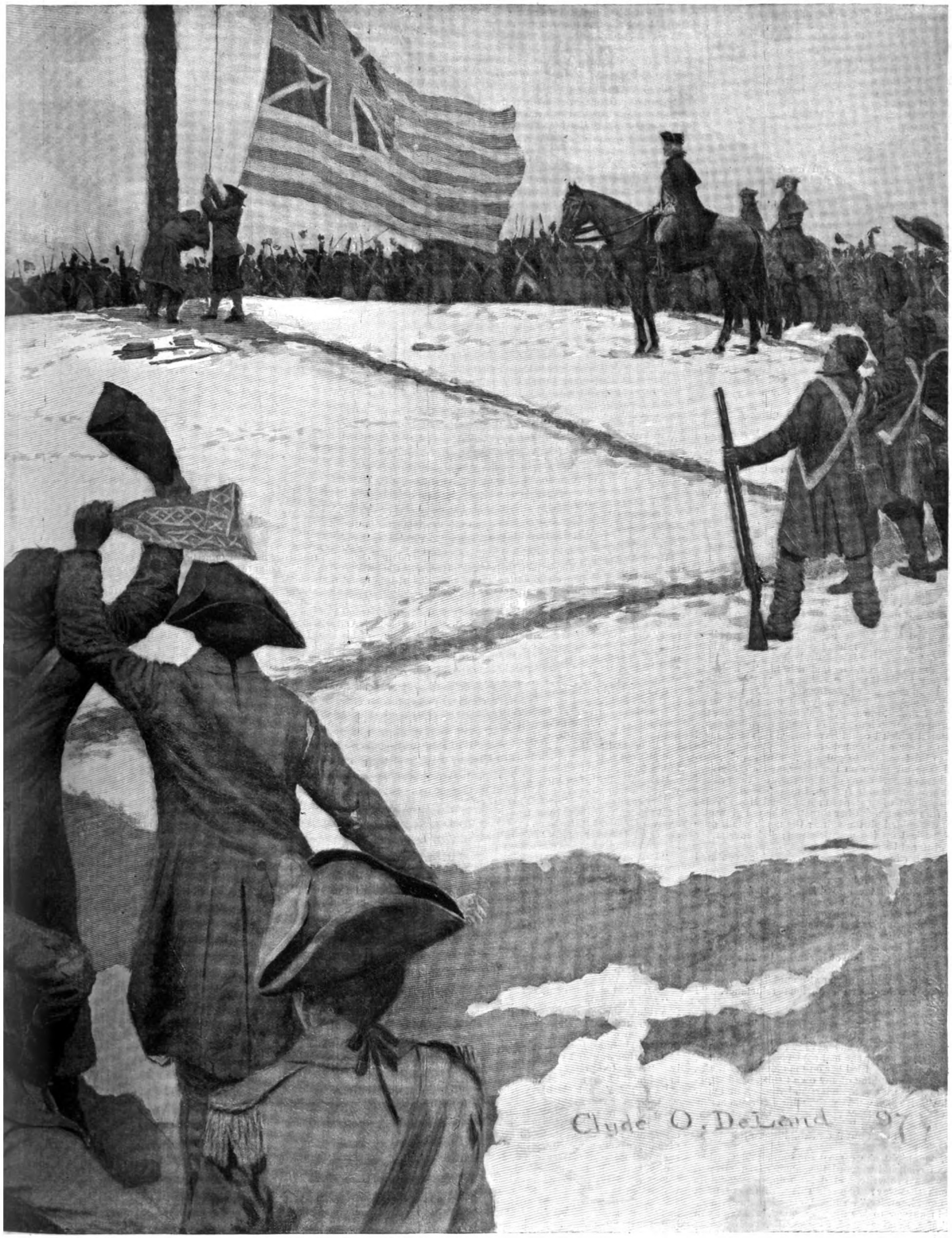
Among the noted people who died during the year were Professor Henry Drummond; Alphonse Daudet; Sir Isaac Pitman, inventor of the Pitman system of short-hand; Alfred Nobel, the Swedish inventor of dynamite (who bequeathed a sum stated at ten million dollars to "encourage scientific study and promote international peace"); Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher; Senator Daniel W. Voorhees; General Jo Shelby, the Confederate cavalry leader; Joseph B. McCullagh, editor and war correspondent; Johannes Brahm, the composer; Albert Fink, the noted American railroad expert; W. S. Holman, of Indiana, the "Watch-dog of the Treasury"; Barney Barnato, the South African speculator, who committed suicide at sea; Father Kneipp, originator of the Kneipp cure; Captain Boycott, of County Mayo, Ireland, victim of a most extraordinary case of accidental immortality; Mrs. Oliphant the novelist; Jean Ingelow, novelist and poetess; Count Mutsu, the Japanese statesman; Henry George, author and economist; Cánovas del Castillo, Spanish Premier; Charles A. Dana, journalist; George M. Pullman, originator of the Pullman palace-car system; Sir John Gilbert, president of the English Royal Society of Water-Color Painters; Francis Turner Palgrave, poet and essayist; the Duchess of Teck; and Professor William Henry Riehl, the German publicist and historian.

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RAISING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG, JANUARY 1

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776.—From the Painting by Clyde O. DeLand.—[See Page 6.]

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A DOUBTFUL EXPERIMENT.

BY F. D. JOUETT.

"YOU are late, Mr. Jermyn," and Mrs. Erskine shrugged disconsolately. "You will have to wait for fresh tea, and there are no more young ladies or hot biscuits or bonbons."

"I am glad of it," he returned, shortly. "I waited to make sure of finding you alone."

"And why?" She was moving about the room, ordering the confusion more to her taste, but now she returned to the fire and sank into a chair.

"Twilight is the hour for confidences," he began, lightly. "I want to talk to you, and I can't wait."

"That's your *métier*," she said. "You never can wait."

She glanced up at him curiously, mockingly, as if she expected an answering gleam in his eyes; but to-night he gazed steadily into the fire, his straight dark brows drawn together in a frown.

Mrs. Erskine watched him a few minutes in silence, and then touched him on the arm.

"Dick," she said, sinking her voice, "who is she?"

He turned upon her half gratefully, half angrily. "You know everything," he said. "Have you seen her?"

"I think so. She's almost beautiful. Does she live up to her face?"

"Quite," he answered, soberly. "Now put me in the way of telling you a story without making myself out a hero or a devil."

"Trust to my eyes," she answered, readily.

"I want your sympathy and help," he owned, reluctantly, rising to his feet, "but I don't know what form they ought to take."

"I saw her with you in the Park a month or two ago. She was tall and slight, and her dress was blue—a brighter blue than I admired—but it became her. And her hair is such a curious shade, Dick." She was speaking slowly, with studious carelessness.

"It's like the newest bronze," he said, quickly, sympathetically.

"I noticed it particularly because the black feather on her hat curled over the braids and made the contrast so striking. And she had a yellow silk handkerchief knotted about her throat and a breats-knot of golden-rod. She was talking," Mrs. Erskine went on, "and pointing to a flock of birds winging their way south. I saw her face quite well, and fancied she looked sad."

He walked up and down the room hastily.

"Can't you go out with me?" he said. "I can talk better outside."

"He's afraid," she said to herself as she put on her bonnet and furs. "He's afraid of the light," and her hand trembled a little as they went out into the street together.

"I don't quite know how to begin," he said, looking down at her. "I am only certain you will understand."

"Ah, yes," turning away her face; "that's been my one virtue—I have always understood."

They walked on quickly together, keeping excellent step, a tall, well-matched, handsome couple, for whom the passers-by made way instinctively.

"It began last summer," he said at last. "I had been working very hard all winter, doing my work and Carter's too. You remember his wife was sick, and their little boy died, and he was horribly cut up. Well, when June came I broke down. The sight of the office, the printers, the men who hung around, had grown hateful to me. Material which I could have turned into money and reputation a year ago seemed stupid, inapposite, useless rubbish, so I determined to go away. Fortunately, Carter could take my place on the paper, and after giving him my sketch-book, by way of inspiration for the printed matter he was expected to furnish, I disappeared."

Jermyn walked a few steps in silence, and Mrs. Erskine drew her furs closer about her throat. The red glow of a winter sunset gilded all the spires; the north wind, pure and cold, rushed up the narrow street; a slender steely crescent glittered between the house-tops.

"You met her in the country?" Mrs. Erskine ventured at length.

"Yes. She lived with her father in a brown old farm-house beyond the village limits, and she had taken the postmistress's place for three months. At first she gave me my mail, and afterwards I used to help her in various ways. She had contrived to make the place look pretty and cool with flowers and muslin curtains. We talked a good deal, and I lent her some books. I used to take her home whenever she was late or her father could not come for her."

"Did you see anything of her at home?"

"Yes," he answered, with obvious reluctance. "I boarded at the farm-house—"

"Ah—"

"Don't think she interested me from the beginning," he exclaimed, hastily. "I lent her your last book, and told her about the paper, and gave her a few lessons in sketching. It was after she had read your book that our real friendship began. I led her on to talk of other books, and I told her something of my own theories and struggles, and how hard it was to understand yourself and your own limits." He spoke nervously, with a curious hesitation and embarrassment. "You don't help me out at all," he said to his companion; "and I feel like a thief—to steal her confidence and then put it on exhibition in this way."

"Go on."

"Well, one night she came to me and said she had studied and read, and watched the summer boarders, and now she wanted to write, and did I think she could do anything in that way? She said this with the prettiest confusion and humility," he added, conscientiously.

"And in answer to her urgent request, what did you tell her?" Mrs. Erskine asked, with a smile.

"I don't know. I don't think I told her anything at first. I was a little sorry and surprised, but I appeared delighted, interested, and profoundly flattered at her confidence. She confessed that I was the first person to whom she had told her longing."

"What did you do?"

"I asked her to let me see her work, and she bound me by a solemn promise to let her know the truth—just as a sick man binds his doctor to tell him the worst when he is making all his plans for a long and prosperous career."

He laughed a little, as if at some foolish, happy memory, but he did not share it with his companion. "I read the stories that night."

"Were they good?"

"Very good and very bad. I don't think she had a single literary theory of any description until she heard me talk as if she must know them—and then she adopted the ones I liked and believed in. But she had one gift. She could produce an effect in a line or a sentence where we would have to write a book. Her blue and yellow were green from the beginning; the transformation was magical and exact. In looking at her pictures you never smelt paint, or wondered who taught her. You had the feeling all the times that you were the clever observer of certain effects, not the creator."

"I know what you mean," Mrs. Erskine said, "and it is a rare talent, especially with American writers. The Russians have it, and perhaps the Italians, but our atmosphere does not seem to admit of it."

"I told her that," he continued, eagerly. "I advised her to make stories out of what she saw, to concentrate her feeling and fancy on the subjects nearest at hand, and I added that her work needed more literary sincerity. She could not see at first why her sketch of an inmate in an English hospital should be accounted less valuable than a study of faces in a country post-office. The result of my advice was an exquisite little idyl—by far the best thing she has done."

"So she took in what you meant at last?"

"In a way," said Jermyn. "That's why she came to the city," he stammered. "She made her love for music an excuse to her father, and she had saved some money from her post-office salary to enable her to attend a course at the Conservatory this year. She lives in a boarding-house, in a gallery room, and cooks her own meals. She writes at night, and practises all day. She is so brave and cheerful and independent. I would not dare to pity her. Every hardship she relishes as a promise of future good luck, and she goes about the city ready to read a story in a wrinkled old apple-woman, or an impudent newsboy, or a bank president, or a fine lady like you. Her estimates are curiously simple. A newspaper-office is a place of worship. She suspects the printer of literary opinions, and the porter of hiding behind a famous *nom de guerre*. A theatre is a temple of the drama, a picture-shop is a studio, never to be forgotten; and yet, with it all, she will recognize nothing but modern tendencies, and is a very Marie Bashkirtseff in her restless discontent."

His love of analysis had run away with him, and it took all of Mrs. Erskine's tact to bring him back to the subject, but by patience and skill she managed at last to form an idea of the writer's intimacy. Little by little the glimpses made pictures in her mind, like the head-pieces and tail-pieces of a choice edition—the long walks in the Park, the search for certain effective localities, the concerts and rehearsals, the half-glimpses of celebrities, the rides on the ferry on bright cold afternoons, the gay little luncheons and suppers, and certain red-letter nights when some grand theatrical star had glorified the dark horizon and made youth and art seem the sum of life's value.

As he talked on in his close, absorbed, eager way, Mrs. Erskine saw the girl more and more clearly, saw her figure in his attentive eyes, noted the courage and charm and womanliness of her modest independence. She knew him well—his faults of heart and brain and taste, his affectations and realities, his dangerous gift of sympathy—and she realized how much the girl must have developed in his quick, moulding hand.

"Dick," she turned upon him suddenly, "you sketch well; but will you ever paint a great picture, or write out a story to the end?" She felt herself grow hot and indignant suddenly, without reason, as this other woman's story appealed to her. "It was an experiment, and experiments are cruel, however profitable. Did you help her to find her soul—and what has she done with it?"

"I don't know," he started. "I was her friend and nothing more until this last week. She told me so much about herself, and somehow her frankness and trust in me put me on my honor. She has had trouble. Her father died suddenly, and the farm is mortgaged, and she had to go down to the country and face all kinds of misery."

"You went with her?" Mrs. Erskine asked.

"There was no one else to help her," he said. "Her father was a reformed drunkard, but he relapsed after she left. She had never known that it was his failing." His voice shook a little. "I went with her," he repeated; "I saw it all."

"And now she has come back?"

"And her coming means bread and butter and clothing. She thinks she can make something by writing, and if she went about it in the right way she might get some hack-work from a susceptible editor; but she does not know how; and besides, I would not let her," he added, fiercely.

"No, that wouldn't do," Mrs. Erskine assented, hurriedly. "She's too pretty and young for that business. Perhaps I might help her," she said, thoughtfully.

"Oh, there's nobody like you!" he exclaimed. "But wait; you have not heard all. I have talked of her very freely to you; I have told you all I know, but I have not said that it has taken months of patience, discretion, and watchfulness to know her. She does not give her confidence easily. I have had to earn it. She is an odd mixture of freedom and reserve, pride and humility, suspicion and innocence. There is nobody like her—nobody—and to-day I have behaved like a brute. He walked on in silence for a few minutes, and then began suddenly, with new courage and resolution: "It happened in this way: Carter and I had stopped at a little chop-house near the office to get lunch, and while we waited he began to ask various questions about the young lady who had been seen with me once or twice. I put him off jokingly, because I knew that if I showed any earnestness or annoyance he would never let me alone. Unfortunately I wrote to him last summer, described the village genius, her aspirations and limitations, the commonplace village surroundings and characters, and the letter happened to take his fancy. 'Write her up, Jermyn,' he said, in his quick, stuttering fashion. 'You might c-call it "An Unknown Celebrity," and make a hit. I like those character sketches. You might make it funny, give a poem or two, and some prose examples of her genius. You are awfully g-good at c-caricature.' He adjusted his eye-glass and looked up at me with a smile. I was so annoyed that I pushed away from the table and started to go, and there, at the next table, sat the girl herself."

"What did you do?" Mrs. Erskine asked, after a few minutes.

"She had on the blue dress," he went on, slowly—"she hasn't had the money to buy a black one—and she leant forward and stared at the wall. She looked so white, so ill, so *blind!* The little lunch she had ordered was cold. She had evidently been there some time, and had probably heard every word."

There was an inarticulate murmur of sympathy from his companion as he paused for breath.

"I don't know what I did exactly, but I found myself standing over her, saying something wild and extravagant, no doubt, for the people around stopped eating and the waiters looked at me strangely," he went on. "I don't think she even heard me. She got up, and I did not dare to follow her."

He stopped short and clasped his hands together as a woman might have done. Mrs. Erskine stopped too, and waited, with that painful tension of heart and nerves which she had felt before.

"I shall never forget her face," he continued, slowly. "I feel as if I could never make it up to her. I have led her on so cruelly; I have made her tell me all—her plans and hopes and ambitions; I have listened and read and criticised; and now I have betrayed her confidence, and—and I love her."

Mrs. Erskine thought she had divined and accepted the truth long before, but when the low, intense avowal reached her ear, her heart gave a painful throb and the blood left her face.

"I want you to help her," he continued, restlessly. "I have stopped thinking about myself. You don't know how this has hurt her. She is so sensitive, so humble, she thinks so little of herself. I want her to feel reinstated, to know her own talent, to rely on her own literary judgment. I am not as selfish as you think," he said, anxiously. "I believe in her as much as I love her, and I want you to make her believe in herself."

"Yes," Mrs. Erskine said. "Poor little thing!" She had strung herself up to a new effort as she felt her disciplined strength gradually subdue that gnawing, terrible pain which had made her face blanch so suddenly.

"Only a woman can help her," he urged. "The slightest touch from my hands would bruise her. Go to her; be good to her. You are strong and generous; you would count for something with her when my sympathy would seem almost an insult." He stopped under a flaring electric light and awaited her decision. "You are the only woman in the world I would trust her with," he said.

And still she delayed her answer, studying every detail of his kind face and irresolute figure with that eager keenness of vision which always distinguished her in moments of excitement. Something in his voice or manner or attitude touched her into a sudden curious softness. She put out her hand with an inexplicable thrill of pride and compassion, and turned her face cityward. "Take me to her, Dick," she said. "I will do what I can."

He turned abruptly and led the way down the street towards the business portion of the city. They walked on in silence, he absorbed in his own thoughts, she blinding herself resolutely to the consequences of anything she might do. She was not quite clear yet as to the trouble she had to soothe; she had not decided upon any plan of action; she was not thinking of the woman; she was thinking of the man by her side, and a little, perhaps, of herself. When they halted at last before a tall dingy house, she held out her hand in token of dismissal. "Be at my house at nine o'clock," she said, "and send a carriage here immediately. You must go now," as he demurred somewhat.

He turned obediently and went down the steps.

"My God, how I am trusting you!" he exclaimed, looking up at her.

"I know it," she answered, simply, "and you shall not repent it."

He waited until the door was opened and then walked down the street.

"Is Miss English in?" Mrs. Erskine asked. "Direct me to her room, please," she added, as the servant hesitated. "I know she will receive me."

"Third floor, fourth gallery room," the woman answered, shortly, pointing up a dim winding stairway at the back of the hall. "She didn't seem right well when she came in," she added, as Mrs. Erskine started up the stairs. "Take care, and look where you are going."

"Thank you." Mrs. Erskine smiled down upon her graciously, and continued on her way.

Her progress was frequently interrupted by unexpected turns and sudden landings, the intermittent gleam of gas, the broken glimpses of various interiors. On the second floor the fretful cry of a sick child tugged at her heart-strings, and somewhere an uncertain finger thumped out a popular air on a discordant piano. She was out of breath when she reached the third floor and passed out on the long gallery which overlooked the tiny brick court-yard. These rooms were smaller, meaner, poorer than the others, ill lighted, and badly ventilated; small boxes flanked by a wilderness of chimney-pots, the only pleasant relief being afforded by the square patch of wintry starlit sky. Mrs. Erskine walked swiftly along the gallery, and glanced into the room before she entered. The picture stamped itself on her brain in all its pathetic, homely details—the bare whitewashed walls, the neat little bed, the few provincial photographs, the long feathery grasses which waved over the mantel-piece, the disordered writing-table near the single window in the room, the fireless grate, and, finally, the tall, slight, central figure of the girl herself.

"Ah!"

Helen English did not hear the exclamation or see the attentive, watchful figure in the doorway. She looked up once over her shoulder in a curious, guilty, furtive fashion, and then continued measuring a spoonful of dark liquid into a glass.

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A faint, sickening odor filled the room, and she raised the glass to her lips with a steady hand.

"What!" she said, hurriedly, in a low voice, as if in explanation of the second's delay. "Oh!"— with a long-drawn cry—"you have no right—no right—" The glass dropped from her hand, the liquid streamed down upon the floor, where it made a little pool which looked like blood. She put out her hands, and made a step backward.

The two women looked at each other, an indignant question in the eyes of each, an appeal, an answer. The hum of the streets below, the rolling of wheels and sharp street cries, the prolonged wail of the sick child, the metallic whisper of the wind as it struck the electric wires together, were borne to them faintly in the pause, and then Mrs. Erskine recovered herself and came forward with outstretched hands. "You must come home with me," she said. "I came here for a business talk. I want you to help me out of a difficulty." She stood quite near the girl; she held the thin young hand close in her own. Something of the old imperious graciousness with which she ruled her daily afternoon coterie came back to her, with an added eagerness of sympathy. As she watched the quivering face before her she fell back upon social usages in order to prevent the nervous breakdown which was obviously threatening. "You are cold," she said, "and I am very inconsiderate to keep this door open." She closed it as she spoke, and then returned and busied herself in fastening her own fur cape around the girl's slight figure, not waiting for her assent, and pretending not to notice the omission of a single social ceremony. "Now you must come with me," she said.

"I am not fit—" and the girl made a gesture of denial.

"You must come with me," with gentle insistence. Helen raised her eyes and studied the face before her, the sweet mouth, the sad eyes, the fine generous brow, the meaning and history written in the faintly traced lines, and she decided instinctively to trust the woman before her.

"I will go," she said, brokenly; "I think I need help, too."

They went down the steps together, and were met at the door by an obsequious cabman.

"Afraid I'm late, ma'am? Drive you straight home?"

Mrs. Erskine nodded assent, and they got in and were driven away. They were both silent during the drive, Mrs. Erskine flushed, erect, every sense under command; the other woman broken, crushed, defeated, lying back on the cushions with her face hidden in her hands. When the carriage stopped at last, Helen followed Mrs. Erskine without a question. The little pause in the warm, brilliant hall made her suddenly realize how cold she was, and she found herself looking around with the idle, bewildered curiosity of a child.

But Mrs. Erskine did not linger long. After giving a few subdued orders to the servant in attendance, she led the way up stairs through the bright warm dining-room and well-stocked library to the drawing-room, where the gas was not yet lighted, and where the firelight was reflected with twofold brilliancy by the china and mirrors, the grand piano, and solid, handsome old furniture.

There was an easy-chair drawn up to the fire, and Helen sank into it in obedience to Mrs. Erskine's motioned request. The long beautiful room, the glowing fire, the rich hangings, the scent of the roses in a bowl close at hand, overpowered her for the moment. The trouble, the doubt, the anger, and disappointment of the day died within her. She turned to Mrs. Erksine with an impulsive little gesture of entreaty.

"What made you think of me?" she said. "Why did you bring me here? I wonder how I can be of any use to you? You don't know me."

"I have been thinking a great deal about you," Mrs. Erskine said. "You need not be afraid of my thoughts." She smiled a little, and then went on, practically: "I came to you on a matter of business. I have charge of a certain department in a weekly journal, and we are tired of the old contributors. I have heard of you, and I want to know if you can help us in our Christmas number. We would not ask more than a sketch from you, and I feel sure we could arrange satisfactory terms of payment." She turned away as she spoke, feeling it a sort of treason that she should watch the story in the poor pale face opposite. "Take this," she said, kindly, offering a glass of sherry and a biscuit. "I am sure you need something."

"I do." The girl rose and pushed the wine away from her. "I need strength and hope. I need patience to bear with myself and other people," she exclaimed, bitterly. "Don't think me wicked or ungrateful, but—" She laughed a little and looked about her in angry despair. "It is not you, but it is everything that has gone wrong with me all day—ever since I can remember."

"Helen—"

"I know you," she went on, in a softer voice. "I have read your books. I know something of your life, and that I am only an object of benevolence in it. Don't waste your pity on me. I am not worth it." She sank back into her chair and held out her hands to the warming blaze. "It's come too late," she said, drearily. "If you had only seen me yesterday, your offer would have seemed like fame and fortune; but I am wiser to-day. I might have taken advantage of you then. I know better now. I shall not trouble you"—with a poor little effort after dignity; and then she sat quite still and white, and looked into the fire.

"You don't understand—" Mrs. Erskine ventured, after a pause.

"I do understand, and I thank you," she said. "I used to know a man who gave me a great deal of good advice," she went on, "and he told me that I lacked one essential quality of literary success, *viz.*, experience; but he was mistaken. I am like a man who has looked at the sun and is blind forever afterwards. I could not write now; I could not give myself another name and dress my wounds, or lay my heart open before a gaping audience, who want real fire, real smoke, real blood. Before—before I knew this man I could write, I could feel what I wrote, and I knew whether it was good or not; but it seems now as if I had never felt, never known, never written. And then I came here; I began to learn, to use my eyes, to know the world around me. I lived according to my measure, and I acknowledge there is something fine in that strain on one's capacity. It is like a horse racing to a goal he does not see. Something goes from you; you lose the sense of the stars above, and the fitful breath of the wind, and the scent of the meadows under your feet in the choking dust and the sense of strained muscles; even the flying landscape seems blurred and spotted with blood. One can't live always like that; and yet—and yet I could not be content with the old life now." She looked down for a moment, and then continued in a lower voice: "It is a loss—that sense of creation—the one imaginary human life or experience that springs up within you and will not be denied utterance, that curious inner excitement which haunts and possesses you and makes you indifferent to all outside things. I have spent long nights peering through the darkness at my own drama, touched and thrilled by my own eloquence, and now—and now"—she



"'YOU ARE STRONG; YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE MERCIFUL.'"

let her hands fall heavily, and spoke hurriedly—"it is gone—all gone. I have fallen among thieves. I have been robbed. I see my old stories, the ones I have loved and tried to do justice to, in a new light. They are poor, pale, pitiful, dwarfed or caricatured by my conceit and vanity. I can't care for them any more. I can't look at them. I can only look at myself and wonder."

Mrs. Erskine interrupted with a swift little gesture of sympathy. "You don't think—" she began.

"Yes, I think," the girl answered, with hasty bitterness. "I have learned to think, and it has made my head ache." She lifted her hand to her head with a tired gesture, and for the first time her voice broke, as if in pity for herself.

There was a long pause. The two women looked steadfastly at each other, each fighting her own battle for composure. To the older woman it was a cruel spectacle, the rawness, the crudity, the over-tragic emotion of youth, its pride and passion and swift, unreckoning judgments. Her eyes were not clear as she looked, and there came over her suddenly the old desire to help, to succor, to save this girl from the wave—life and experience—that threatened to overwhelm her. For the second time that evening she refused to consider the consequences of her own acts, and obeyed the same unreasoning impulse which sends a man into the water after a drowning fellow-creature.

"I would like," she began, "to tell you a story."

"And I—I am tired of stories. I must go. Perhaps you may make something of me. That is all I can ever be to you—a sketch from life, a snatch of experience, a side scene to a great stage-setting, once used and then thrown aside to be crumpled, disfigured, forgotten," she replied, harshly, and then seeing the face opposite sorrowful, comprehending, unresentful, she broke down utterly. "Oh, why did you ever come?" she said. "Why can't you let me alone? You hurt me! you hurt me!" And then again, as if every tender look and word stabbed her: "You have no right to hurt me so! You hurt me! Let me alone!"

They were close to each other now; the whole room seemed to have grown stiller and darker; even the fire had died down into a mass of glowing coals.

"You must hear my story," Mrs. Erskine began. "It is a story of a girl—a girl like you—only you don't know your own story out to the end. She was young like you once; she was hopeful and ardent and exacting. She thought she could govern her own life and dictate to other people's hearts, and yet live according to the gods she had set up for herself. Her gods were essentially a woman's gods, and wore a very godlike spirit to her eyes. There was Pride, and Modesty, and Self-respect, and Sympathy, and Generosity, and Self-effacement, and she marched according to their various contradictory laws, without questioning or revolt."

She stopped a minute, and her companion's hand trembled in her own.

"And what happened?" Helen asked.

"On her way one dark night," Mrs. Erskine continued, "she fell in with a comrade who helped her over the rough places and kept her from stumbling, and held her hand in his with a frank, firm clasp. She learned to listen for his step and to know it among the thousand footsteps of her fellow-wayfarers, to look for his handsome face and big shoulders, to know his whistles and moods and ill-humors, to feel his secret gladness or disappointment or fear. She cared so much that she lived in a passion of dread lest she should disappoint him or cheapen herself in his eyes, or in some way lessen her power over him. She knew that he cared for her, too, but she wanted him to care for her in the same tender, exalted fashion in which she clung to him. She also knew that it rested with her to make him care for her in this way, but here her gods stepped in and forbade her to bid or bargain for the prize which should have been laid at her feet as a just tribute. She grew difficult, exacting—perhaps, after all, she wanted more than he was capable of giving—at any rate, they misunderstood each other."

Again she stopped, and when she began a few minutes later she spoke hurriedly without looking up. "She would not listen to explanation or apology, or even the beating of her own heart. She sent him away, far away beyond her reach. She did not know at first what she had done, but after a while she knew, and tried to lose herself in other people's lives, because she had not any heart for her own. She even married a man who loved her, and tried to comfort herself with the thought that her husband missed nothing in her. And the lie went on for years, and had to be lived out in the most cruel little details. She was spared nothing—no knowledge, however bitter, the loss of no illusion, however precious. And then her worst punishment came. Her husband died; she was free, and she met the other man in familiar every-day intercourse; saw him changed, deteriorated, purposeless, scorning the old beliefs, endorsing her decision, and using her without thought or feeling for anything but his own selfish ends."

"It was hard," Helen said quickly, hoarsely; "it was hard."

"And everything might have been so different had she but listened or waited. Looking at it now, she sees her mistake, and knows she might have saved him as well as herself. Life is so strong, there should be no weakness in yielding a little. Love is so great, there should be no shame in a partial surrender. We cannot live according to the gods. We are human beings with hearts—hearts that clamor and beat and ache, and must be heard and listened to."

The pain in her eyes, the ring of passionate sincerity in her voice, the touch of haste in her attitude as she rose and looked around the room, made Helen look up. She tried to speak, but the words refused to come, and she sat there vainly trying to pierce the shadows which surrounded her and see her way clear. Mrs. Erskine stood as if listening, her whole being concentrated in the effort to make sure of the muffled ring of the door-bell which had come faintly to her ears. There was so much to be done, and so little time in which to do it. She felt tied, desperate; every pulse in her body struggled to be free. The rattle of carriage wheels on the stones without, the peal of bells from a neighboring steeple, the sudden opening and closing of the heavy street door below, seemed to mingle in some mysterious way with this paralyzing sense of fatigue and loneliness. In the midst of the warmth and plenty of the luxurious rooms and full useful life which stretched before her she felt old, starved, cold; and then she caught sight of the pale, imploring face opposite and forced herself to be strong again.

"Dear," she said, leaning over the girl, "why should you be afraid?" But Helen made no sign, and turned her face away. "Remember," Mrs. Erskine went on tenderly, "that it is only by understanding another's heart that we ever come to understand our own. Don't be too proud," she whispered, breathlessly. "And you are strong; you can afford to be merciful."

She bent down and kissed the bowed, unresponsive head again and again, and then passed into the next room as Jermyn's step was heard in the hall.

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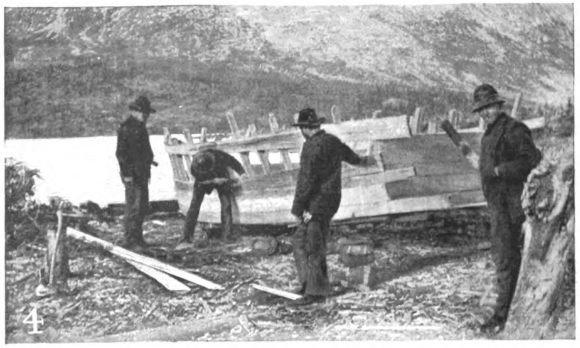
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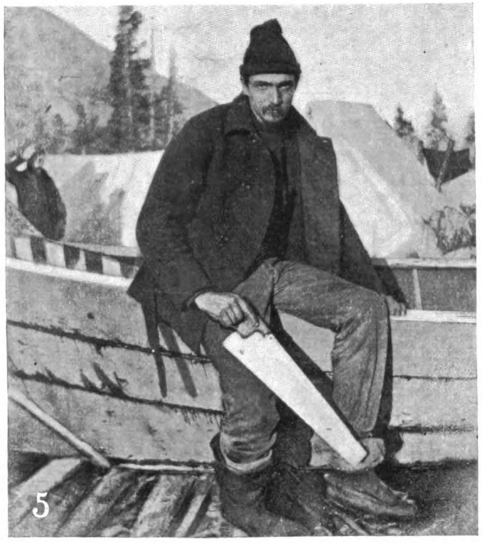
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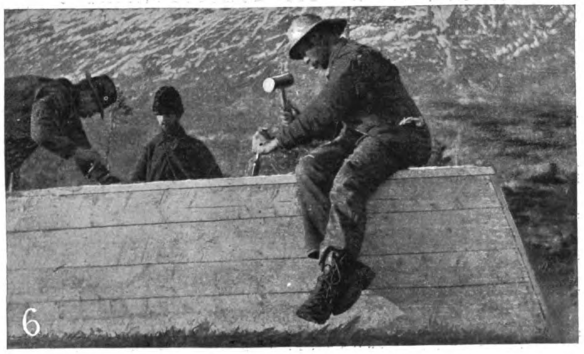


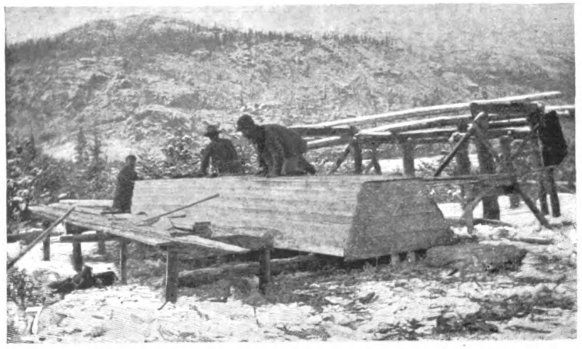


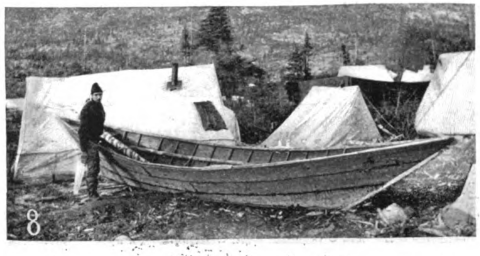














ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE—BOAT-BUILDING AT LAKE LINDEMAN.—From Photographs by Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 19.]

1. Whip sawing Lumber. 2. Hand-planing the Boards. 3. Spar making. 4. Boat under Construction. 5. Tappan Adney and his Dory. 6. Calking the Seams. 7. Finishing Touches. 8. His Dory and Tappan Adney. 9. A Launching-Bee.

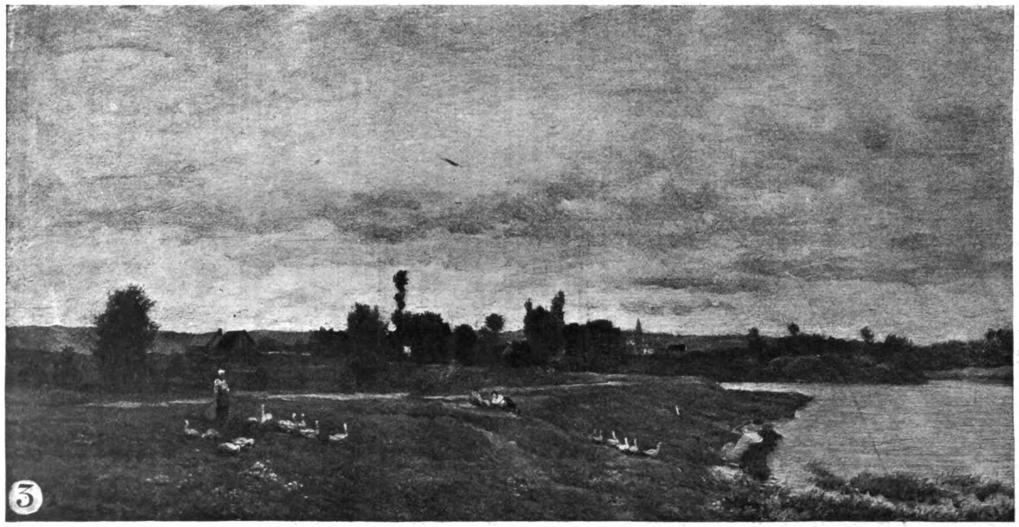
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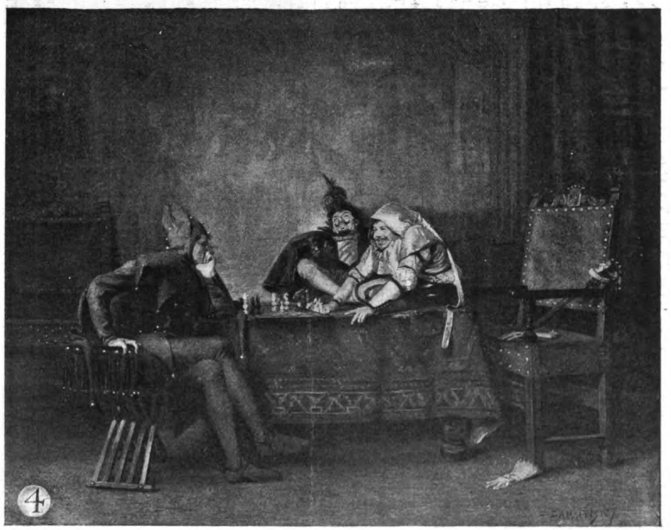
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FROM THE STEWART COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.—Reproduced by Permission of the American Art Association, New York.—[See Page 6.]

1. "Arab Fantasia," by M. Fortuny. 2. "Café Ambulant," by Roman Ribera. 3. "Antwerp on the Oise," by C. F. Daubigny. 4. "Checkmated," by Eduardo Zamacois.

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THE INDIAN TERRITORY PROBLEM.

It is hereby declared to be the duty of the United States to establish a government in the Indian Territory which will rectify the many inequalities and discriminations now existing in said Territory, and afford needful protection to the lives and property of all citizens and residents thereof.

This clause, in the general Indian appropriation act for the fiscal year 1897, had no rightful place there. It was framed in a committee of conference, for the purpose of slipping it through Congress with other odds and ends of legislation which pass without much scrutiny in the confusion of a closing session. In the Senate the trick did not escape notice, and the debate which it provoked lasted the larger part of a week; yet only two speakers attempted any general consideration of the merits of the policy to which the United States government was in the act of committing itself, the principal topics of discussion being certain legal technicalities involved. This is significant as indicating that, in spite of its illegitimate origin, the declaration did reflect the sentiment of Congress and foreshadow more elaborate legislation in the near future. Even so sympathetic an observer as Mr. Julian Ralph is reluctantly forced to confess the Indian Territory experiment a failure.* Congress reached the same conclusion long ago, and after many delays began to write its verdict in the statute-book. The choice was then presented to the friends of the Indian either to resist a movement which was obviously past checking, or to seize the reins and try to guide it.

Three obstacles embarrass all discussion of the Indian Territory problem: first, a confused notion of the contents of our treaties with the Indian nations and of their binding force; second, a tendency to criticise the recommendations of the Dawes Commission without pausing to inquire just what those recommendations have been; and third, a fancy that any change in existing conditions must necessarily be hostile to the welfare of the Indians, as well as contrary to their wishes.

As to the first difficulty, the trained lawyer is referred to the statutes and the decisions of the courts. To the ordinary reader it must suffice to say that an Indian treaty is an anomalous instrument establishing no such relations as a foreign treaty. The treaty-making power does not reside in an Indian tribe or nation. The practice of making treaties with Indians came down to us from ancestors who acted under the pressure of temporary exigencies and without any settled policy. It has been a curse; for the treaties of peace and trade with which earlier generations were content have expanded by degrees into the treaties of protection, of isolation, of willing pauperism on the one side, and reckless bribery on the other, so familiar in our day.

The original treaties with the Five Civilized Tribes were discreditable to the American people. Both duty and interest urged the encouragement of a process of race amalgamation or absorption which had already made some small beginnings. But such a policy presented difficulties which it was easier to shirk than to meet. So, instead of setting patiently about the humane task of civilizing their red neighbors and gradually inducting them into citizenship, the white people took the easier alternative of gathering them into a group and moving them off to a place beyond the extreme Western frontier, where it was supposed that the tide of white settlement would not reach them for many years, if ever.

The first treaties were founded on a theory of tribal autonomy, it is true; but the relations of the several tribes with the Southern Confederacy during the civil war wiped those out, and the new treaties, made in 1866, were pervaded with a wholly different spirit.

Take the Cherokee treaty as a type. Under this a United States court was to be established in the tribal territory; railroads were to be permitted to traverse it when authorized by Congress; the powers of the tribal government were circumscribed in many ways; the President of the United States was given discretion to suspend any law which seemed to bear inequitably upon certain elements of the population; provision was made for an annual general council or Territorial legislature, its members to be elected upon a basis of apportionment sanctioned by the United States government, its presiding officer to be designated by the Secretary of the Interior, and its members and officers to be paid for their services out of the United States Treasury; the enactment of any law "inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States or laws of Congress" was prohibited, and the President's approval was required for any enlargement of the council's powers.

These citations suffice to show how hollow a sham is the so-called "autonomy" secured to the Indians under their present treaties. It is not autonomy at all. It was not intended to be autonomy. The underlying idea of all the treaties of 1866 is the supremacy of the Federal government and the subjection of the Indian tribes. The "reconstruction" policy of that era was applied to the Indian Territory as radically as to South Carolina or Louisiana, and the Indians themselves subscribed to the instruments asserting it.

Now what did the Dawes Commission propose, to provoke so loud a chorus of denunciation and reproach? After spending a large part of two years in the Territory, trying to induce the Indians to meet the impending change half-way and put themselves in position to control it, they suggested in their report for 1895 the outlines of a general policy, as follows:

> 1. A Territorial government over the Five Civilized Tribes, adapted to their peculiarly anomalous conditions, so framed as to secure all rights of residents in the same, and without impairing the vested rights of the citizen Indian or other person not an intruder.
>
> 2. The extension of the jurisdiction of the United States courts in the Territory, both in law and equity, to hear and determine all controversies and suits of any nature concerning any right in, or use and occupation of, the tribal lands of the several nations, to which any citizen Indian or other person, or the tribal government of any nation, is or may be made a party, plaintiff or defendant.

This does not read like a threat of violence. The recommendation of a Territorial government does not even imply the deposition of the Indians from power. It would be met substantially by the establishment of such a central authority as was contemplated by the treaties of 1866, but never erected. That, surely, was one "adapted to the anomalous conditions" of the tribes, and, while "so framed as to secure all rights of residents," it avoided "impairing the vested rights of the citizen Indian." Many good persons insist that no resident of the Territory, unless a member of a tribe, has any rights which deserve securing, and hence that any recognition of their presence there is a surrender to the demands of the unlawful trespassers. But this is a sweeping assumption. The Dawes Commission simply do not prejudge any case, but call for the extension of the jurisdiction of the United States courts to the ascertainment of the rights of all parties, and for the establishment of a government capable of enforcing those rights when ascertained, whether they be vested or inchoate, legal or equitable, the rights of an Indian or of a white man.

It will be asked, Why not leave the Indians to settle these questions themselves? The answer will be found in the existing condition of affairs in the Territory, where a small group of members of each tribe have monopolized its government, property, and profits. In the tribal system as applied there the communal feature is an empty name. In settling vexatious questions of civil status and property rights, the United States courts would presumptively act with as keen a sense of justice as the Indian judges, and certainly with a more highly trained intelligence, besides being free from the pecuniary interest which all the governing class of Indians have in their own decisions. Not all the non-citizens living in the Territory are trespassers in a moral sense. A large majority unquestionably are there by invitation or consent of the Indians. Their privileges cannot be summarily cut off without inflicting as serious a wrong on the whites and negroes as was ever inflicted on the red man.

Moreover, experience proves that the Indians, even backed by the strong arm of the Federal government, are incompetent to manage these things. Commissioner Morgan undertook to clear the Territory of intruders, but had to give it up as impracticable. He procured from the War Department a detail of troops to assist the agent, and operations were begun with the Chickasaw Nation in the summer of 1891. To show the difficulties of the work, a district 400 square miles in area, where the Chickasaw authorities had complained of the presence of 300 families of intruders, was scoured by the troops, but only nine intruders were found there. The commissioner thus explained the default:

> Many of the names on the lists submitted by the Nation were fictitious; many others were names of parties who had held permits for years, of Mexican-war veterans of whom no permit had ever been demanded, of widows and aged men who had never been asked to pay for permits, of fathers and mothers who were visiting their intermarried children, and of ministers of the gospel of whom no permits had ever been required; that Chickasaw permit-collectors had issued hundreds of permits which had not been reported, and which were paid for in good faith, and were held by non-citizens listed as intruders, who also held permits for each previous year of their residence in the Chickasaw Nation; and that parties reported by Chickasaw authorities as intruders were, with rare exceptions, law-abiding men, who were in the Nation under permits issued by legally qualified officers.

The suggestions of the Dawes Commission called forth such a storm of criticism, chiefly from persons who had not taken the trouble to consider the Indian Territory problem in its broadest aspect, that some of the best friends of the Indians, in Congress and out, were puzzled as to their duty in the premises. Recognizing the strength and meaning of the reorganization movement, and knowing that it had passed the point where anything could stem it, their great desire was to procure such legislation as would graduate the changes instead of leaving them to be precipitated suddenly, and perhaps with peril to all the interests concerned. Out of a mass of proposed legislation was evolved finally an amendment to the annual appropriation act containing the clause which introduces this article, and also directing the Dawes Commission to "proceed at once to hear and determine the application of all persons who may apply to them for citizenship in any of said (Indian) nations"—that is, to have their names added to the existing rolls, which for this purpose are confirmed—and "determine the right of such applicants to be so admitted and enrolled, that every application must be made within three months of the passage of the act, and decided within ninety days after it is made; that in determining applications "the commission shall respect all laws of the several nations or tribes not inconsistent with the laws of the United States, and all treaties with either of said nations or tribes, and shall give due force and effect to the rolls, usages, and customs of each of said nations or tribes"; and that any aggrieved party shall have the right of appeal to the United States District Court, whose judgment shall be final. Under this authority the commission has since acted.

We have now reached the third point of difficulty—the widespread popular notion that any change in existing conditions must necessarily be hostile to the welfare of the Indians and contrary to their wishes.

In view of the situation in the Indian Territory, it may well be questioned whether the Indian citizen of the Territory—the real Indian, not the white man with an infinitesimal strain of Indian blood—can be much worse off under any changed order than he is now. Even Mr. Ralph admits that the real Indian is crowded into the shadows of the horizon, while the foreground is filled by his pale-faced brother, who makes laws for his guidance and punishment, construes and executes those laws, leases the lands and mineral deposits in which each owns an equal share, and pockets substantially all the revenues and enjoys all the benefits flowing therefrom. How is the real Indian to be injured by having a fair distribution made of the assets of the partnership—by being offered a better chance in life, whether he chooses to avail himself of it or not, or by being given a competent tribunal to which he can apply for justice when he believes that he has been wronged?

One of the oddest features of the opposition to any change in the Indian Territory, as we find it among the intelligent whites outside, is that some of the most vigorous resistance comes from the very people who believe that the lands-in-severalty policy is the Indian's hope for the future. They cried aloud for the severalty law before it was enacted, and have religiously championed it since. Yet that law does for the inhabitants of the ordinary reservations precisely what is now proposed for the inhabitants of the Territory: it strikes a mortal blow at the patriarchal system of government in the tribe; it takes the Indian out of the tribal mass and makes an individual of him; it invests the individual with political privileges to which his white neighbor attaches the utmost importance; it starts him in life with property and the sense of its ownership. But mark the differences. The Indian Territory programme promulgated by the Dawes Commission contemplates no violent and sudden rupture of the old relations; the severalty act does. The Indian Territory programme requires special legislation at every stage, with the opportunity which that gives for discussion and the weighing of details; the severalty act is general in its application, and liable to enforcement with almost any tribe, in any place, at any moment. The Indian Territory programme involves a multitude of preliminaries; the severalty act may be put into operation by a mere stroke of a President's pen. The Indian Territory programme is accused of violating treaties, and in its first stages even its friendly executants invite a limitation of their own powers by the requirement that they shall keep the tribal treaties and laws and customs always in view. But the severalty act does not inquire whether the tribe made subject to it has ever had a treaty; it ignores everything except the one end to which it is itself directed—the fulfilment of the government's duty to improve the condition of the Indian. If the protests against a new order in Indian Territory have so sound a basis, why were they not uttered, and even more loudly, when the severalty act was passed? And if the incipient revolution in the Territory is "an outrage upon Indian rights and our national honor," what becomes of the severalty law as "a new Declaration of Independence"?

The claim that the Territory Indians themselves resist all change in the existing conditions is not susceptible of proof at this stage. No trustworthy evidence is forthcoming as to what the Indians as a whole do desire. Their business at Washington is managed by a lobby made up of men with skins as light as those of ninety per cent. of the American citizens who read these lines. The lobby represents only the governing class and their beneficiaries—the fair-complexioned tribal barons who have taken possession of the common property of their people for their personal use, and the white men whom they have invited in from the States to furnish the capital and labor for their joint enterprises on a royalty basis.

It is to the pecuniary interest of both these elements that only one side of the Territory story should reach the ears of the American people. The white lessees dread the dissemination of the whole truth because it may hasten the day of their dispossession, or at least of an increase of competition; the mixed-bloods dread it lest it lead to the restoration of a real communal system or to a permanent partition of the tribal property. What chance has the truth against such a combination for its suppression? And how are we to know that the rank and file of the Indian population of the Territory, if the true state of affairs were laid before them, would not welcome their deliverance from the oligarchy, and their admission to a share in the good things which by right belong to all alike?

The affairs of the Territory have now reached a crisis which should move all right-feeling whites to drop past differences and unite to see that the Indians' interests are thoroughly protected. We might draw an imaginary circle once more around the Indian Territory, as our fathers did, leave its people to their fate, and waste our strength in dismal lamentations over the rapacity of the white frontiersman and the shortcomings of the Federal police power; but that would be a policy of cowardice. We have, as a people, assumed guardianship over the American Indians, and we cannot afford to shirk further responsibility for their civilization by herding them apart and putting them out of sight and out of mind. The whole theory on which the Territory was established was a blunder. It encouraged the continuance of a deplorable race distinction, the perpetuation of a social and political anomaly. It ignored the philosophy of history which shows that a lower civilization derives its most wholesome stimulus from contact with a higher one. The other alternative which presented itself at that day—the amalgamation of the Five Civilized Tribes with our national system—would have required vastly more thought, more patience, more humanity, more statesmanship, but in the end it would have put the Indian upon the same footing as the white man before the law, and opened to him the same opportunities for self-improvement and success in life.

What becomes of the Indian after the changes in the Territory are complete will depend largely upon the practical form his white friends are willing to give to their benevolence. It is common to hear good people bemoan the breaking down of the barriers between the races, because so many members of the weaker race are ruined by contamination with the vices of the stronger. These reasoners do not stop to count the percentage of Indians who pass this test with credit. They do not even pause to inquire whether the Indians in the Indian Territory to-day, far as they may be from an ideal condition, are not indebted for all the advantages they do enjoy to the fact that, in defiance of the policy of the government in planting them there sixty years ago, they have let in a larger contingent of whites.

To those readers to whom this article seems hard in spirit are commended the remarks of Dr. Albert E. Dunning, of Boston, at the Mohonk Conference in October, 1895. Into a few crisp sentences he put a volume of philanthropic philosophy. "We are learning," said he, "that civilization has its cruel as well as its beneficent side. It takes courage to hold consistently to our position, but it is the only position that brings any solution to the Indian question; the Indian must cease to be an Indian. He is our brother, and he must be treated as a brother, and not as a child. In the process many will be sacrificed; but we shall never settle these matters till we take the race as a whole and are willing to run the risk of the loss of individuals, that we may save the race by abolishing it and making no distinction between the Indian and the white man. The problem is now passing from the political to the moral side. It is a problem of character, and that is not solved in a day."

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

* See "The Unique Plight of the Five Nations," published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for January 4, 1896.

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NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

As a result of the condition of the Canadian mail service in the Northwest, private advices from Mr. Tappan Adney, the WEEKLY's correspondent in the Klondike goldfields, have reached the editor in advance of the batch of manuscript for publication which was expected with them.

While what Mr. Adney writes privately is merely a whet for the better things of his correspondence when it comes, there is much in his private letter of general interest. He wrote before the end of October from Tagish Lake, just as he was starting on his voyage by water down the chain of lakes and small streams which lead into the Yukon, and from their confluence with the Yukon to Dawson City. He had encountered and overcome the worst difficulties of his journey. According to the estimates given by Mr. Hurlburt, of the Oregon Navigation Company, the detailed distances of the route from Dyea to Tagish Lake are: From the town itself to the head of canoe navigation, six miles; hence two miles to the forks of Dyea River, and six miles to the summit of the Chilkoot Pass, 3350 feet above sea-level; then nine miles to the head of Lake Lindeman; with the lake, four miles; and thence one mile to Lake Bennet; twenty-six miles along Lake Bennet, and from its foot three miles to Tagish Lake. In opening his letter from that point, Mr. Adney writes:

I have reached here safely. The boat behaves splendidly in the heavy seas on the lakes, and draws well besides. The chances are good for reaching Dawson, but I have not an hour to lose. Men coming up the river say there is no scarcity of food—flour only $6 a sack (selling at Bennet for $25, sack of fifty pounds). We will sail now day and night. I take this occasion to say that if you can send to this post a parcel or parcels of HARPER'S WEEKLY or MAGAZINE it will greatly facilitate me in the getting of news and in transmission of what I have to send. Stations will be established every fifty miles this winter—three or four men and two dogs to a station—for the carriage of the winter's mail. Kindly address any such to John Godson, care Mounted Police, Tagish Lake. Their own teams will bring stuff from Skagway or Dyea. This will help me very much. The Canadians are handling the customs here with much judgment, in contrast to that of our own government at Dyea and Skagway. The officers have full discretion, and are using it—inflicting no hardship on those who have come through with money all gone, which is almost every one. There will be about thirty of the mounted police here, in charge of Inspector Stuckland, and it will be a great boon to them to get the papers, and it will help me also.

The total distance from Dyea to Dawson City is placed at 575 miles, so that at Tagish Lake Mr. Adney had some 500 miles of his journey still before him. Its worst difficulties had been overcome, however, and there is every reason to believe that he is now in Dawson City—perhaps on shorter rations than he expected when about to leave Tagish Lake.

The all-important question in the Klondike now is not of how much gold, but of how much pork and flour it contains. Accounts are conflicting, but there seems to be no sufficient ground as yet to challenge the current report that there has been an exodus from Dawson City because of the threat of famine. It may not amount to a "stampede," as it has been called, but advices from other parts of the Northwest Territory, taken in connection with Mr. Adney's letter, make it possible to form a reasonably reliable approximation of the actual situation at this writing.

The most accurate forecast of the winter conditions at Dawson City is, no doubt, that made in a signed statement from Thomas Fawcett, Canadian gold-inspector for the Northwest Territory, and D. W. Davis, Canadian collector of customs, who wrote from Dawson City just before the closing of the mail: "We have carefully looked into the present distressing situation in regard to the supply of food for the winter, and we can see only one way out of the difficulty—that of an immediate move down the river of all those who are now unsupplied to Fort Yukon, where there is a large stock of provisions. . . . It is almost beyond possibility that more food will reach this district, so that starvation now stares every man in the face who is waiting and hoping for outside relief."

There is no doubt of the authenticity of this document, nor is there room to doubt that the men who signed it were in a position to know the existing situation and to forecast probabilities with accuracy.

Less credit may be given to stories that several hundred people are now cooped up in the passes or strung out along the frozen streams of the way back to Dyea. When Mr. Adney wrote, the routes were still occupied by advancing parties, and reports of great scarcity and hardships were being sent back. These he challenges, and his general view of the situation for the winter is a cheerful one. He says, in closing his letter, that he doubts the famine stories from Dawson City. 'I have talked with the mail-carriers and police here" (at Tagish Lake), he writes. 'They have information. They expect a great rush of people in the spring. There will be good wages for all who get in before winter ($1 50 an hour during the winter); I have had my hands full of boat-building and packing, and there has been no moment to spare. I am now well of my illness, and Brown, who is with me, is a strong and faithful man."

The Assistant United States District Attorney for Alaska made a statement of conditions existing in the gold-fields and along the routes just before the territory became snow-bound which agrees in nearly everything with Mr. Adney's observations. He thought that there was no need for any one to die of hardship in the Klondike region or along the trails. He cited the case of a "stenographer and type-writer" weighing only 115 pounds on starting, who, though unaccustomed to hardship, had nevertheless managed to take on twelve pounds of flesh while carrying a sixty-two-pound pack up the Chilkoot Pass and along the route beyond.

While such reassuring facts should be kept in mind, it is possible that when we hear the actual facts of how the winter has been passed at Dawson City they will be distressing. This possibility was anticipated by Lieutenant George M. Stoney, of the Pacific Coast Naval Station, in his memorandum filed recently with the Naval Department at Washington recommending the establishment along the Yukon of three relief stations, garrisoned with United States marines, who during the summer would co-operate in doing police duty with the crew of a steel steamer plying on the Yukon. Lieutenant Stoney's recommendations look rather to permanent than to immediate relief, however. Among other measures for immediate relief now under discussion, it is said that Rev. Doctor Sheldon Jackson's plan of using reindeer has met with some favor at Washington. From what has been discussed, as well as from what has actually been done, it seems reasonably certain now that, in spite of the enormous difficulties of penetrating to the gold-fields in midwinter, a relief expedition, such as is now being arranged for by the government, will reach Dawson City with provisions before the exhaustion of the stock now on hand, even if it is as short as it has been made to appear by the most alarming estimates. The greatest danger of loss of life is to be apprehended only if it proves true that there has been an exodus from Dawson City over the mountains so late that parties of unfortunates are snow-bound in the passes or along the rivers before reaching the passes. The distress of such a situation would be so great that it ought not to be lightly anticipated. It is better to take Mr. Adney's cheerful view, and wait for his next letter.

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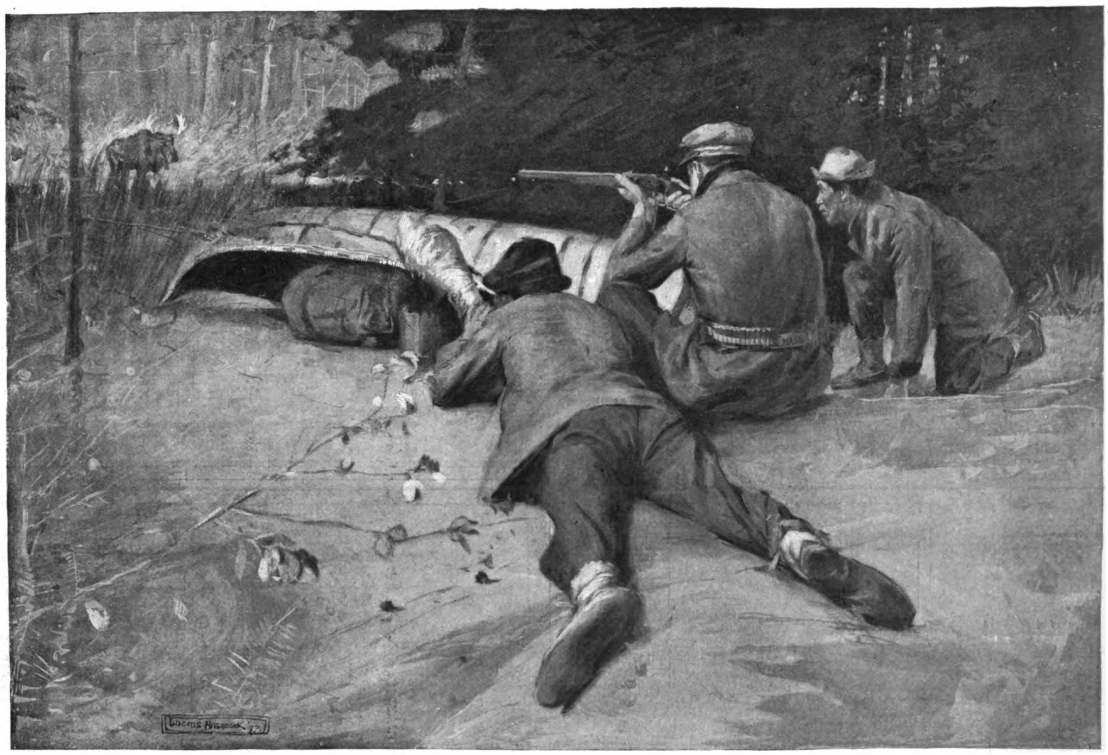
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HUNTING THE MOOSE—"CALLING."—Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

NEW DEVICES IN CITY GOVERNMENT.

The attempt to unify into a common system of administration the governments of two large and one considerable municipality, three counties, and a part of two others, and several towns and villages, under a single voluminous enactment going into effect upon a fixed date, is in itself a stupendous experiment of which the consequences cannot be foreseen. Ordinarily such a process of consolidation as takes sudden effect on January 1 for the city of New York would require years of gradual and careful adjustment under the direction of the ablest and most judicious of men. But the ponderous machinery of the new metropolitan government, which has been put together in advance, and is to displace the lesser mechanisms that were the work of years, must be set in motion on the appointed day by the men chosen at a popular election.

While the Mayor's enormous power of untrammelled appointment, which has already been made familiar to the public, is only an extension of what has existed in New York and Brooklyn for some years, there are other enlargements of the authority of the chief magistrate which have been little noticed. As we shall see further on, the power of initiative in all important public works and improvements is to be lodged in an entirely new body, called the Board of Public Improvements. The Mayor and heads of departments appointed by him, without the "advice or consent" officially of anybody else, will constitute more than three-fourths of that board as a working body. All matters of expenditure, the incurring of debt, the levying of assessments, and the terms upon which franchises are to be granted will be virtually in the control of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and of that board the Mayor and two of his appointees will form a majority. Moreover, the Mayor's power of veto upon the action of the "legislative body" of the city is considerably enlarged. Not only will it require a two-thirds vote to pass a common ordinance over his objections, but no resolution or ordinance involving an expenditure of money, the incurring of debt, the levying of assessments, or the granting of a franchise can take effect without his approval except by a vote of five-sixths of all the members elected to each house.

The power and responsibility of the Mayor in the new government is probably unexampled in the history of any administration regulated by constitutions and laws. How is it with the Municipal Assembly, in which the people are supposed to be doubly represented—by assembly districts and by the larger council districts? The composition of this bicameral body is a reversion to old devices, and the only novelty about it lies in the right of ex-Mayors to sit in the Council, or upper chamber, and the duty of the heads of administrative departments to hold seats in the Board of Aldermen, or lower chamber. What is peculiar about this so-called legislative body is the wide range of powers nominally vested in it, and the restrictions with which it is hedged about until it is doubtful whether it can exercise any other power than one of obstruction. Authority is given to it to adopt regulations affecting a great variety of matters, provided they are not inconsistent with laws of the State; but nearly all these matters are in fact regulated by State laws, and are constantly subject to State legislation. Regulations affecting the affairs of any administrative department or the Board of Public Improvements must not conflict with the legislative powers vested in the departments or in that board, and those are substantially complete with reference to matters with which they are concerned. In matters of public improvement the Municipal Assembly has practically only authority to approve what is instituted by the Board of Public Improvements, and it cannot do anything requiring the expenditure of funds or the issue of bonds for its execution without the approval of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Under these restrictions and the Mayor's right of veto, the Municipal Assembly may be found impotent, save to refuse its sanction or approval where it is made necessary for the execution of the designs of others.

The new features of most importance in the charter are those which relate to the field of public "works" or "improvements," and the chief novelty is the Board of Public Improvements, the local boards having practically no power except that of petition and recommendation. The division of the city into five boroughs has little administrative significance, except with reference to the educational system. There is practically no power of local government in the boroughs; but the president of each borough, elected by popular vote at the same time with the Mayor, is chairman of the "local boards" in all the districts of his borough, and a member of the Board of Public Improvements of the city. The local board districts are the same as the existing Senate districts and parts of districts within the city; and the boards are made up of the members of the Municipal Assembly—councillors and aldermen resident in the several districts, with the borough president at the head of each. Practically the local boards can only hold meetings, give hearings, consider matters of local improvement and of regulation within their districts, and recommend action to the Board of Public Improvements, or petition for it to the Municipal Assembly. Virtually they constitute a means of getting attention to the requirements and the demands of the various districts, which will still be dependent upon the central authority for having anything done.

This brings us to a consideration of the Board of Public Improvements, which with the Mayor and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment will be the real governing power of the city. This board is to consist of the Mayor, Corporation Counsel, Comptroller, the commissioners of the departments of water-supply, highways, street-cleaning, sewers, public buildings, lighting and supplies, and of bridges, the presidents of the several boroughs, and a president of the board appointed by the Mayor. This is a total membership of fifteen—seven elected and eight appointed officers—but the Mayor, Comptroller, and Corporation Counsel do not count in forming a quorum, and the borough presidents can vote only upon matters relating exclusively to their several boroughs. As a working body, therefore, even when all its members are present, the board will consist of eleven members, of whom the Mayor and his appointees will be nine, the only elected members besides the Mayor being the Comptroller and one borough President.

The body thus constituted will have almost complete power in authorizing, initiating, and executing what is commonly understood as "public works" and "public improvements," and regulating the repairs, and the care and use of them. This will include not only matters of street construction and extension, paving, sewerage, water-supply, lighting, street encroachment and defacement, underground pipes and wires, bridge supervision, public building, etc., but the acquisition of land for parks, tunnels, bridges, and other structures. Nominally the Municipal Assembly may also initiate matters of public improvement, but it must refer each case to the Board of Public Improvements for a report, and if the report is unfavorable it can take no further action except by a vote of five-sixths of both houses and the approval of the Mayor. Nominally, also, the Municipal Assembly must approve of projects of improvement authorized by the board, but as it cannot modify or amend, but must either accept or reject, this amounts merely to a power of obstruction. The regulative ordinances of the board must be submitted to the Assembly for enactment, but it has no power of amendment, and must either enact or reject, and in the latter case must send them back "for further consideration." What is to become of them then the charter saith not. Almost the only administrative department which the Board of Public Improvements does not touch is that of docks, which has a peculiar power and independence of its own, though its relation to some of the others is limited to acquiring land and erecting buildings.

Another board, of which the power assumes vast proportions, is that of Estimate and Apportionment, consisting of the Mayor, Comptroller, Corporation Counsel, president of the Council, and president of the Department of Taxes and Assessments; while three of these five officers are elective, the Mayor and his two appointees are a majority. It will have practically absolute power to determine the annual expenditures of the various departments and of the city as a whole, and consequently to determine the limit of assessment and of taxation; though the annual budget which it makes up must be submitted to the Municipal Assembly for "consideration," that body cannot increase any item, and any reduction it may make will be subject to the Mayor's veto, which can only be overridden by a five-sixths vote. Its acceptance or approval is not required for the budget, or any part of it. No loan can be authorized or bonds issued for any public work without the approval of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and it therefore has a virtual veto upon the most important action of the Board of Public Improvements and of the several municipal departments. This veto extends to the Municipal Assembly in matters involving expenditure and the incurring of financial obligations. It is specifically provided with reference to the most important occasions for public expenditures that no bonds or other evidences of indebtedness shall be issued under the authority of the Municipal Assembly unless the proposition shall be formally approved by a resolution or vote of a majority of all the members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. In fact, it has exclusive power over the issue of bonds, and in most cases under the new charter that power will be discretionary, which is to say that public expenditures to be met by loans will have to have the approval in advance of this board.

Minor changes in the city government there is not space to specify, but it will be seen how in all larger matters there is an extraordinary concentration of power and responsibility in the hands of the Mayor, to be exercised mainly through two boards, of which he and his appointees will constitute a controlling majority, and an equally extraordinary hedging about of the authority of the Assembly, which is supposed more closely to represent the people of the various communities constituting the new metropolis, and to be vested with powers of local legislation and regulation. The new government will, in fact, be an extraordinary example of "one-man power," the one man being elected by the people and responsible only to them, with the widest extension of manhood suffrage that exists in the world. The representative principle is virtually centred in the election of Mayor, and then held in suspense for four years.

A. K. Fiske.

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AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

THE ATHLETIC NEED OF THE MISSOURI VALLEY.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

No surer indication is forth-coming, it seems to me, of the potential value of athletic endeavor of some kind than is provided by the gradual recognition of amateur sport in that section of the Middle West which, for the purposes of this series of papers, I shall call the Valley of the Missouri River. It requires some familiarity with the conditions of living in this particular section, and with the people, fully to appreciate the difficulties that beset athletic progress, and the measure of satisfaction experienced by those who have taken an active part in its development.

Naturally the Missouri Valley is not athletically inclined, and although there are five busy, prosperous cities on the river—Council Bluffs, Omaha, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis—and ample opportunity for sport of every description, in point of fact there is less of it than in any other part of the United States where similar facilities offer. The relation of physical culture to a successful life, the modern interpretation of *mens sana in corpore sano*, has absolutely no significance for the average Missourian. He is inclined to view all time spent away from the "store" as wasted, and to look upon physical relaxations of any kind as something to be put aside with school-days and marbles.

I shall always remember my first encounter with Missourian intolerance of healthful sport. It followed upon my endeavors to organize a toboggan club (in one of these cities, where I was wintering about ten years ago), and to raise enough money to build a slide. It took two months of continuous and most importunate effort to organize the club and to raise the $600 needful for its equipment. The slide completed, and the exhilaration of the sport known, however, there was not a club member who failed to avail himself of his stock privileges. The Missourian is rather prone to masquerading in an atmosphere that is all forbidding and commercial, but more often than not he is at heart one of the best of fellows, and when his ideas concerning the ethics of sport are clear, among the most loyal of sportsmen.

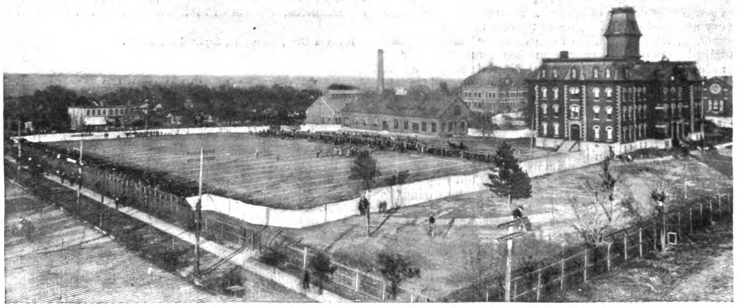
He turned his face against the modern athletic movement when first it reached the Missouri Valley; he scouted the idea that systematic training of the muscles keeps the brain clear and clean and the body healthful and vigorous; he denounced football as brutal, and the bicycle he proclaimed as a vehicle of the devil. This was about eight years ago, and even no more than three years ago in some sections—for there are certain parts of this valley where modern ideas fall upon sterile soil, and where time-honored prejudices are upheld with uncultured pertinacity. Only two years ago a State Legislature whose sympathy with æsthetic progress reached no farther than it concerned the most fattening feed for hogs discussed a law prohibiting football, and would have made such a one but for the fact that the State university eleven had that season been soundly trounced by a sister State university team, and the honorable educational members thought it best to postpone proscription of the game until victory rested with their university team. But this does not stand for enlightenment throughout the valley.

Sport has made its way slowly, it is true, but much faster than one would have supposed, taking into consideration the amount of bigotry to the square mile. Missouri Valley boys who have gone East to college have brought back the lessons of wholesome sport learned at the *alma mater*, and Eastern men who have accepted Western college professorships have planted the seed of wholesome sport. That this seedling has not invariably—has, indeed, only occasionally—rewarded the solicitude with which it was planted and the care bestowed upon its early nourishment is not to be accepted in token of failure, nor should anxious pride give way to discouragement and chagrin. The venturesome pioneer who seeks the land of promise for a new and virile soil is not disappointed if scanty returns result from his utmost endeavors of the first two or three years. He must needs first clear the land of its timber, then temper the soil to the character of grain he proposes planting, ere he may even sow the seed of hope. He knows that several years of careful cultivation will be necessary before the full possibilities of the ground are realized, and he pursues his course uncomplaining and ever hopeful.

The pioneer of amateur sport has filled and continues filling a similar rôle, and he has quite as uncompromising land to reclaim. Too often, however, he lacks the patience of his agricultural prototype. Having cleared off the timber, so to say, he looks for a gratifying crop to follow immediately upon his first sowing of the seed of sport for sport's sake. It seems difficult for him to realize that the soil which he would cultivate is of the most obstinate nature and cannot be expected to yield to the first planting.

That there is any amateur sport in the Missouri Valley attests the great human interest and beneficence in the modern athletic movement, which is too strong to be held back by provincial prejudice; that some, most, of the sport is wholesome is due to the unflagging interest and efforts of a comparatively few, and to the healthful sentiment which I am convinced makes a home in the heart of the majority of American boys. The first organized amateur sport of the Missouri Valley was very properly at the colleges—but, very improperly, it was not of a wholesome character.

Those were the days of the Kansas, Baker, and Washburn colleges' triangular league, which began in '89, and, I believe, extended to '92, when it was succeeded by the present four-cornered league, which is membered by the State universities of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, and Iowa. The triangular league concerned itself more with the winning of football games than with the implanting of a healthful athletic spirit. Teams were, in consequence, got together with the main purpose of winning solely in view. Baker University, being left out of the four-cornered league, set out as a free lance in '93 with as strong a team as a total disregard of the ethics of amateur sport would permit, and defeated about every eleven encountered. The following year the faculty of Baker University perpetuated some characteristically Missouri Valley legislation by forbidding football play, instead of grappling with the professionalism that their own connivance in the beginning and indifference towards the last had permitted, even encouraged, to thrive. Of that famous Baker eleven we have not heard the end even to this day. It has left its professional trail in widely separated districts, and there has been much disturbance in college athletic circles at different times because of some of its best players.



NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC FIELD.

Athletic activity in the Missouri Valley is confined almost exclusively to the colleges. It is an illustration of the lack of sporting spirit in this section that there is not one athletic club deserving mention as a co-laborer in the cause of honest amateur sport. Kansas City and St. Joseph have no athletic club of any description, though each has a thoroughly appointed Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, which here does the good work for the mental and moral welfare of young men it does wherever it is located. Omaha pretends to an athletic club, but it is hardly heard of at home, much less abroad.

St. Louis has shamefully abused its opportunities. It has had two excellent clubs within five years, and both passed into athletic decay because their officials were wanting in genuine wholesome amateur spirit. Each at one time held games, and was well supported; one had a handsome club-house, and for a time combated the Sunday "sporting" element; the other was dominated from the very beginning by the element which delights in Sunday games, and both fell into disgrace among the right sort of people because of it. An effort is now making to revive one of these clubs, but unless the Sunday sporting element is cast out, success will not reward its sponsors.

St. Louis has always been a breeding-place for Sunday games and other kindred "sporting" elements. The atmosphere does not seem conducive to wholesome amateur sport, simply because the right sort of men have not been interested in it. Sportsmen are not lacking in St. Louis, as the Country Club with its polo teams gives ample proof; but a different sort has been responsible for the rise of athletics, and, too, for its downfall. It is too bad there should not be track athletics in St. Louis, considering the climatic conditions and the material, scholastic and collegiate. We might even wish the Country Club would found an athletic annex.

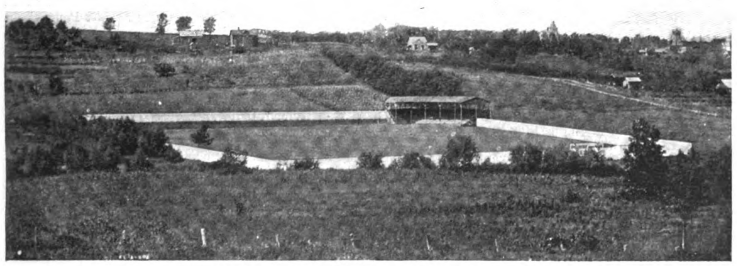
Kansas City has never had an athletic club, to my knowledge, though it has followed the lead of its older rival down the river and established a country club with a very excellent golf-links of nine holes. Kansas City, too, has just indulged in its first horse show, which was a most creditable affair in quality of exhibits and quantity of exhibitors and spectators. Horse shows are no novelty in Missouri, however, for the State holds I know not how many fairs during the year, at which horse is the chief attraction and principal topic of conversation. Besides, every other Missourian loves a good horse and knows one when he sees it. Still, horse shows on the modern plan are new in Kansas City, and perhaps they suggest a new era in sport generally.

I doubt, however, if athletic clubs will thrive at Kansas City, Omaha, or St. Joseph for several years to come, or, to be somewhat more definite, until the schools have developed sufficient athletic interest to make such clubs possible. If the coming five years mark the progress in this direction recorded in the last five, then within that time may we look for the establishment of such clubs. I sometimes think it would be well for the cause of amateur sport were there to be no athletic clubs until a clearer conception of its ethics is had by the class of men usually responsible for their organization. The clubs at present in existence which may be said not to be a positive menace to healthful sport are so few that they may be counted on the fingers of one hand. However, that will all be bettered by-and-by. Meantime the popular conception of the ethics of amateur sport is growing clearer and more wholesome. One must make the complete tour of these United States, as I twice have, to really appreciate the great improvement, or I should say the great spread of knowledge on this subject, in the last half-dozen years.

Six years ago sport west of the Atlantic coast, and in even some parts of the extreme Eastern shore-line, had no meaning whatever beyond being the means of administering defeat to a rival, or winning a bet either through individual or team performance. Sport as the means to the end of healthful relaxation, as physical culture, sport for sport's sake, had literally no significance for the average man or boy who played football. It is because I have distinguished in my travels the beginning of a sentiment of sport for its own sake that I am perhaps a trifle optimistic. Only a beginning of the sentiment, 'tis true, but that means speedy development; for the attractions of honest clean sport, once felt, are many and seductive.

Although athletic clubs in the Missouri Valley are an inconsequential factor in the athletic situation, yet there are many teams and much play outside the colleges in Nebraska, Missouri, and Iowa, but particularly in Kansas. Within the past two years the ever-present rivalry between towns of the same State, and the growing sporting spirit, have resulted in the organization of town football elevens and baseball nines, which have played one another, not, however, in any especial order or under any league's auspices. These teams are not professional, so called; they pretend to be amateur, and are so for the most part. The *bona fide* residents of the town are depended upon to supply the team with candidates, but the custom of persuading an expert to temporary residence is not unusual—especially if the home talent fails to equal expectations and the rivalry runs high. These teams apparently owe allegiance to no association; they follow the playing-rules of the Western colleges, but their ethics are individual, and, to the Eastern mind, unique.

But the Missouri Valley holds a more healthful indication of the growing interest in sport in the very keen rivalry and excellent play furnished by the college preparatory and city public schools. This is something quite recent in Western sport, and in this section, at all events, it has attained considerable importance. The high-school teams of the various cities, although unorganized into a league, meet annually, but not in any regular order, it being usual to arrange games entirely according to local sentiment for the time being, and accessibility. The



UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS ATHLETIC FIELD.

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schools most prominent in this inter-scholastic sport are those of Kansas City, Ottawa, Atchison, Topeka, Columbia, Jefferson City,

Properly directed, this inter-scholastic play will be a telling incentive to college sport in the Missouri Valley, and a recruiting-field of much value. At the present time it is not properly directed. The boys have absolute control of all the matters connected with the business end, and are under no evident supervision of the school principals or of any of the teachers. That there is frequent departure from wholesome methods might be expected. It is not unusual to palm off an outsider as a *bona fide* school member, and last autumn the Kansas City High-School maintained a training-table and charged the boys nothing.

The need of these schools and the need throughout the colleges of the Missouri Valley is much closer faculty supervision in some instances, and in others honest faculty intention. It is a fact that some faculties in this section have deliberately used their football teams as a means of advertising their colleges. It is entirely true, and abundant evidence supports the statement, that some of the college presidents consider the winning of their team paramount to the health of the game or to the ethics of the team's *personnel*. The rivalry between State colleges and between colleges of the same State is very keen, and in some instances has so intensified the desire to win as to entirely disregard means.

This is not to say that the ethics of college athletics in this section are generally bad. The reverse is true, since they are generally quite good. Each one of the four State universities has made strenuous efforts to better its sport and clear its athletic atmosphere of impurities, and each has had a gratifying degree of success. Nevertheless, evidence is every now and again forth-coming of a laxity of faculty supervision, which permits of the return of one or more football-players on very easy terms for them. Sometimes the inducement comes from local alumni; sometimes it comes as the result of a subscription which the local tradesmen without college affiliations and the local alumni without ethical sense have jointly raised. Such manœuvring is not the rule, but the exception, which proves that occasions do arise when more resolute opposition by faculties would be timely and beneficial.

The duty of high-school principals and of college faculties in the Missouri Valley is plainly marked out. It is to stop these lapses into professionalism, and to educate their pupils along the lines of honest amateur sport. Ethical ignorance is dense and widespread, and must be enlightened if the standard of amateur sport in the Missouri Valley is to reach that raised, a little farther East, at the leading universities of the Middle West. The Iowa colleges appear to have maintained the highest standard of those in the Missouri Valley section, and the only team to have been from first to last above criticism is that of the Haskell Indian School, which puts forth very good teams in both baseball and football.

The most notable improvement made by the colleges of this section since my last visit, two years ago, is in the now almost general abandonment of the practice of playing coaches as regular members of the college football teams. A limit rule of four years has also been made by the colleges of the four-cornered State league. Both these rules are fairly well respected.

The most important rule, however, to healthful college sport—*i. e.*, a scholarship standard which athletes must maintain to be eligible to any team—has not yet been adopted. This and a one year's residence rule are sorely needed, especially where such an institution is to be encountered as the University Medical College, of Missouri. The '97 eleven of this college, which I saw in practice at Exposition Field, Kansas City, yesterday, is an extreme illustration of the course of sport in this section, where faculty supervision is lax, or, as in this case, entirely wanting. On the team I saw were Heller and Pendleton, both professionals, as is well known in the West. And that fact, too, of itself, is another illustration of faculty tolerance. Here are these two men, well known to have coached for money, and to be what we of the East call football rounders, and yet they are permitted to play without a word of protest from any one of the several Missouri Valley college presidents who profess much earnestness in their wish to raise the general athletic tone.

Lest they have the excuse of "no evidence" in this particular case, I submit the record of these two men. Both of them played on that well-known Baker eleven of '93, which was generally regarded as of a very low ethical order. On the abandonment of football at Baker both went to Colorado, where in '94 Pendleton coached the State School of Mines at Boulder, while Heller coached the State University at Golden. Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, secured the playing services of Pendleton in '95, making his Eastern trip and sojourn inexpensive to him. But the next year he went West again, and played on the college team of which he is at present a member. The Denver Athletic Club got Heller a position at Denver, and he remained there in '95 and '96, playing both years on the club's eleven. This year, as stated, he is at the Kansas City Medical College. Heller, and, I believe, Pendleton also, are to be depended on to do the Medical College coaching as well as playing, and if Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska universities permit their teams to meet the Medical eleven, it will be a decided set-back in the ethical progression, which, although slow enough in all conscience, has at least been continuous.

The impression I retain most vividly as the result of my present visit to the Missouri Valley is the evident and pressing desire that the teams be (above all) winning ones. This desire, so urgent that it becomes first intention, sweeps through the town, alumni, undergraduates, and, except where its members are most resolute, through the faculties. It is evidenced largely in the return of old players, and in the efforts made to secure their return. And this is apparent at some universities where, I am convinced, the general trend is wholesome, and the faculty desirous of maintaining healthful sport. Kansas University, for instance, has a president who is fully in sympathy with clean sport, and works continuously in that direction. But whether he is outvoted in the faculty or outwitted by alumni and the undergraduates, it is a fact that too many old players return to Kansas apparently for football—at least such is the impression given by the exploitation of men like Gaines and Hammill.

Gaines played in '92 and '93 with Baker, '94 he left college, '95 played for Kansas, '96 he settled in business, and now, in '97, he is back again at Kansas. Hammill played '92 and '93 with Kansas, in '94 he joined the notorious Ottawa Athletic Club, '95 he returned to Kansas, and in '96 captained the 'varsity eleven. At the opening of the present year there were no old players returned, whereupon Woodruff (ex-Pennsylvania guard and present Kansas coach) set forth on a recruiting tour, and returned with about half a dozen of the old men.

No canon of the ethics of sport may have been violated in all this, but it looks suspicious, and, what is yet more reprehensible, it exerts a truly demoralizing influence on Missouri Valley college sport.

Of the quality of football and baseball, it is much improved, although considerably below the grade played at Chicago and Michigan universities. Baseball does not attract so much as football, and track athletics draw but little general attention. Each of the four State universities has a field-day, but there is no general meeting. The football is too frequently unnecessarily rough—*i. e.*, slugging is too prominent in important games. This is because of the crudity of the players and the lack of decision on the part of the umpires. Good officials are very hard to get, and poor officials are plentiful and demoralizing. Disputes off the field of play are gratifyingly infrequent, schedules and discussions over rules being settled well in advance. A most healthful condition.

Really the situation in the Missouri Valley is most hopeful, but it cannot remain stationary. Either it must change for the worse, if the faculties continue indifferent or impotent, or it must improve immeasurably if the faculties and school principals exert authority and influence—authority to insist on some needed revision of rules and their enforcement, influence to instil a sentiment of sport for its own sake.

Kansas City, Missouri, *September 30, 1897.*

FOOTBALL AT WEST POINT.

Those who follow college football are gradually becoming accustomed to hear West Point spoken of as a worthy rival of Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Harvard, and to see her team ranked at the close of each season in the first class of football teams. In spite of this fact, however, less is known, by the followers of football in general, of the conditions which prevail at West Point than of those at almost any of the other prominent institutions of learning in the East. Generally speaking, a college football team devotes from two to four hours a day, from early in September until the closing game, to thorough and hard practice, to say nothing of the hours spent in planning plays and in signal-work. If under such ordinary conditions West Point put first-class teams on the field, even then her record would have been surprising, considering the fact that football has been played there seriously for only about six years; yet when the actual time the candidates have for practice is known, and the many difficulties which they have to encounter are realized and appreciated, her record is one of which West-Pointers can well be proud, and football men in general must regard with interest and appreciation.

It is the object of this article, without touching upon the splendid individual work of the West Point players during the past few years, to outline the football situation at West Point, and to touch upon the conditions as they exist there to-day, and have existed ever since the cadets have been allowed to play games with teams from other institutions.

When the candidates come together for the first time, at the beginning of the season, the outlook is not particularly encouraging. Only the men who have played on the first team the year before can be relied upon to know how to begin; for the scrubs have had virtually to look out for themselves, as the entire attention of the captain and coach must always be given to the regular team during the short practice hours. The men who appear on the field come from all parts of the country, and very few of them have had any preliminary training whatever. The football training and experience which are obtained at Andover, Exeter, Lawrenceville, and other preparatory schools, and which send men to the colleges well along in football knowledge, are not found in the candidates for a West Point team. This deficiency is partially made up, however, by the splendid spirit with which the cadets go into their work, and the quickness with which they master the rudiments of the game. The first Saturday afternoon in September the preliminary practice begins. The first game takes place on the first Saturday in October, so the four Saturday afternoons in September are the only opportunities the men have to get into their football clothes before they must measure their strength with opponents who have been practising regularly every day for three weeks at least. During September the football squad runs after reveille—this, from experience, I can state is *before* six o'clock in the morning—and there are twenty minutes after dinner, at noon, during which the centre can practise snapping the ball to a quarter-back, or the men can practise in catching punts; but the uniforms of the cadets make real practice almost impossible at this time. The four Saturday afternoons are diligently spent in practice of all rudimentary kinds, and by the end of September the team is virtually selected. It is hard, during this limited time, to give the team anything more than an idea of what is expected of it, yet it is sufficient to make any one who has those men in charge feel an inspiration in his work and a confidence in the team. With such a preliminary season as this, I imagine that Yale or Princeton would go against any team with a feeling of diffidence. During October the opportunities for practice do not improve. Every Saturday a game is played with a college team, and the only practice which can be had is on Wednesday afternoons, from about twenty minutes after four until dark, which is a short hour at the best, and as the season advances this time grows shorter. If it should happen to rain on other afternoons enough to prevent drill, that time may be utilized on short notice. There are twenty minutes which are used for signal practice in the gymnasium after supper. These opportunities for practice and for playing prevail until the close of the season in November. Any university team is in fully as good football condition as the cadets are when the first game of the season is played, and it should be remembered that there are likely to be more well-developed men in a university of two thousand than among the three or four hundred at West Point.

Later in the season the more constant practice and greater number of games rather give the college players the advantage. The schedule of the West Point team is always a difficult one to handle. There are generally three climaxes which must be prepared for. Take, for instance, the last season. On October 16 was the Harvard game, on October 30 the Yale game, and on November 20 the Brown game, which has been looked upon as important simply in defining West Point's position in the final rating. These games must be carefully prepared for, and it will not do for West Point to play loosely in any one of them, for a team which is newly prominent must play its best all the time, and that best must be effective, else its reputation will suffer. In this respect the best colleges are allowed more latitude. With a season thus broken up, it is no easy matter for a team to show consistent and steady improvement. The schedules of Harvard or Princeton, for instance, show a gradual working up to the objective games, and so long as the teams are fit for their final battles all else is forgiven. Yet, in spite of the ups and downs of her schedule, and in spite of other difficulties mentioned, West Point showed steady improvement throughout the past season—played stronger and surer each game, and finished a most successful season by administering a crushing and lasting defeat (42–0) to Brown's best team, and in the best condition in which that team had been during the season. Brown had proved herself a dangerous opponent to all the leaders. It is earnestly hoped by all West-Pointers that the time is not far distant when they will be accorded the privilege of meeting, at the end of the season, one of the big teams in championship form. West Point's natural rival is Annapolis, but for so long as it is not deemed advisable for these teams to meet, West Point must look elsewhere for her final game.

Amateur sport exists in its perfection at West Point. It is absolutely impossible for any one but a cadet in good standing in all departments to appear on the football-field as a player representing West Point. There is no admission-fee to the games, and nothing to smack of money in any way except in the guarantee paid to the visiting team to cover its expenses. This guarantee comes from a fund made up from personal subscription by West Point men. The spectators are made up almost entirely of the officers at the post and their families and friends. Nothing but clean, honest, manly football is permitted to be played by the visiting team or the cadets. No decision of the officials is ever questioned openly, and the men who assist in this way are always treated with the utmost respect and consideration. The plain makes a perfect field, and the spectators view the game from chairs placed behind the ropes. When all is ready for an important game, and the teams come on the field, the whole scene makes a picture well worth seeing. Each game is an example of football at its best, and should be copied, as far as possible, by every college team which has the pleasure of playing the cadets. The testimony of the men who play against West Point is the best evidence as to the kind of football played by the cadets. The expression is always of praise and satisfaction, no matter what the result of the game may be.

The credit for West Point's success in football is due, first, to the cadets, who have not only played but assisted in every possible way, and, secondly, to the able and efficient management of the association of officers, who have insisted upon the best and cleanest kind of sport. Without this assistance the teams which have represented West Point could not have been produced. The coaching at West Point has in the past been mostly done by Yale men, and a strict adherence to their system of play accounts for the consistent progress made by the teams. Now that recent graduates of West Point, who have played on the team, are being stationed there, and are therefore able to co-operate with the officers who have football in charge, West Point is beginning to look entirely after her own coaching, and under this system the teams will continue to improve.

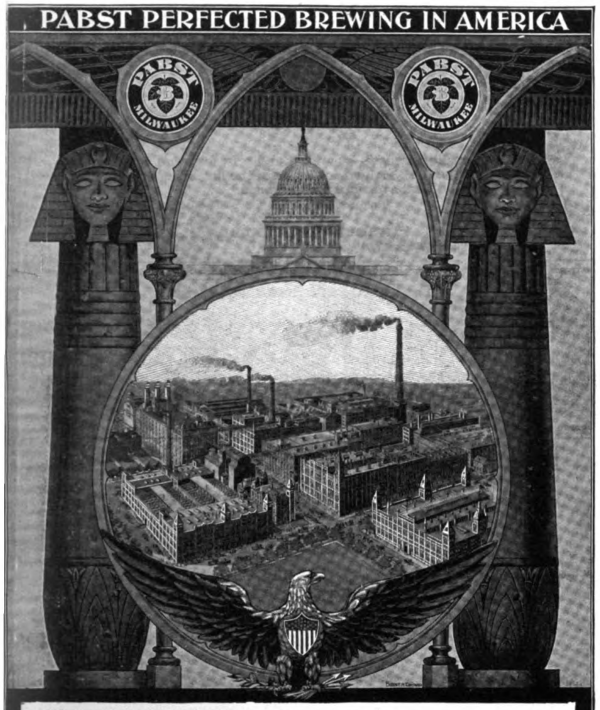
The West Point football season of 1897 shows an advance in all departments. The record of the team is better than it has ever been before, and its schedule was representative. The team has played straight football. It had few plays, but it played them well, and that is the only trick worth knowing in football. The team was strong in every position, and the team-play excellent. The final game was played without a fumble of any kind, and the offensive work was irresistible. The defence prevented almost any gain by its opponents, and the game played by West Point, as a whole, was easily the best of her season. This game in itself justified the fall's work, and proved that games played with other teams during the season showed simply the strength of the West-Pointers at the time of each game, and by no means the limit of the team's capacity. The team that won so decisively from Brown was a much stronger and better team in every way than the team which played Yale. This consistent improvement on the part of West Point makes it illogical and unfair to compare the West Point team as it plays in October with the form the best college teams show in their closing games. West Point at the end of the season is stronger than she is at any other time. The games played prove it, and in any final rating she should be given consideration for this improvement and the proved capacity of her team. To any one who examines the details, it will clearly appear that the game played by West Point against Brown on November 20 showed better football than the game Cornell put up against Pennsylvania a few days afterward. The latter game was the more prominent, in the same way that a Pennsylvania-West Point game would have been more prominent than a Cornell-Brown game. The reason of such an overwhelming defeat for Brown's best team at the hands of West Point was that West Point was the strongest team Brown had faced—stronger than Yale or Harvard or Pennsylvania when Brown played them. Probably no other team suffers as much as West Point's does from inaccurate reports. Accounts of games played at West Point, which are written by reporters who have not seen the game played, can scarcely give a true line on the playing or on the men who played. Her team has been able to do in a few years what it has taken some other teams longer to accomplish. By fair means, and against odds, she has won for herself recognition as of the first class. She has turned out teams and players which have been an honor to football, and her future in this branch of sport will be watched with great interest.

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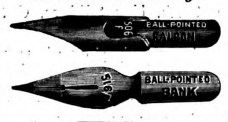


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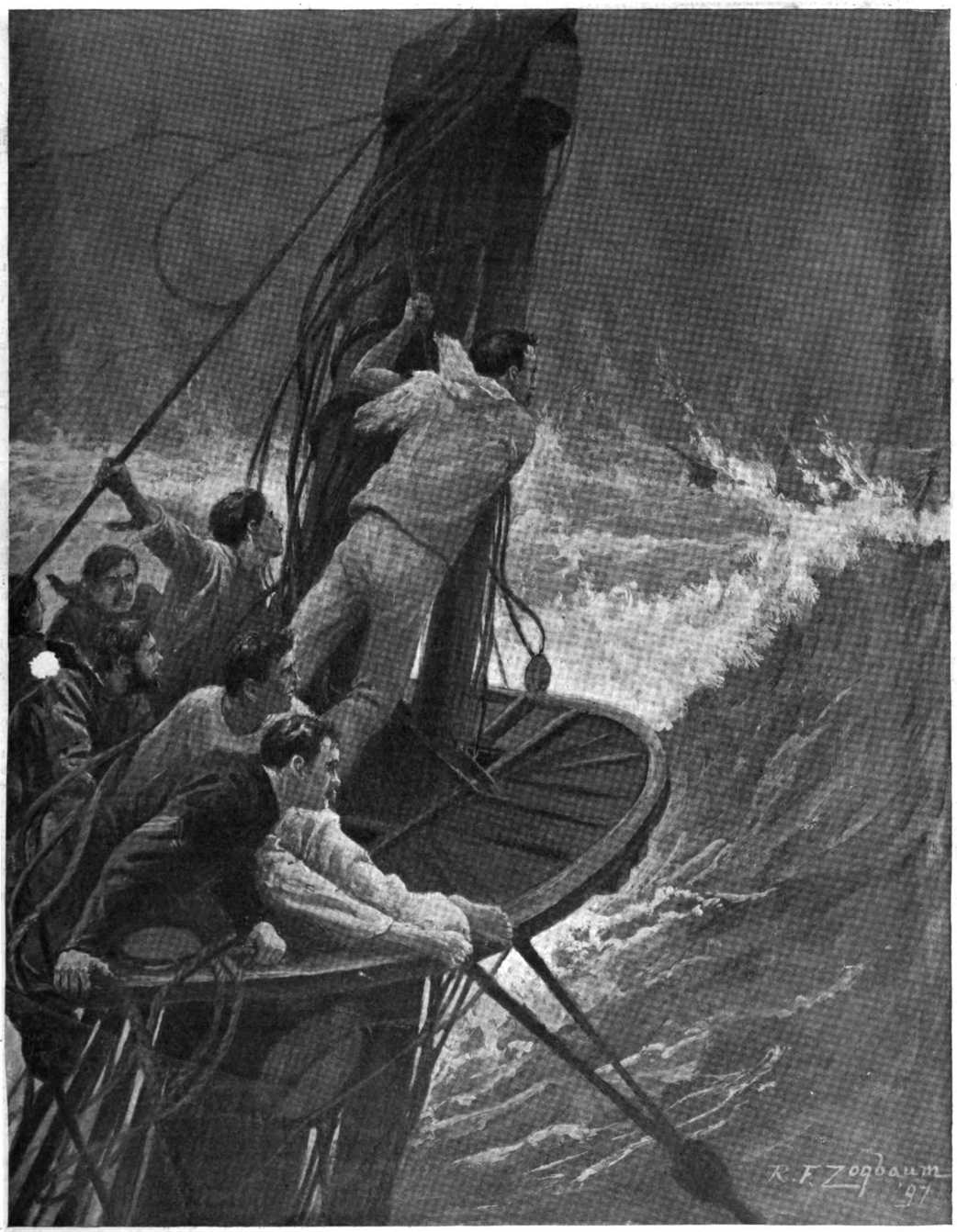
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IN THE MAINTOP OF THE "VANDALIA."—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

[SEE "ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS," PAGE 38.]

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TAMMANY HALL is now in power throughout the Greater New York, and the whole country is interested in observing how much the fear of what may happen at the end of four years will restrain the native appetite of the braves for villany.

THE President has assured the Republicans of Indiana that he intends to stand by the sound-money plank of the St. Louis platform, and, in their turn, the Republicans of Indiana have notified the President that this is what they expected of him, and that they also expect that he will be firm in his promise to maintain and extend the merit system. In view of the immediate pressure that spoils politicians in Washington may bring to bear upon the President, it would be well if the example set by the Republicans of Indiana were followed by the Republicans of other States. The President's inclinations and promises as to civil service reform are of the right kind, but a little popular encouragement would not come amiss to him nor injure the cause.

SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART has retreated, and the question is, have the Afridis beaten the British, or have the British simply failed to beat the Afridis? It is perfectly certain, at all events, that the Afridis are not defeated. They were eager for the fight up to the last moment, and are now sitting down in their hill fastnesses to pass the winter in congratulating one another upon the victory they have won over the British Empire. Although the largest force ever mobilized in India was made ready for the punishment of the tribesmen, there has been the old story of insufficient numbers upon every emergency, and of great lack of transportation. The tribesmen are not conquered, and it is unlikely that their further punishment will be undertaken. This means, perhaps, that the "forward movement" is at an end, and Great Britain will rest where she is, probably fortifying herself more strongly.

AS we understand Senator WOLCOTT'S position, he threatens to break with the administration if the President insists on urging Congress to pass the measure re-enforcing the existing gold standard of the country. Mr. WOLCOTT'S colleague, Mr. TELLER, broke with the Republican party at the national convention of 1896 because it adopted the policy of the single gold standard. In this respect his course was honest and consistent; and if Mr. WOLCOTT, having remained in the Republican party for purposes of his own, now sees fit to contend that Mr. MCKINLEY ought to violate his own and his party's pledges in behalf of silver, he is not so honest as Mr. TELLER; indeed, he is not honest at all. The Republican party is in power because the gold men believed its promises, and if Mr. WOLCOTT does not want those promises kept, he ought to have followed the example of Mr. TELLER. His course suggests the theory that to the WOLCOTT mind there is nothing in the money question but gambling and politics.

THE opposition to the postal savings-bank scheme which Postmaster-General GARY is seeking to make the central feature of his administration is evidently growing. The principal argument of the opponents is that the government would find it difficult to invest the money deposited. We should say that it would be impossible for the government to take care of this money with its present machinery, and now that conservative men are urging the government to withdraw from the business of banking, it is not the time to complicate that problem with a scheme to add to the duties of the Secretary of the Treasury the task of investing other people's money in private securities; for, as Professor TAUSSIG points out, postal savings-banks are successful in other countries because the money deposited may be invested in permanent or increasing public debts. Here the case is different. United States bonds are scarce and expensive, and, besides, it is the policy of the government to pay the public debt. We think the immediate danger would be that Congress would borrow the money deposited in the postal savings-banks and waste it, as it has wasted the surplus, in extravagant schemes.

THERE seems to be some probability of the defeat of HANNA in his attempt to secure re-election to the United States Senate in Ohio—at least Mr. CHARLES L. KURTZ, the leader of the Republican opposition to him, thinks so. Mr. KURTZ asserts that one year ago Mr. HANNA was not the enthusiastic and sincere friend of sound money that he now poses as being. On the contrary, according to Mr. KURTZ, he twice sent orders to that gentleman, who was then managing the campaign in Ohio, to change front and to yield to the silver men; and, still according to Mr. KURTZ, if it had not been for his determination to fight the free-silver movement, the Republican party of Mr. MCKINLEY'S State would have succumbed to it. The whole country will recall the early days of the Presidential campaign of 1896, and the fact that HANNA was then a very doubtful quantity; that it was then pretty generally understood that he favored a straddle, and no doubt he sustained Mr. MCKINLEY himself in his unfortunate reticence. To treat HANNA as the leader of the campaign for sound money, as the soul as well as the head of a fight for principle, is ludicrous. He is a very ordinary and very vulgar politician of the richest kind, who has more faith in money than in discussion, and in cupidity than in conscience. He is unworthy even of the present Senate.

IT is a hopeful sign that the politicians are waking up to the fact that the pension list is a scandal. For a dozen years or more every writer on democracy, here and in Europe, has treated the pension list as an evidence against the efficacy and honesty of our form of government. Although our pension statesmen have been lauding their own votes and their own conduct in this matter as the republic's generosity to the old soldiers who risked their lives for the Union, no one has been deceived. Observers who live in this country and who are obliged to help pay the bills, and observers abroad, like Mr. BRYCE and Mr. LECKY, all have known that the self-vaunting politicians have been expending the public funds primarily in their own behalf—in brief, for the buying of votes by giving away pensions. Nor have they cared whether a pension was deserved or not—whether it went to a disabled old soldier unable to support himself, to a young widow who had married a pensioner, to a prosperous man not needing the government's bounty but taking it on the ground of being unable to support himself by manual labor, or to a deserter or a coward. The time has now come when the country wants to know the names of its beneficiaries, and to that end the pension list ought to be published. It ought to be posted in the post-office of each community, so that it may be read by the pensioners' neighbors. The country would be glad to know if all deserving soldiers are on the rolls, and who are there whose acceptance of the government's gifts mark them as mendicants, and sometimes as dishonest mendicants.

IT seems that the autonomy which the Spanish government has prepared for Cuba is nothing like as full as that which appeared to be promised. We say appeared to be promised, because a Spanish statesman's idea of autonomy differs from our notion of self-government, so that a Spaniard may believe a constitutional system free and autonomous when Americans and Englishmen would regard it as almost mediæval. If Spain had granted to Cuba such a government as Great Britain has granted to Canada, the Cubans would be much better off than are the Spaniards at home; for, while the Spaniards have the semblance of parliamentary rule, it is only a semblance, and by law the Queen Regent is much more absolute than the German Emperor. It appears that the Captain-General is to have such a control over the legislative body proposed for Cuba, over the courts of justice, and over all regulations affecting the financial relations between the island and the mother-country, that the so-called autonomous Cuban government can do nothing contrary to what may be the Spanish policy of the moment. While this is not autonomy in our sense, it is a great concession for the Spaniards to make, and it is greatly to be hoped that the Cortes will ratify the action of the government, and that the insurgents will accept the offer, although General GOMEZ declares and General PANDO reports that they will not. In getting so much they will have gained a great victory, the principal element in which will be Spanish surrender of the right to oppress the island by taxation which amounts to plunder. So far as we are concerned, we are most deeply interested in the establishment of peace. So long as the insurrection continues there is ever present the danger of war between the United States and Spain. All Spaniards are angry with us, and even CASTELAR has broken out in wrathful writing against our threat of ultimate interference. While we will not shirk our plain duty to interfere when the time comes, we do not want the time to come. A war between this country and Spain would be so deplorable that it would be better for all concerned—much better for the world at large—if the Cubans would accept what has been promised them, and bring the insurrection to a close. If, however, General PANDO is right, and they will not accept, the Spaniards must bring the war to an end if they wish to avoid the interference of this country in behalf of American trade and American citizens. Spain, through General BLANCO, has accepted this government's offer to distribute food and clothes among the starving people of Cuba, and it is altogether too late for her to complain, after this, if we insist that the war shall close.

OUR INTERESTS IN CHINA.

THE Chinese Empire is apparently on the point of ceasing to be a formidable possibility. While the war between the Chinese and the Japanese was in progress it was the interesting custom of European writers on international relations to speculate as to the possible effect on Europe of the conflict's enlightenment of the "yellow race." Japan was to demonstrate the military genius of the race, and China was to learn the supreme value of discipline and of modern methods and armaments. Then the writers were wont to guess as to the future when the two peoples should be united, and they reached the conclusion that British, Russian, and French possessions in India, in Siberia, and in Siam would be precarious. Evidently they did not give sufficient value to the supineness of the Chinese, for China learned nothing by the war, and her masses hardly know, indeed, that there was a war. Since the conclusion of peace she has been a big inert mass yielding to every demand that has been made upon her. Russia has had her will with her because of a helpless feeling that perhaps here might be a friend in need, and Germany has forced her to her knees, and has thus brought about the present situation, in which Europe is apparently about to carve up the great lumbering empire, and to divide it among the four powers now especially interested in the East. The "yellow peril" is over. It has had its day as an ogre, and the German Emperor, who not long ago appeared to fear it, and who, it will be recalled, made it the subject of his symbolic painting, is the first to realize how shadowy after all was the threatening object of his imagination.

Russia is strengthening her fleet at Port Arthur. Great Britain's score of battle-ships of the Asiatic squadron are cruising dangerously near the entrance of Wei Hai-wei Bay, where she can at any moment join forces with Japan. Germany is definitely settled at Kiao-chou, and France, of course, will be ready to take her part when the proper time arrives. During all this preparation, when the future of China seems to depend entirely on the arrangement which the powers will make for the division of her territory, the only word that has come from any of her statesmen is a plaintive wail from her minister at Washington, who wonders why the powers of Europe and civilization are setting upon his poor country, and why, if they want barbarian territory, they do not divide up Turkey, which, unlike China, not only offends the professed Christianity of Europe, but actively persecutes and actually murders unfortunate beings within her power because they are Christians. This is an astute question of a cunning Oriental mind, to which the only reply of the powers will probably be the continued guarantee of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and the dismemberment of China. The truth is that Christianity and civilization have nothing to do with the questions that are agitating the minds of European statesmen. If the politics of Europe were really Christian, the Turk would long ago have been driven from the Bosporus, and the countrymen of the Armenian martyrs would long ago have been relieved from constant danger of assassination. Europe does not divide Turkey because the powers cannot agree, and do not wish to fight over a question that must ultimately be solved in favor of Russia. In China it is different. They are quite likely to be able to divide China peaceably; and besides, the plunder that is to be acquired is worth the chances of war. Europe is commercial. All the nations that are figuring in the East are bent on extending commerce. It is true that civilization is promoted by commercial rivalries, just as learning was formerly promoted

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by the rival missionary efforts of warring and angry creeds, but the motive guiding and governing the powers is wholly commercial. The territory of China is wanted for the extension of European trade, and to secure the large market and the millions of customers that China offers, the Christian and civilized powers of Europe are getting ready to steal the empire, for, at the bottom, the powers whose fleets are settling down in the bays of the Chinese coast are engaged in a freebooting expedition.

And yet, as we have already said, the interests of civilization will be advanced through the success of the freebooters; and this brings us to a consideration of the interests of the United States in the movement. Naturally our Jingoes have been heard from. The aged mind of Senator MORGAN, which is as oblivious to logic as it is to material facts, is insisting that the trade interests of the United States in China will be endangered by the consummation of the evident designs of the European powers. He is followed by a noisy chorus of young men whose warlike exclamations are not at all the result of mental processes, but are the mere expressions of undue excitation. If we were to heed this gallant company which considers it disgraceful to avoid any proffered opportunity to fight, we should be sending ships to China for the purpose of taking part in the plunder of a people, and all on the theory that we have trade relations with this barbarous and exclusive power which will be injured if the country comes under the jurisdiction of civilized Europe.

We shall of course take no part in the dismemberment of the empire of China. The cries of the Jingoes represent nothing but their own inanity. The people of this country are not in favor of plundering other people, or of extending their empire. What trade rights we possess in China will be protected. These rights are the results of long and difficult negotiations, and are embraced in treaties made and modified chiefly by CALEB CUSHING, WILLIAM B. REED, and ANSON BURLINGAME. By those treaties certain ports were opened to our trade, and the right to have their causes tried before American consular officers was granted to our citizens residing in China, when they are defendants. As Secretary FISH said in a comprehensive note to Mr. BANCROFT, then minister to Germany, speaking of the BURLINGAME treaty: "The commercial foothold along the coast had been gained by conflict or by demonstration of force, and was held in the same way. The occupation, which, originally hostile, had become commercial,.... aimed, in the commencement, with some European settlers, at territorial acquisition." Whatever commercial rights have been gained from China are those which were once forced from her. China has been the unwilling victim of trade movements from the first. What she has yielded she has yielded grudgingly. And whatever rights have been granted to European powers have whetted the European appetite for territorial aggrandizement. In the effort to obtain trade rights the government of the United States has been as successful as any other power, and we have not joined in the demand for territory. The rights which we enjoy, however, are limited. They are not those which we expect in a civilized country, and which are there accorded us because there is no civilized country in the world that is not anxious for mutual trade relations with the United States. The result of the movement of the powers now intent upon the spoliation of China will be either a large concession of rights of trading, or the actual passing of China from barbarous to civilized rule. Whatever increase of commercial privileges may be granted to Great Britain or Germany or France or Russia will be necessarily granted to the United States by force of existing treaties. Not a power engaged in the enterprise of opening China to further trade would object to this. On our part we ought to have in China a minister competent to see that our treaty relations are not changed, or, if they are, that our position shall be improved. If an actual division of Chinese territory take place, our position will naturally be bettered, simply because China will be thrown open to the trade of the world. There will be tariff policies, of course, but to that our Jingoes have no right to object. Like most of the powers now engaged in a predatory excursion on behalf of free commerce, they are the supporters of a domestic tariff policy that is essentially hostile to any commerce whatever. But tariff policies do not prevent commerce, and notwithstanding them it will be clear to all who think, that so far as our trade relations are concerned they must be better in a China ruled by civilized and trading Europe than they can be in a China ruled by jealous, exclusive, timid, and self-sufficient non-trading Chinamen. If we have any special interest in the proposed division of the empire, it is in the success of Great Britain, for wherever Great Britain rules, commerce is most free. However, we have no interest that can lead to the burning of a ton of coal with hostile intent.

RESTRICTING IMMIGRATION.

THE demand for the restriction of immigration is of comparatively recent date. There have been at various periods occasional outbreaks of religious or political hostility to the "foreign element," but until about twenty-five years ago the incalculable services which immigration had rendered in the development of the country were universally recognized, and it was thought that in the same way it might render further and equally important services in the future. As late as 1864 Congress passed a law for the encouragement of immigration, and in 1872 legislation of a like character was at least attempted. In many States agencies were maintained for attracting immigrants from abroad. Since then a sentiment hostile to immigration has been gradually growing up. That sentiment was stimulated by the organized efforts partly of an anti-immigration league drawing its membership from various classes of society, partly of the labor organizations. Attention was called to the fact that the character of the immigration was changing for the worse. While formerly the overwhelming majority of the immigrants had come from Germany, Ireland, and the Scandinavian countries, the tide was now running most strongly from Hungary, Russia, Poland, and Italy. An apprehension was excited that large numbers of European anarchists and other dangerous characters would descend upon our shores, spread their subversive doctrines among our people, and disturb the peace of society with lawless and bloody commotions. It was also pointed out that as our public lands were rapidly passing into private ownership, there was comparatively little room left for new-comers. From all this it was concluded that, if not the total discontinuance, at least a severe restriction of immigration had become imperatively necessary.

That restriction has been attempted and partially effected by various legislative provisions excluding contract laborers, and subjecting all other immigrants to a careful scrutiny as to their character, their physical condition, their means of support, and so on. Immigration has very much decreased, owing in part to the economic depression which has prevailed in this country for several years, and in part to our immigration laws, which make the transportation companies responsible for the return of objectionable immigrants, thus imposing considerable financial risks upon them; and the talk about the difficulties meeting the immigrant on his arrival here deters many persons from coming to this country who otherwise would have come. In fact, many of these have gone, or are going, to Brazil or to Argentina, where, in considerable numbers, they devote themselves to agriculture and cattle-raising, in competition with the farmers and ranchmen of the United States. Now a further restriction of immigration into this country is contemplated by the LODGE bill, which subjects the immigrant to an educational test, obliging him to prove his ability to read and write in the English or any other language a quotation from the Constitution of the United States of not less than twenty words. From this test only the parents or grandparents of an adult "qualified immigrant" accompanying him, or sent for by him, are to be excepted. It is substantially the same bill which passed the last Congress and was vetoed by President CLEVELAND.

The principal arguments urged in support of such restrictions are the following: That immigration throws upon our shores hordes of undesirable foreigners, whose infusion into our social body, and whose eventual admission to political rights and privileges, will in a dangerous degree lower the standard of American citizenship; secondly, that it brings great masses of the pauper laborers of the Old World into direct competition with our laboring force, and thereby will lower the wages and the standard of living of American working-men; thirdly, that persons of bad character are coming, as well as paupers, who will fall to the public charge in our hospitals and almshouses; and finally, that we no longer have much elbow-room in this country anyway, and should guard against overcrowding. Even the most zealous advocate of restriction will admit this to be a fair statement of the complaint.

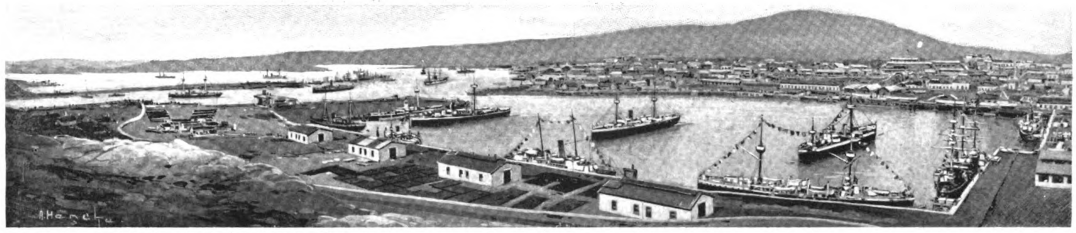
Now we are all agreed that this republic should not be a dumping-ground for the criminals and the cripples of the Old World. But, if it ever has been such a dumping-ground, it is so no longer. The law as it stands is amply sufficient to protect it. Persons who within one year become a public charge are returned at the expense of the transportation companies, and their number has decreased from 637 in 1892 to 238 in 1896. They will soon disappear altogether. No educational test is needed to that end. Nor will any educational test keep out unknown anarchists or other dangerous characters, for such persons are sure to be able to read and write twenty words of our Constitution in one language or more. The police and the courts are always capable of dealing with them if they do not conduct themselves properly.

We are likewise all agreed that, on the whole, the immigration from Italy, Hungary, Russia, Poland, and so on, may not be as desirable as that from Germany, Ireland, and the Scandinavian countries. It is also true that now and then complaint is heard from places in which such immigrants congregate in large numbers. But does any broad-minded American really think that two or three hundred thousand immigrants a year, most of whom are scattered over a vast extent of country, can permanently lower the standard of citizenship among a people of seventy-three millions? Does not every man of experience who has seen much of this country know that some of the States in which the foreign-born population is proportionately strongest are among the most orderly, best-governed, and most prosperous in the land; and that the descendants of the immigrants, though they be even Italians or Russians, are in the second generation well Americanized, and in the third hardly distinguishable in looks as well as habits and ways of thinking from the natives surrounding them? Has the assimilating force of American life and of our free institutions so completely run out that, in our congenial climatic conditions, we should despair of absorbing into our social body without serious danger a comparatively small number of people belonging to races which have shown themselves elsewhere capable of a high order of civilization? And as to the labor argument, is not there something supremely absurd in the idea that in this country, with its immense undeveloped resources, the interests of labor would be best promoted by keeping the producing force at the lowest possible ebb, for fear of an increased competition of labor? Do not the labor philosophers who entertain that idea see that the more producers there are in such a country the more consumers there will be, and the better the market for the products of labor? And do they not see also that the new-comers very quickly demand the American standard of wages, and will soon rise to the American standard of living?

In such a country, which is capable of nourishing five times its present population, it is simply ridiculous to speak of overcrowding. From such a country, with resources promising an increase of its wealth beyond calculation, it is more than grotesque to exclude by law persons with two strong arms and an honest willingness to work because they are unable to read and write twenty words of the Federal Constitution, or, if male immigrants happen to have wives who cannot read or write those twenty words, to oblige them to separate themselves from their wives—for this the LODGE bill substantially does. About this feature of the bill much more might be said for which there is not room here.

The truth is that this movement for the restriction of immigration, so far as it is honest, springs from a sorry misconception of certain troublesome problems before us, or from a sorrier lack of courage to face them. Symptoms of deterioration in our political life, or in the character of our citizenship, are observed, and some volatile intellects find it most convenient to dispose of the whole matter by simply saying that the "foreign element" is alone chargeable with it, and that the trouble can easily be cured by stopping immigration. Laboring-men are worried by a lack of employment in bad times, and their leaders with equal facility or unscrupulousness assign the competition of new-comers as the cause of it all, and shout for the stoppage of immigration as a sure remedy. If immigration were really stopped there would be a grievous disappointment among the believers. It would soon turn out that the immigrant was not the cause of the deterioration of our political life, nor of the lack of employment; that the causes of those evils must be found, in the one case in the increasing intrusion of the mercenary spirit into our politics, and in the other in our economic conditions, which are in some respects aggravated by our laws; and that the pretended cure was mere quackery, which solved no problem and benefited nobody, but entailed upon us very serious inconveniences and losses by curtailing the laboring force required for various necessary uses, and by thus impeding our development. CARL SCHURZ.

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GENERAL VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR.

THE DISPUTE OVER CHINA.

ALTHOUGH not at present as sensational as they have been represented in cablegrams from correspondents who have lost connection between the separate events of recent history, the developments of the last four or five weeks in China promise to give direction to European international politics during the coming year.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

It now seems probable that Germany's indignation over the murder of the German missionaries Nies and Hennie, though genuine enough, was carefully exaggerated in order to cover plans of much larger importance than the mere forcing of an indemnity. However this may be, it is evident that what seemed at the time the rash and headstrong outbreak of the German Emperor at Kiel, on December 15, was the result of premeditation as careful as he is capable of giving any subject. It was his own peculiar way of notifying Russia and England that Germany must be accounted with in carrying out the secret treaty which, it now appears, was really negotiated between Russia and China just after the close of the Chinese war with Japan.

The situation out of which it grew was created, first, by the weakness of China as demonstrated in the war with Japan; second, by the immense undertaking of Russia in building its trans-Siberian railroad to open up its Asiatic wheat and mining lands, and to give it control of the northern Pacific; and third, by England's complications with Germany in Africa, brought about by the English attempt to take possession of the entire interior of the continent, regardless of Germany's determination to become a great colonial power.

The first news of this treaty, giving seemingly authentic details, came in a cablegram from St. Petersburg on January 21, 1897. It was then represented that Chinese concessions to Russia practically gave the Czar control of the whole of that part of China which was the seat of the war with Japan. The convention, it was said, "gives Russia the right to carry the new trans-Siberian railroad to Kirin, a Chinese town of central Manchuria, from two directions—first, from some point in Siberia; and second, from Vladivostok. Next Russia obtains the right to build a railroad from Kirin to Port Arthur, should China fail to do so."

These three lines, it is said, are to be built with Russian money, and made the Russian standard gauge, with stations defended by garrisons of Russian and Cossack troops, re-enforced by Chinese troops, whom Russia is authorized to drill for that purpose. In return for these far-reaching privileges, it was said, that Russia, under articles nine and ten of the treaty, agreed to assume what would be practically a military protectorate over China in the event of outside aggression from any power, European or Asiatic.

Although it was denied, reaffirmed, and redenied that any such treaty was made, Russia has since occupied Port Arthur, under what was said twelve months ago to be the terms of the treaty. The Chinese minister in this country has also spoken of Russia in a way which leaves no doubt that, in his view, this action was taken with the full consent of both China and Korea.

The news of the occupation of Port Arthur did not become public property for several days after the German Emperor's speech at Kiel, but it had been known in England for nearly a week before that event, if it is true, as it probably is, that the secret cabinet meeting announced by cable as having been hurriedly called in London was forced by it.

The news probably reached Berlin about the same time it did England. It explains the subsequent excitement, and the explanation is sufficient of its kind, whether it may appear hereafter that Russia forced Germany to act, or whether Germany's reported determination to control the railroad privileges of Shan-tung province influenced China to call on Russia for immediate action under the terms of the secret treaty of 1896.

The German demand for indemnity for the murder of its missionaries was followed by the occupation of the bay and port of Kiao-chou. This of itself would not have caused excitement; but it was announced that in addition to apologies and indemnities of 600,000 taels to the relatives of the murdered men, with corresponding indemnities to Germany, the Kaiser had demanded control of a Chinese port as a coaling-station, with virtually such control of Shan-tung province as, it is said, China has conceded Russia in the north. It was also announced from Berlin that these demands were to be backed by eight German cruisers and 3500 men under Prince Henry, and when these reports were followed by the Emperor's speech at Kiel, other European governments began to act vigorously. France ordered re-enforcements to Chinese waters, the English fleet at the Pacific station, Admiral Seymour commanding, was ordered to Port Hamilton, and Japan began sending troops to Formosa—where it now has an army said to number 50,000 men.

Nothing official has come from China, but it is said that the Chinese government has determined to resist Germany's demands for anything beyond a reasonable indemnity, and has asked for the appointment of arbitrators by Belgium and Holland.

Denial has been made from Berlin that Germany intends to make its occupation of Chinese territory permanent; and it is probable that France—if its reported operations on the island of Hainan, which separates the Gulf of Tonkin on the west from the China Sea on the east, are to be regarded as a formal occupation—intends to put itself in a position to deal more effectively with the other powers rather than to offer China a cause of war.

Statements of the secret relations of the powers are conflicting, but nothing has occurred to discredit the statement that England was informed of the agreement between China and Russia when it was made, and was not actively hostile to it. The only statement of recent date which can be considered as officially inspired is that of a St. Petersburg court organ, warning England that "the occupation of Port Hamilton to offset Russian occupation of Port Arthur may force Europe to the verge of grave diplomatic complications." While it may be important for England to consider this warning, the language can hardly be interpreted as a serious menace. So far as it can be understood at present by those who are not in the official confidence of European cabinets, the situation as between England and Russia may be described most accurately as governed by "acute alertness" on both sides, influenced by the fear that one may get something without making the expected concessions to the other; while Germany, which does not seem to have been consulted at all in the premises, is determined to be reckoned with to the full extent of its Krupp guns and its Emperor's desire for military glory.



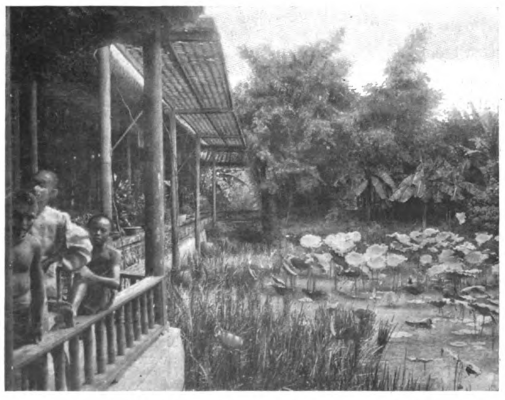
NATIVE CRAFT IN FRONT OF HONG-KONG.



ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, K.C.B.,
British Commander-in-Chief on the China Station.

It has been assumed by some who have watched international events during the last three or four years that England is willing for Russia to carry out its plans in the northern Pacific and in China, provided the Czar will not favor Germany in Africa, and will give England what English statesmen consider "reasonable concessions" in northern Asia for everything Russia is allowed to take without aggressive English opposition. Recent events have not discredited that theory.

It is undoubtedly a most interesting situation, but not necessarily as critical as it has been made to appear. The German Emperor, who is the disturbing factor of what might otherwise have been such a chaffer between England and Russia as England and Germany once made for unclaimed territory in the South Pacific, is saner than he seems to be. And while this may not be a high compliment, it is true, and much more important, that the German people have none of his emotionalism, and are, on the whole, one of the sanest nations on earth.

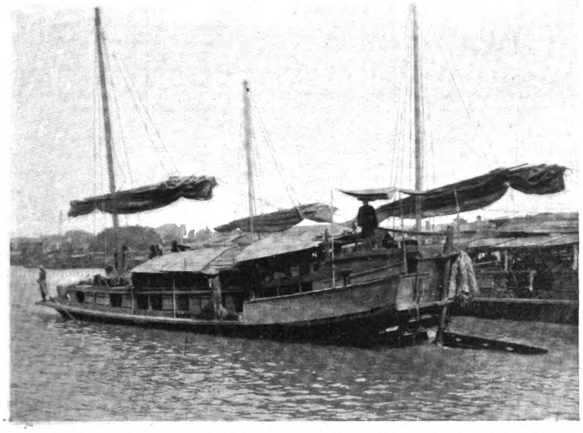


IN THE GARDEN OF THE VICEROY'S LITERARY CLUB.

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HONG-KONG—THE HARBOR, FROM THE HONG-KONG HOTEL.



STERN PADDLE-WHEEL BOAT PLYING ON PEARL RIVER IN FRONT OF CANTON, PROPELLED BY CHINESE COOLIES IN TREAD-MILL.



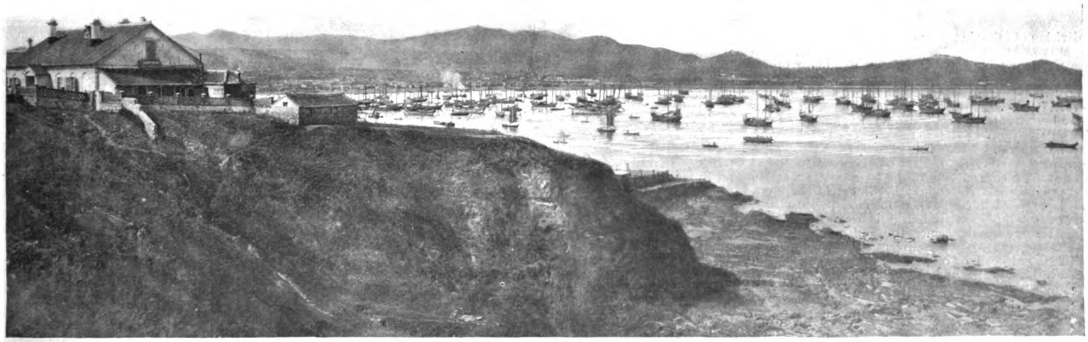
CHINESE FISHING-JUNK, OUTSIDE HONG-KONG HARBOR.



COURT IN FRONT OF THE YAMEN OF THE TARTAR GENERAL, CANTON.



ELLINGTON STREET, HONG-KONG, CHINESE QUARTER.



CHEE-FOO—THE INSIDE HARBOR, WITH NATIVE SHIPPING, FROM THE JAPANESE LEGATION.

THE DISPUTE OVER CHINA.—From Photographs by W. H. Jackson.

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LONDON.

December 18, 1897.

Nothing was further from my intention than writing more about the Queen's abdication. The matter is looked on as finally settled on this side. I have received, however, from America information from a prominent public man to the effect that not only was the accession of the Prince of Wales to the throne about to take place, but that the coronation robes were actually being made, partly in Paris and partly in London. This report would scarcely have deserved notice but for the authority of its source. So well informed and weighty a man was my correspondent that I have taken fresh steps to ascertain whether there is any shred of truth in the rumor. I am able to say once more—and this time on the best authority short of the Queen herself—that there is no ground for the statement. It is a mere piece of gossip, the repeated publication of which as a matter of fact is painful to those chiefly concerned. Queen Victoria is a sovereign as well as a woman and a mother. Probably no subject of the Queen is more alive to the insuperable objections to her Majesty's abdication than the Prince of Wales himself. Monarchs have never been eager to part with power, even to their beloved sons. The Queen is in better general health than for some time past. Jubilee festivities seem to have revitalized her. Those who have dined at Windsor recently declare that the Queen was never more vigorous or better able to discharge her multifarious duties. One of those duties is to deal with a never-ceasing flow of red despatch-boxes filled with important state papers. Not long ago an amusing episode occurred in connection with one of those red cabinet boxes. Her Majesty's dislike to tobacco in every form is well known, although her sons, and at least one of her daughters, do not share her opinions on the subject. Judge, then, of her surprise on opening a box, which was supposed to contain important despatches sent to her by one of her most eminent and trusted cabinet ministers, only to find a half-smoked cigar of fine quality, together with some loose tobacco ash. Lord Salisbury detests tobacco. He could not be the culprit. On the other hand, one of the greatest smokers in the cabinet, and the delinquent in this case, is so great a favorite with the Queen that the right honorable gentleman not only escaped impeachment for high treason, but learned for the first time from the Queen's own laughing lips of the destination of his unfinished cigar.

During the last month the attention of London has been largely given to matters of local government. It is a sign of the times that Mr. Stead, who rarely fails to hit on the topic that for the moment interests the public, chooses the recent New York election and the manners and customs of Tammany as the text for his Christmas Annual. Lord Salisbury, whose amiable and childlike fondness for indiscreet utterances grows with age, has announced at a great public meeting at the Albert Hall that the London County Council is to be destroyed—in fact, clubbed like one of the superfluous male seals on the Pribyloff Islands. For some days afterwards minor ministers were busily engaged in explaining that the Prime Minister meant exactly the opposite of what he seemed to imply, and that the County Council, so far from extermination, was to be strengthened. Lord Salisbury further improved the occasion by holding up Greater New York as the horrid example that should deter sensible Londoners from indulgence in municipal megalomania. It seems almost incredible, but the simple fact is that Lord Salisbury, who, although Premier, has been a railway chairman, does not understand municipal questions on either side of the Atlantic. He has not studied them, and even the head of the Cecils is not exempt from the inflexible conditions that separate ignorance from knowledge. A greater authority than the Foreign Minister, both as to New York and London government, is the Town Clerk of Birmingham, which is probably the show city of the British Empire, as regards its municipal achievements. Mr. Orford Smith, if not the boss of Birmingham, is credited with being the best Town Clerk in England. He has acquired influence by sterling integrity and sheer hard work. The views of such a man on the Tammany victory are worth more consideration than the opinion of any amateur. The first thing that strikes him and other municipal authorities whom I have consulted is the sharp contrast between the electoral methods in democratic America and those followed in conservative England. Here the electors choose a City Council, and the council chooses the Mayor for twelve months, whose power to nominate is restricted to the appointment of his private secretary. All other appointments are made by the council. In Greater New York the electors choose not a mayor, but a governor-general with despotic powers, irremovable for a term of years. To English eyes the American method virtually extinguishes freedom of private initiative, destroys the democratic principle, and, whether the officials be good or bad, is indistinguishable from a form of tyranny that even modern Englishmen would not suffer for a month.

The division of labor between the central body of a great municipality and the subordinate vestries, or district councils, is a point on which Lord Salisbury and many others have shown hopeless confusion. Experts on this side are practically agreed that six departments of local government—*i. e.*, gas, electricity, water, fire, drainage, and by-laws—are best left to the central authority, and that everything outside should be left to the smaller administrative areas. Similarity of by-laws is held to be essential. Otherwise a carter conveying coals from Bowery to Bronx might encounter several sets of by-laws, and an action that is legal in one street might be illegal in the next. New York is spared the difficult problem of police, which in London and all other capital cities is necessarily a state or imperial responsibility, since the action of the New York police concerns only the citizens of New York. In times of national peril or of popular excitement the defence of the Legislature and the security of foreign embassies cannot be left to a municipal body, which may be antagonistic to the government of the day. Control of the police by the London County Council is a plank in the Radical and Socialist programme. Until a few years back, London municipal traditions were Liberal. History records many instances when the corporation was in violent opposition to the crown and the administration, as in the time of Henry III. and George III. To place 17,000 drilled men at the disposal of a body that already mimics the imperial Parliament, and, although pure, is not always wise, would be to court a struggle between the House of Commons and the County Council. No statesman worthy of the name would consent to such a course. Unfortunately, political power in England, as elsewhere, often falls into the hands of men who are not statesmen.

Nothing will persuade the best English municipal authorities that the principle of Betterment can be equitably administered without admitting the corresponding principle of compensation for Worsement. To expropriate a man who has invested his savings in land is confiscation; resort to confiscation is fatal to credit; and with the departure of confidence employment vanishes, and workmen and wage-earners automatically join the ranks of the unemployed. If Betterment involves Worsement in principle, the principle is unprofitable to the municipality, since the application of both neutralizes both. The Birmingham method of securing for the rate-payers all the advantages of Betterment without sanctioning the dangerous principle of a one-sided taxation of unearned increment is to purchase more land than is actually wanted for contemplated improvements, and then to resell or let the surplus on lease at the enhanced price. Honest administration and sound judgment in the choice of the improvement are essential conditions of success. All these matters are about to be fought out at the impending election of the London County Council, at which Tammany, and Mr. Seth Low's gallant campaign on behalf of good government, are destined to play a conspicuous part. Londoners think more of New York to-day than they ever thought before, and you may expect to hear the echo of your recent struggle reverberate from this side of the Atlantic.

The Progressive majority on the new School Board for London was obtained owing to the theological squabbles with which the late board wasted its time. In 1870, when universal compulsory education was first established, the religious difficulty among Churchmen, non-conformists, and secularists was arranged by a compromise, which worked well for a quarter of a century. Unionist and Conservative victories in 1895 emboldened the Church party to advance claims which previously had been allowed to lie dormant. These claims were regarded by a powerful section of public opinion as the sacerdotal ambitions of the Anglican party. Racially, the English are inordinately jealous of the priestcraft in secular politics, and the misgivings and suspicions aroused were confirmed by the late School Board indulgence in constant debates on doctrinal points. The man in the street, who cares nothing for dogma, was alarmed, being already conscious that Germany and America are succeeding where England fails, mainly because the education of the British masses is inferior to that given to the young folk of the States and Germany. Common-sense accordingly carried the day. The new London School Board is elected with a mandate to attend to its business of education, to maintain the Conscience Clause Compromise of 1870, and to leave dogma to the Bench of Bishops, and the two hundred sects and churches into which British religious opinion contrives to fissiparate.

An undercurrent of apprehension as to the readiness of Great Britain for a great war is apparent whenever the subject is discussed by naval and military experts, who are generally pessimists. Great events are expected in China, on which I may say something next month. All the conditions of a coalition against England exist, and the situation finds an almost exact parallel in 1777, when France and Spain were preparing to attack Britain, with the tacit countenance of Russia and Prussia. At that date the optimist illusions of our rulers refused to believe that Spain would be our enemy. Jealousy of England's trade and colonial empire led to the war of 1778–83. Another parallel is to be found in the events of 1810. Napoleon then had Europe against him. He refused to make concessions to England, Russia, or Austria, and after vacillating for a time, ended by having to fight all three. German naval policy is avowedly based on a craving for terrestrial expansion and the satisfaction of colonial ambitions. The Kaiser's "send-off" to Prince Henry clearly shows that he believes in the discovery of new heavens and a new earth. France and Russia are sullenly unfriendly in Europe and the far East, and all but actively hostile in Abyssinia and the Nile Valley. Europe seems to have found a point of agreement in the evolution of a common hatred to this country. No profitable alliances are in sight. Austria-Hungary is embittered by English wavering on the Bosporus, is torn with intestine strife, and seems on the eve of disintegration. Italy is barely solvent, is weakened by a redundant bureaucracy, the poverty of her people, and a net-work of secret societies. Responsibility for Italian coast defence would be too great a price for England to pay for the support of the Italian fleet. Japan is a power whose civilization is enamel of a recent date. The massacres of Formosa and Port Arthur are not forgotten by the religious public, and many maintain that it would be better for Britain once more to face the world in arms, if necessary, than to rely for safety on an Asiatic ally.

While the British army is likely to receive much attention from Parliament during the next session, some time must elapse before changes can be matured that will materially alter the military position. Mr. Arnold-Forster (the adopted son of the late Mr. W. E. Forster) is an authority on Ireland, on the navy, and, in fact, is a specialist on human knowledge. He has but one foible—omniscience. He has led an attack in the columns of the *Times* on the administration of the army. There is no doubt that Mr. Arnold-Forster has made out a good case for reform, but I do not think that he will succeed, even with the *Times* at his back, because nothing less than defeat or catastrophe ever brings about intelligent and drastic reform in the British army. The murderous sacrifice of life during the first year of the Crimean war was necessary to procure a reform of the commissariat, supply, and transport departments of the army. Nearly half a century of peace with the great powers and war with little ones has left its mark on the administration of the British army. Recruits are necessarily obtained from a class rejected by private employers, as our rulers have hitherto steadily refused to compete with them in the labor market for cannon fodder. Nevertheless the War Office bureaucrats contend that all is well in the best of all possible armies, administered by the best of all possible war offices, upon the best of all possible systems. Speaking to one of the highest War Office people, he assured me that there was really nothing whatever in the indictment drawn up by the *Times* and its correspondents, and that Lord Lansdowne, the war minister, would put all things right. The worst of the matter is that my informant was sincere in his statement. Society, the court, and bureaucracy have their grip on the army, and are too strongly represented in the cabinet and House of Commons to bring drastic economics and searching reforms within the arena of practical politics. When the army is enlarged, heavier taxation, not greater economy or better administration, will be the means by which the funds will be provided for the purpose. Lord Lansdowne made an able speech the other day, in which he demonstrated the impossibility of saving a shilling on the army estimates.

If the army administration be defective, badly organized, and overmanned, naval experts are by no means elated about the state of the navy. Possible complications in China have alarmed those who keep an eye on the fleet. A secret memorandum has been prepared by some of the naval experts for confidential use by the editors of the principal newspapers, with the view of again stirring up public opinion on the state of the navy. I have seen this document, and much of it cannot be published. Two points, however, are matters of public knowledge, or, at all events, are accessible to all the world. The first relates to the advanced age of the thirteen men to-day responsible for the control, mobilization, and command of the British fleets. Their average age is fifty-eight. Nelson died at forty-seven. Sustained physical energy after fifty years of age is denied to average man, but the cabinet seems to act on the theory that the rank of admiral confers immunity from the operation of natural laws. The dilatory and incapable management of the British fleet in the war of 1778–83 was in part due to the advanced age of the flag-officers. In 1793–1815 we had younger admirals, and the result—at all events, with the Continental powers—presented an extraordinary contrast with those of 1778–83, although the four victories of old admirals during the 1793–1815 period—*i. e.*, those of Howe, Hotham, Jervis, and Bridport—were indecisive and fruitless because they were not followed up with fire and energy. Nelson's three victories—the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar—were won in the prime of his manhood.

The other point in the confidential memorandum refers to the weakness in battle-ships in the fleet, which is partly the result of the naval activities of other powers and partly the consequence of the engineers' strike. Successive British governments have silently discarded the naval strategy which satisfied Nelson, and tacitly adopted one that dispenses with the system of blockading an enemy's fleets. The nation is too rich and too comfortable to think seriously about those things, and is in ignorance of the fact that to keep the French alone in port fifty-four battle-ships are required. We have fifty-two, of which ten are armed with muzzle-loading guns. In the relative diminution of her naval strength it seems as though England is following the course fate imposes on all wealthy and luxurious races who expect in their extremity to be able to buy safety for cash, as they have been wont to buy other luxuries in time of peace, and who regard their own prosperity as a fixed purpose of the divine will. The heart of the country is sound enough, and the cohesion of Britons will astonish themselves when the first shot is fired in the next big war. In the mean time the suspension of battle-ship construction added to the engineers' strike has filled France and Russia with new hope, and the headlong haste to begin the division of China seems to coincide with that new hope.

Lord Tennyson's Life has now been before the world for some weeks, and the opinions expressed by competent judges who were intimate friends of the poet strangely vary. On three or four occasions, both at Farringford and Aldworth, I had the honor of being Tennyson's guest, and the vivid impressions left on my mind by his personality and conversation made his biography intensely interesting. I shall never forget the incandescent honesty of Tennyson's mind. One night he was speaking of the future life, and on the unfairness of sentencing man to permanent pain for transitory errors. He seemed to have been thinking and feeling deeply on the subject, for he suddenly struck the table with his clinched hand, and cried, "God damn the God that created eternal punishment." A few years afterwards I attended his funeral in Westminster Abbey, and heard "Crossing the Bar" sung by the choir to a hushed and saddened congregation of England's best and brightest sons and daughters. The ring of the old man's voice came back to me in the midst of the scene, and I could not fail to recognize that the English-speaking people had indeed lost not only a poet and seer, but an honest and holy man.

We are about to witness the outbreak of a boom on Peter the Great similar to that which has raged for some years round the person of Napoleon. Sir Henry Irving, with all the world open to him, has chosen a play on Peter the Great, written by his son. With this drama the Lyceum season will open in January. Professor Oscar Browning is about to publish a life of the inevitable Peter; and Mr. J. M. Graham's historical novel *The Son of the Czar*, published by Harpers, has already attracted considerable attention, and will certainly be widely read, as it gives a powerful presentation of Russian life at the most critical epoch of Muscovite history. There is something significant in this *renaissance* of Peter the Great. The smaller states of Europe are vanishing, one by one, and everything points to eventual collision between the Teuton and the Slav. In the mean time everything that Holy Russia and the anointed person of the Kaiser can do to magnify their respective missions will certainly be accomplished.

Early winter is a dead time for the drama. "Dandy Dan," however, just produced at the Lyric, in which Mr. Arthur Roberts fills the title rôle, is certainly remarkable for bringing together on the stage thirty or forty of the most beautiful girls that ever assembled. Besides, the "play" is extremely funny.

Arnold White.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

THE officers of the State-House Preservation Committee of Boston, which was formed to save and reconstruct the renowned Bulfinch front of the Massachusetts State-House, have issued a report of the work that has been done to carry out the committee's purposes. It will be remembered that a big addition was built on behind the old State-House, and that the question arose whether the Bulfinch part should be left standing, or torn down and rebuilt. The committee agitated in favor of preserving and reconstructing the old front, and finally the Massachusetts Legislature was won over to their plan, and appropriated $375,000 to carry it out. The work was done under the supervision of three architects—Messrs. C. A. Cummings, R. D. Andrews, and A. G. Everett. It was asserted that the appropriation was not nearly large enough, and that the job would be unsatisfactory when completed. The gist of the report of the officers of the committee is that the building has been thoroughly restored and renewed, has been made stanch, safe, and fireproof, for about $250,000, and that as it stands it is a first rate job, and satisfactory in all particulars. Finding that the appropriation exceeded what was necessary, the committee got permission to spend $100,000 of it for new furniture and fittings, but it is found that this expenditure need not exceed $75,000. So the old State-House has been made over and refurnished so that it is better and handsomer than ever before, and there is $50,000 of the appropriation unexpended. Sarah Lowell Blake, chairman, and Lucy Lowell, secretary, are the officers who sign this report. Dear, dear! What a woman's way of doing things; and how shocking to any citizen of contemporaneous convictions as to the right way of transacting State business! Wouldn't Mrs. Blake and Miss Lowell and those three penurious Boston architects like the job of reconstructing the Erie Canal, on which the State of New York is now expending nine millions, with the prospect, as the papers assure us, that a further appropriation of six or seven millions will be required? If this Boston State-House achievement justifies Mrs. Blake's report, as politeness and the absence of conflicting testimony require us to believe, it is, in a small way, fit to be compared with that triumph of honesty and competence, the building of the new Congressional Library.

During all of December the newspapers printed daily reports of a great and curious transaction which was in progress between Messrs. Joseph Leiter and Philip Armour, of Chicago. The precise nature of the business in which these gentlemen were engaged is best understood in the Produce Exchange. It was a deal in wheat. It appears to be a time-honored custom in Chicago to deal in several varieties of wheat, as December wheat, May wheat, and other sorts. December wheat apparently is wheat deliverable in December. It appears that Mr. Armour sold to Mr. Leiter an enormous amount of this commodity, and was engaged for three or four weeks in December in seeing how much of it he could deliver. It was a sort of a game, according to the rules of which if Mr. Armour could deliver all the December wheat he had sold for less money than he paid for it, he won; but if not, he lost. If he had to buy wheat from Mr. Leiter at a high price in order to fulfil his contracts with that gentleman, then apparently Mr. Leiter won. It seems an odd game, but it has been popular in Chicago these many years. Mr. Armour did not buy grain of Mr. Leiter. He got it elsewhere, but he had to pay good prices for it, and he had to exert himself uncommonly to get his purchases to Chicago in time. Whether he won or not, he doubtless had fun, and probably enjoyed it. Anyhow he and Mr. Leiter are still on pleasant terms, and are still both in the game. At last accounts Mr. Leiter had over eight million bushels of wheat in his granary. That is a good deal of wheat—as much, perhaps, as the earlier Joseph collected in all the seven years of plenty. It is more than Mr. Leiter can readily use, for he is a young man, with no dependent family, so a good deal of interest is felt in the ultimate disposition of it. Mr. Leiter's father is so much interested as to have come home from Europe and opened his house in Chicago. December wheat, it seems, by some hocus-pocus which the initiated think they understand, can be changed into May wheat, and there is an impression that now that Mr. Leiter has had all the fun he can with his December wheat he will name it May wheat, or some other variety, and begin again. It is understood that money can be made to change hands very expeditiously in these games, and some persons supposed that Mr. Leiter desired to share the abundant means which enterprise and vigilance have placed at Mr. Armour's command. That, however, scarcely seems reasonable, because Mr. Leiter's father is very well-to-do, and has doubtless always made ample provision for his son's necessities. Sport, pure sport, and only that, must be what Mr. Joseph Leiter is after.

Mr. Leiter is a young man of liberal education, and a somewhat recent graduate of Harvard. His taste in occupation is a useful example of the fatuity of the impression which some people have that an experience of the humanities disqualifies young men from taking an active and vigorous interest in every-day concerns.

A fortnight ago the Henry George Memorial Fund had reached $13,000, nearly all in large subscriptions. The list of subscribers as published at that time is interesting. Andrew Carnegie, Seth Low, Joseph Pulitzer, Tom L. Johnson, and T. F. Walker, of Birmingham, England, had given $1000 each. A list of thirty-seven other subscribers of sums ranging from $100 to $500 includes the names of August Lewis, T. G. Shearman, Isidor Straus, Charles Stewart Smith, Anson Phelps Stokes, J. S. Kennedy, J. Kennedy Tod, E. M. Shepherd, James C. Carter, James A. Hearne, Charles S. Fairchild, Elihu Root, Joseph Laroque, James Speyer, Horace White, Ernest R. Crosby, Francis L. Stetson, and William J. Bryan. That is an aggregation of many men of many minds which is not often paralleled. Former Mayor Strong, chairman of the fund, wants to see it greatly increased. The treasurer is George Foster Peabody, 27 Pine Street.

Phillips Brooks House is now in process of erection in the northwest corner of the Harvard yard, on a line with Holworthy Hall and parallel with Holden Chapel. The building is to cost $50,000, and the design is by Mr. A. W. Longfellow. The building is to afford homes for various religious societies of the university, and is to be used for the promotion of a religious spirit which shall result in action. This spirit is very active nowadays at Harvard, and the enterprises in which it has found expression have need of a headquarters. The new house has the oldest and plainest brick buildings in the yard for its neighbors, and has been designed to harmonize with them.

Word comes from New Haven of the condemnation of two more Yale buildings of the famous old brick row. North College and the Lyceum are under sentence by the corporation, and will come down next summer. After that, South Middle, built in 1751, will be the sole survivor of the old buildings of Yale. It is the oldest of them all, and possibly the corporation may keep it as a relic. The Lyceum was built in 1804, and North College in 1821. Of the seven buildings in which the greater part of Yale was housed in 1890 only one will see the century out.

The *Alcalde*, a weekly paper which has been published for two years in the interest of the students and alumni of the University of Texas, has concluded to extend its field, and started in November as a general weekly, devoted to politics, literature, education, business, and whatever interests thoughtful people. One peculiarity on which it congratulates itself is that it favors the gold standard. There is as yet a dearth of papers of that persuasion in Texas, though, as the State has no silver-mines, there is no good reason why it should prefer silver dollars. There is good hope that the *Alcalde* will presently find itself less lonely than at present in its sound-money preferences.

The business of the Cooper Union Labor Bureau, R. Fulton Cutting president, is to find work for the unemployed. It considers its business superlatively important, and has faith in the methods which it uses to promote it. Last year it found permanent jobs for 3524 men, and temporary employment, averaging thirteen days at $1 50 a day, for 564 men. Its officers are honored and public-spirited citizens of New York. It needs money for its work, and invites subscriptions, which should be sent to Warner Van Norden, treasurer, 25 Nassau Street.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Messrs. T. W. Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, and William Lloyd Garrison, and fifteen other ladies and gentlemen whose names are familiar, believe that the "History of Woman," which has long engaged the labors of Mr. George Willis Cooke, of East Lexington, Massachusetts, will be a valuable and important work if it is finished, and are anxious that Mr. Cooke should go on with it. He will do so if he can get $1000 a year for the next three years, and it has been suggested by the ladies and gentlemen aforesaid that 100 persons shall send $10 a year for three years to Mr. William L. Garrison, 35 Federal Street, Boston, and thus provide a fund that will insure the world against losing the fruits of Mr. Cooke's labors. Subscribers will receive the book when it is finished.

There are a great many things about women which are not as yet generally known, and with which it would be profitable to the world to be better acquainted. No doubt they will all be disclosed in Mr. Cooke's book, which will be three volumes long when it is finished.

It seems to be virtually determined that the New York Soldiers and Sailors' Monument will not be erected either in the plaza at Fifty-ninth Street or at the northern end of Riverside Drive. The Sculpture Society, through its president, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, has vetoed both these sites. It would appear that when the search for a site for this monument is resumed it would be well first to ascertain what site seems to the Sculpture Society to be appropriate.

M. Boldini's portrait of Whistler, now on exhibition with others in the Boussod-Valadon gallery on Fifth Avenue, helps to an understanding of the temperament of an artist who seems to find his chief pleasure in giving offence. Mr. Whistler must have had a gratifying experience of his kind of sport in his recent dealings with Sir William Eden. He painted Lady Eden's portrait, with a vague understanding that he was to have from 100 to 150 guineas for it. The portrait was exhibited at the Salon. Sir William sent a check for 100 guineas. Mr. Whistler found that sum insufficient, but retained the check, wrote Sir William a letter, and painted the face out of the portrait. Sir William sued for the return of both the portrait and the check, and for damages besides. He won his case, but Mr. Whistler appealed, and the higher court directed that he should return Sir William's check and pay 1000 francs damages, but that he might keep the portrait. It has not transpired whether Mr. Whistler has complied with this decision or not, but unless M. Boldini's portrait does him much injustice he must have enjoyed greatly all the incidents of the disagreement, and must feel that his seven-hundred-dollars' worth of quarrel was cheaply bought.

The news that the West Point cadets have had their milk stopped is interesting to every one who has knowledge of the unusual amount of malarial illness that has bothered the West Point people for several years past. A despatch in the *Herald* of December 24 stated that the microbes, for which there has been an earnest search at West Point for many months, had at last been run down in the milk, and that since the supply had been shut off the health of the corps of cadets was very greatly improved. It is to be hoped that this tale is well founded. Sickness has been much too common in the Military Academy and near it.

Letters received from Charles M. Harris, chief of the Rothschild expedition to the Galapagos Islands, which left New York last March, report good progress in accomplishing the purposes of the expedition. The party of five went from New York to Panama, where they expected to charter a schooner. There they got yellow fever, and three of them died. Mr. Harris then went to San Francisco, reorganized his party, chartered a suitable vessel, and finally reached the islands about August 1. Writing to his brother, who lives in Augusta, Maine, he says that he has now aboard his schooner thirty-five live tortoises of two species, and about two thousand birds, besides a large number of iguanas of two species, and many lizards, snakes, birds' eggs, and turtles. At the time of writing he had covered about half the ground and accumulated about half a cargo.

The Galapagos, as will be remembered, are on the equator, some six hundred miles off the west coast of South America, and are interesting to scientists as a repository of several species of birds and other creatures which elsewhere have become extinct.

Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt has made a report to the Secretary of the Navy disclosing the decrepitude and inadequacy of the buildings of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and urging that Congress be entreated to provide for putting the material part of the academy in proper order. Mr. Roosevelt believes in a general scheme of rebuilding on a coherent plan, and submits such a plan with his report. Just now, he says, owing to the destruction of a recitation-hall and the abandonment of several tumble-down buildings, the academy is painfully short of quarters, and the cadets recite in a loft, which has been divided into class-rooms by canvas partitions. Mr. Roosevelt thinks that $1,100,000 expended in the course of three or four years, or even longer, would give the country a coherent and suitable fitting school for our naval service. What he wants immediately are an armory, a boat-house, a power-house, officers' quarters, a basin for a training-ship to lie in, and a sea-wall. Some one ought to divulge to Mr. Roosevelt that the policy of the country is billions for pensions and the least possible share of what is left for defence.

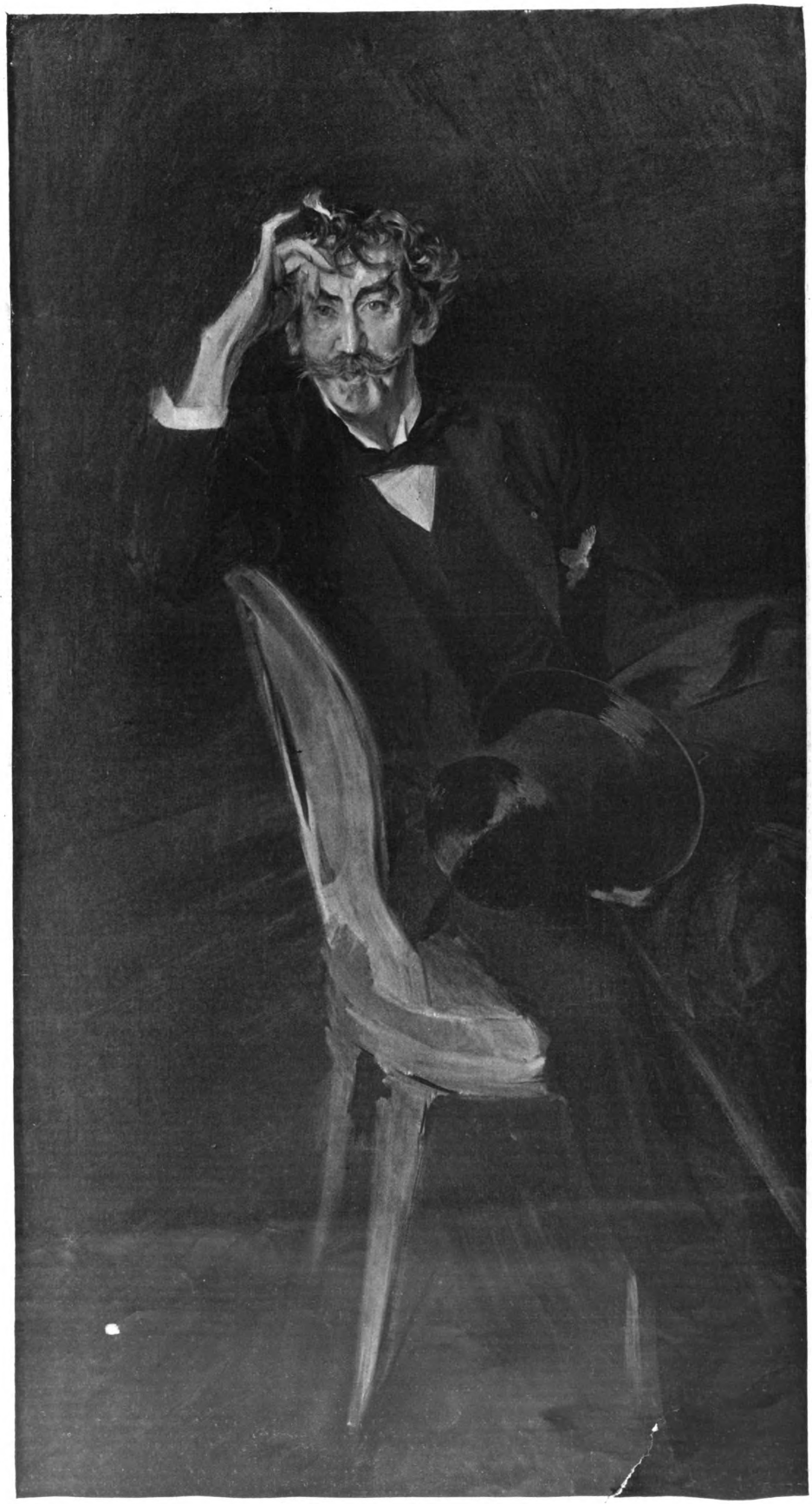
A Texas correspondent of the WEEKLY, who is convinced that "the farmer is incomparably of more importance then the colledge graduate," deplores the propensity of rich philanthropists to give millions to promote the higher education, and thinks he knows of a much better thing to do. He invites "some one who wants to donate a million for a real public benifit, to buy a large tract of land cut it up into 40 acre farms put the improvements on them that are necessary for an occupant, then offer them for sale on twenty years time without interest, the money to be used over again for the same purpose, just chargeing enough so as to cover all expenses so that the original sum will never grow any smaller." The projector of this plan has no doubt at all that it would work, that farms so offered would be eagerly taken, and that the result would be to increase the rural population, and keep the cities from being overcrowded. It is a pleasure to inform him that something very like the plan he proposes is being tried by the trustees of Baron Hirsch. His plan would be more attractive if he could guarantee that his assisted farmers would not unanimously repudiate the obligation to pay rent after the first year, and that they would not all vote for free silver at every election. Capitalists sometimes give money for educational uses because they hope thereby to raise the average of intelligence and promote wise government and the security of property. It would probably be difficult to persuade them that the same ends can be attained by promoting the increase of Texas farmers. The time-honored impression that agriculture and a superior virtue are linked together has of late years grown somewhat faint.

In the WEEKLY of December 25 there was an article by Mr. F. L. Olmsted, Jr., about "Neighborhood Pleasure-Grounds in Boston," whereof a Boston reader of the WEEKLY writes as follows:

> A most interesting article by **Mr. F. L. Olmsted, Jr.**, in your issue of this week is marred by censure of a certain group of citizens of Boston so unjustifiable that it ought not to be allowed to pass without some word of reply. In describing the pleasure-ground along the part of the Charles River called the Charlesbank, Mr. Olmsted says: "The taking was part of a project, set forth in 1876, for the formation of a walled embankment along the river from this point up to Cottage Farms, a distance of about three miles; but owing to selfish opposition of the influential householders on Beacon Street, the project has not been carried into execution."
>
> This is wholly unjustified. The "project has not been carried into execution" from lack of funds, the city being already heavily in debt. Moreover, these householders do not oppose a "walled embankment" between their houses and the river. On the contrary, though they do not personally desire the change, preferring the quiet now existing on the river-side, they are ready to acquiesce in the construction of this embankment because it will be a gain for the public, and many of them are even willing to contribute liberally towards the cost of it.
>
> What these same householders did oppose was not the embankment, but two schemes which had no necessary connection whatsoever with the embankment plan. One was to build a dam at the mouth of the Charles River, and turn the Back Bay into a pond of fresh water instead of a tidal basin twice scoured every day with salt water. About this opinions differ, but it was declared by Colonel Waring, and also by many medical experts, that such a pond was probably provocative of malaria, and certainly unwholesome, because at certain times substantially the whole sewage of the entire region empties into the Back Bay, and must continue to do so. The sewers are not large enough to carry both sewage and surface water, and during heavy rains the mixed sewage and water discharges its surplus into the Charles River through automatic floodgates prepared for this purpose. A thoroughly unprejudiced board, the Harbor and Land Commissioners, who heard the testimony, reported against the scheme.
>
> The other proposal was to obtain money for the State by selling part of the proposed embankment for building purposes, thus by a new row of houses cutting off from the water nearly a mile of existing house lots, which had been expressly sold fronting upon a great public water highway. This was mere confiscation, and the scheme met with prompt and deserved failure. The use of such an embankment for building purposes is now expressly forbidden by statute.

It was not Mr. Olmsted's fault, but the misfortune of the WEEKLY itself, that he seems to have made a statement which needs correction. The corrected proofs of his article were not received from him until the number of the WEEKLY in which his article had appeared had gone to press, and certain changes that he indicated could not be made. Those changes included the omission of the entire passage to which the Boston gentleman takes exception, and which therefore, in so far as he could, Mr. Olmsted suppressed. It may be worth adding that Mr. Olmsted's article was written some months ago, when possibly the facts of the case were somewhat less clear than they subsequently became. E. S. MARTIN.

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JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER.

From the Painting by Jean Boldini. By Permission of Boussod, Valadon, & Co., New York.—[See Page 42.]

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER III.

THE RED AXE OF THE WOLFMARK.

JUST as clearly do I remember the next morning. The Little Playmate lay by me on my bed, wrapped in one of my childish night-gowns—which old Hanne had sought out for her the night before. It was a brisk, chill, nippy daybreak, and I had piled most of the bedclothes upon her. I lay at the nether side, clipped tight to my single brown blanket. It was perishing cold. Out of the heaped coverings I saw presently a pair of eyes, great and dark, regarding me.

Then a little voice spoke, sweetly and clearly, but yet strangely sounding to me, who had never before heard a babe speak:

"I want my father—tell him to send Grete, my maid, to attend on me, and then to come himself to sit by the bed and amuse me!"

Alas! her father—well I knew what had come to him—that which in the mercy of the Duke-Casimir and in the crowning mercy of the Red Axe I had seen come to so many. The dogs did not howl at all that morning. They too were tired with the hunting and sated with the quarry.

All the same, I tried to answer my companion.

"Little maid," said I, "let me be your maid and your father. I will gladly get you all you want. But your good father has gone on a weary journey, and it will be long ere he can hope to return."

"Well," she said, "send lazy Grete, then. I will scold her soundly for not bringing the sop of hot milk and bread—which, indeed, is not food for a lady of my age. But my father insists upon it. He is dreadfully obstinate."

Now there was no one but our old deaf Hanne in the kitchen of the Red Tower. She staid only for cooking and keeping the house clean. My father never paid her wages, and she never asked any. She did her work, and took that which she needed out of the household purse without check or question. It was long before I guessed that Hanne also owed her life to my father's care. I had noticed, indeed, when he had upon him the red headman's dress, which fitted him like a flame climbing up a tall back log on the winter's fire, that old Hanne trembled from head to foot and shrank away into her den under the stairs. Many a time have I seen her peeping round the corner of the kitchen door, and tottering back when she heard him come down the stair from the garret. And I guessed so well the reason of her fear, that I used to cry to her,

"Come out, good Hanne; the Red Axe is gone."

Then would she run, pattering like a scared rabbit over the uneven floor, to the window, and watch my father stalking, grim and tall, across the open spaces of the yard towards the judgment-hall of Duke Casimir, the men-at-arms avoiding him with deft reverence. For though they hated him almost as much as did the fat burghers, they feared him too, and that because Gottfried Gottfried was deep in the confidence of the Duke; and, besides, was no man to stand in the ill graces of when one lived within the walls of the Wolfsberg.

So this morning it was to the ancient Hanne that I ran down, and told her how, as quickly as she might, she must bring milk and bread to the little one.

"But," said she, "there is none save that which is to be sodden for your father's breakfast and your own."

"Do as you are bid, bad Hanne," cried I, being, like all solitary children, quickly made angry, "or I will tell my father to drive you before him when next he goes forth clad in red to the Hall of Justice."

At which the poor old woman gave vent to a sharp screechy cry, and caught at her skinny throat with twitching bony fingers.

"Oh, but you know not what you say, cruel boy!" she gasped. "For the love of God, speak not such words in the house of the Red Axe!"

But, like an ill-governed child, I was cruel, because I knew my power, and so made sure that Hanne would do what I asked.

"Well, then, bring the sop quickly," said I, "or, by Peter and Paul, I will speak to my father! He and I can well be doing with beaten cakes made crisp on the iron girdle. In these you have great skill."

This last I said to cheer her, for she loved compliments on her cooking. Though, strange to tell, I never saw her eat anything herself all the years she remained in our house.

When I was gone upstairs again I looked about for the Little Playmate. She was not to be seen anywhere. There was only a tiny cozy hole down among the blankets, which was yet warm when I thrust my hand within it. But it was empty, and the top a little fallen in, as if the occupant had set her knee on it when she crawled out. A baby stocking lay outside it on the floor.

"Little maid," I cried, "where are you?"

But I heard nothing except a hissing up on the roof, and then a great slithering rumble down below, which boomed like the distant cannons the Margraf sent to besiege us. I listened and shuddered; but it was only the snow from the tall roof of the Red Tower which had slipped off and fallen to the ground. Then I had a vision of a slender little figure clambering on the leads, and the treacherous snow striking her out into the air, and then—the cruel stones of the pavement.

"Little maid! little maid!" I cried out again, beginning to weep myself for pity at my thought, "where are you? Speak to me. You are my playmate."

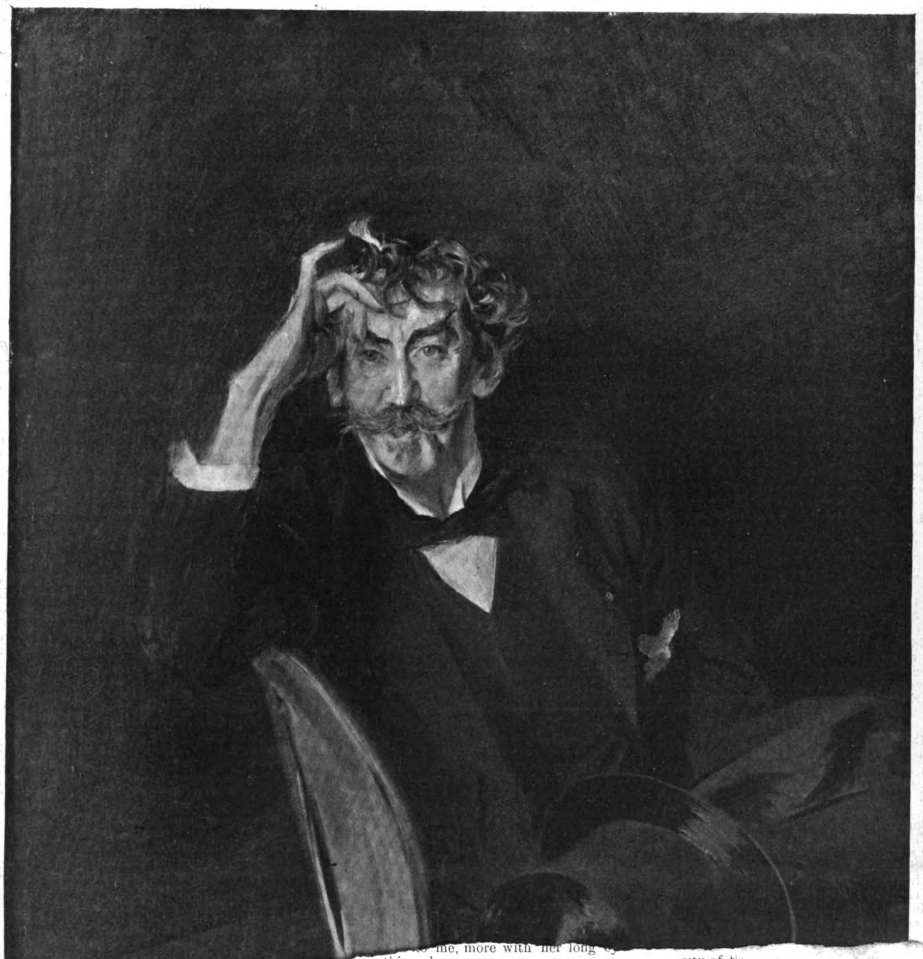
Then I ran to the roof, and though the stones chilled me to the bone and the frost-bitten iron hasps of the fastenings burned me like fire, I opened the trap-door and looked out. There above me was the crow-stepped gable of the Red Tower, with the axe set on the pinnacle rustily bright in the coming light of the morning—all swept clean of snow. But no little maid.

I ran to the verge and peered down. I saw a great heap of frozen snow fallen on its edge and partly canted over, half-covering a deep red stain, which was turning black and horrid in the daylight. But no little maid.

Then I ran all over the house, calling to her, but could not find her anywhere. I was just beginning to bethink me that she might be a fairy child, one that came at night and vanished like the dream gold which is forever turning to withered leaves in the morning. At last I bethought me of my father's room, where even I, his son, had never been at night, and indeed but seldom in the day. For it was the Hereditary Justicer's fancy to lodge him-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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...ber ...man, ... dusky blue-black hair, of late silvering at the temples—grave, sombre, quiet in all his actions.

But what was my surprise, as the little maid came nearer to the bed with her pretty dancing movement, carrying the axe much as if it had been an over-heavy babe, to see the Duke's Justicer suddenly skip over the far side of the bedstead and stand with his red cloak about him, watching her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCESS HELENE.

"WHAT devil's work is this?" he said, frowning at her severely.

And I confess that I trembled; but not so the little maid.

"Do not be afraid, mannie," she said, laying down the axe on the stock of the couch, against which its broad red blade and glass-clear cutting edge made an irregular patch of light. "Come and sit down beside me on your bed. I shall not hurt you indeed, mannie, and I want to talk to you. There is nothing but a little boy downstairs. And I like best to talk with men."

"I declare, it is the dead man's brat I saved last night for Hugo's sake!" I heard my father mutter, "the maid with the girdle of golden letters."

Presently a smile of amusement struggled about his mouth at her bairnly imperiousness, but he came obediently enough and sat down. Nevertheless he took away the heavy axe from her, and said: "Put this down, then, or give it to me. It is not a pretty plaything for little girls!"

The small figure in white put up a tiny fat hand, and solemnly withdrew the red patch of mask from before the wide-open baby eyes.

"I am not a little *girl*, remember, mannie," she said; "I am a Princess and a great lady."

My father bowed without rising.

"I shall not forget," he said.

"You should stand up and bow when I tell you that," said she. "I declare, you have no more manners than the little boy in the brown blanket downstairs!"

"Princess," said my father, gravely, "during my life I have met a great many distinguished people of your rank, and, do you know, not one of them has ever complained of my manners before."

"Ah," cried the little maid, "then you have never met my father the Prince. He is terribly particular. You must go *so*" (she imitated the mincing walk of a court chamberlain), "you must hold your tails thus" (wagging her white night-rail and twisting about her head to watch the effect), "and you must retire so!" With that she came bowing backwards towards the well of the staircase, so far that I was almost afraid she would fall plump into my arms. But she checked herself in time, and without looking round or seeing me, she tripped back to my father's bedside and sat down quite confidingly beside him.

...me, more with her long ... ...en anything else.

"Do you know, black man," she said—"for, you know, you are black though you wear red clothes—I am glad you are not afraid of me. At home every one was afraid of me. Why, the little children stood with their mouths open and their eyes like this whenever they saw me." And she illustrated the extremely vacant surprise into which her appearance paralyzed the infantry of her native city. "I am glad my father left me here till he should come back. Do you know, I like your house. There are so many interesting things about it. That funny axe over there is nice. It looks as if it could cut things. Has it ever cut anything? It is so nicely polished. How do you keep it so, and can I help you?"

"I had just finished polishing and oiling it before I fell asleep," answered Gottfried Gottfried. "You see, little Princess, I had very many things to cut with it last night."

"What a pity the Prince had not time to wait and see you. He is so very fond of going out into the forest with the woodmen. Once he took me to see the tallest tree in all our woods cut down with just such an axe as that—only it was not red. Have you ever seen a high tree cut down?"

"I have cut down some pretty tall ones myself," said the Duke's Justicer, smiling quietly at her.

"Ah, but not as tall as my father! It is beautiful to see him strip his doublet and lay to. They say there is not a woodman like him in all our land." Helene looked at my father, whose arms were folded in his great cloak. "But you have fine strong arms too," she said. "You look as if you could cut things. Did my father ever see you cut down tall trees?"

"Yes," said Gottfried Gottfried, slowly, "once."

"And did he say that you cut well?" the little maid went one, with a strange, wilful persistence in her idea.

"He neither said that I did well nor yet that I did ill," replied Gottfried Gottfried.

"Ah," said Helene, "that was just like the Prince! He was afraid of flattering you and making you unfit for your work. But if he said nothing, depend upon it he was pleased."

"Thank you, Princess," said my father. "I think he was well enough pleased."

Just then there came a noise that I knew—a sound which chilled every bone in my body.

It was the clear ring of a steady footstep upon the pavement without. It came heavily and slowly across the yard. The outer hasp of our door clicked. The door opened and the footstep began to ascend the stair.

There was but one man in the world who dared make so free with the Red Tower and its occupant. Our visitor was, without doubt, the Duke Casimir himself.

For the first time I saw my father manifestly disconcerted. The little maid's life might be worth no more than a torn ballad if Duke Casimir happened to be in evil humor or had repented him of his mercy of the past night. I saw the Red Axe look aimlessly about for a hiding-place. There was a niche round which certain cloaks and coverlets were hung.

city of San ... ... a hundred thousand acres of farm or ranch ...nd that are now absolutely worthless.

To those of us who have always lived in the rain belts of the world, it is difficult to make plain the vital importance and magnitude of the irrigation schemes required to develop much of the finest part of California, where sunshine gives health and where water will give wealth to thousands who have gone, and will go, to that land of long sunny days that are still deliciously cool, and of nights that bring back to worn-out nerves and ailing lungs the boon of health once more.

But much of that country and its benefits must forever be lost to man unless some plans can be devised by which the really fine land may have more water, for during the greater part of the year great valleys and belts of rich soil are without the touch of rain, and have upon or near them neither river, brook, spring, nor well. Nothing, therefore, will grow upon it but the hideous and destructive cactus and the worthless sage-brush and chaparral.

Of the superficial or artificial prosperity of California we have all heard and read much. Its mines, its fruit, and its climate are known of all men. The brave adventurous spirits who "struck it rich," or who "passed in their checks" by way of the ready-revolver route, but who also incidentally opened up a vast State, we have all learned about. But the solid and permanent possibilities of a large part of California had yet to be provided for. Mines "peter out," and miners are proverbially a shifting population. Climate, however fine, is short ration for a permanent resident, and fruit will not grow without water. Yet it is in the poorly watered belt of California that the fine orange, lemon, and olive groves may be developed, and it is there that the climate is especially fitted for such production.

Therefore until the providence of man shall have wrestled successfully with the water problem southern California's permanent prosperity will remain problematical. It is this question which certain men are now proposing to settle for all time in San Diego County.

Isolated reservoirs and dams have been built in many places in this and other States, but in this "system," now near completion, there is a long-headed method followed which appears to be unique.

I shall try to make it plain and simple, but figures will be necessary. In the first place, go with me to the "catch basin," or highest reservoir. This is a stretch of lowland or valley *near the top of the mountains*. It is 3100 feet above the sea-level, toward which all the water and snow that fall on this side of the Coast Range make their way. But you must remember that unless mountain water and snow are directed by the genius of man, they will flow off into canyons and gulches and rush to the sea, or sink beneath the bed of sandy rivers, as is the fashion with the rivers in California, and be wholly lost and useless so far as the needs of man may go.

The finest land in the world is utterly worthless without an ample water-supply. The very fruits also which can be raised only in this unique climate are especially dependent upon a steady and complete water-supply.

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The other day I drove past the beautiful olive-ranch of the venerable historian Bancroft, and was hardly able to determine whether the white-haired old gentleman under the trees or the masses of maturing fruit on the limbs told the more eloquent story of the health and life giving power of this climate *plus* water; for adjoining his ranch is a vast stretch of rich mesa (table) land that is a barren waste of cactus, sage-brush, and alkali, worthless for man or beast, dry, ugly, and forbidding, because it has no water. Yet the land is quite as good as his, and needs only the touch of water to give it value.

But to return to my "catch basin" 3100 feet above and 50 miles from the sea. This basin is composed of 1870 acres of land. It is naturally walled in by mountains, except for one little outlet through a canyon, where flows the river which has received all of the little streams that drain, or catch the rain and snow fall, from 136 square miles (87,000 acres) of mountain-land *above* this tract. There is a great deal of water and snow in those mountains, but all has been lost until now, as it dashed to the sea through this canyon. A private company of men, headed by Mr. E. S. Babcock, who has already done so much for California, is now constructing across this canyon what the engineers tell me is the largest dam in America, and possibly in the world. And in doing this the largest blast in the world was touched off the other day. It was composed of 50 tons and 100 pounds of blasting-powder—the largest number of pounds of powder ever used in a blast, the famous Hell Gate blast having used but 50,000 pounds, or 25 tons.

When this catch basin is full of water it will have 15,226,975,170 gallons of water to hold in trust for the parched lands below. The great dam which is built across the canyon from bed-rock in one mountain-side to bed-rock in the other, and which had to go down below the surface of the river 115 feet to strike bed-rock bottom, will be, when done, 265 feet high, and will, in point of fact, be simply another mountain grown solidly up across the only outlet that nature herself had left for the waters of the hill-tops.

The dam is of unique construction. It is more nearly like those built in India by England than like any others in this country, but has certain features which differ from either, as the engineers tell me.

Stop and picture to yourself a canyon between two mountains through which canyon flows a river. At the river-level the canyon is 80 feet across—that is, about the width of four city lots. At the top the distance across is 2000 feet. Now remember that the mountain brooks and springs and creeks and rivers from 136 square miles will bubble and rush and roar down into the big basin, whose only outlet is this river in the canyon. To dam that river one will have to build another mountain across from bed-rock to bed-rock, and from mountain to mountain, and make it as solid as the eternal hills; for, only the other day, as the workmen were busy with the dam in what was a dry bed of sand, a cloud-burst (or sudden rain) fell somewhere up above without a drop here, but as they worked in the bright sunlight a Mexican horseman came dashing down toward the camp, calling out to the men to take their tools and get out. "Water is coming! Get out! Get out!" he called, and in less than fifteen minutes, as the men scrambled up the bank from the works, a solid body of water two feet deep dashed down the river, and left several feet of debris where the men had been at work, while it sped on to the sea, and left behind it a stretch of sand dry again the next day, instead of a rushing river. This was in the "dry season" too. Multiply it many times and many days when the wet season comes, and you will realize something of what this great dam will have to endure and withstand. It will stand, as I said, 265 feet high. That is about as high as a house of twenty-two stories would be. (I believe the famous Osborn Flats of New York are but fifteen stories above ground.) The Morena dam will be 20 feet wide, or thick, across the top, so you may walk or drive across it from mountain-side to mountain-side, and the slant of the canyon is such that at this point the dam will give you a walk or drive of 500 feet. To make such a tremendous structure strong enough to withstand such pressure as it will have to resist, it will be made 450 feet thick at the river surface! That is, the dam will be about as thick through at the bottom as the length of two city blocks on Broadway, New York, or from Twenty-first to Twenty-third streets, which, as you will see, will be a very respectable artificial mountain. Excepting the "toe" of this dam, this great structure is built with loose rock. Or, to be more explicit, the core of the dam, or toe wall, which is constructed of rock and cement, and which is 12 feet thick, will be backed and braced and continued on and up by a structure of rock 450 feet thick at the bottom, and 20 feet thick at the top. This great mass of broken rock and bowlders is dropped and driven firmly into place by falling from great iron skips 250 feet in the air. The face of the dam from the toe wall will be carried on up in the shape of a four-foot masonry wall, faced on the water side with 14 inches of asphaltum. This is to render the great artificial mountain impervious to water. The backing of rock will make the bracing behind this.

Suppose for a moment that we wished to dam Broadway (and there are people who do). Suppose that we built from the *Herald* building across to the Bartholdi, begining 115 feet *below* ground for a foundation in bed-rock, mortising into a toe wall 12 feet thick, 14 inches of asphaltum on a four-foot masonry wall, backed by rock-work 450 feet thick—or extending from Thirty-fifth to Thirty-seventh streets—and carried up as high as would be a twenty-two-story building.

Broadway would be thoroughly blocked, would it not?

Is there anything that could break through? Yes, it could be blasted out, but nothing else would free the street.

But when this great dam at Morena is done, we have only one of a system, and it is the cleverness of the system idea that is the main feature.

From Morena there is a fall, or difference of altitude, of 1500 feet down the line of the same canyon, or river-bed, to the next dam, eight miles farther on, which is called Barrett's Dam. I suppose you will want to know what use there can be for another dam after what I have said. Well, just this: it is estimated that there will be much more water above the big dam than even its great basin will hold, so that there is an escapement tunnel, 8 feet in diameter, and 375 feet long, blasted through solid granite, that will discharge an eight-foot stream and divert it from the catchment basin when that is full enough, carry the surplus around *through* the mountain itself, and empty it in the same canyon *below* the big dam, just at its heel. Thence it will go on its original way toward the sea, gathering up as it flows, also, all of the other streams that naturally enter the river on the lower level of this 1500-foot descent (covering eight miles in distance, and draining another large area of 114 square miles below the big dam).

Here, again, is a dam of different construction, and a receiving-basin, or reservoir, which will hold 15,680,000,000 gallons.

Again, when this is full, and in order to gather in the streams that rise in the lower foot-hills—and with an altitude fall of 1200 more feet toward the sea—is the Otay dam, built on still another method, which has a reservoir with a capacity of 14,000,000,000 gallons, and these three reservoirs will distribute water to reclaim and make great and beautiful ranches of olive, orange, lemon, and grapes, land which is now cactus, sage-brush, and alkali waste-land, parched and barren, and useless to man or beast.

So much for the "biggest dam" and its meaning to southern California.

The biggest blast in the world?

Well, it was like this:

Picture to yourself a tunnel 3 feet by 6 feet in size, 98 feet long, blasted that far straight into the granite side of the mountain. This is about 200 feet below the top of the mountain. Then picture a tunnel 97 feet directly across the end of this one, forming a capital T. At the end of this cross-tunnel blast out rooms, in each of which you will pack 50,000 pounds of blasting-powder. Then tamp or fill up your 93 foot entrance tunnel, and touch off your electric connection with that powder.

Take advice, however, and don't stand on top of the mine. Something is going to break. In the case at Morena, there was a great shiver of the earth and rocks, a dead rumble, a great roar, a burst, an upheaval and an *out*-heaval toward the canyon, and 250,000 tons of granite and stone and earth began to turn and fall and crash and dash into the canyon below. Then smoke and dust and sand rolled up and up, and out of crevices of rocks and earth. More masses of loosened stones, from one to two hundred tons in size, let go their tottering hold on the mountain-side and crashed their way down to solid footing, and still the powder smoke and dust crept out of cracks in earth and rock and rolled up from the canyon, and at last nature resumed her sway and silence fell on camp and mountain, except as the workmen's hammers, the drills, the boiler's shriek, the derrick's creak, and the teamsters' calls filled the air, and "the biggest blast in the world" was a thing of the past—but California had furnished it, as was her natural right.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

"PICTURESQUE SICILY."

I.

IT has been almost fatiguingly usual to compare a new book to a little ship just sailing on its first voyage—its cargo so precious to the owner, its port so uncertain, its progress so wholly dependent on the winds of heaven, that will sweep it forward or drive it from its course or wreck it utterly, even as the winds of heaven in their large freedom determine. And the warmest good wishes and the cheers of friends and the approval of reviewers are seen, in this comparison, to be but ineffective things—little more than puffs of idle breath from those on shore!

But there is travel by land as well as voyaging by sea; moreover, certain books have a *personal* charm that we simply cannot express without using terms which are commonly applied not to ships or anything mechanical, but to human beings whom we are disposed to like. Such a rare book becomes our companion; it has manners; it is considerate, sympathetic; unpretentiously it lets us discover its character; far from putting the excellent writing and the striking situations and the interest of the subject in the foreground and insisting that we shall see them without delay, it is [illegible] given to hiding its merit. In the first chapters, a bit reserved as diffident, it has the modest approach of a gentleman.

Mr. Paton's new book, *Picturesque Sicily*,* shows us, in the opening chapters, no more than a winter's tale of an observant traveller who has chosen to pass several of the cold months — or months that he might otherwise have found cold—in Palermo. One has begun to read it chiefly, perhaps, because it is pleasant to be taken to any part of the Mediterranean at this season; one is perhaps wholly unsuspicious of the varied story and history that are to come—of art and wealth and passion in the past; of archæology and poverty and passion in the present. One is not conscious of being led on; one may even fancy himself indifferent, and may think of laying the book aside, and taking up instead Freeman's Sicilian studies, or Goethe's *Italienische Reise*. But then, making the attempt, one will find that he cannot turn back—one is in Sicily. The fascination of Trinacria itself, realized little by little, finally holds us. We are no longer mere readers, but fellow-travellers, when Mr. Paton sets out from Palermo to visit Eryx, the city in cloud-land; and then from the west proceeds to the "fairest of mortal cities," Girgenti (the Greek Acragas, the Latin Agrigentum) in the south; to Caltanisetta and the sulphurous heart of Sicily; to Ætna and to Syracuse, once the greatest and richest of European cities in the East; finally to the land of the Cyclops, and, as near as prudence allowed, to Charybdis and Scylla.

II.

Intrinsically the subject is not only full of entertainment, but it possesses an importance that has never, if we may judge from the comparatively small number of books devoted to it, been generally or fully appreciated. There is perhaps no better starting-point for the study of European history than the story of this island, upon which have been fought to decisive issue some of the momentous contests between Europe and Asia. In these conflicts Europe was on the defensive; civilization itself was at stake. Sikans and Sikels, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, Saracens, Normans, Angevins, Spaniards—all have had their day and their fierce play in the island that by turns has been the most splendid part of Greece, the most fertile part of the Roman Empire, and (after its conquest by the Normans) the most brilliant of European states. And to the superlatives which seem no more than adequate in this connection, the most emphatic remain to be added, for we should at least not forget that Sicily was the most beloved portion of Germany (at the time of Emperor Frederick II.); again the most ill-used portion of Spain, and, finally, the most neglected or misgoverned *compartimento* of Italy. "The Ireland of Italy," it has been called, but that phrase gives only a fraction of the truth, for here we have experiences, achievements, and calamities enough, surely, to distribute over a whole continent, all focussed in this three-cornered bit of the earth's surface, which is less than one-third the size of Ireland.

In spite of Mr. Paton's general assurance that he made his journeys rather easily and in entire safety, particular descriptions in the volume will discourage travel in the same degree in which his appreciative and convincing accounts of art and archæological marvels will stimulate it. Here and there delightful traits in the Sicilian character are disclosed: the ragged young sculptor at Taormina, whom we encounter on page 346, is charming, and so are his brave, polite, hungry, and thirsty young comrades; and the dwarf Gobbo gave promise of being such an excellent guide when Mr. Paton drove up to the city sacred to Venus that we wanted to have more of him, and feel constrained to say so now. Yes, there are glimpses of a sort of nobility and gleams of happiness, but the main impression made by Sicilians in the outlying districts and small towns is distressful. Where the people are starved and filthy, an American may travel for pleasure, certainly, but his pleasure will be of one of these two varieties: first, the pleasure of study, that must never take anything (but itself) quite seriously; second, the pleasure of giving. MARRION WILCOX.

* *Picturesque Sicily.* By William Agnew Paton. Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

A STREET IN THE SLUMS.

I SLOWLY wander through the crowded street
And see the people swarming on my way,
Hear clatter of their hundred thousand feet,
And watch their faces, stolid, grave or gay.

And there are children—children everywhere;
Some sprawl before you, some go running by,
Some shouting here, while some are singing there,
The elder laughing as the younger cry.

Their hands and faces all are soiled and smeared,
Brown, naked, muddy all their legs and feet:
Young savages in city cellars reared,
The gypsies and the Tartars of the street.

A crowd of buxom, ruddy-visaged girls
In saucy gladness down the sidewalk comes:
Doves of the alleys, hovel-hidden pearls,
The roses and the lilies of the slums.

A proud young mother, nursing twins, sits there,
One at her breast, one fallen fast asleep;
A tall policeman treads with lordly air,
As though the kingdoms all were in his keep.

Down there a beggar's old hand-organ squeaks,
Fruit-venders, unshaved peddlers standing nigh;
The freckled newsboy runs and calls and shrieks,
Street-cleaners, porters, bootblacks, plodding by.

Here, wearing ear-ring hoops of solid gold,
A rich Italian matron goes in black;
And here a toothless, bearded beldame old
Bends with the burden on her crooked back.

I watch the old Jew in his clothing-shop,
The curious sign in Hebrew at the door;
I see him call his country friends to stop
And view the untold wonders of his store.

And last I note the old primeval curse
That comes to all, in squalor and in state:
That small white coffin yonder in the hearse
Leaves one more shabby home disconsolate.

WALTER MALONE.

DOMESTIC WARDERS.

PROBABLY the question of whether a parrot can use its little brain and its talkative gifts to really intelligent ends will never be settled as a general conclusion. The individual polly must make the individual rule and record. Nevertheless, here is a parrot in Naples that had been taught, merely incidentally and along with a large stock of phrases, the words, "Quick, quick! a thief, a thief!"—in choice Italian, so far as Naples knows it. The bird had not used the exclamation in the hearing of its owner, a maker of theatrical wigs, within many years. In fact, the owner's wife, long dead, imparted the words as a bit of fun, and with her absence the parrot had apparently forgotten them, as it had forgotten many other scraps of her tuition. Last month, in the absence of the owner, two rascals entered his shop and laid hands on what wigs they could. The parrot was heard screaming, "Quick, quick! a thief, a thief!" either in mere nervousness or with an excellent judgment that excuses its trifling neglect to make the alarm plural in form. The men were caught red-handed—or at least red-haired handed, the wig-maker's specialty being blond and auburn goods. Of course it may have been a chance; but if so, that the parrot should use just that disused ejaculation was a most curious coincidence. This judicious parrot, however, is not any more to be complimented than the excellent cat of M. Norelon, of the Rue de la Glacière, in Paris. M. Norelon's cat—a russet and black Angora of female persuasion, and evidently quite as cross and treacherous as are most Angora felines—leaped at the face of the unfortunate thief plundering her old master's desk. It scratched and tore the hapless marauder's nose, cheeks, and forehead as only a big fat Angora cat in wrath can manage to do, and it screeched its loudest with every rip of its claws. The thief shook off the cat; but the alarum of the struggle was heard, and he had no time to flee further than under old M. Norelon's bed. The hall door had been closed by a spring-catch. On opening it, with the aid of two officers of the law and a locksmith, the vigilant Angora, whose absurd name is "Violet," was discovered, with every hair on end, planted before the bed, growling, yowling, and glaring at the concealed foe. The thief was marched off, and M. Norelon's invaluable Violet was complimented with a collar and with all sorts of queer gifts from the proud old owner and his amused neighbors. Violet is seven years old.

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SOUTH WALL, MORENA DAM SITE BEFORE EXPLOSION.
Showing Ledgerwood Cables, with carrying capacity of 17 Tons, across Canyon, 800 Feet wide.



AFTER THE BIG BLAST AT MORENA DAM.
Smoke and Dust boiling up higher than the Ledgerwood Cable, 360 Feet above the River.



THE GREAT BLAST, MORENA DAM—TEN MINUTES AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
Showing Powder Smoke and Dust still boiling up from the Canyon and out from the Side of the Mountain.



MORENA DAM—SOUTH WALL—AFTER THE GREAT BLAST.



MORENA RESERVOIR AND CAMP.
The Reservoir will cover the entire Valley, Houses, Camp, and All.



MORENA RESERVOIR SITE.
All of this large Valley will be under Water when the Dam is Completed.



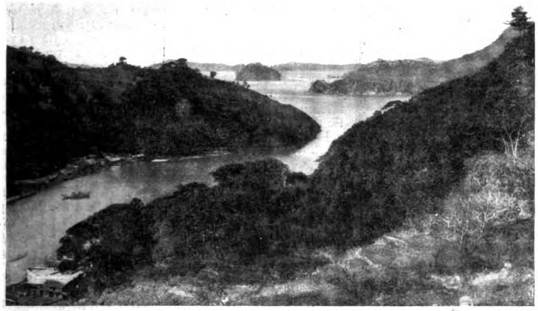
MORENA DAM, LOOKING DOWN STREAM.

CALIFORNIA'S BIG DAM, AND THE BIG BLAST OF AUGUST 24, 1897.—[See Page 34.]
Two Hundred Thousand Tons of Rock displaced by Fifty Tons of Giant-Powder.

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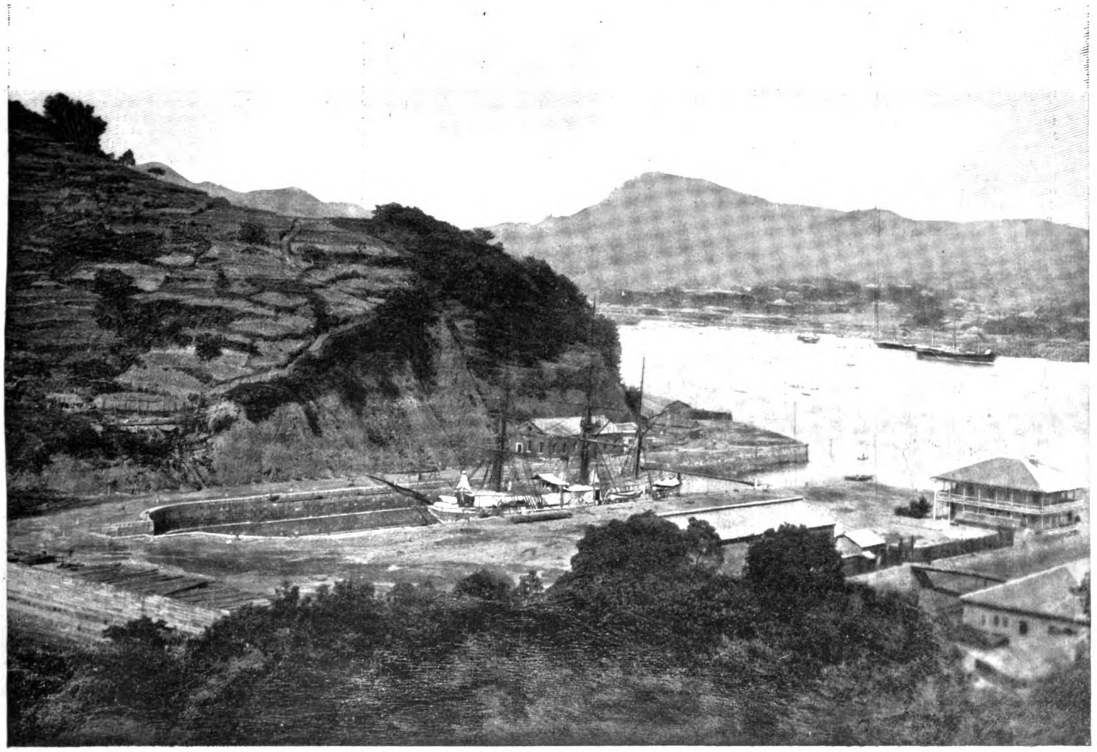
THE HARBOR OF KOBÉ—AT THE HEAD OF THE INLAND SEA, AND THE SHIPPING-POINT FOR KIOTO AND OSAKA.



ENTRANCE TO NAGASAKI HARBOR.



NAGASAKI—THE MOST IMPORTANT PORT OF SOUTHERN JAPAN.



NAGASAKI HARBOR, SHOWING DRY DOCK.

THE INDUSTRIAL MOVEMENT IN JAPAN.—[See Page 45.]

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ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS.

VII.—THE WRECK OF THE "VANDALIA."

THE *Vandalia*, considered one of the crack ships of the old wooden navy, had, in the winter of 1889, nearly completed her cruise in the Pacific, and had come up to the Mare Island Navy-Yard to go out of commission, when telegraphic instructions came clicking across the continent that she would be wanted for immediate service in Samoa, where American interests were being endangered by the German occupation. No time was lost in fitting her out; new officers and men were picked up from the ships then at the navy-yard, and after a hasty departure from the Golden Gate and a brief stop at Honolulu, the *Vandalia*, on Washington's birthday, dropped anchor in the harbor of Apia.

This harbor is scooped out of the coral rock that girdles the island of Upolu. "Bottle-shape" (to quote Robert Louis Stevenson) best describes it; the entrance short and narrow, opening into a wider basin, pierced here and there by jutting reefs. The island itself has a mountainous backbone, whose densely thicketed slopes, marked by the silvery lines of many cascades, merge themselves into the green uplands, and then meet the fringe of palm-trees along the beach. Two small rivers, flowing into the harbor, have washed out narrow sandy strips—the only breaks in the circle of the flat, black-mottled reef, and, at low tide, the only places where boats can land. In this small harbor the *Vandalia* found, scattered among a lot of smaller merchant vessels, five men-of-war—the *Nipsic*, up to this time the solitary representative of the United States; the *Adler*, *Olga*, and *Eber*, German ships at whom we were supposed to look askance; and the *Calliope*, an English cruiser. A few days later the *Trenton*, our flagship, with Rear-Admiral Kimberly on board, arrived from Panama.

The particular day was Friday—always considered unlucky in the seaman's calendar—and the particular date was the 15th of March, that we had the first warning of a gathering storm. The barometer fell slowly but steadily during the forenoon, and in the afternoon the usual preparations for bad weather were made; lower yards were sent down, topmasts were housed, and steam was raised. About a week before this the *Vandalia* had ridden out a severe gale with no worse result than a broken anchor-stock and some badly tangled anchor-chains, so there was no alarm felt as to our safety. As we gathered around the wardroom table that night, for what proved to be our last meal on board a doomed ship, everybody thought the gale would blow itself out before morning.

Upon going on deck for watch at midnight, I found a moderate gale blowing, but the moon and stars were shining brightly. About one o'clock, after a conference between Captain Schoonmaker and Lieutenant Carlin, the executive officer, orders were given to drop the sheet-anchor underfoot. This made three anchors down, as we were moored with both bowers, forty-five fathoms on the chains. At three o'clock the sky became overcast and the wind howled through the darkness and gloom, while the waves dashed by in white streaks and went swashing over the reef. At times, when the squalls were heaviest, we would steam slowly up to our anchors, and the engine-room gong repeated the signals, "one bell," "two bells," with a monotonous clang. The vessels inshore of us all seemed to be holding their own, the bright lights of our next-door neighbor, the *Calliope*, looking particularly cheerful, although a little too close for comfort. The steady red glow of the fixed light that the Jesuit Fathers had set for a beacon on the walls of their convent was our only landmark. Outside of us the *Trenton* was riding uneasily; beyond, it was as black as pitch. When Lieutenant Culver relieved me at four o'clock, things looked ugly; but, remembering our experience the week before, I went below to turn it, fully persuaded that matters would mend after sunrise.

Back of my bunk was a large tin box in which I stowed some of my uniforms. I do not know how long I had been sleeping, when I was suddenly awakened by the box tumbling on top of me; at the same time I heard the swishing of water in the wardroom, the creaking of bulkheads, the clatter of overturning chairs. A sea had evidently boarded us, and a minute later the cry of "All hands on deck!" brought me to my feet. Hastily dressing, I hurried to my station on the poop. A wonderful change had taken place in the weather. A gray misty pall overhung the harbor—the first sign of dawn; a fierce hurricane was raging; the wind came in heavy gusts; huge waves dashed themselves remorselessly against the bulwarks; the white-caps were swept off in stinging spray; and the ship pitched and rolled, tugging violently at her chains. Although the engines were working steadily and the foot of the spanker had been hauled out, the helm seemed powerless to bring the ship head to wind. Daylight revealed a scene of confusion and disaster in the inner harbor. The little gunboat *Eber* had disappeared. We saw the *Adler* give a deep roll, and before she could right herself a wave picked her up as if she were a toy in the hand of a Titan, and threw her on her side high on the reef. The *Nipsic*, which had been near the *Eber*, could not be made out at first, but later on we discovered that she had been beached.

Dangers lurked on every hand. The *Vandalia*, *Calliope*, and the *Olga* had been moored near the middle of the harbor. We were directly in the hawse of the *Calliope*, and that vessel now began to sheer and charge about. To leeward of us was the jagged edge of the western reef. If we held our ground, it looked as if the powerful steel cruiser would surely cut us down; if we veered chain, destruction awaited us on the reef. A heavy sea carried away our steering-gear. Two quartermasters, Walter Hart and Louis Deistel, hurried to the tiller-room, and from that time on the ship was steered by her relieving-tackles. All eyes were now fixed on the *Calliope*. She poised for an instant on the top of an in-coming wave, and then shot straight for our beam, as if to strike us a death-blow. On her forecastle stood a seaman in rain-clothes, peering ahead; apparently one had only to reach out to touch him. Our men rushed away from the point of danger, some forward, others aft; but as the big black hull sank into the trough of the sea she backed away from us; her jib-boom came down with a cracking noise on the poop, and broke short off. The *Vandalia* had now begun to drag slowly towards the reef; but the *Calliope* could not be shaken off. Another sea hurled her towards us, and with a crash her sharp prow struck a glancing blow that smashed our starboard quarter-gallery. The ship shivered with the shock. Word came up from the engine-room that one of the boilers was disabled, and that the steam was running down. Our situation seemed a desperate one.

Just then the *Calliope* began to drift away from us, and before we could quite realize what had happened, we saw her slowly turn and bend out of the harbor. She had slipped her chains, and was trying to gain the open sea. Our feeling of relief was mingled with one of admiration for the audacity of such an undertaking. Some of the officers on the bridge of the *Calliope* doffed their caps as she passed, and Lieutenant Carlin waved to them in reply. She crawled forward in the teeth of the gale inch by inch, and for a moment we forgot our own danger in watching her hard struggle. As she passed the *Trenton* the masts of the two ships seemed to interlock. From our position a collision looked inevitable, but she swung clear, and we heard the sound of men cheering as she slowly disappeared in the mist. The *Calliope* was a modern steel cruiser of about the same displacement as our own *Atlanta*, but more powerfully engined. It was impossible for one of our old-fashioned wooden ships to follow her example.

Meantime our position was rapidly growing more and more hazardous. A tremendous current was setting along the reef. Strenuous efforts were made to bring the ship head to wind; but as the seas poured over her broadside she would make a dash for the breakers on the reef; then a friendly eddy would catch her within a few feet of the rocky dead-line, and she would sheer off, gradually drifting inshore all the time. Repairs had been made upon our disabled boilers, and the cheerful news came up from Passed Assistant Engineer Webster, who had been on watch since one o'clock in the morning, that steam was again up to sixty pounds. Our hopes were now high; if we could only keep clear of the lee reef, we might reach a sandy strip where the *Nipsic*, abandoned by her crew, could now be plainly seen, with her bow high on the beach. But a new obstacle blocked our path. The German corvette *Olga* had been running amuck since early dawn, and now lay close to the reef. To reach the inner harbor we would have to pass between her and the rocks. We slipped our sheet chain and veered on both bowers. The *Olga* plunged forward, then backed, and through the momentary opening the *Vandalia* shot straight as an arrow, with only a few feet to spare on either hand. The skill of the seaman and the caprice of the current had saved us.

During these trying times the Captain, the executive officer, and Lieutenant Wilson, the navigator, stood at the break of the poop, and our three naval cadets were kept busy dodging the seas as they ran here and there with messages. There was no confusion, only the sharp, quick words of command. Thomas Green, a typical old shellback quartermaster, was at the conn, looking as unconcerned as if he were only passing through a summer squall. Some of the crew had been sent to the bilge-pump, and as the handles rose and fell Pay-Clerk Roche raised his deep bass voice in an old-fashioned "chanty," and the sturdy chorus of "Yo, ho, blow the men down," rose above the shriek of the wind. Our Chinese servants had provided themselves with life-preservers early in the day, having found them beneath the bunks in the officers' state-rooms. With their baggy clothes trussed up in these cumbersome jackets, they huddled together like sheep, and kept up a constant jabber, their long queues waving in the air, and their terrified looks belying their reputation for stoicism. A call for volunteers in the fire-room was quickly answered by Sergeant John Coleman, who headed the brave band from the men on deck. The lower decks were filled with steam, and these men had to grope their way below. Every emergency found willing hands to meet it, but wind and wave were like dragons' teeth; one danger was no sooner over than another sprang up to replace it.

Nothing could avail, however, against the slow, steady drift of the heavily laboring ship. The engines were working well, but the reef was close astern, and the treacherous currents were like a maelstrom. Off the starboard bow was one little spot where the ship could be beached. "Full speed ahead," was signalled to the engine-room, and "Stand by to slip the chains" was the word sent forward. There was a ship's length to gain; the battered hull creaked and groaned in every timber as she made this final effort. But the goal was never reached; in another instant her stern took aginst the innermost part of the reef, with a grinding, crunching sound; her bow swung slowly around to starboard, exposing her port broadside to the seas, and with her engines still going the old *Vandalia* began to gradually settle and slowly list to port.

The huge seas now began sweeping over the sinking ship, rising full fifteen feet above the rail, wrenching boats from their davits, and deluging the decks. The engines were stopped, and the safety-valves opened. The firemen, hastily called up on deck, took refuge on the forecastle and poop. The shore was only two hundred yards away, and a large number of marines and landsmen, seizing hammocks to use as life-preservers, sprang into the water and attempted to swim ashore. The current was running like a mill-race, and most of these men were swept out to sea. Through the veil of mist, spray, and sand clouds we could see shadowy groups of men running up and down the beach, making vain efforts at rendering some assistance. A volunteer crew was called upon to man the second cutter, in the hope of getting a line ashore; but the boat was found to be badly stove in, and the idea was abandoned. E. H. Hammer, a seaman, then tried to swim ashore with a line, but he was swept back against the ship and drowned. The sight of so many struggling, drowning men deterred the great majority from making the attempt at swimming. Possibly by waiting, help might come from the shore.

The main-deck was now deserted; all hands had gathered on the forecastle and poop. Our efforts to float lines ashore by means of buoys were fruitless. A signal came from shore, "No boat can live in this sea." While discussing the situation with Surgeon Harvey, who stood near me on the poop, a heavy sea broke over us and upset a Gatling gun, which struck my right leg. I grabbed a life-line and did not get the full force of the blow. The poop and the mizzen-rigging were so crowded, and the position seemed so dangerous, that I suggested to Dr. Harvey our trying to reach the forecastle. To do this we had to make our way along the main-deck. We made a dash for the lee of the mainmast, and after holding on there until a heavy sea passed over us, we succeeded in getting under the forecastle. Here we found Lieutenant Heath, the three naval cadets, and a few of the crew. Later on, owing to the danger of the pivot-gun ports being smashed in, we scrambled up on the topgallant forecastle. The ship's stern had been settling faster than her bow; forward the seas did not seem to break over us so heavily.

About fifty yards inside of us, abreast the foremast, lay the *Nipsic*. Lines from her bow had been made fast to the palm-trees on the beach, and as she surged backward and forward in the breakers I spoke to Cadet Wiley, who was standing by my side, about the chances of swimming to her. After watching the current and noticing that it swept from the stern around the bow, we decided to go aft and make the attempt. The main-deck, flooded with water and strewn with wreckage, was now impassable, so we had to crawl along the lee rail. We reached the steam-launch with some difficulty; here we found Sergeant Coleman. The launch, strongly lashed in her iron cradle, was the only boat left; she might be carried away any minute. I decided to keep on; slid down to the rail again, passed over the main-yard—which was lashed across the bulwarks—and reached the main-rigging in safety. Turning to look for my companions, I found that they were still in the launch. Wiley had stripped himself of his clothing, and a moment later was on the main-yard. Looking aft, I saw that many men were being swept overboard; a few of them reached the *Nipsic*. The current was running stronger than ever. I called out to Wiley that he had better give up the idea of swimming; but he was evidently determined to try it. After getting well out on the yard-arm he deliberately plunged overboard; the sea broke over him after he had taken a few strokes, and then I saw no more of him. At that time I thought he was surely drowned.

Lieutenant Heath and Sergeant Coleman had joined me in the main-rigging. We were all barefooted, scantily clad, and drenched to the skin. Constant excitement had kept off hunger and fatigue, but now we were in for a long siege, as we had decided to stick to the ship. Slowly and wearily we crawled to the highest available perch—the maintop. Lieutenant Wilson, Ensign Ripley, and about a dozen men were already there. We were able to stretch out on the coils of tarred-rope that littered the top; but the stinging spray frequently lashed us. We could see the foretop crowded with people; many who could not get there were hanging on to rigging and jacob-ladders. The mizzenmast had no top—nothing but a small grating between the cross-trees. Many of our shipmates on the poop-deck were too weak to get to the rigging. They lay along the deck, holding on to life-lines. Each sea that came over would sweep off one or two. I saw the Captain and his two servants swept into the current; they went down after a brief struggle.

The ship had sunk until her rail was awash. The three masts, our rallying-places, stood like beacons, separated from one another by the swirling waters, which carried hither and thither the flotsam of the wreck. Some one called my attention to a figure on the *Nipsic*. From time to time we had seen men swept close to the abandoned ship, where they would clutch at the dangling ropes, and then, after being dashed against the side, release their hold and drift out to sea. Many of these were Chinamen; their life-preservers were of little use. The man on the *Nipsic*, who turned out to be Colarito, one of our firemen, succeeded in heaving a line to the fore-rigging. Old "Bill" Winchester, our gray-bearded chief boatswain's mate, superintended the work of hauling a hawser on board and securing the end. Four men in the mizzentop, seeing this chance of escape, attempted to slide down the topmast stay; three of them fell and were drowned, the fourth reached the maintop, where he was dissuaded from trying to reach the foremast. Meantime, several men, with their legs and arms twined around the hawser, tried to cross over from the fore-rigging. At first a few were successful; but as the *Nipsic* surged backward and forward the hawser would tauten like a bar, and then slack down almost to the water's edge. Two men became tangled up with each other when about halfway across. The hawser tautened and threw one man off; he grabbed his companion around the waist; the latter tried to beat him off, and in the struggle both were lost. John Roche, our pay clerk, was an excellent swimmer. I saw him drift by, floating on his back; as he passed under the hawser it slackened; he raised his hand to grab it, but it tautened beyond his reach, and without further struggle he was carried on by the current. The hawser finally parted, and escape in that direction was cut off.

Now came a period of long and weary waiting. In the maintop we watched eagerly for some rift in the clouds, some lull in the storm; but the wind moaned and shrieked through the rigging, and the waves surged and seethed below. As the afternoon wore on the poop-deck was washed away; the crowd in the mizzen-rigging seemed in sore straits. We lay down and huddled together to keep warm, for, in spite of the mild climate, we were all chilled through, and our teeth chattered. If we turned over to rest in a new position, the tarred rope stuck to the skin. Altogether we were very miserable, but the sufferings of our shipmates, whom we were powerless to help, made our own troubles seem light. If the mainmast could only stand—and next to the foremast, we thought it had the chance—there was hope of escape, for probably the wind would go down at sunset. Twilight came; the gale only howled the more fiercely, and the terrible seas were reaching nearly to our retreat. We counted up that we had been about twenty-four hours without food; the pangs of

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hunger were beginning to tell. Our spirits drooped, but we tried to keep up a cheerful conversation. Now and then some one would rise to a sitting position, look around at the same dreary waste, and then fall back with a sigh of disappointment. I remember Sergeant Coleman showing me a medal that he had saved—one that had been given him for bravery in the attack on the Korean forts. "It ain't much use just now," he said, with a doleful smile. No doubt he thought another dash over the rebel walls would be preferable to this helpless waiting.

Night fell; all movement on shore had ceased. Would the masts stand until morning? That was the question we were constantly asking one another. Suddenly Ripley called out, "The *Trenton's* drifting down upon us!" We scrambled to our feet and looked out into the night. There, to the windward of us, were the lights of the flagship; a few seconds later her long black hull loomed up; she looked as if she might pass ahead of us. In another instant she was coming right for our mainmast. We could see the white of her decks, the black triangles of her shrouds, and, as she drew nearer, the forms of the men in the rigging. Her condition seemed helpless; she would surely come crashing into us; our masts would go by the board; the mainmast would be the first to go. There was little time for deliberation. I crawled over to the port lubbers'-hole and let myself down through it. Sergeant Coleman and two other men followed me. The *Trenton* was now so close that we could almost jump on board. She formed a fender between us and the waves; so we hurried down the port main-rigging, slid by means of the pendant-tackles to the main-yard, felt our way along the yard-arm, and then some of the *Trenton's* crew, who had been anxiously watching our progress, hauled us on board.

"I am afraid you are out of the frying-pan into the fire," was the first remark that greeted me from one of the officers of the *Trenton*. He was wrapped in a blanket, and made a most dismal impression upon me. I heard the shouting of orders, and presently, with a crash, the *Vandalia's* mainmast fell to leeward. Then there was more shouting, and the sound of men jumping to the deck. The *Trenton* had grazed along the *Vandalia's* side and was abreast the mizzen-chains. Our men were quickly rescued, and the mizzen-mast, in turn, went by the board. In my wanderings around the deck I ran across Ensign Blandin, who told me that some of my messmates were down in the Admiral's cabin. He had been busy firing rockets to get a line over our foremast. From the position in which the *Trenton* lay, the foremast was uninjured, and the men upon it were the last to be rescued. All this time the *Trenton* was thumping away on the bottom, but the fact that I again had a solid deck beneath my feet made me for a time insensible to any further danger.

I wriggled down through a narrow opening left in the tarpaulin covering of the after-hatch, and went into the Admiral's cabin. Here I found Lieutenant Carlin, two cadets—Le Jeune and Stafford—who had been with him in the mizzentop, and Lieutenant Wilson. In reply to my anxious inquiries, they told me that Lieutenant-of-Marines Frank Sutton and Paymaster Arms, whom I had not seen after leaving the poop, had been drowned. Chief-Engineer Greene, Surgeon Harvey, Ensign Ripley, and Cadet Wiley were reported missing—their fate unknown. One by one, Lieutenant Culver, Lieutenant Heath, Past-Assistant-Engineer Webster, and Assistant-Surgeon Cordeire came into the cabin, each new arrival adding to our joy, and stimulating the hope that others had escaped. Ah Fat, the Admiral's steward, was kept busy serving out hardtack and grog, so that all hands were soon feeling comparatively comfortable. We began to talk over our experiences, oblivious to the savage pounding of the *Trenton* and the general disorder of our surroundings. The hurricane was blowing as strong as ever, and the battering seas were not losing any of their violence.

Lieutenant Carlin lay on a transom, wrapped in a blanket. In trying to help Captain Schoonmaker into the mizzen-rigging, he had been swept down through the cabin skylight, and had narrowly escaped drowning; all of his clothing had been stripped from him, and he was badly bruised. In this condition he had been clinging to the mizzen-rigging for eight hours, and when rescued was completely exhausted. Near him on another transom was Lieutenant Wilson, weak and faint. He had been with me in the maintop. When I went down the port rigging Wilson, Heath, and Ripley started down the other side. Seeing that I had succeeded in getting to the *Trenton*, Wilson and Heath tried to cross over, underneath the top, to the port rigging. Heath was successful, but Wilson fell into the water. He clutched at the jacob-ladder that ran up and down the after-part of the mainmast, and managed to keep his head above water, shouting all the time for help. A Japanese steward, Hachitaro by name, seeing Wilson's predicament, climbed over the stern of the *Trenton* with a rope's end, and succeeded in getting him on board just before the mainmast fell. Lieutenant Culver, whom I had last seen crouching in the fore-rigging, was also nearly knocked out, and Dr. Cordeire had a badly sprained ankle. The rest of us were stiff and sore, and we stretched out wherever we could find a dry place in the cabin. At one time Admiral Kimberly came in to say a cheerful word, and Heath amused us by greeting him with, "Excuse us, Admiral, for receiving you in undress."

About midnight reports came down from deck that there were signs of the gale breaking up, and at daylight we got the news that two boats, manned by natives, had reached the ship and taken lines ashore. We had breakfast in the wardroom of the *Trenton*, and were fitted out with dry clothes. Surgeon Harvey appeared about this time, much to every one's surprise. He said that when he had reached the *Trenton's* deck, the night before, he was so weak that he had fallen down and rolled into the weather-scuppers, where, half conscious, he remained unnoticed until daylight. The *Vandalia* survivors were sent ashore in boats, one division at a time, and established in barracks. One of the first persons I met on the beach was Ensign Ripley, whom I had last seen climbing down the starboard main-rigging. He had been washed into the sea before the mast fell, had drifted inshore, and was picked up by Lieutenant Sherman and Ensign Purcell, officers of the *Nipsic*, who had happened to be patrolling the beach at the very point where he was cast up, face downward and half drowned. Ripley told me that Chief-Engineer Greene and Cadet Wiley had also been saved. Soon afterwards I met Wiley, and heard from him his terrible experiences after we had parted company at the main-rigging—how he had been hurled around and sucked down by the current, and had brought up alongside the *Nipsic;* how he had clung to a stay for some time, yelling for help whenever he could get his head above water; how he had let go and sunk, coming up again abreast of a floating ladder, which he grabbed at wildly, and was floated near some natives, who formed a line into the water by holding on to one another's hands, and hauled him in as he drifted by. His rescue and that of Chief-Engineer Greene seemed nothing short of miraculous.

The harbor, as viewed from the shore that morning, was as peaceful as a coral atoll. In the foreground was a piece of the *Eber's* bow, the gilded scroll-work of the figure-head glistening in the sun. A little farther out the foremast and forecastle of the *Vandalia* alone showed above the water, and rising like a black barrier beyond her was the broken-backed *Trenton*. The Admiral's flag was still flying from the mizzen, and the band was playing a lively air. To the left, thrown so far back upon the reef that she appeared as if hove down from the shore, lay the *Adler*, the greenish copper of her sheathed bottom broken by black patches, and an ugly hole in the stern showing where her rudder had been wrenched off. To the right the *Nipsic* and the *Olga* still had their noses in the sand. Our stars and stripes and the black eagle of Germany were floating in the breeze, boats were running to and fro, and the well-filled clothes-lines of the *Olga*, stretching from mast to mast, showed how quickly her crew had taken up the ordinary routine. Here and there the masts and other wreckage of merchant-vessels and small schooners bore silent evidence of the havoc that had been wrought by the storm. The murmur of the surf from a lazy swell, and the whisper of a light breeze in the palm-trees, were all that remained of the furies with which we had battled for two days.

On the last day of March, two weeks after the wreck, a Pacific mail-steamer that had been intercepted on her way south by Lieutenant Wilson—he had taken passage on her for Auckland, New Zealand, in search of a relief vessel—stopped off the harbor long enough to take on board our sick and wounded, thirty-five in number, and then proceeded north. On the 29th of April the chartered steamer *Rockton*, in charge of Lieutenant Wilson, arrived from Auckland, and the remainder of the *Vandalia's* survivors, together with some of the *Trenton's* officers and crew embarked for San Francisco, reaching there on the 20th of May—only four months after the time that the *Vandalia* had sailed on her disastrous mission. Lieutenant Heath died of pneumonia shortly after our arrival. Within a year another name was added to the death-roll, that of Surgeon Harvey, whose health had been completely shattered at Apia. Our total loss amounted to forty-five—six officers and thirty-nine men.

LIEUTENANT JOHN H. GIBBONS, U.S.N.

A STORM ETCHING.

NANTUCKET.

THE bleak wind blows upon the sullen shore;
The breakers rush and roar.

The churlish storm king in his anger sweeps
Across the seething deeps.

And o'er the moors the tempest flies and moans
In brusque discordant tones.

The sparse trees bend beneath the mighty gale
And in their anguish wail.

Cloud-tossed and buffeted above the sea,
In wild exultant glee,

A streak of silver in the leaden sky,
A swift gull flashes by.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

SECRETARY GAGE AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

SECRETARY LYMAN J. GAGE is making an earnest effort to solve in the Treasury Department, in a practical way, the ever-present civil service reform question. What he is doing represents a sane endeavor to inform the administration of the civil service law with the spirit of the men at whose instance it was passed. I do not say of the men who passed it, because the civil service law occupies the unique position of finding its chief support at the hands of the men who like it least. That fact could be demonstrated conclusively by a hundred instances of the attitude of Congressmen toward the administration of the law. But their opposition has seldom been open. Few, indeed, have had the courage to identify themselves with even such specious plans for the modification of the law as that proposed by Representative Grosvenor of Ohio recently. Hating the law vigorously, members of both Houses have helped to swell the majority which declares at each session of Congress in its favor.

Mr. Gage is a friend of civil service reform because, as the manager of a large banking establishment in Chicago, he learned that efficiency is the safest guide to promotion or to continued employment. In his banking establishment Mr. Gage showed no favoritism in choosing employés. He hired men who could show their fitness for the work, and promoted those who showed exceptional aptitude and capacity. Most of Mr. Gage's predecessors were professional men. Probably that is the reason why business considerations had smaller weight with them in governing the working force of the department. Whatever the cause, none of them seems to have made such a careful effort to live up to the spirit of the civil service law as Mr. Gage is making now.

Soon after he came into the control of the Treasury Department, Mr. Gage found that most of his visitors were persons who wanted men or women appointed to office or old clerks retained. He found that he was expected to discover inefficiency in the Democrats employed in the office, and to reinstate, as far as possible, the Republicans who had been removed from place in the last administration. In part to relieve himself of the burden of these applications for appointment, Mr. Gage appointed a commission, composed of Frank A. Vanderlip (now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury), the Chief Clerk, and the Appointment Clerk of the department, to consider the reorganization of the department's clerical force. This commission was instructed to disregard partisanship.

At about the same time the Secretary suggested to the President the order relative to removals from office, which was issued from the White House soon afterward. This order Mr. Gage put into effect immediately (it remained a dead letter in the other departments for a time), issuing instructions that no removal should be made without charges; and of these charges the clerk was to have full notice, with opportunity to file an answer. The Secretary had it made known throughout the department, however, that the order guaranteed retention to no one who was not competent and faithful.

The commission appointed by the Secretary found itself confronted by a serious problem at the outset. A large number of veterans were clamoring for reinstatement. The law expressly exempts them from the time limitation. Popular sentiment seemed to be behind them, and Congressional influence naturally followed it. The commission would have liked to reinstate the veterans immediately, but it had to consider two things—the question of vacancies and the competence of the applicants. As for the vacancies, public sentiment would have justified the Secretary in creating them by removing the men who had replaced the veterans in some preceding administration. The veterans expected him to do this. They felt a proprietary interest in their old places. Mr. Gage, however, was not willing to displace any one without cause, and he made a ruling that no one should be removed merely to make room for a veteran, whether he was a Democrat or a Republican—that all removals, in short, should conform to the President's order, and be made only on proved or undefended charges of incompetency. So, at the outset, places were found for only a third of the veterans, and these were selected from the men who were not superannuated.

The problem of superannuation was one which confronted Mr. Gage and his commission very soon after the work of reorganization began. The commission found that promotion all through the department was blocked by an accumulation of clerks sixty, seventy, and eighty years of age. Some of the old clerks were competent to perform the work for which they were paid; most of them had outgrown their usefulness. The same condition had existed for half a century, and in all that time sentimentalism had kept the superannuated clerks on the pay-roll. Secretary Gage devised and put into execution a plan for relieving the department of this dead-weight, grown with the expansion of the department to very large proportions. He established a "roll of honor," to which he is transferring all clerks who have grown too old to perform the duties of their positions. The salaries of these clerks are being reduced to the minimum, $900 a year, and the very lightest labor is required of them. Their reduction has opened an opportunity for the promotion of younger and more active men, and these opportunities for promotion, Mr. Gage believes, will be an incentive to the younger clerks.

Mr. Gage's commission, in this and in all its work, has had in view this one idea, that the Secretary desired to put the best men in the most responsible positions, the men of less capacity and perhaps of less experience in positions not so important, and yet to get rid of any drones the department might hold. As one means to the attainment of this end, the commission has instituted competitive examinations between chiefs of divisions and their subordinates to prove their relative competency for the higher position, and in many cases the chief has been reduced and the subordinate advanced. This has amounted in some instances to the restoration of a deposed chief of some past administration, whose many years of service in executive position gave him an advantage over the man whom some recent administration had appointed to his place. Secretary Gage has faith in the value of experience, and he esteems as beyond measure the services of some of the older officials who have been an active part of the life of the department for twenty years or more.

The men reinstated in important positions have been, for the most part, Republicans, but their politics has not been known to the examiners who considered them for promotion; and one of the most important advances made was that of a Democrat who had come into the department originally through one of the excepted places, and who therefore was not even a civil service appointee.

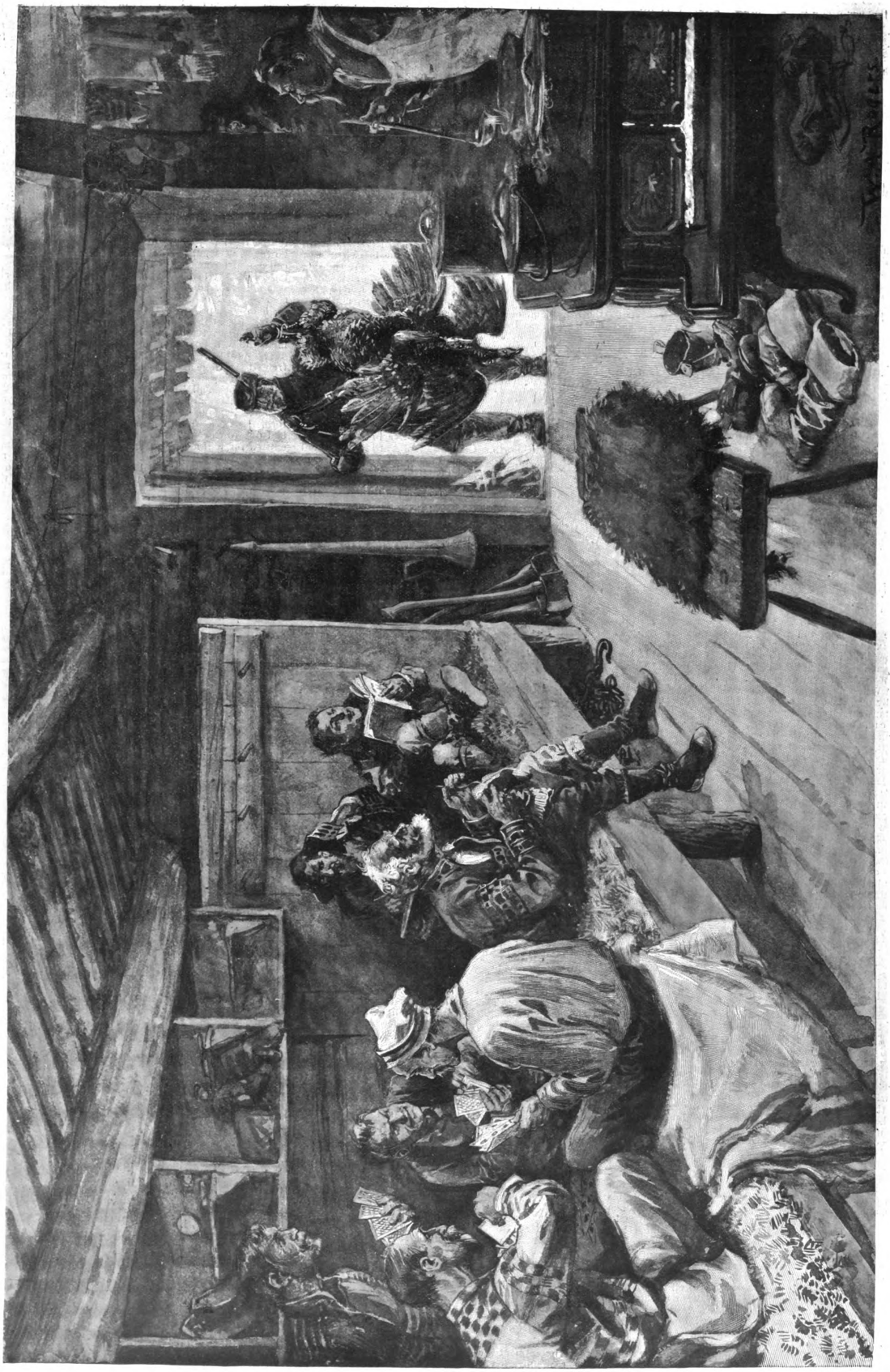
Mr. Gage believes that when the Treasury was put under civil service rules every man employed in the department should have been required to pass the examination and qualify for the place he held. He does not consider it practicable to require this now. Besides, most of the clerks have passed some examination, if only for promotion, and they may be said to have qualified, at least in a degree. The examination for promotion, however, has not been as practical as Mr. Gage's commission thought it should be, so it has been revised. Its chief feature formerly was a series of "department questions," which any one who had had a few months' experience in the department work could answer without difficulty. These questions the commission abolished, and with the assistance of Theo. L. De Land, an expert from the Civil Service Commission, they made up a new list of questions. This list contains a novel feature—a series of questions based on Treasury affairs, such as, "What is bimetallism?" "What is meant by the free coinage of silver?" and the like. These questions are based on the theory that any employé of the department should have an interest in the department's business beyond the particular set of books he is keeping or the bureau in which he is employed. Of these questions the one which has proved the greatest stumbling-block to the clerks is, "Where does the government get its money?" Most of the clerks have an innocent notion that when the government wants money it simply prints it and puts it in circulation.

Another practical feature of the new examination is to require a clerk to brief the correspondence in a case taken from the department files. Another is to give the clerk the correspondence in a case, and require him to write a final letter for the Secretary's signature, reviewing the case from the beginning and closing it.

The commission has found a woful lack of interest and knowledge in government affairs among the clerks thus far examined, and its members believe that the material with which they have to deal is far from promising; but a beginning must be made somewhere, and they think that if the civil service law is strictly and intelligently administered, and tenure of office and promotion are known to depend on efficiency, a class of more ambitious young men will be attracted to the service.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

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A HOLIDAY IN A LOGGING-CAMP.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

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THE DRAMA.

THE celebrated drama by the elder Dumas, entitled "Kean, or Genius Disordered," has been given in New York within the memory of play-goers by no means old, and to these the new version which Mr. Charles Coghlan is now presenting at the Fifth Avenue Theatre offers material for many a suggestive contrast. Mr. Coghlan has been ruthless with the original work, but he is too practised a craftsman not to have concealed his ravages, and replaced what he has taken away by excellent material of his own. Indeed, so free from even the hint of translation is "The Royal Box" that it might easily pass for an original work by an exceptionally clever dramatist.

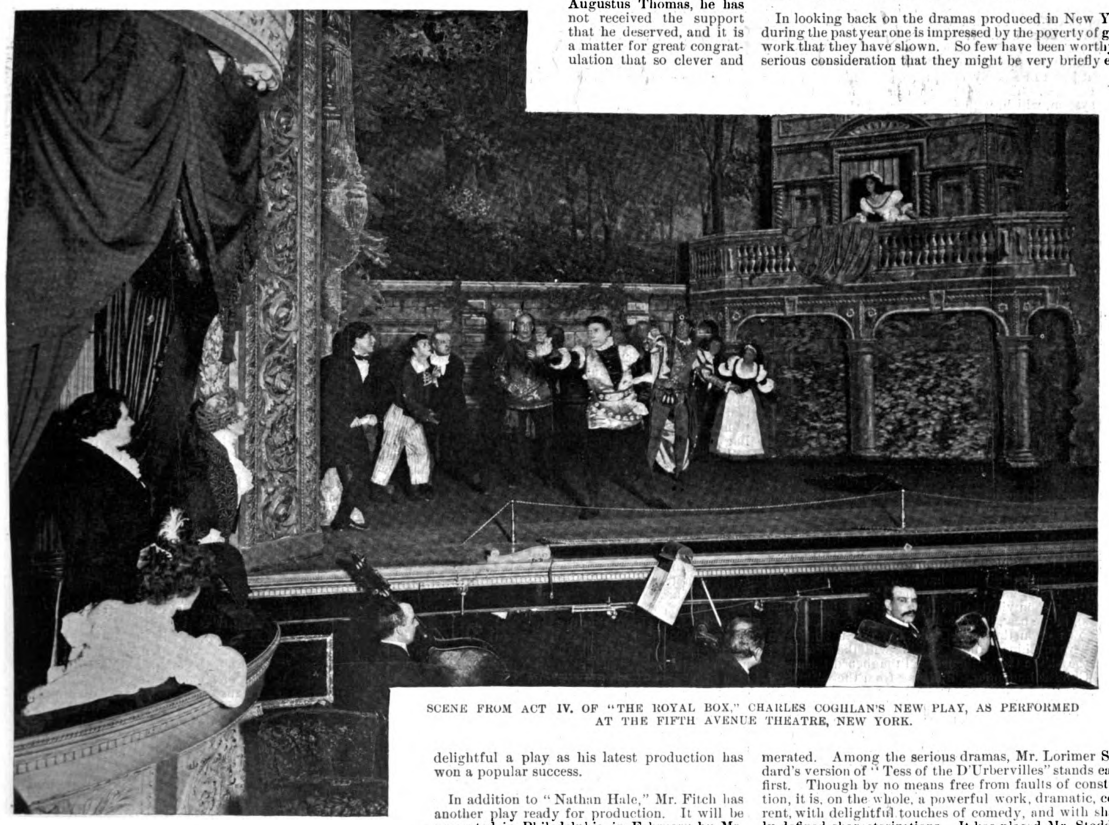
The hero of the new version is no longer "Kean," but *James Clarence*, an actor, at the height of his popularity in London early in the present century. He loves and is loved by the *Countess Helen*, wife of the Swedish ambassador, who is also admired by the *Prince of Wales*. While playing in the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet," *Clarence*, frantic with jealousy on seeing the *Prince* with the *Countess* in the royal box, bursts into wild denunciation, and the scene terminates in confusion. The *Countess*, thinking that her idol has hopelessly fallen, treats him with contempt. The *Prince*, however, forgives him, and *Clarence* turns for consolation to *Miss Pryce*, the worshipping young girl, with an ambition to become an actress, whom he has befriended, and to a new career in America.

In spite of this simple plot, the drama has serious faults of construction, and the scene where *Clarence* denounces the *Prince*, though intensely interesting both from its dramatic value and its novelty—one of the stage-boxes being used as part of the representation—gives an effect of artificiality which in the other scenes the adapter very skilfully avoided. The characters, however, are drawn so admirably and are so cleverly interpreted, and the dialogue is so spontaneous, with hardly a suggestion of striving for "literary" polish at the expense of naturalness, that the production deserves to be placed among the few genuinely artistic successes of the season.

A piece much less fine might have been made acceptable by such acting as Mr. Coghlan's in the rôle of *Clarence*. Indeed, it is seldom that such acting is ever seen, and if Mr. Coghlan had done nothing else, it would establish him as one of the greatest of living players. In recent years his appearances in this country have been in parts that gave him scope for only the quiet acting in which he is supposed to be at his best. As *Clarence*, however, he had some very vigorous work to do, and he did it superbly. The whole impersonation was, in fact, sustained with fine intelligence, discretion, and power. The sweetness and the ingenuousness of *Miss Pryce* were very beautifully interpreted by Miss Grace Filkins, and Miss Elizabeth Garth made a most picturesque figure as the *Countess*.



ADA REHAN AS *ROSALIND* IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."



SCENE FROM ACT IV. OF "THE ROYAL BOX," CHARLES COGHLAN'S NEW PLAY, AS PERFORMED AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

After Miss Rehan's preliminary performances in the "Taming of the Shrew," and after the production of "Number Nine," Mr. Daly's season may be said to be well established. Miss Rehan is at present appearing in the revival of "As You Like It." In this comedy she does some of her best work, giving expression to the exquisite sense of humor and to the abounding spirit that make her acting so vital and delightful. Later in the season Mr. Daly is to make a production of "The Merchant of Venice," with Miss Rehan as *Portia*—a part for which she is thoroughly qualified. It is to be hoped that before long New York may have opportunities to see her in the heavier Shakespearian rôles as well.

If "The Nancy Hanks," by Frank Tannehill, Jr., recently produced at the Garden Theatre, were given at one of the cheaper playhouses it might have a fair success. It is a noisy farce of the kind that used to be popular ten years ago, but, so far as reasonable theatre-goers are concerned, has passed wholly out of fashion. It served, however, to introduce some very clever performers, among them Miss Marie Jansen, who acted with her usual vivacity, and sang, as usual, out of tune.

The recent great success of "An American Citizen" at the Knickerbocker Theatre kept Mr. N. C. Goodwin from producing in New York Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, "Nathan Hale," and it will be given in Chicago next month. It is understood to be serious in treatment, with a last act that is positively harrowing, and it will afford Mr. Goodwin an opportunity to display his abilities in a new field. For the past few seasons this actor has shown an ambition to turn from the farces in which he won his early popularity, and to do genuinely artistic work, and also to encourage American playwrights. With some of his ventures, notably his production of that admirable drama "In Mizzoura," by Augustus Thomas, he has not received the support that he deserved, and it is a matter for great congratulation that so clever and delightful a play as his latest production has won a popular success.

In addition to "Nathan Hale," Mr. Fitch has another play ready for production. It will be presented in Philadelphia in February by Mr. Herbert Kelcey and by Miss Effie Shannon, and for one of the rôles Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne has been engaged. Before making her reputation as a reader, Mrs. Le Moyne had considerable experience as an actress. She is undoubtedly the greatest living interpreter of Browning, and with her extraordinary gift for characterization and for expressing powerful emotion she could, if the opportunity presented itself, do notable work in the legitimate drama. There is no actress now on the stage so well equipped to play such a part as *Lady Macbeth*, for example. Mrs. Le Moyne has also a gift for comedy, which she has frequently displayed in her readings. It will be interesting to see what kind of rôle has been assigned to her in Mr. Fitch's comedy.

In looking back on the dramas produced in New York during the past year one is impressed by the poverty of good work that they have shown. So few have been worthy of serious consideration that they might be very briefly enumerated. Among the serious dramas, Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's version of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" stands easily first. Though by no means free from faults of construction, it is, on the whole, a powerful work, dramatic, coherent, with delightful touches of comedy, and with sharply defined characterizations. It has placed Mr. Stoddard in the first rank among our dramatists. Another interesting figure that has been conspicuous during the year is Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley, who has produced no less than three plays, all of them containing good work, and two of them achieving unmistakable successes. "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," first produced by a specially organized company at the Lyceum Theatre, though decidedly mixed in the local color, being curiously sug-

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gestive of English life where it was supposed to be American, was still very ingeniously devised, and full of amusing situations and sparkling dialogue. "A Coat of Many Colors" gave evidence of less ingenuity, and exploited a rather clumsy story, but the gift for dialogue was most cleverly displayed. In "An American Citizen" Mrs. Ryley may be said to have "found herself." It is one of the best American comedies ever written by a woman. Mrs. Ryley is already a very important personage among our dramatists, and much more good work may be expected from her. Success in quite another field was won by the adaptation of "Under the Red Robe," which reproduced the movement and the color of that popular romance. It can hardly be taken seriously, however, and it is interesting chiefly as an expression of the present craze for romantic melodrama. This craze, by-the-way, has brought into the theatre some distressingly bad work exemplified by Mr. Louis N. Parker's "Change Alley," which went so far beyond public endurance that even Mr. Sothern's popularity could not give it more than a very brief run. Since the beginning of the present season we have had several plays of such merit that the season is likely to be particularly brilliant in the history of the New York stage. These include Mr. Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," Mr. Sidney Grundy's adaptation from Dumas *père*, "A Marriage of Convenience," and Mr. Coghlan's recent production. Great success has been won by Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality," which happened to appeal to the weaknesses as well as to the tastes of the public, by Mr. J. M. Barrie's comedy "The Little Minister," which is clever enough for popularity, but not clever enough to be compared with Mr. Barrie's best, and by Mr. A. W. Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly," a novelty, depending for success largely on its "smart" dialogue. Among the actors two changes are worthy of record. By her performance of "Tess," Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, whose genius years ago won recognition from the few, but was ignored by the many, succeeded at last in winning the favor of the great public, and Miss Maude Adams, in the rôle of *Babbie* in "The Little Minister," made one of the most successful débuts as a "star" in the record of the stage.

JOHN D. BARRY.

THE RULING DYNASTY OF CHINA.

To the average person in the Occident, Japan is the embodiment of all things fickle, and China the emblem of immovability. The one seems the weather-cock and the other the spire. In the matter of dynasties, however, Japan is the unchanging and the unchangeable, while China is the vane that veers. Japan has had one dynasty of imperial rulers; her line of emperors is (sentimentally) nearly 2600 years old, and, adding mythology and history together, is "unbroken from ages eternal." As historic fact, from the dawn of history the Mikados have ruled Japan, the present Emperor, Mutsuhito, being the 123d.

On the contrary, China has had no fewer than thirty-three or thirty-four distinct dynasties. It is true that not all of these have been orthodox or recognized, and that the strict historians reduce the number to twenty-six; yet, on the whole, it is probable that no country on earth has been subject to so many conquests, revolutions, and dynastic changes. The one thing unshaken is the Chinese social system, which, with its amazing language, seems to be the solvent of all foreign elements entering into the body-politic. The language is the *aqua-regia* in which all baser metals disappear. Or, to change the metaphor, the Chinese social structure is the rock amid the waves of dynastic and political change. The people have a theory that rotation in office is a good thing even for their emperors, and that a dynasty *ought* to change every two or three hundred years. This opinion is tenaciously held and deeply rooted. Its expression, often in violent outbursts, takes forms but little noted or understood by foreigners, yet they are none the less real. Whether the dynasty be native or foreign, it makes little difference. After a certain period, as Chinese history shows, the dynasty must get up and go; or, as we say, must step "down and out."

Signs are not wanting that another repetition of history is at hand. The present occupant of the Dragon Throne and his predecessors came, as nearly all the foreign dynasties of the Middle Kingdom have come, from the North. They are Tartars or Manchus, and as such they are cordially hated by a large part of the Chinese people, notwithstanding that sentimentally the emperor is the People's Father, the Son of Heaven, the Potentate of All under Heaven, etc., etc. The Manchus do not number over five or six millions, yet they keep the Chinese Empire, with its four hundred or more millions of souls, under their control. In one sense they are like the British in India: they hold the chief offices, get the lion's share of political and pecuniary remuneration, compose the garrisons, and, by wisely adapting themselves to indigenous circumstances, they have undoubtedly given China as good a government as any of the native dynasties have done in the past. The natural tendencies of Chinamen are eminently peaceful; they have a distaste for war and for athletic sports and exercises; they delight in literary dalliance, and soon yield to luxury and enervation. Time and again, in the past, fierce hordes out of the North have rolled down upon the fertile plains and into the warm river valleys of China. Intermingling with the conquered people, they have thus stiffened and toughened the amalgam of Chinese humanity. Judging from the witness of history, the "Sons of Han," when left to themselves, remind one of those funny little spoons of Professor Pepper. Made of bismuth and lead, these dissolve into liquid as soon as one stirs up the hot tea in which they are put. Left in the cup, they disappear from sight. The Northern or Tartar element forms with the Chinese an alloy that toughens and hardens.

The keen-eyed student, whether visiting the legation at Washington or studying the Chinese at home, quickly discriminates between the Manchu and the Chinaman. One need not expect to find this difference in Mott Street or in the laundries or in San Francisco; for, with very rare exceptions, *all* the Chinese immigrants in the United States come from one little region, around and in the rear of Canton, which in area is probably not larger than that of Connecticut. In a word, ours are southeastern Chinamen.

The Manchu, first of all, has a restless eye. This, like the Japanese, is often brilliant and piercing. His cheek-bones are high; his complexion is dark and rough; he has a long head and face, and a mouth too big to be called beautiful even by a Mongolian. His nose is, Orientally speaking, a striking figure. His jaws are long, thin, and strong. His general expression, despite his polish and unquestioned intellectual power, suggests the scarcely restrained fierceness of the desert rover. The Chinaman, on the contrary, is round and chubby. He is fat and unwrinkled, with a rich creamy complexion that many an American lady might envy. His hands and feet are delicate and plump. In disposition, as in queue, he is well oiled. He is a richly dressed creature, always polite and smiling. He is very apt to be perfumed, and to be well loaded with jade gems and jewelry. All of these, however, do not conceal a potency of cruelty that may be quite equal to that of the Manchu. Outside of a certain routine of pedantry, a political procedure that is wholly built on precedent, the native statesmen are not given to directness or practicality. Indeed, when we study the Chinese dynasties, they remind us wonderfully of the old Bourbons and Stuarts of Europe, while the Manchus have at least a genius for direction and practical activity, withal being "the most improvable race in Asia."

The Manchu dynasty originated in the northern regions beyond the long White Mountains of Korea, in the river valleys tributary to the great Amur. The hordes which gathered themselves under the chieftains of the fifteenth century—posthumously honored as "emperors"—formed but one of many overflows from that geyser-spring of nations. Pretty is the legend of the virgin bathing in the Crystal Lake and the magpie dropping the red fruit upon her robes, she therefrom conceiving and giving birth to the founder of the Golden Dynasty. The heaven-born warrior united the tribes of these great grassy plains. These Northern horsemen rolled down over Manchuria and Korea. In 1625 they made Mukden their capital, and there gathered their strength, until, with a cavalry force perhaps never equalled in the world, except by their predecessors the Mongols of the thirteenth century, they and their allies brought all China into subjection. The badge of conquest which they compelled the conquered to adopt was the queue, or pigtail, which all loyal Chinese to-day wear. To cut off the queue is an insult to the Manchu dynasty.

The first century of Manchu rule is eminently praiseworthy for public improvements, literary enterprise, and consolidation of the resources of the empire. But then, as had happened again and again before, the Chinese social system was like the heated crucible, that quickly turns the cold scraps of metal into a common fluid. The conquerors were absorbed in the conquered. Released from their hard campaigns, enervated by peace, having no literature worthy of the name—nearly all Manchu books being literal translations from Chinese—they soon lost their language and many of their ancestral traits. Hundreds of thousands of these descendants of nomads are as changed from the ancestral original as are the Englishmen of monocle, yellow gaiters, and portable bath-tubs from the wild Saxon pirates of forgotten centuries.

The second century of Manchu rule slipped quietly away with little of interest to any one outside of China or the Chinese world. It was from the opening of this nineteenth century the troubles of the Peking rulers with the outside barbarians really began. So long as the foreigner appeared, or could be made to appear, as vassal or tribute-bringer, there seemed no danger. What mattered it if the long duel between Tartar and Cossack on the north went steadily on until the lances of the Czar's rough riders camped on the Amur? What if British arms were humbling India, besides dispossessing the French and Dutch? Were not the western mountains still "walled up to heaven," and the ocean a sufficient barrier? Were not the pupil and vassal nations still faithful with their reverence or tribute?

Suddenly there came "a great blue sea of troubles." Opium which enervated, steam navigation which annihilated distance, wars in which the thrust was deeper than a pin-prick, spoiled the map of somnolent China, and gave the Peking mandarins occasional fits of insomnia. After two opium wars which France and England had been impolite enough to wage, with the after-math of fines, indemnities, with the looting and destruction of the imperial palace, and an island seized for permanent occupation, Russia, heretofore smiling and apparently pliable, showed her real purpose. Ignatieff won a bloodless diplomatic victory, shearing off a piece of territory as large as France, and making Russia's frontier at the Amur and the Tumen, thus joining her borders to those of Korea, later compelling Japan to give her the whole island of Saghalin.

Still worse, making a long story short, the historian tells of the utter collapse of the suzerain and vassal system. Burmah, now British territory, and Siam, practically a French protectorate, were among the first to weaken ancient bonds. France stepped in and took Tong-king and Annam. Then Japan, formerly a pupil, gave the worst blow of all in 1894 by showing how a well-prepared warlike nation, with a population no greater than one of the eighteen provinces of China, could, in less than a year, conquer a territory larger than its own, sweep off the whole Chinese fleet and her modern fortifications, and threaten the capital, besides severing Korea from the system, and following the example of Russia, England, and France in helping to dismember the colossus of nations, seizing Formosa. Last of all Germany, long crouching, has made the spring, and now holds prey. In Confucius's own province of Shan-tung, the most sacred one of all the eighteen, a handful of troops put to flight the peaceful sons of Han, and now seems most emulous of imitating the other powers that have each carved its slice. To-day the gathering of fleets and armies in the Yellow Sea reminds one of the proverb of the carcass and the eagles.

Whither and to whom shall the dynasty and the nation now turn for help? Within there is no unity. What can a boneless giant lacking nerves do? There are millions who would gladly see the Tartar dynasty in Peking overthrown. "New China" is but the label of a small and as yet insignificant party. "Old China" has certainly *not* learned the lesson which the war with Japan ought to have taught. The books of travellers, and such data as we can gather from missionaries, the Anglo-Chinese newspapers, and, more than all, the Chinese official publications, show that little or nothing has been attempted in the way of serious reform by the government since 1895—the war of *two or three Chinese provinces* with united Japan.

What, then, shall China do? Western European nations—England, France, Germany—are all anxious to force their trade and manufactures upon the Middle Kingdom. So also is Japan; but it is to Japan's benefit that China remain intact, and the Chinese develop their own resources. Even more does Russia wish the development of China—of course under Russian auspices—for with its railroads the Muscovites have the unique opportunity of standing as the link between China and Europe for the mutual exchange of commodities. Russia has the greatest advantage of all. She has profited most by previous wars, and in every case she moves slowly and surely. It seems intrinsically probable that Russia will win most in the game. She has already made Korea practically a Russian protectorate.

But the situation is complicated. Japan has a bitter grudge against Russia, and will probably join with England to check Russia's advance in Korea, and may call a halt to Russian ambition. It is even possible, but not likely, that Japanese officers may drill Chinese soldiers to resist the Russian advance. What combinations are yet to be made only the future can show.

Meanwhile the dynasty is in danger. More than once have native Chinese tried to overthrow their Manchu conquerors, the Tai-ping rebellion being the attempt best known to the outside world. The Mohammedan population is large and hostile. The great argument of Japanese radical writers in 1895 was that on account of her inward weakness China is a permanent disturber of the peace and a menace to civilization, and that until she inaugurates thorough-going reforms the murders of missionaries will be constant and the outbreaks of rebellion chronic. Evidently Kaiser Wilhelm has become a convert to this doctrine, which doubtless has some truth in it.

Those who hold to the right of every nation to work out its own salvation will grieve to see this venerable body-politic carved up by a plundering nation, even under the pretext of civilization or religion. They will hope to see the Chinese people attempt their own reformation. Who wishes to see a Russian-German-French-British-Japanese "joint occupation" or "protectorate" or "dismemberment" of the great nation, which, with all the faults and diseases of senility, has been a power for light, learning, and civilization for all Asia east of the Ganges? May we not hope "that the regeneration of China will be accomplished, like the operation of leaven in meal, without shattering the vessel"?

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER.

VERY rare is the artist with personality so strong and so individual in its expression that the accident of his domicile counts for nothing. But such a one is James McNeill Whistler. He is eminently a cosmopolitan in art. It may count for a good deal that he is a son of Massachusetts, for something that he was educated at West Point, and studied art under Gleyre in Paris, but apparently for nothing that his manhood has been divided between London and Paris. They have not influenced him. It is in the direction of Velasquez and Japanese art that one must look for sources of any outside impressions. But for the most part his work, whether in oil, water-color, pastel, crayon, or etching, reflects one man—Whistler.

His is a personality of extraordinary interest, exhausting a whole gamut of characteristics, from devilry up to subtlest spirituality. Perhaps the simplest analysis of this complex equipment is to regard it as a dual nature, compounded of the artist and the man. The real Whistler is the artist, made known by his works; the man of the world, the cynic, wit, and caustic writer, is the artificial shell which surrounds the other. It is not unusual to find a man of tenderest emotions erecting round them a breastwork of coarser material to keep an unsympathetic world from prying too freely upon his secret self. Whistler had much need of self-protection. That part of him which a true man in any walk of life holds most sacred, his ideal, was one that very few at first could understand. He had no one to interpret him, as Ruskin did Turner, and a sensitive man cannot interpret himself. So he met the ridicule and satire of the world not by sulking or bowing to it, but with the world's own weapons, only that in his hands they were more finely tempered.

The difficulty of appreciating much of Whistler's work is due to our tendency to try to translate all art into words. "What is it all about—what does it mean?" But we do not ask such questions about a delicious scent, which makes a subtle appeal to our sense of smell; nor of one of Chopin's nocturnes, which speaks directly to our ear in its own language. Why, then, may not a painter blend color, as a musician blends sound, to express something which cannot be adequately put into words, and call it, for lack of a better term, "a symphony in color"? or veil his colors in that mysterious luminous shade night flings over nature, and call it a nocturne? We enjoy the fragrance of the scent without putting it into words—why may not our sense of sight be delighted by abstract colors? If we cannot always feel this delight, it may be due to want of color-training, or of the habit of feeling color in the abstract, and the painter is entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

The strangest thing is that critics were slow to see the beauty of his etchings. Perhaps it was because they were not "finished pictures" in the popular sense, and so the artist seemed a poser or a trifler. But Whistler does not propose to himself the making of pictures in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Color and line and form are to him the means of expressing some beauty that he sees or imagines; and just as a man who has an absolute command of words, knowing not only their value but their limitations, will be satisfied to make his utterance suggestive, when more elaboration would only render it involved, so Whistler's rule is, "Never carry a medium further than it will go." His later etchings have comparatively few lines, but each one epitomizes the observation and experience of years of study, and the spectator must be wanting in imagination who cannot feel the atmosphere or distance or whatever it is which the line was meant to suggest.

The accompanying portrait by Jean Boldini depicts only Whistler's outer side. Sympathetically attracted by the splendid audacity of his sitter, the painter has exaggerated the nervous and muscular tension until the picture is perilously near a caricature.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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AN INTERESTING DETAIL.

By order of General Miles, Lieutenant Guy H. Preston, of the Ninth Cavalry, proceeds to Alaska in charge of all the pack-trains of the army.

I do not know that this distinguished duty conferred on Lieutenant Preston is a direct recognition of his heroism at the Wounded Knee fight, but certainly it recalls it.

He was with the Seventh Cavalry because he was in command of some of Taylor's Indian scouts. The fight had simmered down from a desperate hand-to-hand encounter at the outset to a desultory skirmish up the ravine, where surviving Indians had sheltered under the "cut-banks," and were doing damage to the troops.



LIEUTENANT GUY H. PRESTON, U. S. A.

The commanding officer desired to send a despatch to General Brooks at the Agency, acquainting him with the details of the engagement and the crippled condition of his force. After hastily preparing the missive, the Colonel looked hesitatingly about him at the officers standing near, and his gaze fell on the scout officer. He asked him "if he supposed he could get the despatch to General Brooks," and the young officer said, "I could try, sir."

The country was full of Indians, and the news of the unlooked-for engagement was travelling all over the Sioux country as fast as ponies could run, so it was exceedingly problematical as to whether he could get over the intervening eighteen miles alive.

The Colonel gave him the message, and directed him to select the fastest and best horse on the lines, and go quickly. At the picket-lines he called for the best horse there, and the soldiers gathered about to canvass the subject. There was one big bay celebrated for long-distance running. He was stripped of all surplus accoutrements. Then the Lieutenant called the soldiers who were about to come to him, and there stated his business, warning them of its danger, and asking for one volunteer. A soldier named Fellman stepped out, saying, "I will go with you, Lieutenant." He was told to strip himself and horse, which he quickly did. While this momentary wait was in progress Preston saw Captain Garlington lying there wounded, and running over, wrote a short telegram to his friends, and shaking his good arm, bade him good-by.

The Lieutenant and Fellman mounted and galloped off on the dangerous duty, while up the ravine the last scattering shots of a celebrated affair came to their ears. The soldier had a carbine and Preston a six-shooter. They skirted the half-acre of dead, wounded, and dying people where the brunt of the fight had been, hoping to get to the Fast-Horse Road, which made it only fifteen miles to the Agency. There they met Baptiste Garnier, or "Little Bat," the famous scout, with his comrades, who asked the Lieutenant where he was going. He told him; but the scout entreated him "for God's sake not to do that—that the Indians at the Agency, including Short Bull's band, just coaxed in from the Bad Lands, would hear of the fight from deserting Indian scouts before the Lieutenant's horse could get there, if they had not already heard. He assured the officer that they would all come skimming down the Fast-Horse Road to participate in the fight or to cut off any small bodies of troops, and told him he would run into them and be killed beyond the shadow of a doubt. He insisted that Preston go up the creek and take the Freight Road," which he did, thereby escaping what we now know was certain death.

The two soldiers then started on the dead run—good horses, a crisp day, and a known road. It was a ride for life. Preston put the despatch in the breast pocket of his blouse, telling Fellman, if he was potted, to take the paper and go on.

Twice at high points on the Freight Road they saw Indians in bands going to the Wounded Knee on the Fast-Horse Road, where they shortly after attacked Captain Jackson's detached force. Once the Indians saw the two straining troopers, and took "across lots" after them; but they soon discovered that the soldiers had the lead, the inside track, and the best horses; still they gave them a good race for a long distance.

Any one who has ever ridden will know that eighteen miles is a very long road at the top pace; and the Lieutenant arrived at the Agency limits in one hour, but that was some little distance from the soldier camp. The horses were "weaving" badly and staggering. The ride was made by taking the gallop up straight inclines, fast trot if steep, and the dead run (to spur) if down hill, no matter how steep or gentle, thereby making all the heavy gains in time by the down-hill work.

The hills outside of the soldier pickets were full of mounted Indians, but, with a final spurt, the two brave men went through and reached the General's tent. Here Fellman fell from his horse in a dead faint, but the first news of the Wounded Knee came in.

Such things and taking mules to the arctic regions are soldiering. Between Ringold and the Klondike, an officer hesitates between spending his money for Esquimau furs or India-silk pajamas.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

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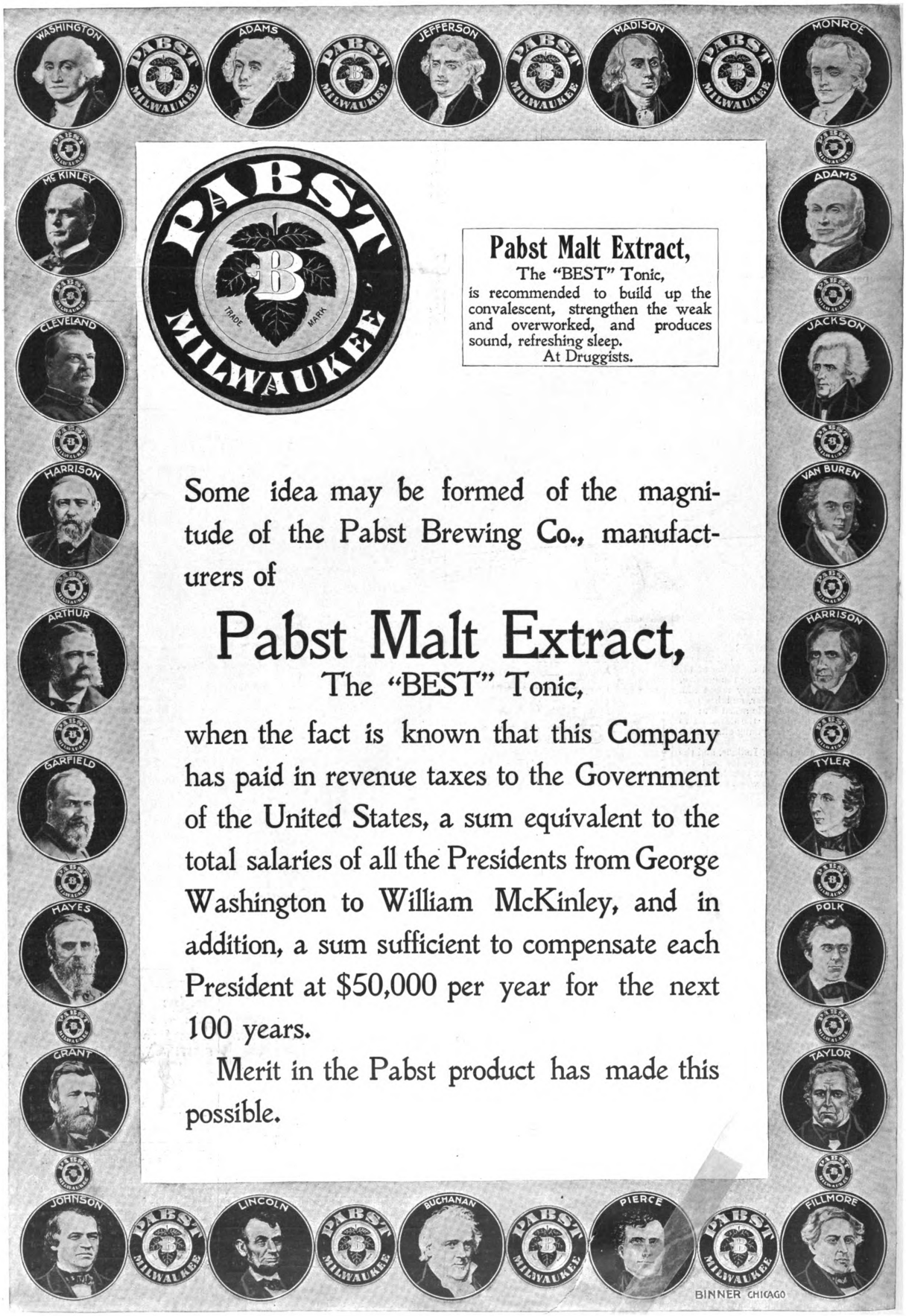
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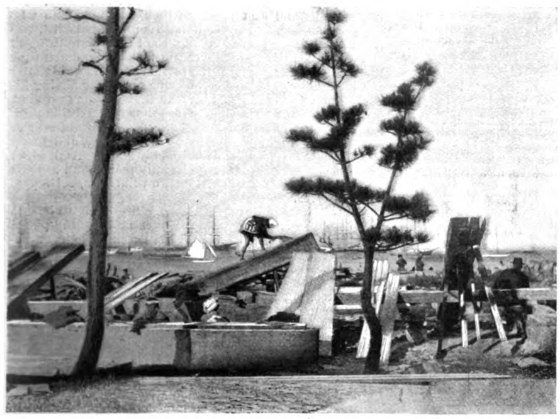
THE INDUSTRIAL MOVEMENT IN JAPAN.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

To whoso goes to Japan with a fresh mind there is abundant material in the country and in the people that is curious, interesting, instructive. Before the recent war between Japan and China, Japan was underrated; since the conclusion of that one-sided affair Japan has been very much overrated. And Japan is sure to suffer more or less seriously from the reaction which invariably follows close upon a superinflation of values and a superabundant confidence in a self-ordained right to guide the star of destiny.

To every observant man who visits seaboard Japan today the industrial movement is apparent. Compared with her status of twenty-five years ago, or with China, Japan's progressive achievements are remarkable. Indeed, her adoption, to the best of her intelligence, of Western civilization is the marvel of the decade. But there are other signs to guide the discerning man's estimate of Japan's accomplishments. The industry of Japan is feverish; it is the urgent activity of a people hurrying to lessen the distance but recently revealed by the light of civilization as separating them from the progressive world. It is the impulsive rush of a people with very few individuals competent to lead them, and those few held in national esteem largely through the success of the war against China.

Japan has some able men in her service. Her officials are as clean-handed as able, and it is to the unceasing efforts and soaring ambition of these that the country owes its extraordinary advancement. So far as the average Japanese is concerned, it is a case of civilization being thrust upon him, and to which he yields readily because it offers new channels of trade, and gratifies a vanity that is perhaps more predominant in this than in any other race. So we find the Japanese, in the very heat of his evolution, industrious on occasions to a degree short only of that of the Chinese (usually his industry is by fits and starts), greedy for gain, ever suspicious of ridicule, exceedingly sensitive to criticism—as he who is uncertain of himself and vain invariably is—superficial, as he must naturally be in his grasp of things he can but partially understand, and with little



A RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS—JAPANESE METHOD OF SAWING.

idea of the moral responsibility of contracts. The Japanese lacks the mental poise, the probity, the perseverance, and the inventive genius of the Yankee, to whom he is prone to liken himself.

Japan's Mikado, and the counsellors with whom he is surrounded, evidently know the limitations of their people, and are beginning at the very foundation—*viz.*, in the schools—to enlarge the people mentally and physically. There are very few countries long accounted civilized that have so complete a school system as Japan. How thorough and how advanced the course of instruction may be I had no time satisfactorily to ascertain; but at least it will be elementary, and that is sufficient to the present needs of the Japanese people.

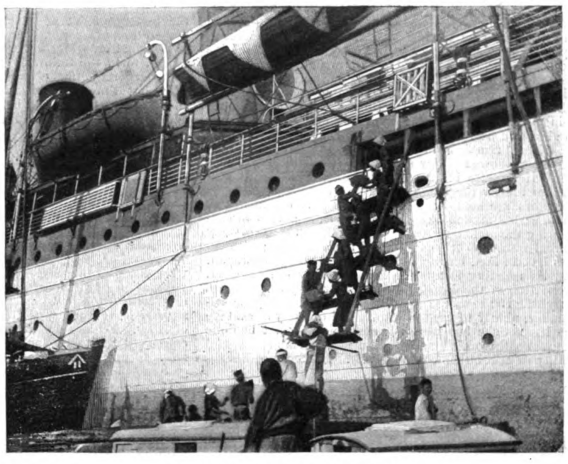
If we approach Japan as a country recently become alive to its great resources, and to its need of civilization for their development, we may look upon the extraordinary results of a quarter-century of endeavor. It all depends on the point of view. As an industrial figure the Japanese is a marvel.

The opening days of Japan's industrial movement may be said to have been about in 1870. It was thereabouts that the governmental Agricultural Department and the Department of Public Works were instituted, and from the inauguration of these date Japan's first real progressive efforts. The first serious endeavors were along engineering lines. There had been a smattering gained from the Dutch, which had resulted in a dry dock at Yokosuka, twenty-six miles from Yokohama, but no native engineering movement took form before about 1870.

The result of this movement was the first Japanese railroad, constructed by the imperial government between Kobé (at the head of the Inland Sea, and one of the most important ports of Japan) and Osaka, another line being simultaneously constructed between the capital, Tokio, and Yokohama. All told, there were forty miles of railroad in 1870. To-day there are about 2000 miles in operation, on which upwards of one hundred American locomotives run—as much on account of American builders delivering orders exactly on specified contract time as because of the superiority of the American locomotive over the product of English and German firms.

Along the lines of engineering there have been greater endeavor and more results. As I have said, there was but one dry dock in 1870. Now the government has three ship-building dry-dock yards—one each at Saseiho (near Nagasaki), at Kure (near Hiroshima), and at Kobé; there is also one in course of construction on the Inland Sea, and one of granite building at Kure, which, it is said, will be one of the finest in the world. Besides these there are private docks at Nagasaki (Mitshu Bishi yard), at Kobé (Kawasaki yard), and at Tokio (Ishikawajinia yard). There are other small ones at Osaka, two new private ones building at Wraga, near Yokosuka, and altogether there are in Japan, government and private, completed and in course of construction, eleven modern dry-dock yards.

Nor is this the end of engineering activity. The government is about establishing large steel-works at Kiusiu, which will comprise Bessemer converters and Siemens blast-furnaces. It is intended not only to manufacture steel castings and forgings for marine and general engineering purposes, but to make their own gun-forgings, in addition to those now made at the Kure gun-factory.



LOADING COAL-BOAT AT NAGASAKI.
Two Thousand Tons can be put on a Steamer by this Process in a Day.

It does not speak well for either American or British enterprise that the first batch of orders for these steel-works should have been secured by Germany, which in this industry cuts a small figure compared with her English-speaking neighbors. The Japanese government has appointed a native committee to be answerable for these works, and for the outlay made an appropriation of about five million yen—the Japanese dollar—which is equal to two and a half million dollars. The government has also recently negotiated for a foreign loan of about three million yen, and issued bonds on the approved modern basis.

The effect of this engineering activity is, of course, to be seen in the navy. Japan has to-day some fifty to sixty ships of war, a number of them captured from the Chinese, and a considerable proportion of the total number not of the modern type. But a third of them are of a good type, and a fourth are of the best. Several of these have been built in their own dock-yard; one is a 4500-ton cruiser; and there is now laid the keel of a 14,000-ton battle-ship, which will be one of the largest ever built. I have no statistics at hand, but, unless my memory plays me false, England has no battle-ship larger than 14,000 tons, and our *Indiana* approximates that size. Japan's navy from the beginning has been trained on English lines, although she has no marine corps. Besides the big battle-ship, there are now building in Japanese dock-yards seven cruisers of different classes.

Japan's army, at first trained by the French and, in artillery, by the Italians, has in recent times been under the instruction of the Germans. Its manœuvring against the disorganized and ill equipped Chinese troops did not always reveal the German precision and strategic force; but the Japanese make obedient and enduring soldiers, and they support one another admirably. In time, perhaps, this branch of the service will equal the navy; at all events, no effort is being spared to bring about such a result. At all the schools calisthenics have been introduced, and the setting-up drill of the soldier forms a regular feature of the curriculum. There are government schools for especial instruction in infantry, artillery, cavalry, and, of course, in engineering. There is, moreover, a conscription service patterned after Germany's. Every boy must serve three years in the army, unless he happen to be the support of his family, in which case he is excused. Those who attend any of the government schools become cadets under the government, and wear uniforms to give them local distinction. It is extraordinary on the heads of how many youngsters one sees the cap of one of these schools. Under the present plans of the government, Japan within five years will have a standing army of upwards of 150,000. What she wants of it no one but a Japanese knows, and he has no very definite idea beyond its being an indication of civilization and a menace to Russia.

In his present frame of mind, the Japanese is, without doubt, the "cockiest" individual on the face of this globe. He has not the smallest doubt that his good-nature alone is answerable for the immunity of mightier nations than China from Japan's chastisement. He realizes the individual superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, and hates him for it, for all he meets him with (to the Anglo-Saxon) distressing obsequiousness. But he has unbounded confidence in Japan's military prowess. It is an indication of his half-enlightenment, that the Japanese does not appreciate how feeble a defence poor China made, in her political corruption and lack of unity.

It is the dream of the Japanese to become a great nation, and to that end is the continual building up of the navy, the steady enlargement of the army. Apparently, in their minds, military demonstration is akin to greatness. And demonstration appears to be about all the occupation the Japanese army and navy seem likely to have, unless Russia should make a belligerent movement in Korea. Japan would undoubtedly fight to keep any power from attaching Korea—and no one wants it save Russia, who covets it for a winter port.

All this activity in Japan costs money, and the progressive party has not moved without difficulty. Indeed, the increased taxation, the neglect of the public services, the division of opinions, have brought about a very earnest political disturbance, and signs are not wanting that a ministerial change in Japan is imminent. The deficiency in next year's budget, before the government has fulfilled its promise "thoroughly to reform the administration and to adjust the finances," has created a serious division of parties. At present political life seems dominated by personal rancor and factional war, meantime to the neglect of national interests.

Besides these political differences, there are disturbing elements at work among the people, and none more annoying than the *Soshi*, a body of students, so called, but who in very fact are agitators after the most approved Western pattern. The *Soshi* are supposed to be sons of higher-class men than constitute the people, who in feudal times were the fighting forces, and who now in these times of peace and civilization find their employment gone. They go in bands throughout the country, harangue the people, and have been associated with the assassination of well-known political leaders. They are unprincipled, daring, and becoming decidedly menacing, as the following instance of their method of operation will show:

The government had advertised for bids to put in water-pipes at Hiroshima. When the name of the successful contractor had been made known, a band of the *Soshi* went to Hiroshima, and despite the police and the fact of its being garrisoned by soldiers, took possession of the town, levied 1000 yen tribute on the contractor, got it, and departed without molestation at that time or thereafter by the town police or the government.

To the Western mind it would appear that Japan can utilize to advantage some of the martial steam of her surplus troops in giving the *Soshi* their quietus.

The situation in Japan now provides, in fact, a rather troublesome problem for the progressionist party, and a



DRIVING PILES BY HUMAN POWER

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most interesting state of affairs to the Occidental on-looker. And it is summed up in few words. Japan has come to a point where her future depends on original and creative motive power, so to say. Up to now her energies have been directed in adopting the ways and means and methods of the Western world. She has put on our garments, taken our machinery, copied (in a way) our methods of doing business. She has taken ready made what we had to give, and borrowed our talent to teach her how to use it. Now it remains to be seen what she will do with it.

By her avowed policy she is about to plunge for herself. Her motto is Japan for the Japanese. As fast as natives master the handling of machinery the imported operators are sent home, all of which is commendable enough; but students of the situation are agreed in considering the action a bit premature. Japan is a long way behind any of the Western nations in civilization; civilization has, in fact, but made its way to the edge of Japan, and its meaning is appreciated as yet by only a small proportion of the Japanese. Thus far Japan has been a copyist. If she would stand alone she must acquire originality, ability to use to the best and to every advantage the lessons she has received; and this may not be done without a thorough understanding of fundamentals and ability to utilize them. She gives no evidence of having progressed so far.

Yokohama, *October 25, 1897.*

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* Harper's Weekly.

During Mr. Whitney's *absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

CALL FOR A HIGH STANDARD IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

BY WALTER CAMP.

For fifteen years a steady struggle has been waged against the professional element in our college athletics. There have been times when those who uncompromisingly insisted upon the preservation of a high standard were indeed few. The large majority were lukewarm, and while disapproving of the downright professional, were still unwilling to criticise too strongly minor defections. With the increasing interest in athletic sports came greater temptations. The advertising to be obtained by means of a temporary athletic triumph seemed worth paying for when the payment was light, and lay principally in a temporary blindness as to the make-up of the organization. But the penalty of such lack of moral stamina has usually been paid with interest.

No effort can be too great for alumni and undergraduates to make in the attempt to maintain athletic purity and careful selection of the men who are to represent the universities in athletic sports. A high standard entails not only freedom from professionalism, but also means placing the conduct of the sport in the hands of the best men, and the consequent continual elevation of the athletic organization.

It means that the public acquire a respect for the universities, and with that respect a desire to imitate so far as possible the methods so exploited. Therefore the result of a high standard at the universities is the maintenance throughout the country, in school, college, and athletic club, of a better average *morale*.

One of the greatest difficulties that have menaced our athletics in this country has been the lack of tradition, and the consequent impossibility of securing uniformity of action. Whenever it came to a matter of rules, there has been a tendency for each party to make its own, and this has especially been the case in college athletics, where the standards have been for the most part high, but where suspicion of one another has taken too prominent a place. The shifting of opinions has often brought about not only accusations of inconsistency, but temporary quarrels and separations.

Lack of something upon which to base uniformity of action led college boat-racing, after eight-oared boating in 1852, to flounder about for seventeen years through all kinds of boats and rigging—four-oared, six-oared, with coxswain, without coxswain, shells, barges, lapstreaks—before settling down to something satisfactory and stable. There is no need to go through such a period in settling upon an eligibility code.

Here is something that is intensely vital, and whether the college or university be a large one or small one, whether it be prominent or little known, it makes no matter; its code of eligibility should be a sound one, and however small the college or however large the university, it should join in the general attempt to make college athletics the athletics of gentlemen, pure and simple.

Even as far back as the fifties eligibility was a question sometimes raised, but it was not then so much a matter of the threat of a professional element as that of the representation of the university. One of the earliest of these questions was raised between Harvard and Yale in 1869. Since 1855 these two universities had in boating forbidden representation from the graduate schools. In that year, however, Harvard proposed sending a four-oared crew to England, and her captain, Mr. Loring, requested Mr. Copp, the Commodore of the Yale Navy, to suspend the rule for that year's race in order that two graduates, whom he expected to take for his English crew, might row in the race against Yale. This request was immediately granted.

Not until 1874 did the question arise again, and then Harvard, at a convention of twelve colleges of the Rowing Association, proposed that members of professional schools should be eligible. The motion was lost, 9 to 3.

In 1876, however, the rule was established that graduates studying at their own university for a second degree should be eligible.

But the question of professionalism as we now know it was hardly raised until the end of the seventies, when, at the formation of the Inter-collegiate Baseball Association, there was a difference of opinion over the eligibility of the battery of one of the universities because they had played on a professional nine.

This matter, while not pressed the first year, was attended to in the following season. The early history of college sports is thus comparatively free from these blemishes, but it must be remembered that the interest was not then nearly so keen, and hence the temptation, while not entirely absent, was by no means so great as it has been of late years.

For over two years in most of our colleges and universities there has been on all sides a sincere desire to effect reforms in athletic management, and the principal difficulty lay in lack of uniformity of action. To this was in some instances added the "holier-than-thou" element, which forbade a college taking any steps in rule-making that might lead people to suspect an abuse which in its particular case did not perhaps exist.

Soon after the first of the year Mr. Whitney and the writer, acting upon independent lines, took up an investigation of the eligibility rules governing athletics at the various colleges and universities. The study proved an interesting one, but one involving a considerable amount of labor. Feeling that the real interests would be better conserved by unanimity of action, it was determined to mass together the information gained by the two investigations, and collaborate upon a result.

It was found (and the few quotations appended from letters received show this) that there was a general willingness, and even eagerness, among those interested in athletics to follow up the best lines of action, that the need of well-determined rules of eligibility as a protection both to the college or university and to athletics was felt quite generally, and, finally, that conventions often failed of their real object simply from lack of some definite form of eligibility rule.

"As you will see, the faculty have kept in close touch with athletics here through their representatives on the Athletic Board, and the executive committee of the same. None but *bona fide* students of the university have ever been permitted on any of the teams, no students have been permitted to enter who came solely for athletic purposes, and the scholarship requirements for members of teams are held rigidly at precisely the same point as for other students. Things have been, therefore, such as not to require official faculty action on such subjects, and none has been taken. Such action, however, is now in contemplation, mainly for the reason that in the present state of feeling and agitation of such matters the country over it seems desirable that we should be on record on such matters, irrespective of whether there is any local necessity for such action or not. Such regulations of the large Eastern universities as the four-year rule, the one-year-residence rule, and others of the like have not so far been necessary, because no emergency has arisen requiring their enforcement."

"I think there is no written constitution or code governing athletic associations."

"College athletics has been in a somewhat chaotic state in this institution until quite recently, hence we are not in a position to give the information you desire. We have just organized a regular athletic association, and are now working on the constitution and rules. By-the-way, can you not send us a copy of the constitution of some of the associations?"

"We have no printed regulations governing athletic sports. The peculiar nature of —— brings it about that we have comparatively little athletic sport. However, comparing life at —— with that of various Northern institutions with which I am familiar, I should say that the condition of things at —— makes it of little value to you in any general study of the athletics of American institutions."

"The truth is that we have not been able to keep up the full athletic spirit in our college thus far. I am decidedly in sympathy with college athletics, including games, and I want to be in touch with your work. I believe you can do much to give athletics a higher standing among the American colleges. Any rules or suggestions you can send us will be fully appreciated."

"I wish to express my appreciation of your kindness in writing me so fully about the rules governing athletics at ——. We are working upon the problem of athletic reform in this State, and, I hope, may reach an agreement soon. The information you have given us, with similar information from other Eastern universities, will be of much service to us."

"You will notice that the proposed changes are not many nor radical. We are practically of one mind in this matter at the university, and shall continue the battle for clean athletics through the coming year."

"We are just now revising our rules and regulations on athletics."

"I should be very glad to have something authoritative from you on the subject which I could read to the Board. I think that all the athletic associations of the different colleges should take a common stand on this subject."

"Some regulations are tacitly agreed upon; *e. g.*, that no one shall play in a team who is not a member of the college; that there shall not be inter-collegiate games with institutions at which there are regulations forbidding such games; that the teams are expected to conduct themselves like gentlemen both at home and abroad, etc.

"But we have no hard and fast rules for these things at present."

"We have had no need to legislate against professionals yet, but feel it now to some slight extent. A strict definition will be doubtless applied this spring."

"The college presidents of the State held a meeting at Topeka in January, and brought up and passed a resolution in which they agreed to use their power toward the discontinuance of football as a college sport. In refusing to vote for this resolution our president said: 'Football has been a success in——, and our team has won honor throughout the State. We did not have a serious accident this season.'

"We have recently formed an association of schools and colleges, and I hope it will, among other things, be the means of eradicating professionalism from college sport."

"Have been trying to get a copy of the constitution of our athletic association to send you, as requested. For some reason I cannot get a copy of that constitution. The 'coach' who taught our boys this particular game was a gentlemanly, upright young man, and taught them to play a clean, straight game. He also had a good influence, I think, on all the athletics of the school."

"They have laid a restraining hand upon them, for fear they should go beyond the bounds of usefulness."

"We have no general rule in regard to eligibility, each association being governed by the rules of the inter-collegiate association to which it belongs. I am glad to be able to say, however, that there is a strong feeling here at —— against everything savoring of professionalism."

"There is a good deal of agitation now among all our colleges in reference to restraints upon athletics, and I think the result will be good."

"We have no printed contract with ——, or you would be quite welcome to it. Our competitions with —— are, as a rule, determined by the respective codes of the two universities, with concessions on each side where the rules happen to differ."

"We are at this very moment engaged in formulating rules for the regulation of athletics among us."

The above letters are from representative institutions of learning, East and West, North and South, and to any one reading the entire mass of correspondence there could come but one conclusion. That conclusion is that a sweeping majority are ready to adopt honest and thorough restrictions against anything that savors of professionalism. But when the representative has gone into the convention he has carried with him his own rules, has been fearful of hidden meanings in the rules of his rival, and has been unwilling to take a bold plunge on the real merits of the case, lest upon return to his constituents he be greeted with wrath.

The abuses that have crept into college athletics are many, but it does not make them any the less to avoid mentioning them, and to say "hush" when the subject is approached. The beginning of almost every one of the abuses has been small, almost insignificant. In fact, in some cases it has not seemed like an abuse at all. For instance, several years ago a young man came to one of our large universities. He was poor, extremely poor, but he wanted an education. There seemed to be nothing for him to do at first, but he finally secured a position as waiter in one of the eating-houses. At that time such a duty had sometimes been performed by young men and young women in the summer at hotels, but seldom where those whom they served were their acquaintances and schoolmates. This young man was in earnest, and he put his pride in his pocket and cheerfully went about his work. He took an interest in athletics, and although his spare time was little, he made the most of it, and became one of the noted athletes of the university. There seemed in all this nothing that could but raise the honesty and vigor of athletic sport. But there were astonishing *sequelæ*. The democratic spirit of the university was touched by the work of the young man, and after a few years others were not ashamed to do what was, from one point of view, a menial duty. There happens to be a custom of athletic associations at the various colleges that at training-table a man shall pay only what he has been paying regularly for his board elsewhere. By putting this and that together, then, a young man who waited on table, and by so doing secured his board, was paying nothing. Hence he ought not to pay anything at training-table. His athletic duties took up so much time that he could not perform the regular services of a waiter at the training-table, hence he came very near having his board for nothing. Probably the first one or two such cases worked for some time before they reached this position. But then would come others, whose days of service—say in the fall, entering in late September, and being football-players—would be extremely short. And so we might have a man's living practically paid by an athletic association, and all arising from two principles, both good in themselves.

Another feature of modern college life likely to lead to serious abuse is the keeping of stores or boarding-places by men who represent the universities in athletic organizations. It is by no means impossible that more than half the men who represent a college in the field might, through the medium of waiting on table, acting as steward, or keeping stores dependent upon college patronage for existence, be men drawing their entire living directly from what, in the real nature of our amateur spirit, ought to be forbidden channels.

But if we speak thus of the indirect and sometimes unusual tendencies toward professionalism, what shall we say of the direct, the actual payment of men to take part in amateur sports? There is no wrong in open, acknowledged professionalism, but there is a blackguardism in the professional disguised as an amateur that one cannot be too severe against. A college amateur must be free from this taint. And to begin at the very root of things, when he enters college, or when he first presents himself as a candidate for an athletic team, his matriculation should be investigated, and his previous record. The man or body of men at the university who are responsible should be assured of every new name that up to the time of entering the man was an amateur—that he has been in no way, directly or indirectly, induced by hope of pecuniary profit to enter, and that his matriculation is legal in every sense. Then thereafter he must be taken care of as a representative of the university, that is, he must attend the required number of hours, and such should be not less than ten or twelve a week, must be a candidate for a degree requiring such attendance, and must express the intention sincerely of remaining for the full course. Then rules must govern him as to his scholarship. He must keep up with his class, must not be upon probation—his relations with the faculty must be satisfactory in every sense, both as regards scholarship and deportment. Should he not be a regular student in the academic or scientific departments, he should have passed at least one full year in attendance and passed the annual examinations for advance with his class. When he has represented any college or university for four years he should give way to the younger men who have not had the years and glory. He should not be a paid instructor in any department of the university while representing that university or any other upon the athletic field. He should not be permitted to play upon any of the so-called summer nines or organizations where gate-money is charged. He should not be permitted to live at athletic-club tables, save at those of his own university.

These are but the outlines of the frame-work that ought to be the main feature of any college athletic constitution, and about it should be placed every safeguard. Whenever a new danger, however small, threatens, it ought to be strengthened, and it should be the aim of every man really interested in the welfare of our college athletics to be on the watch for any insidious tendencies likely to undermine the structure, rather than to look for loop-holes by means of which the real issue may possibly be avoided. In this way, and in this way only, lie the true vigor and virility of college sport. In this way it will be kept in its proper relation to the other parts of college life, and will be an aid and a pleasure to the many who may not enjoy the direct advantages of participation.

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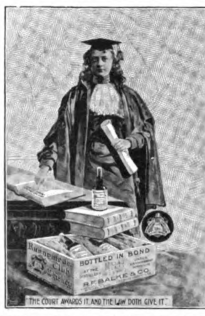
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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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IT is agreeable to note that all party machines are not prosperous this winter. The Republican machine of Maryland is in as much trouble as that of Ohio.

A YEAR may have taught Governor BLACK a little grammar, but not much else. His message shows that his mind is incapable of taking a statesmanlike view of public questions, his reasoning and his language being always that of a hot-tempered partisan. This is nowhere better illustrated than in that part of the message referring to civil service reform, in which he somewhat impudently calls his trick of last year the "best civil service law this State ever had."

FINALLY the DINGLEY act has produced a surplus. It was for the month of December, and amounted to $1,715,000. But lest the friends of that measure be unduly puffed up, they must bear in mind not only that there will be a deficiency this month, but that with the exception of the first December of its operation the WILSON act produced a surplus for every December during its brief life; and further, that it produced a surplus nine different times, and for each of the last four months of its existence a surplus of more than $29,000,000.

THERE is news from China and Europe that is of great importance, not only there but also in this country. In the first place, Great Britain has announced definitely that Russia and Germany, separately or together, are not to secure any privileges in China that are not also granted to the subjects of the Queen. England insists that the most-favored-nation clauses in her treaties with China shall be respected. As to her own demands, they are characteristically unlike those made by the others. All want trade, but England wants trade for all people, while the Tsar and the Kaiser want territory for themselves in addition to the control of trade for their subjects. If it be true that the Chinese loan, which Russia has not been able to secure, has been guaranteed by Great Britain, England is likely to have her way. Germany has obtained from China the grant or lease of a limited area at and about Kiao-chou Bay.

THE struggle between the Republican leaders in Ohio over the Senatorship has been disgraceful. The men who have been engaged in it on both sides are prominent among the blemishes of our government. No candidate has been named who is fit to be United States Senator. We have given our opinion of HANNA, and the leaders of the opposition to him, Senator FORAKER and Governor BUSHNELL, are no better than he. An incident that happened at the Capitol at Columbus last week illustrates the character of the campaign, and of the men engaged in it. A band of HANNA roughs, led by Congressman WEAVER, all of Springfield, Governor BUSHNELL'S home, headed by a band of music, went to Columbus, made their way to the Governor's private office, and there insulted him. All this in aid of HANNA. The Governor, in his speech, pitifully urged these ruffians, if they had no respect for him, "for God's sake, to have some for the office." One trouble is that such campaigns and such conduct have placed all Ohio politicians in the position of sadly needing the respect of the country.

WHEN the independent movement against PLATT was entered upon, immediately after the election, and in the bitterness of defeat, we took the liberty of doubting the capacity of the Republican party of New York State to rid itself of its boss. Our doubts were based on the history of similar efforts, and especially on the effort headed by Mr. CORNELIUS N. BLISS, who discovered, by actual investigation, that PLATT'S roll was fraudulent, and that no self-respecting man could associate with him even in good works. Mr. BLISS and his movement went to pieces, and Mr. BLISS himself accepted a cabinet office at PLATT'S hands, and helped PLATT play his game in aid of CROKER at the last municipal election. Therefore we submit that we had excellent reason to doubt, not the momentary genuineness of the antagonism to PLATT, but its lasting and effective quality. However, it has seemed as though the movement in New York city would amount to something, and that decent Republicans would have and maintain an organization of their own, leaving to PLATT his handful of heelers—not more than 20,000 or 25,000. This at least would make him less valuable to CROKER, and less injurious to the State. But the anti-PLATT movement has broken down in the State Legislature, and he has succeeded in electing his man O'GRADY Speaker of the Assembly. Two of PLATT'S alleged enemies—TIFFANY and DALY of Brooklyn—went over to him at the last moment—they always do—and saved the boss from a defeat that would have been a splendid triumph for good government. THOMAS F. DONNELLY, of Manhattan, was chosen as the Democratic leader. He is CROKER'S man. With PLATT in the chair, and CROKER the minority leader on the floor, PLATT will be able to sell to CROKER all the new legislation he needs to fortify his municipal autocracy.

WE have received the following letter from a person who describes himself as a departing subscriber:

VIENNA, N. Y., *Dec. 23, 1897.*

Harpers Weekly:

SIR—I am very glad my subscription to your paper is so soon to expire. Your missrepresentations and lying slanders about pension matters is such an outragious lot of lies is reason why every fair minded man whether democrat or republican should detest your infamous attact on the old soldiers. As for H. V. Boynton that cursed liar who you have refured to in your article on pensious you know as well as he does he lies about the vast amount of pension frauds. The CLEAVLAND administration had a chance to show up those frauds, and you know you vile cursed liar that it was an utter failer. Why do you put forward such lies you detestable scam. You should know as you probably do it is only the worst kind of abuse to the brave defeuders of this nation. I detest and abhore your lying paper and I will never subscribe for it again. THADDEUS WHEELOCK.

As this seemed to mean a very bad pension case, the record of this "brave defender of the nation" was looked up, and here it is:

He served sixty days in the New York State militia, from June 1, 1861, to August 2, 1861, guarding the railroad near Annapolis Junction, Maryland. Claimed to have been in hospital for twenty days, though there is no record of it, and the surgeon, when found, had neither record nor remembrance of the case or the man. Claimed to have contracted a bad cold and catarrh which permanently disabled him and led to deafness. Applied for pension in 1885, and since has had four attorneys, who, together, have called at the Pension Office seventeen times for a statement of his case. Not having been mustered into the United States service, and not having served ninety days, there is no law under which a pension could be granted, even if the proof he furnished had been straight—which it was not.

The number of the claim is, "Original, 558,380." Further comment would be superfluous.

TAMMANY came into power in the city of New York with a thoroughness which ought to gratify the "boys," and which, since CROKER'S rule has been determined on, does gratify every friend of good government. Nearly every office in the "gift" of the Mayor, and some offices in the "gift" of his subordinates, were filled in the course of New-Year's afternoon. The slate had been prepared by CROKER at Lakewood, and, with a few conspicuous exceptions, there is not a man on it who would be employed by an honest private citizen in a responsible position. Many of the new officials have been in the public employment before, and then distinguished themselves both by inefficiency and corruption. It is evident that nothing better is to be expected of them now, because they know nothing better, and in their adolescent contempt for whatever is decent and respectable they look upon devotion to the public interests as one of the Sunday or reform school virtues, which they recall with shame at the softness of heart they may have displayed in their childhood under momentary good influences. The government is to be Tammany through and through—Tammany governed absolutely by an emanation of the slums, born and bred among the criminal classes. The consolation is that the worse it is, the sooner will its cure come; for CROKER will learn some day that while men who ought to be in jail may govern democracies for a time, by reason of the indifference of the people, in the end American civilization is not to be dominated by criminals and the ignorant. It is a sign of the immediate future that the first declaration as to legislation upon which CROKER and PLATT are expected to agree is an amendment to the law of libel, so that the truth may not be printed or pictured concerning these twin disgraces of the American metropolis, nor concerning the devious ways of their followers. Another law upon which the two seem to have agreed is one for the removal of the present bench of police magistrates, and repealing the provision requiring police magistrates to be lawyers. Primarily, the bosses want to be rid of the excellent men who are now on the bench. Secondarily, they both believe that ignorant laymen are better for their purpose—the purpose being to re-establish the "pull" in all its strength—than lawyers can possibly be. What they want in a police magistrate is a corrupt heart untempered by an informed mind.

THE REPORT OF THE INDIANAPOLIS MONETARY COMMISSION.

THE report of the Indianapolis Monetary Commission recommends by far the best plan of currency reform which has thus far been presented to Congress. The existing metallic money of the country is to be retained. This means that the existing gold standard, which has been at the foundation of our monetary system since 1873, is to be saved to us. Gold is to be minted freely by the government, and silver is not to be minted. At the same time the existing silver dollars are to retain their legal-tender quality, and it is to continue to be the duty of the government to maintain the parity between the metals by exchanging gold for silver whenever such exchange is demanded. The stock of silver is not to be diminished, but its circulation, in the form of certificates, is to be forced by the retirement and prohibition of all other forms of paper of denominations under $10. Thus all our paper money in small notes of one, two, and five dollars would then be in the form of silver certificates. As there are in existence 552,000,000 of silver dollars under the commission's plan, there would be a sufficient quantity of money in circulation, provided the remainder of the plan be effective in supplying the country's needs, to gratify the extreme advocates of the quantitative theory of money.

The important features of the report are the recommendations that the government demand notes—the greenbacks and the Treasury notes—shall in time cease to be used as money, and that their place shall be taken by bank-notes based not upon a diminishing public debt, but upon the business requirements of the country, upon the assets of the banks, and upon a sufficient liability of shareholders. In this respect the plan of the commission is vastly superior to that which Secretary GAGE has felt himself forced to present by reason of the state of opinion on financial questions not only in Congress, but in the White House.

We cannot do better than to follow the strong and clear reasoning of the commission's report in favor of the retirement of the demand paper, premising, for the consolation of those whose constant objection to this suggestion has been the fear of resulting contraction of the currency, that only $50,000,000 of demand notes are to be retired at once, the remainder being payable out for gold; that in the first five years the government paper is to be withdrawn only so fast as the proposed bank currency expands, and that for the next five years these notes are to be paid at a rate not exceeding twenty per cent., and that only after ten years is the legal-tender quality of the notes to cease. The commission adopts Secretary GAGE'S plan for the establishment in the Treasury Department of a division of issue and redemption. The adoption of this is to be the first step in the final divorce of the government from the banking business. Moreover, it is an essential step under existing conditions, because with such a division the securities held by the government as a basis of our monetary system will be safe from the attack of exporters and hoarders of gold.

The commission points out that the original issue of greenback currency was a departure from the sound policy of the country, in pursuance of which "our fathers never made anything full legal-tender money except gold and silver," but "in the stress of civil war . . . . forms of debt due on demand were used as money, not as the result of deliberation, but of emergency conditions." The immediate effect of this first issue, at a time when the Treasury was without resources, was to disarrange prices, to stimulate speculation, and to make the medium of exchange unstable. The ill results of violent fluctuation and wild speculation were most severely felt by the small producer. As the commission says, "men of large wealth can take care of themselves, but men of small means should be protected from the evils arising from such uncertainty of the standard." The argument of the commission may be greatly strengthened by reference to business conditions that in 1893 followed the doubts then felt as to the character of our standard. The mere suspicion that the silver men in Congress would be able to debase that

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standard brought on the panic from which only now are we perhaps beginning to recover.

The maintenance of this paper currency, which, as the commission says, represented not property, but a debt, has been, and continues to be, very expensive. In order to sustain it a redemption fund must be maintained, and a redemption fund is costly. Since Congress has been appropriating for expenditures greatly in excess of the revenues of the government, the maintenance of the redemption fund has been a grievous burden. During Mr. CLEVELAND'S last administration it necessitated the borrowing of a vast sum of money, resulting in the increase of the public debt by $262,000,000. While the extravagance of Congress would have more than exhausted the surplus, and would have made necessary an increase of the debt, or practical bankruptcy, it was the existence of the greenback and the Treasury note that compelled the issue of the larger part of the new bonds. And at the same time it was the indifference of Congress to the exigencies of the money system — an indifference always to be reckoned with—that compelled the government to pay a high rate of interest for the money which it was forced to borrow. So that the demand notes, although drawing no interest themselves, are not really a non-interest-bearing debt. On the contrary, they constitute a most expensive form of debt, and, as the commission points out, the debt represented by the greenbacks could have been more easily borne by the country if it had long ago been refunded in bonds bearing a low rate of interest.

In view of all the ills that are incident to these demand notes, they should be withdrawn, and cease to exist as money. They are expensive; they represent a debt, and not property, so that value must be purchased by the government for their maintenance; but chiefly they are subject not only to the vagaries of the currency and economic opinions of Congress, but to the disastrous effects of the suspicions of Congressional soundness and knowledge which are so often and so naturally felt and manifested by those who control the money markets of the world. From these suspicions and their resultant fluctuations of the value of our currency the producer and the small capitalist suffer, while the banker and the capitalist make money.

The commission recommends that the place of the retired demand notes be supplied by bank-notes. It assumes the position, the soundness of which has been tested by experience, that a bank-note, unlike a greenback, is not a debt, but, fraud excluded, "is never issued except for a consideration in negotiable property of equal or greater value. The bank-note comes forth as a sequel of a business transaction, and is based on the active property of the country which is passing between producers and consumers. This property is always negotiable, and always equal to the duty of meeting the note liability. Bank-notes are as sound as the business transactions of the country." The argument in favor of substituting bank-notes based on business for greenbacks based on debt has been so often presented to the readers of the WEEKLY that we shall not repeat it. It is sufficient to say that the commission's plan contemplates a secure system, which will provide bank-notes that will not, like the government's demand notes, grow more difficult of obtaining as the necessity for them increases, but which shall automatically meet the needs and demands of the business of the country.

The provision for security is as follows:

> While providing for a partial use of bonds for securing notes (25 per cent. of the capital), the commission proposed that notes beyond this should be issued on all instead of a part of the resources of a bank, and after ten years that no special bond security should be required. Banks may issue notes up to 60 per cent. of their capital without restraint; for issues beyond 60 per cent. and up to 80 per cent. they pay a tax of 2 per cent.; for those beyond 80 per cent. and up to 100 per cent. they pay a tax of 6 per cent. These notes would be a prior lien upon all the resources of the bank, and, in addition, upon the stockholders' liability. Moreover, all banks issuing notes contribute 5 per cent. of their circulation as a permanent guarantee fund. For daily redemptions banks should keep a 5 per cent. redemption fund in the hands of the Comptroller of the Currency. Banks of $25,000 capital may be established in places of 4000 inhabitants, and branches of banks are also permitted.

Certainly this is most ample provision for circulation and for security when we consider that 80 per cent. of the bank capital of the country in 1893 would have then provided $550,000,000 in bank-notes, instead of $226,000,000, the aggregate of bank paper which had been issued by 1896 in response to the demands of the country, the circulation in 1895 having been only $175,000,000. Moreover, the total assets of the banks would provide security for such a circulation to the amount of more than 7 of assets to 1 of notes.

If Congress will settle the money question on the basis of this report, all our business troubles will be over, so far as they are the result of an unsound monetary system—a system always subject not only to the whims and fancies of the majority in Congress, but to the fear of business men that mere whims and fancies will some time have their will in currency legislation.

PATRONAGE AND MONEY.

THE Washington correspondent of one of our daily newspapers recently told the following significant story: "Representative DOVENER, Republican, from West Virginia, asserted in an interview that when you stripped Congressmen of their home patronage you made it impossible for a poor man to come to Congress. The power to give offices to his workers gave him his only strength as against the rich man with his money." Mr. DOVENER does not stand alone with this view. It may be remembered that about a year ago one of the pillars of the Republican machine in New York, Mr. ABRAHAM GRUBER, when setting out to save the Republic by abolishing the civil service laws, advanced substantially the same theory in support of the spoils system. And several other political philosophers of the same stripe are seeking, by similar reasoning, to present the practice of using public offices as reward for party service in the light of a necessary evil—if an evil at all—to guard against the growth of the more dangerous power of money in politics. It cannot be denied that this idea has a sort of superficial plausibility. But it is contradicted by plain facts.

That the power of money in politics has during the last quarter of a century, in fact since the close of the civil war, increased in an alarming degree is undoubtedly true. But is it not also true that it had so increased while the spoils system was in full operation? For it will be admitted that until recently the extension of the civil service rules has interfered very little with what Mr. DOVENER calls the "home patronage" of members of Congress. It is clear, therefore, that the spoils system has not had the practical effect of preventing wealth from acquiring that influence in our political life which it now actually wields. Besides, will not the rich man, when he enters upon a contest with a poor competitor for a seat in Congress, have just the same opportunities for using the "home patronage," either by way of promise or of performance, for his advantage that his poor rival has? And will he not use those opportunities just as much as the poor opponent does? Nay, will he not be able to use them even with greater effect than his poor rival can use them, for the simple reason that the prestige of wealth is likely to give him greater influence with those in power, and that the "workers" who are induced by the patronage to "hustle," and who therefore may be presumed to be of a somewhat mercenary disposition, will most readily turn to the candidate who has most to offer? It thus becomes evident, after a fair analysis of circumstances, that the spoils system which preserves the "home patronage" of Congressmen as a political agency does not only not put in the hands of the poor candidate a power equivalent in political effect to the money of the rich competitor, but does actually add to the money power of the rich man the opportunity for handling the patronage to his own advantage with greater efficacy. If it were true that the poor candidate without home patronage had but a small chance against a rich competitor, then he would have hardly any chance at all if the rich competitor had the power of money and of patronage combined on his side.

But does it not occur to Mr. DOVENER and his fellow-philosophers that his whole reasoning is based upon the assumption that our Congressional elections must be decided by one sort of corruption or another, and that the question is merely which sort of corruption gives the best chance to the poor candidate? The use of the "home patronage" means simply that the candidate wins the active support of certain politicians or "workers" by promising them or by procuring for them certain public positions, or, to speak more precisely, certain salaries to be paid by the government out of the public funds drawn from the pockets of the people, without distinction of party, by means of taxation. In other words, the candidate seeks to win his election not solely by persuading the voters that his principles of public policy are correct and that he deserves their confidence, but by promising or procuring to a number of persons certain things of value. This, looked at in its true light, is somewhat in the nature of bribery, and it is so treated in various "corrupt-practices acts." In this case the character of the practice is aggravated by the fact that the salaries are not paid out of his own means by the person benefited by the transaction, but out of the pockets of the people at large, of the opponents of the candidate concerned as well as of his party friends. Nor can it be said that the people receive an equivalent for the salaries so paid, in the shape of efficient public service, for it is a notorious fact that under the patronage system many expensive salaried positions are maintained for which there is no need, and that political "workers" put into office by way of reward are, on the average, not as efficient and devoted public servants as those selected solely by reason of their fitness for the duties to be performed. It can therefore truly be said that the public patronage is used in the interest of candidates for election at the expense of the people, including those citizens who are politically opposed to the beneficiaries. Judging it from this point of view, the use of the patronage is less defensible even than the use of money, inasmuch as the candidate who buys votes or other political support with cash takes that cash at least out of his own pocket, or out of the pockets of friends who voluntarily contribute it.

This, indeed, is not the current popular view of the matter. The people have become so accustomed to seeing the patronage of the government used for electioneering or other partisan purposes that the essentially immoral character of the practice is but little thought of. But this blunting of the popular conscience is one of the worst effects that the prevalence of the spoils system has produced. How far this demoralizing confusion of ideas has gone is strikingly illustrated by the matter-of-fact coolness with which practical politicians, as in this instance, take it for granted that a contest for a seat in Congress is largely a struggle between two different kinds of corruption, and consider only which of those different kinds of corruption will give this or that class of candidates the best chance — as if the only honest and legitimate way of carrying an election was entirely out of the question. Indeed, it looks as if they had entirely forgotten, or wished the people to forget, that contests for seats in Congress, or for other high public offices, should be contests between different principles, policies, and opinions, in which men should be pitted against each other as candidates who on one side and the other are most capable of commending those principles, policies, and opinions to popular approval, or who, in point of ability and character, can be most implicitly trusted to give them effect, if successful in the election. That political contests in this country have so largely ceased to answer this description is owing to the development of the mercenary spirit in our politics, and no man conversant with our political history will deny that the development of that mercenary spirit is attributable to the use of the patronage in securing or rewarding partisan or personal service more than to anything else. The use of the patronage has incessantly stimulated the mercenary element, and organized it, and made it a power which in many places has become the ruling one. Political bribery with offices preceded political bribery with money; in fact, the one paved the way for the other. The man whose influence in politics rests upon the use of money will, therefore, always be found to be in favor of the spoils system, which permits the use of patronage; for the mercenary forces kept active by that system are the most efficient tools in his hands. The abolition of the spoils system, the discontinuance of the use of the patronage as a political agency, and the consequent disorganization of the mercenary element, would deprive the money politician of his most active and potent support.

Mr. DOVENER is right in thinking that the abolition of the patronage would greatly diminish the chances of that candidate for Congress who is poor not only in money, but also in ability and character. The politician whose principal capacity consists in a clever distribution of post-offices and revenue places and in a shrewd management of his home machine will, indeed, find his glory gone. And nothing better could happen to our political life than the complete extinction of that glory. But the candidate who, although poor in money, is rich in ability and high moral attributes, will have an infinitely more promising field before him. When pitted against a rich man whose main reliance is his wealth, he will find the power of money in politics, without that organization of the mercenary element which only the spoils system can keep up, a far weaker adversary than it ever was with that auxiliary at its back. And he will find his appeals to the people against that corrupting power far more commanding if he himself appear before the public as a man free from all entanglements of a questionable nature, and relying entirely on his own mental and moral qualifications as a statesman.

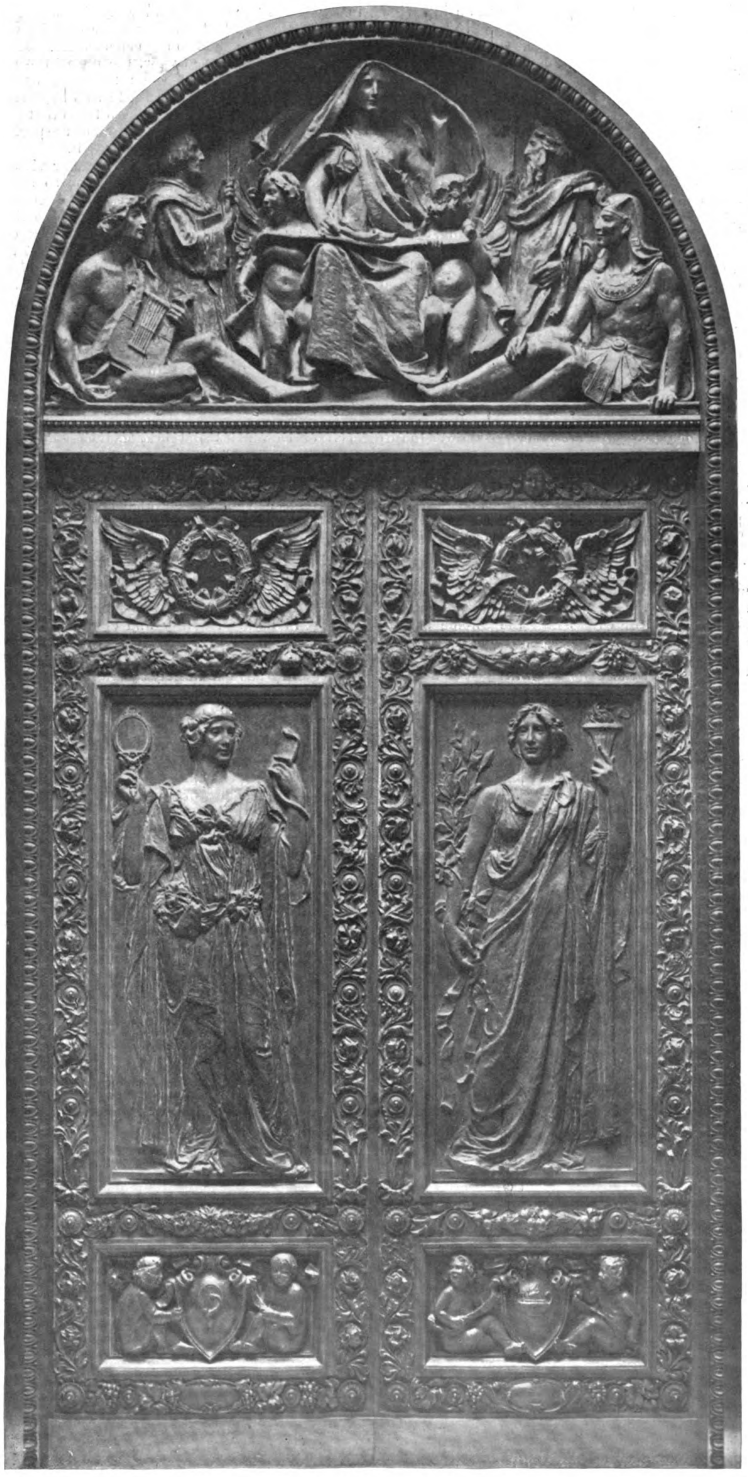
CARL SCHURZ.

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ART.

THE APPLIED ARTS.—HERBERT ADAMS'S BRONZE DOOR.—MISS CECILIA BEAUX'S PORTRAITS.

ALL sorts of breezes, more or less fitful, ruffle the surface of art, but the current is once more setting with increasing steadiness and strength towards the point where art becomes the handmaid that ministers to the practical needs of men. Painters and sculptors are working with the architects, not only in beautifying buildings, but in giving an artistic perfection to the furnishings and utensils. Stained glass, mosaic, wall-papers and fabrics, furniture, posters, book and magazine illustrations, are only some of the numerous avenues of activity which the movement opens up to the artist. It is quite within recent years that it has reached our shores, but, now that it is come, its continuance and its spread are assured, for it appeals exactly to the democratic conditions of the national life. It brings the masses in touch with art, and in the way most likely to influence them—by daily contact. Museums do much to refine and cultivate the thousands who visit them, but their usefulness would be small compared with a diffusion of art amongst all the things of every-day life. That is the goal to which the movement in favor of the "applied arts" is directed, and undeniably none could be nobler. No doubt it is a long way off, but that is no reason for despairing of the possibility of reaching it. Nor is the material character of American life a bar to it. The Athenians of Pericles's time, the Italians of the Renaissance, and the Netherlanders were material enough, and fully as bent on matters merely mercenary, and yet they surrounded themselves with the evidences, in small things as well as big, of taste and refinement. There is no incompatibility between materialism and art, especially when at the back of both is a strong pride in citizenship. A large share of the credit for what has already been accomplished is due to the architects. On them devolves the execution of the biggest evidences of improved taste, and they have it in their power to combine with their own work that of the painters and sculptors. Because it is a government building, the new Library of Congress is one of the most encouraging object-lessons, and the attention which has been turned upon it is quite intelligible.



"MANUSCRIPT."
Bronze Door designed by Herbert Adams for Main Entrance of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Almost the final touch will be put to it in a few weeks' time by the erection of Herbert Adams's bronze door, of which an illustration appears herewith. It will be remembered that the main approach upon the west front is by three arched doorways. In the centre is already placed the door executed by Frederick Macmonnies, and to the left of it the one designed by the late Olin L. Warner. The latter had also received the commission for the third one, and left two unfinished sketches for the figures on the chief panels. These were handed to Mr. Adams, to whom the work was assigned. With characteristic fidelity he has tried to preserve the intention of the deceased sculptor so far as the posing of the figures is concerned, but has inevitably impressed upon them and the whole door his own personality. The subjects represented in the three are respectively Oral Tradition, Printing, and Manuscript. To symbolize the last Mr. Adams places a female figure in the centre of the tympanum, or curved space, with two little winged boys at her knees. At her side are figures representing the four peoples whose writings have contributed most to civilization. Kneeling in the background are the Jew and the Christian; reclining in front, the Egyptian and Greek. Owing to the deep recess of the masonry, this part will be chiefly lighted by reflection from the pavement, and the tendency will be for the shadows to come above instead of below the figures. The sculptor has done all he could to obviate this by excessive rounding of certain portions and by leaving his background perfectly plain, so that the figures may obtain all possible value. It is very interesting to note how he has secured decorative variety. The key-stone of the composition is the strong, almost severe sitting figure in the centre, with drapery over her head, which by its shadow gives emphasis to the face. This important mass is firmly established against the smooth background, which is relieved by the slight elevation of the simple statuesque forms of Jew and Christian. Woven across these is the graceful intricacy of the nude limbs of the boys and end figures, which give vivacity and elegance. In the illustration some may feel that the tympanum is too emphatic for the rest of the door. But Mr. Warner and Mr. Macmonnies have treated their corresponding spaces with equal excess of force, and the reason is clear. All three have anticipated the deficiency of light, and, moreover, by compelling attention to this upper part have increased the apparent height and dignity of the whole design. All, though working independently, have modelled the single figures on the panels in comparatively low relief, and, for the reasons stated, their justification seems complete.

The right-hand figure in Mr. Adams's design is Research, with the olive branch of peace and the torch of enlightenment, and the other is Truth, who holds, besides the mirror, the serpent, symbolizing wisdom. In the types he has chosen and the arrangement of the drapery Mr. Adams's peculiarly sensitive touch is plainly visible. His work has the quality of one of Shakespeare's songs, artistically complete, but eloquent by suggestiveness rather than actual expression. It is always thoughtful, yet not too deep; sweet, but never trivial. His sentiment hovers between the intellectual and the emotional, and eludes any attempt to catch and fix it.

Just the same feeling is expressed in the decorative treatment of his borders. The stiles and rails are ornamented with a flowing design based upon orchids, roses, morning-glories, and fruit. Every bit of it has been composed with as much fertility of imagination and loving care as he expended upon the figures. Although the repetition of some well-known motive would have been perfectly legitimate, he has so much reverence for the small things as well as the big things of his art that he has created a new one, and added to the *ensemble* a richness and interest that cannot be too warmly acknowledged. In the actual treatment, also, he has shown that he possesses the true instinct of the decorator. His leaves and stems and blossoms have all the manifold varieties and surprises that nature displays, and yet their luxuriance is subdued to the conventional regularity that is so essential to good decoration. While John Williams, the founder, is entitled to congratulation for the general excellence of the casting, special praise is certainly due to the manner in which these borders have been executed. Each leaf of the door weighs nearly a ton, and to ensure stability it was decided to cast it in one piece. But this made it impossible to secure the "undercutting" of the borders. When they issued from the mould they were as flat as the ornaments upon a stove. The crispness and fleshiness of the foliage and flowers and the generous depth of shade were subsequently obtained by graving. It was a long operation, needing the utmost patience, but sculptor and artisan worked together, and the spirit of the original model has been reproduced with most delightful truthfulness. The prolonged contact of the workman's hands with the bronze mellowed the harsh glitter of the metal, producing a charming patina, into harmony with which, by the use of chemicals, Mr. Adams has brought the rest of the door.

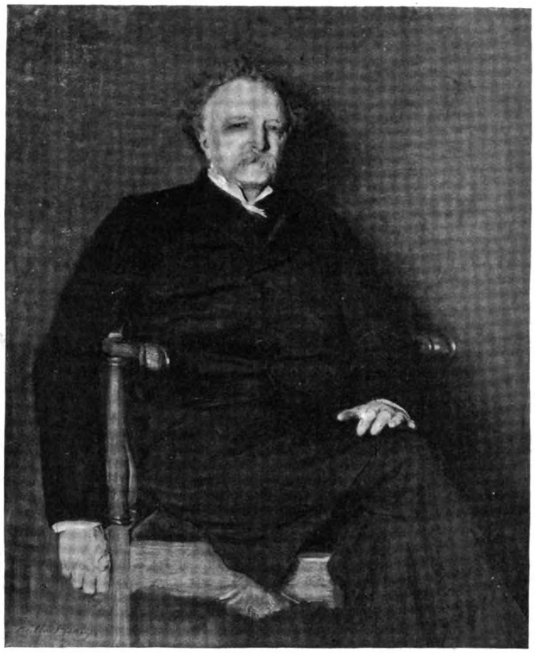
This union of the artist and artisan is by no means the least interesting feature of this door. It marks the way in which art can best be applied to the crafts. It is not by one man in his studio making a design and another in his shop executing it that improvement is to be obtained, but by the two getting together and learning from each other. In Boston this is being practically tested, for the Arts and Crafts Society has taken a room where artists and artisans can meet and confer. The experiment will be watched with interest.

After some of the recent portrait displays in this city the exhibition at the American Art Gallery of about thirty examples of Miss Cecilia Beaux's work was a welcome relief. This lady's intention is not to exploit her techni-

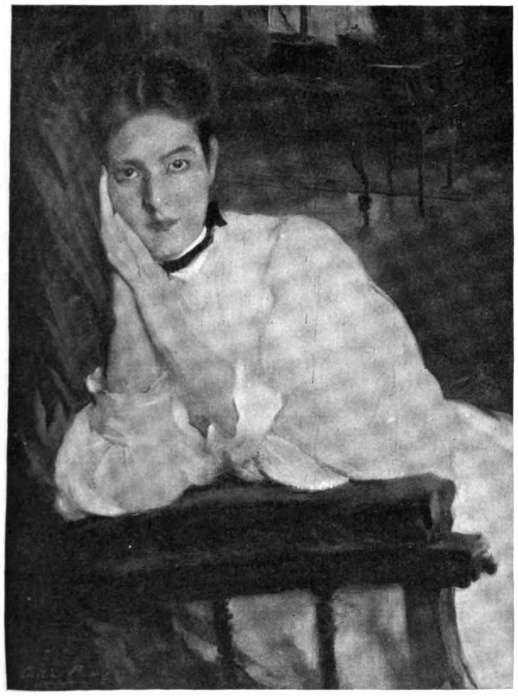
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ERNESTA.



DR. GRIER.



THE DREAMER.



CYNTHIA.
Owned by Rosina Emmet Sherwood.

PORTRAITS BY CECILIA BEAUX.—By Courtesy of the American Art Association.

cal skill; to use the sitter as a model; to seize some characteristic and exaggerate it with a boldness and recklessness that will compel an exclamation of approval from the thoughtless. She has technical skill of a very high order, a strong and persuasive method, but she subordinates both to the purpose of representing as truthfully and reverently as possible the personality of the subject. One can believe that she makes her sitters at once aware of the singleness and sincerity of her motive, for they seem so much at their ease, displaying so unaffectedly what we feel must be their happiest side. Every one of these portraits has thus a personal charm quite apart from any facial characteristics. They are most agreeably human. To a certain extent they are lacking in distinctness of character. Our knowledge of them, except in a few cases, does not go deeper than a pleasant acquaintanceship. The picture is a gracious summing up of the general characteristics, and it is only here and there that one reflects some of the underlying qualities of the sitter. One of these is "The Dreamer," reproduced above, a face full of beautiful possibilities and the sweet earnest wonder of girlhood that has reached the point "where the brook and river meet." The position of the arms seems a little hard and overstudied, but the sweep of the body, and, above all, the fascination of the face, win us to complete contentment. The frankness and kindliness of Miss Beaux's method are shown, perhaps, most charmingly in her portraits of children. No picture could better express the winsome simplicity of childhood than the sketch of "Cynthia," also reproduced. Notwithstanding its intelligence, it is still a baby face, with fresh unconscious innocence. The way in which the nurse is cut in half below the waist in the picture of "Ernesta" is a very questionable experiment. It is only fair to say that the reproduction accentuates the bizarreness of the effect, because it does not reveal the firmness with which the baby is painted. By this means the painter has distracted attention from the nurse and fastened it fairly on the child. Still, the picture savors of a *tour de force*, undertaken to prove that it can be accomplished—a motive which is out of harmony with the lovable simplicity of the little central figure.

It is often remarked that Miss Beaux is not so happy in her rendering of men as of women and children. Very likely this is due to her tendency to sum up all the charming traits and characteristics which readily meet the eye, and these are just the points in which the average man is deficient. Her portrait of Dr. Grier was the best of the male subjects, perhaps, just because he has a picturesquely striking face. But it is difficult to feel that the picture would help us to do more than recognize the gentleman. We are at a loss when we try to know him, because the character is obscured by the picturesque treatment. The very excellence of Miss Beaux's work, and the evident power and purpose displayed in it, encourage one to feel confident that she will in time cultivate more penetration.

Charles H. Caffin.

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MUSIC.

We have managed remarkably well and interestingly thus far in the months since October without an opera season. But there is no need of making too much of a virtue that is necessity. Part of the serenity with which we have abstained from what we could not get has been gained from the fact that we were warned of our predicament as long ago as last spring. We made long faces when Mr. Grau's complicated reasons for letting us severely alone till next winter became obvious. All summer was not too long to let the fact sink into our minds that there would be no official undertaking at the Metropolitan. Another excellent reason for our tranquillity was in expecting Mr. Damrosch, the second Richmond in the field, to take full advantage of the situation, and, in his good time, to give us at least a few weeks of what is the most ambitious and attractive operatic scheme he has yet made successful. Mr. Damrosch has undertaken it with a partner, Mr. Ellis, wooed from Boston and the cold chaste joys of looking after the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Next week, accordingly, will bring the Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis and their array of men singers and of women singers to New York. Already there has been a long test of the abilities of the company in Philadelphia. The season here in a fair sense will be "official" to our Opera-House, after all. For it is understood that a subsidy from the directors backs the five weeks for which the Metropolitan is leased. The company is a large one. It is on its face a strong one. On aspects of its prospectus it can compare well artistically with the troupes that have been controlled by Mr. Grau at the same house. Numbers are not everything in an opera company. In fact we have seen that numbers may mean superfluity, and —by paradox—shortcomings as to trustworthy singers with large repertories. The Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis have not Madame Emma Eames nor Madame Calvé. But they have Mesdames Melba and Nordica and Madame Gadski—all three of them sopranos, beyond dispute, of the first rank. We are not to hear Mr. Jean de Reszké. But we can spare Jean-Thaddeus, of Warsaw, for once. If Mr. Kraus really can and will sing this year in New York as well as we are assured that he can sing elsewhere, he is welcome. Mr. Salignac is a notably valuable French tenor, both in lyric and dramatic rôles—one whose abilities, by-the-bye, were rather ungenerously clouded under the conditions that brought him first to us last year. Mr. Rothmühl returns to New York again, and is a German "heroic" tenor of strong individuality in his best rôles. Mr. Bispham and Mr. Campanari and Mr. Stehmann need no new commendations. Miss Seygard is a young artist distinctly of authority and versatility in useful measure. Certain old friends, some of them recruited from under the very nose of Mr. Grau, are Mesdames Van Cauteren and Mattfeld, and Messrs. Vanni, Viviani, Staudigl, and Fischer, the last our first *Hans Sachs* in Wagner's "The Mastersingers." Really only the invaluable, indestructible, and always welcome little Miss Bauermeister seems to be wanting from this capable rear-guard. A valuable extra conductor is offered in Mr. Bimboni—a born leader.

As to the distinctively newer singers that Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis control for our encouragement this season, it is a generally accepted local opinion that music-reviewers of our haughty town run criminal risks in thinking two thoughts over praise or blame that may come from critics elsewhere. It is this fine sensibility that has made New York Greater. Hence we may as well wait to hear quite in our own house Miss Toronta, Madame Barna, and Madame Brazzi, along with Mr. Ibos and Mr. Boudouresque, before qualifying their artistic standing in any way. There are, too, peculiar conditions that affect more or less acutely the voices and the art of almost every singer, male or female, that sings in the Metropolitan. Our Opera-House is a curious problem, and in many traits it is a bad problem. Of Madame Barna it may be said that she is a lyrico-dramatic soprano, young, a Californian, foreign-trained, and rather identified with Italy's operatic cities. Madame Staudigl is known to many American opera-goers as both a lyric and dramatic singer in several German localities, including Baireuth, and was of the stock company in Berlin's reformed opera. She is a wide-voiced artist, equal to both soprano and contralto responsibilities. Madame Brazzi is an American contralto, for several years touring and under season-contracts in Europe. Miss Toronta is a Canadian, and a protégée of Madame Melba. Mr. Ibos is a French tenor, a Toulousain by birth, and only on the stage since 1885, when he graduated from the Conservatory at Paris. He already has been busy professionally in Paris, Brussels, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Milan, and a long list of larger Continental cities, and is a favorite of Massenet. Mr. Boudouresque (whose name somehow sounds as if it ought to be either "boudoiresque" or "picturesque," or possibly "Prince Boudroulboudour") is a French barytone, the son of the eminent bass formerly of the Paris Opéra; a professional to the same since 1889. He will be *Mephistopheles* and *Marcel* and so on in the company's French representations. A distinctly American aspect of the troupe is increased by the presence of such useful members as Mr. Van Hoose, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Rains, and others.

It was in full wisdom that Mr. Damrosch's present operatic policy was enlarged not only past a stale and merely Wagnerian scheme of performances, but advanced on German opera and on opera of any kind sung merely in German. The necessity for giving our public a broader repertory and for keeping clear of reliance on Wagner for a whole season has been obvious. We have learned our great lyric and dramatic lesson thoroughly. Our public have concluded that there are other teachers—in fact, that before Wagner there were great opera-writers, and that after him there have been others. As it happens—or does not exactly happen—the repertory for Mr. Damrosch's coming season is not a striking one. It is made out quite on the lines of Mr. Grau's conventional list. Everything in it that is likely to be given we have heard, and heard and heard again. The assortment of operas promised has not, however, a Wagnerian ponderosity. We are not unrelieved of the killing turgid monotony of dark music-dramas, which seem only the heavier entertainment as our sense of their unmusical contents grows riper—these are in a tolerably subdued proportion. "La Traviata" and "Aïda" in Italian will balance "Tristan und Isolde" and "The Dusk of the Gods" in their architectural German. "Carmen" and "Faust" will support French musicianship and singing in French. Mr. Damrosch even intimates that American opera and opera in English will be included by way of "The Scarlet Letter." But we must hope that his sense of variety and his courage as a composer will not go so far.

This repertory question is a curious one in this country. We get tired of hearing the same works, even admitting their rich contents. It is puerile and fallacious for an impresario to say that "there are no new operas" for which it is "worth while" to secure the right of performance and to introduce in this city and elsewhere. Mr. Grau has said that there are not many masterpieces, to be sure. There are not many master-workers in music of any kind at present—worse luck! But there are dignified, interesting, nervous, successful operas abroad, sufficient to vary the dull course of our seasons, especially if the company singing be made up for giving operas of various schools in several languages. Of course judgment must be used. There is risk with the new in music, as in letters. But to say that because no opera new to Germany, to France, to Italy, to Austria, is "worth while," merely because it is not composed by genius on a plane with that of Wagner, of Gounod, of Verdi, nor in assured vogue—what nonsense! The operatic manager in America cannot afford too many experiments? He will find out presently that he must afford some.

Of course the tread-mill repertory in our operatic seasons of late is a matter not only of the manager's distrust of what operas may be new; of his distrust of even the new ones most advertised in Europe; of his aggrieved sense of what is often really the ignorance of the American public toward a new development in music and a work of real individuality. But there are other reasons. The star system limits the repertory; for the star must sing so many times, and wishes the least trouble in adjusting the matter. He or she must be a star of heaven nowadays if warm to the idea of learning new rôles. The star will draw the public sufficiently in the old ones. But in a large stock opera troupe, such as the one presently to be before us, many of the important singers have a vastly larger repertory than their American contract demands. They have had to keep that repertory in practice; at home, they must assume the virtue of versatility even if not naturally possessing it. Often it is admirably assumed. There are several German stages in especial which are always fine training-schools in a wide and classic repertory —not to speak of their putting singers fairly speedily in touch with new operas of many other than German origin.

And the use of the forbidding word "classic" in connection with a repertory at once is a reminder of the fact that if a manager does not wish to pay royalties and expend money on novelties for his season, he can refresh us wonderfully by including works neglected here winter by winter. We are told, often, that it is amazing what a list of operas of importance New York has heard. Yes; and amazing what standard operas it never hears! The tale of present omission as to Mozart, Weber, Marschner, Goldmark, Spohr, Méhul Cherubini, Berlioz, Halévy, Smetana, and others is a curious reckoning. Even the fact that our opera-house is ill-contrived for other than the operas of large form—even the admission that much academic writing is not too eloquent to the taste of this century's end—do not alter the aspects of the neglect. No, it need not mean bankruptcy to the judicious manager to enlarge a bit what has become known in musical agencies abroad as "the regular American repertory." As for the charm and even dignity of Continental ballets-of-action, we have never had one, out of a long and brilliant series, more than half-decently attempted.

During the last few years have been heard abroad a dozen new operas that—out of a vast catalogue of unsuccessful ones, or merely local in favor—have in a majority of cases fallen into repertory. We need recall only Kienzl's "The Evangelist," Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth," Vincent d'Indy's "Fervaal," Chabrier's "Gwendoline," Hummel's "Mara," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and "La Vie Bohème," Enna's "The Witch," Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," Mozkovsky's "Boabdil." Franck's "Ghiselle," von Chelieus's "Hasheesh," and the new operas on neo-classic lines by Bungert—of which the last is "The Return of Ulysses." Apparently none of these are safe risks in the estimation of Mr. Damrosch. And when you come to think of it, there might still be money made with "The Bohemian Girl" in Italian; and with what is often called "Ill Trovatory."

The Society of the Musical Arts made us debtor for the most interesting musical incident of the series of entertainments thus far by producing for the first time in this country Mascagni's "Zanetto" last Tuesday evening. The announcement of it drew an audience perceptibly more musical, and even more attentive, than any one yet obvious at the series, in which such a production was merely an incident. "Zanetto" is yet a relatively new score in Europe—at least it is but two years old, not in general hearing, and probably will not be so. The libretto follows carefully the well-known and exquisite little one act, one scene, one situation of Coppée's drama. The original French contents are slight dramatically; in fact, Coppée is more the poet than the dramatist here, as in other matters by him. There is no more play-acting to be followed than comes with the meeting between *Sylvia* the courtesan and *Zanetto* the innocent country lad, whom the generous-minded woman refuses to receive into her dissolute household, lest he be a castaway—like others in it.

The work will surprise many—and agreeably. Mascagni has caught the poetry, the subdued tragedy, of Coppée's verse admirably. His score is entirely in the new Italian style. Essentially it is a music-drama. Only two singers are needed. They never sing even a phrase together. The dialogue is individualized as in the speaking-drama. There is not one duet. No chorus is called in. There is hardly an aim at a prelude. The abruptness of beginning and ending is in keeping with the economy of time and musical setting Mascagni has observed first and last. The conversation between *Sylvia* and *Zanetto* moves swiftly back and forth, episode by episode, with varying musical intensity, until the last syllable and note, with usual operatic forms wholly absent save a bit of a *ballata*, twice heard. Mascagni out-Wagners Wagner in his æsthetic conscientiousness.

The music of "Zanetto" is distinctly interesting. It is singularly beautiful throughout, and occasionally distinctly eloquent, by virtue of its orchestral diction especially. This last is more refined than anything that we have yet had from the composer. It only occasionally suggests the melodramatic red and yellow instrumental handiwork of "Cavalleria Rusticana." It is French in its artifice. It not infrequently reminds one of Massenet more than of the young Italian who has written it. There is an absence of strong rhythms; there is a certain metrical monotony in the course of the score that comes essentially from Mascagni's aim at being both colloquial and poetical —just as are Coppée's personages and lines. But the music has curious charm. Its artistry is evident. It is a technical advance, and a gain on "Cavalleria" in its musical values. It reaches a fine musical climax more than once, especially when its chief theme is made recurrent under dramatic stress. "Zanetto" was exceedingly well sung by Miss Alice Verlet (*Sylvia*) and by Madame Chalia (*Zanetto*), the latter an actress of temperament. The reception of the little work was cordial. It can be heard more than once with interest, and is of more dignity and grace than many will have anticipated from the impulsive and often commonplace Mascagni. As an illustration of the lengths to which the newer Italian composers are carrying Wagnerian theories it is thoroughly significant.

The holiday fortnight—to include the days preceding and following Christmas and New-Year's day—is apt to be musically dull. This recurrence was not otherwise. "The Messiah" was duly sung twice. There was another fine concert in the subscription series under Mr. Seidl at the Astoria Hotel, with Madame Blauvelt and Mr. Evan Williams as soloists. (Apropos, the management have made a serious error in taking up the carpet in the ball-room where these concerts are given. The orchestra sounds suddenly noisy and dispersed. The carpet should go down again before another concert comes.) Mr. Guilmant has played the organ several times. At Chickering Hall another orchestral matinée was given. Last week brought the third set of Philharmonics, and with them the return of Henri Marteau, the violinist. The Castle Square Opera Company have been giving three weeks of popular operas at popular prices and by no means inartistically—embodying in the experiment a most interesting question of support to cheap but good opera. The season is now at its height with us.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

"THE RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE."

We walk in a world where no man reads
The riddle of things that are,—
From a tiny fern in the valley's heart
To the light of the largest star,—
Yet we know that the pressure of Life is hard
And the silence of Death is deep,
As we fall and rise on the tangled way
That leads to the gate of Sleep.

We know that the problems of Sin and Pain,
And the passions that lead to crime,
Are the mysteries locked from age to age
In the awful vault of Time;—
Yet we lift our weary feet and strive
Through the mire and mist to grope
And find a ledge on the mount of Faith
In the morning land of Hope.

William Hamilton Hayne.

AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK IN MADURA, INDIA.

In the land of India, where many fatal diseases flourish, and which is the nursery of epidemics and the home of cholera, it is not unnatural that missionaries should have been led to establish hospitals and dispensaries for the relief of the sick and suffering living about them. The American Board planted a mission in Madura, South India, in 1835, and from the beginning this mission has devoted much attention to the work of medical relief. Among the doctors who have gone out to Madura as medical missionaries stand the honored names of Steele, Lord, and Palmer—the last a brother of Senator Palmer of Illinois.

At Dindigul also, a station of the Madura mission, the veteran medical missionary Dr. Chester has for more than thirty-five years successfully devoted his time to this department of missionary work. The medical work carried on by this mission has done much to win the way of the mission into the favor of the native people who inhabit the Madura district.

Dr. Van Allen was sent to India by the American Board of Missions in 1888, and put in charge of this work in Madura. He found that larger accommodation was necessary to house the patients who resorted to the mission hospital for treatment. The construction of a larger and more suitable building was determined upon, and in 1895 the foundations were begun. The building has recently been completed, and a photographic view of it is shown on page 65. The foundations are made entirely of stone; the superstructure is of brick. Verandas surround the building on all sides, downstairs and upstairs, to protect from the tropical sun. The staff for carrying on the work of medical aid consists of Dr. Van Allen, a dresser (medically qualified native man), four compounders, one male nurse, and two ward coolies.

There was no money of the missionary society used in the construction of the building. It is a mark of the esteem in which missions are held in India, and reveals the appreciation and confidence of the native people in missionary work that the building should be built almost entirely by those of the Hindu faith, the same to be the property of the missionary board. Several zemindars and one rajah (native princes) are among the donors. The new hospital was opened October 29, 1897, by his Excellency Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of Madras, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The cost has been 42,000 rupees, or about $14,000.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

THE name Alfred Capus is signed to a story printed in Paris *Figaro*, wherein is stated that Victor Hugo's *Les Châtiments* was not inspired by patriotic indignation alone, but came into being as the result of a bargain between the poet and a syndicate formed to overthrow the Empire. The story is that a man and a woman, masked, came to Hugo in Brussels, and in the name of this syndicate offered him a million and a half francs to write a first-rate book of poems against the Empire; that the poet accepted the commission, and began immediately by inditing offhand the poem which ends with the heroic verse,

Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-là!

for which he received straightway one hundred thousand francs.

The reader is invited to put no more confidence in this interesting story than is warranted by his personal knowledge of the credibility of *Figaro*.

In the suit of Harper & Brothers against A. J. Holman & Co., of Philadelphia, brought last spring to prevent an infringement of the copyright in the title and some of the matter of the Nansen book, Judge Dallas of the United States Circuit Court granted, on December 29, a preliminary injunction restraining the defendants from selling their book. The injunction comes somewhat late, but in Philadelphia even the United States courts share the deliberation which is characteristic of the city. The plaintiffs' brief sets forth that Holman & Co. proposed to Dr. Nansen, and afterwards to Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co., his publishers, to buy the American rights of the book, which were duly offered to them for $25,000 down and a royalty of $1 50 on each copy sold. These terms, after looking over the pictures and such other material as could be shown them, they declined. But being still desirous of selling some sort of a Nansen book, they went promptly to work and compiled one, putting into it some Nansen biography and an account of the trip across Greenland, a story of the Peary expedition, and an assortment of other timely polar matter. This they illustrated with pictures borrowed apparently from the real Nansen book and from HARPER'S WEEKLY, called it *Nansen Book of the Fram Expedition*, and proceeded to sell it by subscription. They sold a good many—the brief, made months ago, says not less than 8500—but Nansen's American publishers believed the enterprise to be unlawful, and brought suit, as stated. There's many a slip, of course, between a preliminary injunction and a verdict, but certainly the injunction has not been hasty, and the terms of it show an appreciation of the equities of the case which is decidedly encouraging to the plaintiffs.

An association of employing and working druggists of New York, called the "Druggists' League for Shorter Hours," wants a law passed, applicable to all cities of the first class in New York State, prohibiting drug clerks from working more than twelve hours on Saturdays, four hours on Sundays and holidays, and ten hours on other days; and also prohibiting them from sleeping in the shop. The league says that at present drug clerks work fourteen hours a day, and get tired and make mistakes in compounding prescriptions; and that night clerks sleep on cots in the back of the shop, which is unhealthy. The league doesn't think many all-night clerks are needed, and says that half the drug-stores do without them as it is. The league, in paraphrasing Shelley, spells his middle name "Bisshe," which in itself indicates intellectual exhaustion, consequent, doubtless, on overwork.

The proposed law recommends itself to the thoughtful consideration of patrons of drug-stores. It cannot be altogether satisfactory to work fourteen hours a day and sleep in an atmosphere of drugs. If you think that a man who does that is likely to sell you morphine when you ask for quinine, by all means keep away from that man and the shop that employs him. Look attentively at the drug clerks before you trust them, and if they seem drowsy, or overworked, or drugged, or otherwise irresponsible, go to some other shop. Drug clerks should be maintained in good mental condition, and the practice of overworking them is contrary to public policy, and ought to be discouraged. Whether it is prevalent enough to require legal prohibition is matter for experts to determine. Among those who think that it is and favor the proposed bill are the Household Economic Association, the Consumers' League, and the Social Reform Club.

Folks at Ann Arbor seem to doubt that President Angell will ever resume his old place in Michigan University. His present labors as Minister to Turkey seem to be too important to be dropped, and too extensive to be finished within the year for which he had leave of absence from the university. His friends at home are quoted as saying that they do not expect him back at present, and will be surprised if he returns to the university. Uncle Sam ought to be able to afford Dr. Angell continuous and remunerative employment for as many years as he is willing to work.

Dr. Ian Maclaren Watson, in reviewing his experiences of America, respectfully protests against the wastefulness of the Americans, especially in the matter of food. He was distressed by the prodigality with which food was issued in hotels, he heard shocking stories of the way in which we cut down forests, and he speaks sorrowfully of his personal experience of the disadvantages of travelling in Europe in the wake of Americans who distribute lavish fees. His lamentation is approved and enlarged upon by the "Idler" of the *Evening Post*, who tells stories still more displeasing, especially about hotels. He knows of a New England summer hotel, on a treeless island, where "all articles of food coming from the first table were thrown into the sea," and where he had himself seen "chickens hardly touched, rounds of beef, trays of vegetables, and every variety of cake and dessert tossed to the fish." He speaks, too, of the bad state of things in one of the new hotels in Florida, where the meals were bad and the service slow not because the owner knew no better, but because he tried to give his patrons what seemed to them their money's worth. What he could have given them, at very moderate cost, was good table d'hôte dinners well served. What he did offer them, as being the thing they were willing to pay five dollars a day for, was an overwhelming bill of fare, from which they might order a huge amount of curious and superfluous food. This hotel-owner, who seems to have been Mr. Flagler, though his name is not disclosed, said he thought that Americans put up with poor cooking in hotels because their home cooking was so rudimentary. They did not know enough about food to know what to expect. "We must not forget," he added,

"that one of the charms of going to a hotel, for people who live poorly at home, lies in this power to order expensive dishes they rarely or never see on their own tables. To be served with a quantity of food that he has no intention of eating is one of an American citizen's dearest privileges, and a right he will most unwillingly relinquish. He may know as well as you and I do that what he calls for will not be worth eating; that is of secondary importance; he has it before him, and is contented."

This Florida proprietor complained grievously that he should have to give people what they wanted at five dollars a day and lose money, instead of giving them what they ought to want at two dollars a day and find a profit in it. It is to be feared that there is a great deal too much basis for all these complaints. A good many of us are still barbarians about food, and especially about hotel food. A pathetic story was told to the present writer a few weeks ago, of four good Americans who came into the dining-room of a popular hotel, straight, apparently, from the Grand Central Station. They looked at the bill of fare, hesitated, consulted together, and then each man ordered milk-toast and tea. They got four dishes of milk-toast and four pots of tea—a sad sight to any observer who knew what they should have had for their money.

Dr. Watson feels that if the Americans are to be a great people they must learn thrift. No doubt they will learn it in the Lord's good time, and it is even possible that they may learn to cook. President Andrews of Brown University, in a recent address before the Illinois State Teachers' Association, said that as a means of social advance he "favored free lunches in the schools." He would have them "palatable, well cooked, and served under the supervision of the teachers or principal." The objection to free lunches, or to anything else that would increase the cost of primary education to the tax-payers, is very obvious; but if school lunches would help materially to teach school-children what to eat, how to eat it, how food should be cooked, and what are the advantages of intelligent domestic economy, their lessons would be by no means the least valuable taught in the public schools.

Thrift and right ideas about food are not things that come by nature. They may be inherited, but first or last they must be learned. There is good reason to hope that in time we shall learn them. Dr. Watson's experience of hotels does not prove that all American housekeepers are wasteful. "Idler's" story of the sea-girt New England summer hotel must be salted with the reflection that in such a place there is little market for broken victuals. The great hotels in great cities undoubtedly manage better. Consider, too, the improvement in average American eating in the last forty years. Bread is better than it used to be; breakfast cereals have been invented and have come into almost universal use; the consumption of pie seems to have decreased, and some ancient species of it threaten to become extinct. At a Raines hotel on Eighth Avenue, in New York, where a crowd of working-men were getting dinner the other day, an observer was impressed with the excellent quality of the food they got. Some of them ate it standing, from a counter, but the meats were fresh carved from smoking joints, the vegetables were hot, the smells were savory and appetizing, and there was no waste at all. That was German hotel-keeping, and of its kind it was good. So Mr. Wykoff testifies that while he was on his travels in America, and earning his living by manual labor, he had some memorably grateful experiences of good and simple housekeeping in the country.

At last accounts the will of M. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, was in litigation, and the learned societies which are to determine who shall receive the various Nobel prizes had not received the sums necessary for awards in the competitions for 1896, consequently those awards have not yet been made. The only shadow of a possible award that has been distinct enough to attract attention has appeared in the report that Vereschagin and Tolstoi were candidates for the great prize for efficiency in making war impossible.

It is pleasant to learn, from a letter of Mr. Theodore Stanton to the *Critic*, that the Hon. John K. Gowdy, of Indiana, is finding grace in the sight of the Americans in Paris. Mr. Stanton says that Mr. Gowdy "was represented to us by the American reporters as a sort of 'wild man of the West.'" But he presided at the American University banquet, and "proved for the second time since his arrival among us that he is an exceptionally good presiding officer and toast-master."

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Gowdy is doing well, yet Mr. Stanton's praises should not cause surprise. That Mr. Gowdy was not a genial person, or that he lacked gumption or fluency in his native tongue, was never averred. What was said of him was that he knew no French, and seemed not to be possessed of such special knowledge and experience as would seem likely to qualify him to be an efficient consul-general in Paris.

The republication, by the president of Princeton University, of an ancient edict of the trustees of the university, directing the faculty to enforce strictly and impartially the rule which prohibits students from frequenting any place where intoxicating liquors are sold would seem to mean that the presbyteries had won their fight against the Princeton Inn. Perhaps not, though. Appearances in such cases are sometimes only the disguise in which the facts go hid.

Some time ago notice was taken in the WEEKLY of the letter of President Jordan of Stanford University, directing the Committee of Student Affairs in the university to search out the unprofitable students and send them away. As a result, doubtless, of this injunction, there comes, under date of December 29, the newspaper report that forty-one students have been dropped from the rolls of Stanford for immorality, vulgarity, and inferiority in college work. Education at Stanford being free, or nearly so, idle students are of no sort of use to the university. The usual course in colleges is to let the unprofitable student stay and pay tuition as long as he seems to be no worse off than he would be at home, and as long as his behavior is not perceptibly detrimental to the general welfare. But at Stanford, apparently, if a student is not improving his opportunities, his place is wanted for some more industrious man.

Sir Edward Bond, who died in London on January 4, spent fifty years in the service of the British Museum, and for the last ten of them was Principal Librarian. He resigned in 1888. For forty years—1838 to 1878—he was in the manuscript department, and so improved his opportunities that he became a famous archæologist and a notable authority in his branch of erudition. It will bring the human side of him home to many readers to know that his wife was Miss Barham, the eldest daughter of the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends."

The *Publishers' Weekly* learns that Mark Twain has paid off three-fourths of the indebtedness of C. L. Webster & Co., the publishing firm of which he was a member. The creditors offered to settle on a fifty-per-cent. basis. Twenty-eight per cent. was realized from the assets. Presently Mr. Clemens brought the payments up to fifty per cent., and not long ago he paid twenty-five per cent. more. He is quoted as saying that it will be three years before he can publish another book, and possibly the remnant of his debts will hang on until then. Meanwhile, however, the books he has already written are working for him, some of them to very good purpose.

If Tammany is sincerely desirous to give New York good government, among other tests of its efficiency that it will have to watch will be the death-rate. President Wilson of the Board of Health reports that the death-rate for 1897 was the lowest ever known in New York. There were fewer deaths than in any year since 1886, and in that year the population of New York was 500,000 less than now. The marked decreases are stated to be in diphtheria, croup, measles, diarrhœal diseases, phthisis, bronchitis, and pneumonia. The progress of medical science is doubtless to be credited with part of this improvement, and Colonel Waring, clean streets, and the removal of snow with another part. Other helpful innovations are the inspection of milk and regulation of its sale, the inspection of tenement-houses and destruction of some of the worst of them, and the creation of small parks and recreation piers. The death-rate under Tammany, provided it is truthfully estimated, ought to tell a good deal about the sanitary administration of the city.

General Booth of the Salvation Army, who sailed last Saturday for New York, is one of the world's notabilities, and will of course excite attention in this country wherever he goes. The exercise of his authority here, however, as demonstrated by the attempted recall of Ballington Booth and his wife, and the substitution of the Booth-Tuckers, has not been popular, and does not appear to have been particularly successful. Mr. Booth-Tucker was lately quoted as suggesting that the illness which has lately carried his brother-in-law's wife to a hospital was feigned to excite sympathy. That was not at all a pretty speech, and does not speak well for Mr. Booth-Tucker's manners or for his intelligence. The doctors at the Presbyterian Hospital have disclosed, in a published statement, that Mrs. Ballington Booth has been seriously ill with an authentic ailment—aneurism of the aorta—of which she is getting better.

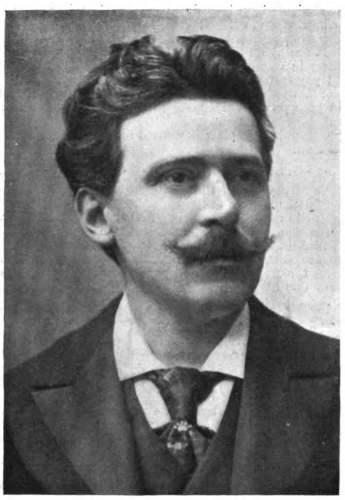
An occurrence of interest was the death last week, in Paris, of Mrs. Ayer, the widow of Dr. Ayer of Lowell, the noted inventor and proprietor of Ayer's Pills. One of the most conspicuous pictures in the art-gallery at the Chicago Fair was Mrs. Ayer's portrait by Carolus Duran. She was born of Quaker stock in New England seventy-one years ago, and married Dr. Ayer in 1850. He left her a great fortune, which she had helped him to amass, and it appears that she rose gamely to her opportunities. She lived much abroad, and for the last ten years her home has been in Paris. Her experiences there must have been interesting. The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says that for the last decade her hand has been persistently sought in marriage by "princes, dukes, marquises, and other noblemen," so that it seems probable that in the closing years of her life she enjoyed good sport. She was a niece of Horace B. Claflin, and was a woman of force and of excellent business judgment.

What amusing reading we would get if only the annals of the American colony in Paris for the last twenty-five years could be written out by a competent hand!

The recent marriage, in England, of the daughter of the Earl of Coventry to Prince Victor Duleep Singh, eldest son of the late Maharajah of Lahore, has interested our transatlantic relatives, and takes rank as the most stirring British matrimonial experiment of the season. The father of the groom was the adopted son of Runjeet Singh, King of the Punjaub, who died in 1889. His legitimate heir, Shere Singh, succeeded him, but was murdered, and Dhuleep Singh, son of a slave woman, was put on the throne. He reigned nominally for six years, and then the British government annexed his realm, and allowed him $200,000 a year on condition that he should live in England and behave himself. He agreed, and on his way to England married, in Cairo, a Miss Muller, whose father was a German missionary, and her mother a woman of the Coptic race. Their first son was Victor, to whom Queen Victoria stood godmother. Dhuleep, the father, proved to be excessively ill-regulated, and didn't pay his debts or keep to his bargain. Finally he revolted, left England, abjured the Christian religion, abandoned his wife, and made all the mischief he could, until, his allowance being stopped and his credit exhausted, he had to apologize to the Queen to get his allowance back. He died about six years ago. The son, who also has an allowance from the British government, is said to be popular in English society, though what his true inwardness is does not appear. Lord Coventry's eldest son married Miss Bonynge of San Francisco. Lady Coventry's nephew, the Earl of Craven, also married an American lady.

E. S. MARTIN.

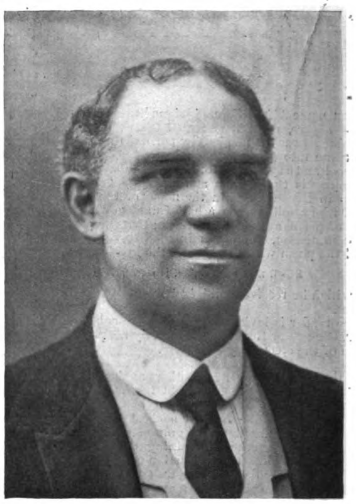
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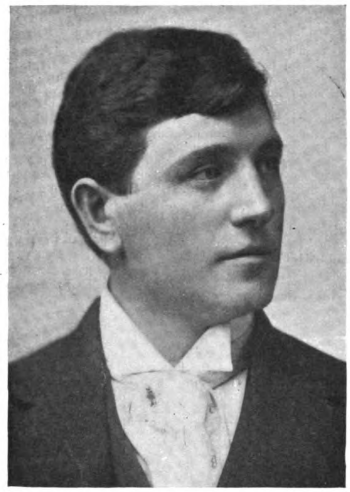
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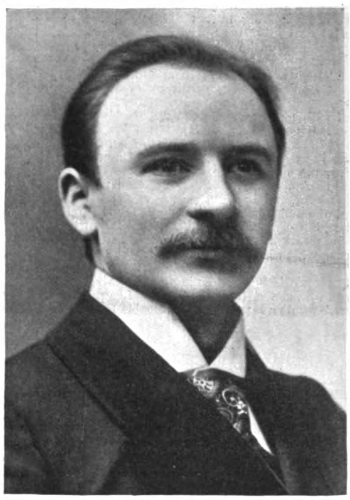
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THE DAMROSCH OPERA SEASON.—[See Page 54.]

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER V.

THE BLOOD-HOUNDS ARE FED.

BUT the Princess Playmate spoke to me again. I was even permitted to call her Helene. Me she addressed uniformly as "Hugo Gottfried." But neither her name nor mine interfered with our plays, which were wholly happy, and undisturbed by quarrelling—at least, so long as I did exactly what she wished me to do.

On these terms life was made easy for me from that day forth. No longer did I wistfully watch the children of the street from the lonely window of the Red Tower. They might spit all day on the harled masonry at the foot of the wall for aught I cared. I no longer desired their society. Had I not that of a real Princess? and if my companion was inclined to be a little wayward and domineering—why, was not that the very birthright of all princesses?

Helene and I had great choice of plays within the walls of the solemn castle. So long as we kept to the outer yard and did not intrude upon the Duke's side of the enclosure we were free to come and go at our pleasure. For even Casimir himself was soon well accustomed to see us run about like puppies, slapping and tumbling, and minded us no more than the sparrows that pecked in the litter of the stable-yard. Indeed, I think he had forgotten all about the strange home-coming of the Little Playmate.

The kennels of the blood-hounds especially were full of fascination for us. That fatal deep-mouthed clamoring at morn and even drew us like a magnet. Helene, in particular, never tired of gazing between the chinks of the fence of cloven pine wood at the great russet-colored beasts, with their flashing white teeth, over which the heavy dewlaps fell. And when my father, with his red livery upon him and a loaded whip in his hand, once a day opened the tall narrow door and went within, we thought him brave as a god. Then the way the fierce beasts shrank cowering from him, the fashion in which they crouched on their bellies and heaved their shoulders up without taking their hind quarters off the ground, equally delighted and surprised us.

"Your father is almost as great a man as *my* father," said the Princess Helene, who, however, was rapidly forgetting her dignity. Indeed, already it had become little more than a fairy-tale to her. And that was perhaps as well.

One day, when I was about thirteen, or a little older, my father came out with a new short mantle in his hand, red like his own.

"Come hither, Hugo Gottfried!" he said; for he had learned the trick of the name from Helene.

I went to him tardy-foot, greatly wondering.

"Here, chick," he said, in his kindly fashion, "it is time you were beginning to learn your duties. Come with me to-day into the kennels of the blood-hounds."

But I hung back, shifting the new mantle uneasily on my shoulders, yet not daring to throw it off.

"I do not want to go, father," said I, edging away in the direction of the Playmate.

"What, lad!" he cried, slapping me on the shoulder; "they will not hurt thee with that cloak on. They know their masters better—as their fathers and mothers knew our fathers. Have we, the Gottfrieds, been the Hereditary Justicers of the Wolfmark for six hundred years to be afraid now of the blood-hounds that are kept to hunt the Duke's enemies and to feed on the Duke's carrion?"

"It is not that I am afraid of the dogs, father," I made answer to him. "I would quickly enough go among them, if only you would let me go without this scarlet cloak."

My father laughed heartily and loudly—that is, for him. A quick ear might have heard him quite three feet away.

"Silly one!" he exclaimed, "do you not know that even the Duke Casimir dares not set foot in the kennels—no, nor I myself—save in the garb they know and fear, as indeed do all men in this state."

Still I hung my head down and scraped the gravel with my foot.

"Haste thee," said my father, roughly. "Once it is permitted to a man to be afraid. To fear twice, and fear the same thing, is to be a coward. And no Gottfried ever yet was a coward. Let not my Hugo be the first."

Then I took courage and spoke to him. "I do not wish to be executioner," I said; "I would rather ride a-soldiering far away, and be in the drive of battle and the front of danger. Let me be a soldier and a man-at-arms, my father. I am sure I could become a war-captain and a great man!"

Gottfried Gottfried stared blankly at me, and his blue-black hair rose in a crest—not with anger, of which he never showed any to me, but in sheer astonishment. He continued to rub it with his hand, as if in this manner he might possibly reach an explanation of the mystery.

"Not wish to be Hereditary Executioner? Why, are you not a Gottfried, the only son of a Gottfried, the only son of his father, who also was a Gottfried, and Hereditary Red Axe of the Wolfmark? Why, lad, before there was a Duke at all in the Wolfsberg, before he and his folk came out of the land of the Poles to fight with the Ritterdom of the North, we, the Gottfrieds of Thorn, wore the sign of the Red Axe and dwelt apart from all the men of the Mark. For fourteen generations have we worn it!"

"But," said I, sadly, "the very children on the street hate me, and spit on me as I pass; the maids will not so much as speak to me. They scurry in-doors and slam the wicket in my face. Think you that is pleasant? And when, as a lad of older years, I set out to woo, whither shall I betake me? For what door is open to a Gottfried, to him who carries the sign of the Red Axe?"

"Ah, lad," said my father, patiently, "life comes and life goes. It is nigh on to forty years since even thus my father held out the curtmantle for me. And even so said I. Time eats up all things but the hearts of men. And they abide ever the same—yearning for that which they cannot have, but nevertheless accepting with a sharp relish the things which are decreed to them; even as do the Duke's carrion-eaters yonder—which, by-the-way, are waiting most impatiently for their meal while we thus stand arguing."

He was about to move away, when his eye fell on Helene. At sight of her he seemed to remember my last words, about going a-wooing.

He considered a moment, and then said: "You are young yet to think of courting, Hugo, but have no fear, either for the love-making or the wedding. Sweet maids a many shall surely come hither. Why, there is one growing up yonder that will prove as fair as any. I tell you the Gottfrieds have married great ladies in their time—dames and dainty damsels. They have had princesses to be their sweethearts ere now. Come, then, lad—no more words, but follow me."

And for that time I went after him obediently enough, but all the same my heart was rebellious within me. And I determined that if I had to run to the ends of the earth, I should never be Hereditary Executioner, nor yet handle the broadaxe on the bared necks of my fellow-men.

We went in among the dogs—great, lank, cowering, tooth-slavering brutes. I followed my father till we came to the feeding-troughs. Then he bade me to stand where I was till he should set their meat in order. So he vanished behind the barriers. Then, when he had prepared the beasts' horrid victual, though I saw not what, he opened the narrow gate, and the howling, clambering throng broke helter-skelter for the troughs, cracking and

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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crunching the thigh-bones, tearing at the flesh, and growling at one another till the air rang with the ear-piercing din.

And, outside, the little Helene flung herself frantically at the split pines of the enclosure, crying, bitterly: "Take off that hateful mantle, Hugo Gottfried! I hate it—I hate it. Take it off!"

My father stood behind the dogs, whose arched and bristling backs I could just manage to see over the fence of wooden spars, and dealt the whip judicially among them—at once as a warning to encroachers and a punishment for greed.

Then, all unharmed, we went out, and as soon as my father had gone up to his garret room in the tower, I tore the red cloak off and trampled it in the dirt in the yard. Then I went and hid it in a little blind window of the tower opposite the foot of the ladder which led to my father's room. For, because of my father's anger, I dared not destroy the badge of shame altogether, as both Helene and I wished to do.

Day by day the Little Playmate (for so I was now allowed to call her—the Princesshood being mostly forgotten) grew great and tall, her fair, almost lint-white hair darkening swifuly to coppery gold with the glint of ripe wheat upon it.

Old Hanne followed her about with eyes at once wistful and doubtful. Sometimes she shook her head sadly. And I wondered if ever the poor old stumbling crone, wizened like a two-year-old winter apple, had been as light and gay a thing as our dainty rose-leaf girl.

One day I was laboring at the art of learning to write, along with Friar Laurence—a scrawny, ill-favored monk, who, for good deeds or misdeeds, I know not which, was warded in a cell opening out of the lower or garden court of the Wolfsberg, when I heard Helene dance down the stairs to the kitchen of the Red Tower.

"Hannchen!" she cried, merrily, "come and teach me that trick of the broidering needle. I never can do it but I prick myself. Nevertheless, I can fashion the Red Axe almost as clearly as the pattern, and far finer to see."

Friar Laurence raised his great, softly solid face, blue about the jowls and padded beneath the eyes with craft.

"That little maid is overmuch with old Hanne," he said, as if he meditated to himself; "she will teach her other prickings than the needle-play. The witch-pricking at the images of wax was what brought her here. Aye, and had it not been for your father wanting a housekeeper, the Holy Office would have burned the hag, and sent her to hell, flaming like a torch of pine knots."

Now this was the first I had heard with exactness of the matter of old Hanne's having been a witch. And now that I knew it for certain, I began to imagine all sorts of unholy things about the poor wretch, and grew greatly jealous of Helene being so often in the kitchen. Whereas before I had thought nothing at all about the matter, save that Hannchen was a dull, pleasant, muttering, shuffling-footed old woman, who could make rare good cream-cakes when you got her in the humor.

And that was not often.

CHAPTER VI.

DUKE CASIMIR'S FAMILIAR.

I MIND it was some tale of years later that I got my first glimpse below the surface of things in the town of Thorn, and especially in the castle of the Wolfsberg.

Duke Casimir continued to move, as of yore, in cavalcade through his subject city. The burghers bowed as obsequiously as ever when they could not avoid meeting him. There were the old lordly perquisitions—thunderings at iron-studded doors, battering-rams set between posts, and the clouds of dust flying from the driven lintels; the screams of maids, the crying of women, a stray corpse or two flung on to the street, and then the procession as before, arms and legs, with a mercenary soldier between each pair, fore and aft. All this was repeated and repeated, till the dull monotony of tyranny began to wear through the long Teutonic patience to the undercuick of Wendish madness.

It chanced that one night I could not sleep. It was no matter of maids that kept me awake, though by this time I was sixteen or seventeen and greatly grown—running, it is true, mostly to knees and elbows, but nevertheless long of limb and stark of bone, needing only the muscle laid on in lumps to be as strong as any.

I had begun to steal out at nights, too—not on any ill errand, but that I might have the company of those about my own age—prentice lads and the wilder sons of burghers, who had no objection to my parentage, and thought it rather a fine thing to be hand-in-glove with the son of the Red Axe of Thorn. And there we played single-stick, smite-jacket, skittles, bowls—aye, and drank deep of the city ale, the very thinnest brew that was ever passed by a bribed and muzzy ale-taster. All this was mightily pleasant to me. For so soon as they knew that I had determined to be a soldier, and not the Red Axe of the Wolfmark, they complimented me greatly on my spirit.

Well, as I lay awake and waited for the chance to slip down a rope from my bedroom window, whose foot should I hear on the turret stairs but that of my Lord Duke Casimir? My very heart quailed within me? For the fear of him sat heavy on every man and woman in the land. And as for the children—why, as far as the Baltic shore and the land of the last Ritters, mothers frighted their bairns with the Black Duke of the Wolfsberg and his Red Axe.

So now the Duke and the Red Axe were to be in conference—as indeed had happened nearly every day and night since I could remember. So that people called my father the Duke's Private Devil, his Familiar Spirit, his Evil Genius. But I knew other of it—and this night, of all nights in the year, I was to know better still.

It was a summer midnight—not like the one I told of when the story began, white with snow and glittering with the keen polish of frost; but a soft, still night, drowsy yet sleepless, with an itch of thunder tingling in the air—and, indeed, already the pulsing, uncertain glow of sheet lightning coming and going at long intervals along the south.

I crouched and nestled in the hole in the wall where I had long ago hidden the hated red cloak, pulling my knees up uncomfortably to my chin. And great lumps of bone they were, knotted as if a smith had made them in the rough with a welding-hammer and had forgotten to reduce them with the file afterwards. At that time I was thoroughly ashamed of my knees.

But no matter for them now. Duke Casimir passed in and shut the door.

"Gottfried," I heard him say, "I am a dead man!"

These words from the great Duke Casimir startled me, and though I knew well enough that Michael Texel, the Burgomeister's son, was waiting for me by the corner of the Jew's Port, I decided that, as I might never hear Duke Casimir declare his secretest soul again, I should even bide where I was; and that was in the crevice of the wall, among the old clothes, which gave off such a faint, musty, sleepy smell I could hardly keep awake.

But the Duke's next words effectually roused me.

"A dead man!" repeated Casimir. "I have not a friend in all the realm of the Mark besides yourself. And there is none of all that take my bounty or eat my bread that is sorry for me. See here," he said, querulously, "twice have I been stricken at to-day—once a tile fell from a roof and dinted the crown of my helmet, and the second time a young man struck at my breast with a dagger."

"Did he wound you, Duke Casimir?" asked my father, speaking for the first time, but in a strangely easy and equal voice, not with the distance and deference which he showed to his lord in public.

"Nay, Gottfried," replied Duke Casimir, "but he bruised my shirt of mail into my breast."

And I heard plainly enough the clinking of the rings of chain armor as the Duke showed his hurt to my father. Presently I heard his voice again.

"And the Bishop has touched me in a new place," he said. "He declares that he will lay his interdict upon me and my people—ill enough to hold in hand as they are even now. When that is done they will rise in rebellion. My very men-at-arms and knights I cannot depend upon—only upon you and the Black Riders."

"In the matter of the Bishop's interdict, or in other matters, do you mean that you can trust my counsel, Duke Casimir?" asked my father.

"'Tis in the burial of the dead that the shoe will pinch first with these burghers of Thorn and among our soldiers at the Wolfsberg. For mass, indeed, they care not a dove's dropping—but that the corpse should be carried to a dog's grave, that they cannot away with. Red Axe, I tell you we shall have the State of the Mark about our ears in the slipping of a hound's leash—and as for me, I know not what I shall do."

"Listen, and I will counsel you, Duke Casimir! Care you not though the east wind brought Bishop Peters whirling over the Mark as many as the January snowflakes that come to us from Muscovy. I, Gottfried Gottfried, tell you what to do. In every parish of the Mark there is a parson. Every clerk of them hath a Presbytery, in which he dwells with those that are abiding with him. Bid you the soldiers that are obedient to you to carry all the corpses of the dead to the Presbytery, and leave them there under guard. Then let us see whether or no the parsons will give them burial. What think you of the counsel, Duke Casimir?"

I could hear the Duke rise and pace across the floor to where my father sat on his bed. And by the silence I knew that the two men were shaking hands.

"Red Axe," said the Duke, much moved, "of a truth you are a great man—none like you in the Dukedom. These beard-wagging, chain-jingling gentry I have small notion of. And would you but accept it, I would give you to-morrow the collar of gold which befits the Chancellor of the Mark. None deserves to wear it so well as thou."

My father laughed a low scornful laugh.

"Because I bid you teach the parsons their own religion, am I to be made Chancellor of the Mark. A great gray wolf out of the forest were as suitable a Chancellor of the Mark as Gottfried Gottfried, the fourteenth Red Axe of Thorn!"

Then I heard him reach over his bed for something. I stole out of the hole in the wall and crouched down till my eyes rested at the great latchet-hole through which the tang of leather to lift the bolt ordinarily goes. I could see my father sitting on his bed and the Red Axe lying across his knees. He took it in hand, dangling it like an infant. He caressed it as he spoke, and ran his thumb lovingly along the shining edge.

"Ah," he said, "my beauty, 'tis you and not your master they should make High Chancellor of this realm. 'Tis you that have held the power of life and death and laid the spirit of rebellion any time these twenty years. And well, indeed, wouldst thou look with a red robe about thee" (here he reached for a cloak that swung from the rafters contiguous to his hand); "a noble presence wouldst thou be in a tun-bellied robe and a collar of shining gold! Bravely, great State's Chancellor of the Wolfmark, wouldst thou then lead the processions and preside at the diets of justice—as, indeed, thou dost mostly as it is."

And he made the Red Axe bow like a puppet in his hands as he swept the cloak of red out behind the handle.

I could see Duke Casimir now. He had drawn up a stool and sat opposite my father, with his elbows on his knees. One hand was stroking the side of his head, and his haughtiness had all fallen from him like a forgotten overmantle. He looked another man from the cruel, relentless Prince who had ridden so sternly at the head of his men-at-arms, and looked so callously on at the death of men and the yet more bitter agony of women.

He stared at the floor, absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts, while my father regarded him with his eyes as though he had been a lad in his 'prenticing who needed encouragement to persevere.

"Duke," he said, steadily, "you have borne the rule many years, and I have stood behind you. Have I ever advised you wrong? Make peace with the young man, your nephew; he is now only the Count von Reuss, but one day he will be Duke Otho! And if he be rightly guided he may be a brave ruler yet. But if not, and he gather in his hand the various seditions and confused turbulences in the Dukedom, why, a worse thing may befall."

"You advise me," said the Duke, lifting his head and looking at his Justicer, "to recall my nephew and risk all that threatened us ere he fled to the Prince of Plassenburg—Karl, the Miller's Son?"

Gottfried Gottfried continued to run his thumb to and fro along the edge of the Red Axe. "Even so," he replied, without raising his head; "give him the command of the Black Riders of the Guard, who, as it is, adore him. Let him try his prentice hand on Bamberg and Reichenau. And if he offend, why, then it will be time to apply for further advice to this chancellor in the Red Robe, whose face so shines with wisdom."

The Duke rose.

"Well, on your head be it!" he said.

"Nay," said my father, "I but advise; it is for you to decide, my Lord. If Duke Casimir sees a better way of it, why, then the words of his servant are but as the tunes that the east wind whistles through the key-hole."

And at the mention of key-holes I imagined that I saw my father's eyes rest on the latched crevice. So I bethought me that it was time for me to be retiring to bed. To my room, therefore, I went straightway, tiptoeing on the points of my hose. And with ears cocked I heard my father attend the Duke to the door, and on across the yard, lest any night-wandering traitor should take a fancy to make a hole in the back of Duke Casimir of the Wolfmark.

Presently came my father in again, and I heard his foot climb steadily up to my room. The door opened, and never was I in so deep a sleep. He turned down the coverlet to see that I was undressed—but that I had seen to. Wherent he departed, fully satisfied.

Nevertheless, this interview left me with a great feeling of insecurity. If the Duke Casimir were thus full of fears, doubts, misgivings, whence came the fierce and cruel courage with which he dominated his liege burghers, and harassed the country roundabout for a hundred leagues? The cunning of a weak man? Say rather the contrivance of a strong servant to hide the frailty of a weak master.

Then first it was that I saw that my father, Gottfried Gottfried, was the true ruler of the Wolfmark, and that the man who had carried me on his shoulders and played with the little Helene was—at least so long as Duke Casimir lived—the greatest man in all the Dukedom and first Councillor of State, whether the matter were one of peasant or Kaiser.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FETICH DIAMOND.

THE South African native, it seems, is not always decorated with the mere trumpery of the trader's wallet or of his own purveyance. It has become an attested fact that excellent diamonds, and diamonds better than that, are possessed by chiefs and hoarded by them, not so much in intelligence of their value as in a firm fetichism. The stones have come to their hands by the good old-fashioned method of stealing them from the Kimberley mines years ago, before the present minute watch against gem-thieving was systematized. Diamond-stealing at present is practically impossible under the peculiar methods of its prevention. Before the rigid examinations of workmen and visitors began to be enforced, native laborers often were under a secret compact with their tribal rulers not to come back from the mines without a good-sized stolen diamond for the chief's use; hence, a great many superb gems are in the dark unfathomed caves of a Kaffir headman's establishment. Within a few years enterprising traders have made special expeditions and palavers for diamonds so hidden, with the result of successful bartering for them. Liquor and guns have been found useful. In some instances the superstition of the chiefs stood in the way of traders' recovering valuable stones; but, on the other hand, a small company working on this line of acquisition is credited with having obtained within four months not less than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. One agent succeeded in buying of a chief six stones of more than two hundred karats each.

COURAGE.

IT is not they that never knew
Weakness or fear who are the brave:
Those are the proud, the knightly few
Whose joy is still to serve and save.

But they who, in the weary night,
Amid the darkness and the stress,
Have struggled with disease and blight,
With pitiful world-weariness:

They who have yearned to stand among
The free and mighty of the earth,
Whose sad, aspiring souls are wrung
With starless hope and hollow mirth—

Who die with every day, yet live
Through merciless, unbrightened years,
Whose sweetest right is to forgive
And smile divinely through their tears:

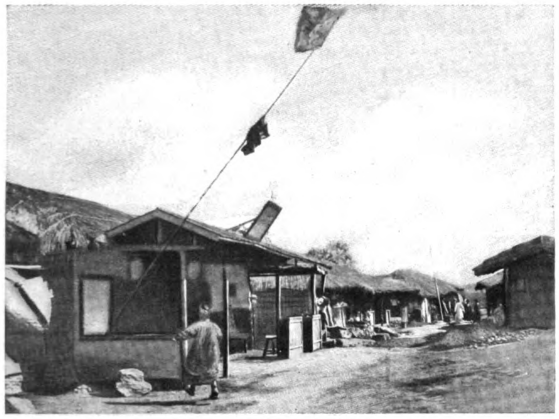
They are the noble, they the strong,
They are the tried, the trusted ones,
And though their way is hard and long—
Straight to the pitying God it runs.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

WASTE MADE HELP.

To save, to be thrifty to the point of avarice, is the virtue or vice of the French nation, and it strongly tinctures the Franco-Belgian temperament. But to teach children the value of saving what is apt to seem to them waste is not an unadvisable process. Much French attention has lately been drawn to the object-lesson given to the pupils of certain public schools of Brussels. During eight months the scholars, rich and poor, were requested to collect each day and to bring to school any and all objects that they saw while coming and going on their schoolways—material thrown away and counted as refuse in the gutters, in vacant ground, street-sweepings, and like deposits. Waste paper, wood, fragments of leather, bits of metal, empty bottles, broken glass, corks, cigar ends, and a score of other classifications were made as the flotsam and jetsam poured in daily. The general result was that this unattractive but quite "convertible" material was sold to dealers in raw material with surprising profits. They provided clothing for about five hundred little waifs of poverty, and furnished money for the sending of ninety-eight invalid children to health resorts; paid for all the books needed in several charity classes, and afforded a sum of several hundred francs for the city's Public Assistance of the Poor. Jane Taylor's little girl who cried, "Dear me! what signifies a pin wedged in a rotten board?" should have been educated in Brussels.

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JAPANESE INN AT VILLAGE HALF-WAY FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL.



MY MAPONS AND PONIES ON THE TRIP FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL.

ACROSS KOREA ON HORSEBACK.

BY W. H. JACKSON.—ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

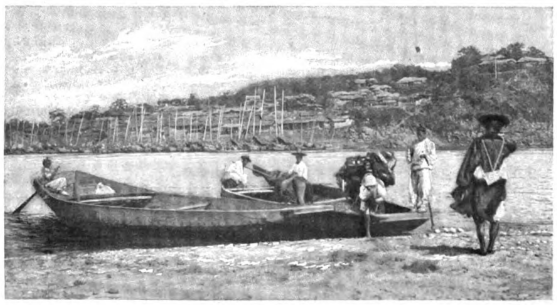
THE harbor of Chemulpo may be looked on as the southern gateway of the Hermit Kingdom, and as it affords the nearest access to the capital, it is also in some respects the chief one. The approach is picturesque and attractive, although as a harbor it cannot be said to improve upon acquaintance. Abrupt and hilly islands are sown broadcast over the bay, at the head of which the beach is fringed by the narrow line of the houses that form the town, hemmed in by the soft blue ridges of serrated hills that lie between the port and the capital. The anchorage is some three miles from the shore, which is difficult of approach, owing to the twenty-eight feet of tidal rise and fall, which will probably always render the harbor as inferior for commercial purposes as it now is from a purely picturesque point of view.

Our welcome to Chemulpo was vociferous if not musical. A fleet of sampans and other primitive shore boats, manned by a nondescript crowd of boatmen—Korean, Japanese, and Chinese—surrounded our vessel and claimed our custom as fares for the shore. Of these the all-pervading and pushful Jap was the most conspicuous and energetic, the sons of the soil having evidently little chance in competition with his recent protector, who never hesitated to enforce his claims to precedence by the vigorous use of his pole on the head or shoulders of a too officious native rival. Yielding to his superior assertiveness, we committed ourselves and baggage to a Jap boatman, and after a tedious passage by a winding channel, which wound its way between long stretches of black mud banks, on which were stranded a number of coasting craft left high and dry by the receding tide, we found our way at last to a stone wharf, on which it was possible to land in comfort. To do so, however, it was necessary first to settle with our boatmen, who demanded ten yen for their services, and proceeded to enforce the claim by loud threats of seizing and impounding my baggage. Our different estimates were finally reconciled by my Japanese friends agreeing to accept two yen in full discharge, and upon payment being made on the reduced scale, they became once more the smiling Orientals of our common experience.

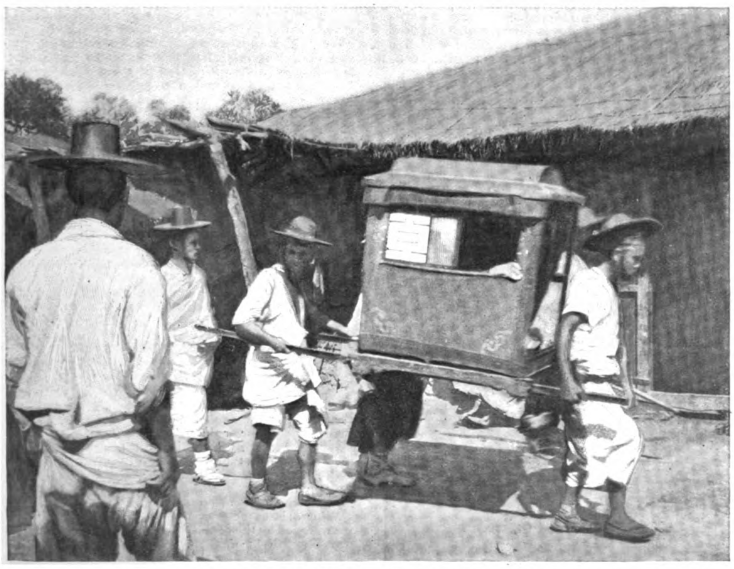
The wharf at Chemulpo was the centre of a brisk business, where Korean porters were actively engaged in loading and unloading a number of small vessels under the directions of the Chinese and Japanese merchants, who superintended operations with much energy and no little noise. The triumph of mind over matter finds an apt illustration wherever the active little Jap comes into contact with his Korean neighbor, for in all cases it is the stranger who gives the orders, and the son of the soil who has the task of carrying them out. The rôle of a beast of burden is one which seems to suit the Korean well, perhaps because it makes little demand upon his somewhat sluggish intelligence, and I found no difficulty in securing on reasonable terms two men who carried all I had with me, which formed a load for each of formidable dimensions.

The little town of Chemulpo possesses few features to distinguish it from many a little seaport in our own Southern States. It is almost entirely a creation of the Japanese, and its features are characterized by utilitarian simplicity. Square houses of brick, with no attempt at ornament, serve all purposes here, but, as a rule, the purpose seems to be that of storing large quantities of rice, millet, and other natural products of the country awaiting export. The inhabitants seem to be Korean, Japanese, and Chinese in about equal numbers, the latter two being in all cases the merchants and masters, the first being always the porters and laborers.

I had made up my mind to undertake the journey from Chemulpo to Wonsan by way of Seoul, the capital, in spite of a good deal of advice to the contrary from those who, knowing the difficulty of getting a Korean out of his accustomed pace, did not believe it possible to accomplish the journey overland to the northern seaport, a distance of two hundred miles, within the six days which were all I had at my disposal if I meant to catch the steamer on its way to Vladivostok. The risk was evidently considerable, but the temptation was great to see something of the land and people of the lately secluded nation at home, and in the end I determined to risk it. Having done so, the next step was to call in a Chinese merchant, who, like many of his race, had the character of being a capable organizer, and by his prompt exertions I soon found myself provided with the necessary pony for myself, pack-saddle for my baggage, and two mapons for attendants and guides as far as the capital. The distance was twenty-six miles, and the charge agreed upon was 3.20 yen—equivalent to about $2 70 in our money. This sum, although it sounds moderate, represents an advance of from three to four times what it would have been in the good old days of exclusion, when payment was made in "cash," and the services of an extra pony would have been required to carry the treasury.



FERRY OVER THE HAU NEAR SEOUL—MAPONS WITH MY SADDLE-PONY AND THE PACK GOING ABOARD.



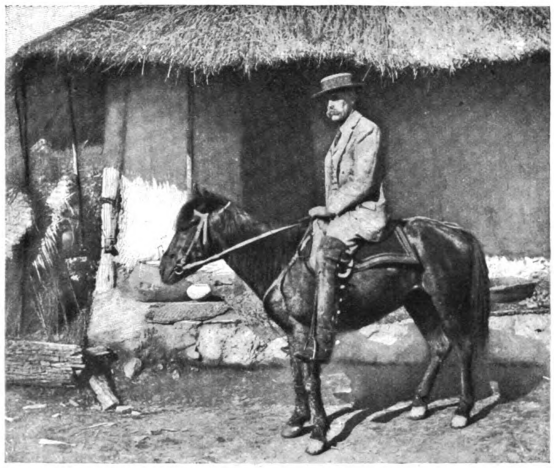
A KOREAN GENTLEMAN ON THE ROAD FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL.

Thanks to my Chinese merchant, it was hardly more than good daylight on the morning of September 25 when I found my attendant mapons—two stalwart-looking young Koreans, who made the diminutive ponies look small indeed—ready to start. My travelling steed was a singular-looking, shaggy little beast, equipped with a very aged saddle, and from his appearance and that of his companion, who was already loaded up with my baggage to a height that looked dangerous, no one unacquainted with the Korean pony could have expected to find them fully equal to the task before them. Even as I mounted I felt a doubt whether I was acting the part of prudence in thus committing myself to unknown men, horses, and country, but reflecting that I had practically burnt my boats, I mounted, and addressing to my companions the single Korean word of which I was master, namely, Seoul, which was answered by a comprehensive nod, we started.

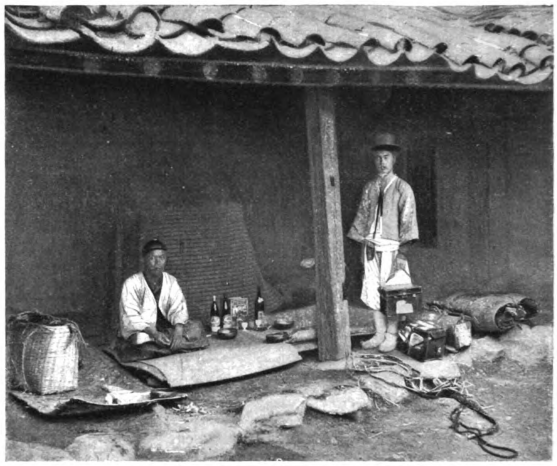
There was hardly a soul abroad in the Japanese town as we rode through the deserted streets, a solitary Jap policeman in a helmet and big sword representing law and order, until we found ourselves outside the foreign settlement and travelling along the narrow lane bordered with straw-thatched mud houses which marked the Korean town.

Here there was plenty of life. Both men and women, loaded with huge bundles of market produce, were making their way to the town, while crowds of porters with empty racks strapped on their backs were snatching a

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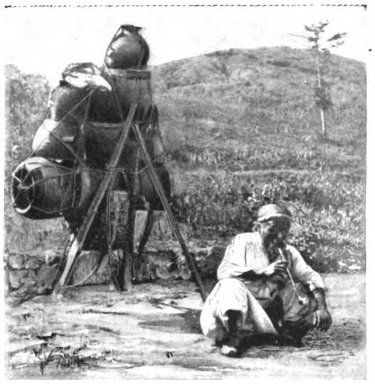
W. H. JACKSON, ON A NATIVE PONY, *EN ROUTE* FROM SEOUL TO WONSAN.



NATIVE GUIDE AND A SERVANT PREPARING A REPAST AT A WAY-SIDE INN.

hasty breakfast at one or other of the way-side houses of entertainment that abounded on every side.

Korea was, until the other day, almost the only country in which vehicles, with the single exception of a clumsy sort of Sedan chair, were unknown. Even now the recent introduction of a few wheeled vehicles has done nothing for the roads, which are, even between the capital and its port, no better than rough tracks. The ancient highway winds among rice-fields, follows the course of a hundred irrigation ditches, and accommodates itself to the surface of the hilly country through which it passes. The views are varied and romantic; the mountain ranges are abrupt in outline, and beautiful in their delicate tints of blue and purple. Even the little hamlets that nestle in the hollows are not without a beauty of their own, in spite of the rudeness of the construction of the houses and the sordid meanness of their material. About ten o'clock we reached a village, at which it was evidently the custom to rest and refresh both men and horses. Here there was a neat Jap tea-house, which looked clean and attractive beside the three or four native inns, which were certainly in comparison both squalid and dirty. I selected the tea-house unhesitatingly, while my mapons patronized one of the inns, where the ponies were accommodated on the opposite side of the little court-yard with a meal of grass and weeds chopped fine, boiled, and served up hot. Resuming our journey, we soon reached the sandy waste that borders the river Han. This is the largest river in Korea, and as it flows within two or three miles of Seoul, and is navigable for small boats up to this point, which is about fifty miles from its mouth, much of the traffic of the city is transported in that way. A small steamer of light draught has even been put on for passenger traffic, but, owing to the shifting of the sand banks, it is never certain how long the trip to or from the capital may take.



A POTTER TAKING HIS WARES TO MARKET SITS FOR HIS PICTURE.

The immediate approach to Seoul is by no means imposing. A primitive-looking scow propelled by oars is the regular means by which the royal highway crosses the river as it nears the great gate of the capital. Between the river and the city, a distance of nearly three miles, we travelled through the dirty and winding lanes of a squalid though extensive suburb, until we found ourselves at last before the great entrance. The greatness of gate and wall is, like most other things, only comparative. They are like small and rude imitations of those of Peking; but, in spite of their reduced size, they strike the observer in the same way. I was very fortunate in finding Dr. Allen, the American chargé d'affaires, a kind and accommodating friend, who, in the absence of the consul, did all that could possibly be done to further the purposes of my journey. The doctor had already learned of my trip by telegraph, and before I had arrived had made every preparation both for my entertainment at Seoul, and for expediting my journey by means of passports and otherwise.

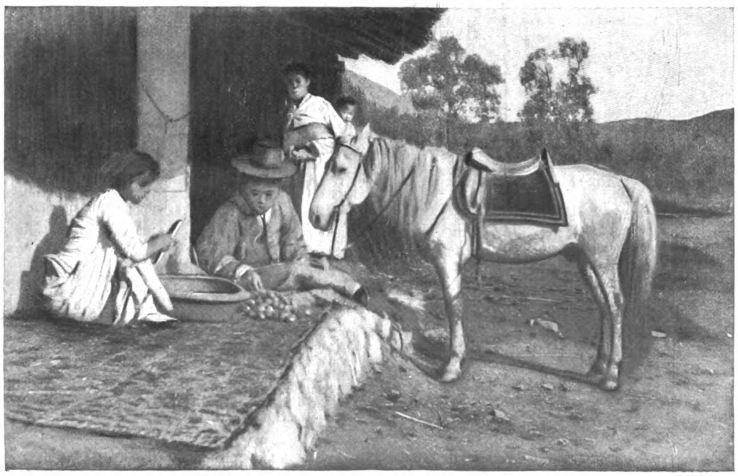
We did not reach Seoul until three o'clock in the afternoon, and by the time I had made the acquaintance of my new friend there was little enough time in which to "do" the capital. My time, however, would not admit of delay, and with the aid of the doctor's official chairs, each borne by four sturdy bearers dressed in uniform, we proceeded to investigate the city. With the exception of the various foreign legations and one or two other buildings, which all owe their existence to the long-hated foreigners, Seoul is little better than a vast collection of huts, dirty, mean, straw-thatched, and bordering upon narrow, irregular streets, with two exceptions as narrow and dirty as themselves. The city, in fact, is but a collection of villages, and though it is said to contain about 80,000 of such houses, and a total population of about 400,000, it would be difficult to conceive of a more monotonous or depressing-looking hive of humanity. It is surrounded by a wall, which runs indifferently over the hills and hollows on which the city stands, and encloses a space of about twelve square miles.



A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE ON THE DIVIDE BETWEEN THE EAST AND WEST COASTS.
Tigers and other wild Game are frequently seen in this Vicinity.

On the western side of the city enclosure, and itself enclosed by still more pretentious walls and gates, is the palace with its grounds, lying on higher ground than the adjacent city. We were admitted into the palace enclosure through a private entrance, which was guarded by a few soldiers dressed in some foreign uniform, but still retaining their braided hair and sandalled feet. Here we were met by the minister of the household, with a retinue of some thirty followers, and invited into the unpretentious buildings that appear to serve as offices of the household, where we were regaled with warm champagne, sweet cakes, and cigars, which are evidently regarded as the proper entertainment for distinguished strangers in the royal palace at Seoul. While we were waiting the pleasure of the King, who had expressed a wish to receive Dr. Allen and myself without any special preparation, I proceeded, accompanied by the whole party, to photograph the great audience-hall, and several other of the most interesting places about the palace. The buildings are generally far from imposing, and many of them are scattered about over the palace-grounds, among the small lakes and flower gardens with which the place is adorned; indeed, as a rule, the royal dwellings are of a single story, and, with the exception of some attempts at ornamental carving, they have little about them to indicate their dignity as the abodes of royalty.

When at last a messenger summoned us to attend the King we were led by the chamberlain, who was also interpreter, up a short flight of steps to a one-story wooden building, where he stopped on the threshold and made a low obeisance, and then falling on his knees, proceeded to creep into the apartment, knocking his head from time to time



"PAK" NEGOTIATING FOR VEGETABLES AT A NATIVE HOUSE.

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on the floor. We followed him, until, turning to the right, we found ourselves face to face with his Korean Majesty. Making several bows, we approached within six or eight feet of where he sat at a table covered with a bright-colored cloth, on which stood two kerosene-lamps, which served to show us the whole party. The King is a small man, who looks insignificant enough beside his tall attendants, but as soon as the conversation began, his face lighted up with interest and intelligence. He was plainly dressed in some dark material, and wore few ornaments. He asked many questions through the interpreter, and seemed particularly anxious that we should have a good impression of Korea. He was much concerned that our consular service was not of so high a rank as that of some other countries, and begged me to use my influence to have this altered, and also to have Dr. Allen, who seemed a great favorite, appointed minister.

The Crown-Prince, a full-faced, sleepy-looking young man, was present, and we were introduced to him also. He appeared to take but little interest, however, in anything that was said, never committing himself to more than a monosyllable in reply, and, in short, appearing to very small advantage beside the King, whose interest and intelligence were marked throughout the interview. Finally we backed out of the royal presence as gracefully as we could, making our three regulation bows as we did so, and then returned to our interrupted refreshments in the adjoining house. It was by this time quite dark, and an officer and an armed guard of twelve men were told off to escort us back to the American legation. Each member of the guard carried a lantern of blue and white gauze, some four feet long, swung from the end of a pole, and containing a single candle. By this means, and in spite of the wretched light afforded by each, we were enabled to avoid the numerous ditches and gaping mudholes, which otherwise might have proved positively dangerous to life.

Dr. Allen had secured as my guide and factotum for the rest of my journey a well-known character named Pak-Nai-Won, who was known familiarly as "Pak." He was a product of the mission schools, but in every respect excepting intelligence and energy Pak was universally regarded as an arrant backslider. For my purposes, however, I found him satisfactory, and however much he may have used his position to impose upon others, I found, as soon as we had come to a general understanding, that he suited me perhaps better than a better man might have done. Soon after daylight on the following morning Pak was ready, and, indeed, by that time the baggage-ponies were loaded and despatched under the charge of two mapons, leaving Pak and me to follow with the third mapon when I had secured some more photographs. Before we got away, a messenger arrived with presents from his Majesty, among which were a tiger-skin, silver boxes, and a variety of other things, which were at once added to the mapon's load, already piled sufficiently high, considering that he had to carry it nearly twenty miles before we overtook the pack-ponies.



WONSAN—VISITORS FROM THE STEAMER CALLING UPON THE COLLECTOR OF IMPERIAL CUSTOMS.

We left Seoul by the great thoroughfare which bisects the city from north to south, and forms one of the two streets in some degree worthy of the name which the capital can boast. The other crosses it at right angles, and ends at the great gate of the palace. These streets are



YI-UNG-YUL, MAGISTRATE OF CHI-UL-WON.

wide indeed, but throughout their whole length they are lined only by straw-thatched mud shanties of the most uniformly mean and dirty appearance, so that it was with little or no regret that we made our way out of the north gate and began our progress through the long succession of dirty hamlets, among which travelled endless lines of men, horses, and donkeys, all equally heavy-laden with huge loads of firewood, hay, fish, salt, and all the commodities required for the daily needs of a large city. Everything was packed on man or beast, for the road did not boast a single vehicle on wheels. We were better mounted now than when I reached Seoul, Pak having, so he assured me, drawn upon the royal stables for my use. It may have been so, but our steeds were still only ponies, about the size of the small Shetland breed, and not unlike them in appearance or quality. Our journey, as far as Pak could make it so, became a kind of royal progress, as he never failed to proclaim my importance, or to annex without hesitation whatever he wanted by virtue of my dignity. These requisitions must be customary, for I observed that they were never resisted in any way by the sufferers, even when Pak, as he frequently did, enforced his demands by blows with his stick.

Each night we put up at some village, and on our arrival Pak deliberately inspected the houses, and having chosen the best, he proceeded at once to clear out the best apartment in it for our use. In this he collected the best furniture, mats, and rugs that the house afforded, and if these were not enough he unhesitatingly made raids on other houses to make good the deficiency. In this way we were generally well provided with accommodations, and the boiled rice which we could always procure, when eked out by my own preserved meats and other supplies, ensured sufficient eatable provisions. The houses, it is true, are of the simplest and, as a rule, of the dirtiest class. They usually open on one side of a narrow court, while the pens for horses, cattle, and pigs open on the opposite side, the yard between being common to both.

About midway between Seoul and Wonsan I was entertained by the magistrate of the district, who turned out to be a jovial old fellow, who gave me the best of all he possessed, either eatable or drinkable, and in return showed a high appreciation of my stock of rye whiskey. He not only insisted on putting me up for the night in a guest-chamber, which, though now, like nearly everything Korean, dilapidated, had once been fine, but in the morning accompanied me a full stage on my journey with an imposing escort of armed men and trumpeters, who made the way hideous by their blasts of melody. He finally entertained me at lunch before parting, and sent us on our way with a prolonged blast of the trumpets.

During the latter part of our journey the country was more varied and attractive. The hills were carpeted thickly with dense green grass, and the valleys—the country is only a succession of hills and valleys—were filled with fields of rice. The last twenty miles or so before we reached Wonsan were a broad alluvial bottom covered with luxuriant crops of rice and millet, which stretched almost to the entrance of the long straggling street of the Korean Wonsan. A small stream, which, for a wonder, is bridged, divides Wonsan from the Japanese town of Gensan, which is full of bustle and activity, and affords another warrant for the belief that the best hope for Korea's future lies in the connection with Japan.



KOREAN MET ON THE ROAD IN THE HILL DISTRICT BETWEEN SEOUL AND WONSAN—OX WITH PACK-SADDLE, BUT WITHOUT LOAD.



KOREANS VISITING A SHRINE IN THE HILLS NEAR WONSAN.

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THE DISSECTION OF CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

HEAVEN speed the dividing up of China! It only seems cruel. It is not really so. The spectacle of the wolves of Europe leaping upon the prostrate old mummy and preparing to tear her to pieces is surprising when one sees it actually under way, even though it has been long expected. But there need be no sorrow for China. That is the compensating reflection. However many nations divide the Flowery Kingdom, and no matter among whom the parts are distributed, every Chinaman (except a few of the most corrupt officials on earth) will be the gainer by the change. The Chinese theories of government, of justice, and of the relations that should exist between the governed and their governors are most admirable. They proceed from the very old experience of a once great people, who have enjoyed a wisdom which inspired the nearest approach to civilization of its time in the East. But their practices have grown far away from their former principles, and China's people are much worse governed than any other great people on earth.

The theory there is that the leading students—the wisest and most promising young men—continually pour fresh pure blood into the governmental system; but an office-holding class, bolder and more cruel than any that feudalism developed in Europe, has fastened itself on the people, and, as is the case in Turkey, this rotten scum poisons the nation. In a myriad ways, because authority is farmed out for what it will yield—first to the state and afterwards to the officials—the plain people are ruthlessly victimized. They are robbed, denied justice, deprived of all rights and protection—except as these can be bought. The worst that will befall any of them will be to come under the rule of the Germans, who are martinets, and have not the colonizing spirit. Even these Chinamen will be infinitely better off than they are now. Those who become Russian subjects will be more fortunate, because Russia understands the Asiatics. She interferes with them very little beyond making them keep order and pay taxes. Those whom the English get will, of course, contribute most toward the world's progress, for they will create a new and open market for the whole world to trade in, and their territory will become a new foothold for civil and religious liberty.

The Chinese are truly a fine people; asleep, but not worse off. I never met in Asia or anywhere a single man who knows the Chinese and the Japanese well who does not say that physically, mentally, and morally the Chinese are superior to the Japanese. We must not judge the huge agglomeration of differing Chinamen by those we see here. These are all Kwang-tung coolies, except the occasional tall, large-framed men of the more northerly provinces who come to us on diplomatic missions. The farther south you travel in China, the smaller, weaker, and less admirable do you find the people, so that in the far south, where the French were the first to begin the partitioning of China, they are no bigger than the Japanese, and nothing like as able. Our Cantonese have not proved bad visitors, yet they are not to be compared for physical merit, for shrewdness, commercial ability, refinement, or morality with their neighbors to the north, who in stature rise higher and higher, as if nature had planted them in terraces. The Chinese, as a whole, present better material for the magical manipulation of progress than the Japanese seemed to offer forty years ago. They are a finer people than any other Asiatics, unless the people of India have to be excepted.

Will this invasion of their kingdom by the Europeans arouse and awaken them? No one can say, but I think not. I wrote from China for the WEEKLY during the China-Japanese war that not even that imperilling of their independence would arouse them, because we had been wrong in considering China a nation and the Chinese one people, as we understood those terms. China is a collection of nearly twoscore states, loosely held together by a demoralizing government, by the echo of a religion that has dried up and left only a skeleton frame of superstitions, and by a classical or official and book language known to but few among the people of a great number of the provinces, where the men of one province consider those of the nearest provinces as "foreigners." The injustice and hardships they suffered at the hands of their rulers came near uniting them when the T'ai-ping rebellion broke out in the middle of the century, but the imperial forces led by Gordon, walking-stick in hand, crushed the rebellion. Afterwards the government had not the wisdom or good fortune to find a man who could develop interest in, or love or respect for, China in the masses. The queer mass is never stirred by patriotism, else we would not fancy that China will quietly submit to dissection. Gordon said there were no better fighting-men than the Chinese, but they need leaders. To-day the army is officered only by men who cannot get other berths, and are so low and desperate as to accept places in the army in which to swindle the government. For soldiering is in China the last thing a desperate man will take up—the least honorable of callings.

The whole world saw the helplessness of China in 1894, but only Russia was so shrewd as to take advantage of it. Her agents began at once to terrorize the Emperor and his councillors with a vague dread of nameless horrors to come. The Japanese were declared to be meditating a return of their army. Every superstition the Chinese fondle was played upon to disquiet them the more. "You need a strong friend," said Russia, "and I am anxious to be that friend." The theatrical landing of armed Germans on the coast the other day was a bagatelle compared with what Russia accomplished; indeed, the Germans only did that little by the permission of Russia. More than a year ago China practically gave up dominion over Mongolia to Russia, granting her a southerly termination for her great railway, entangling herself with Russia in financial obligations and secret treaties, and meekly accepting dictation by Russia with regard to railway and other concessions for which the tardier people of western Europe began to besiege Peking. Korea and the Leao-tong peninsula—the first of which Japan fought for and the second of which Japan wanted—went to Russia, to all practical intent and purpose.

The action of Germany shows how close is the friendship between the Czar and the Emperor William—each of whom calls the other his best friend. France appears forced to be content with the empty shell of her good understanding with Russia and with what she has already taken in China. England is represented as meekly and timidly accepting the situation. Japan alone is known to be anxious to fight, though her people have said for two years or more that she needed five years in which to fit herself for the war she means to wage with Russia. It remains to be said that England has long had her eyes on a foothold in central China, which is worth the north and south together twice over. Those who think she will not fight, or will cringe to a great power, when her people deem themselves aggrieved, have memories that do not reach back to the early spring of 1896, when William II. comforted Paul Kruger with a telegram. The country back of Shanghai and Hong-kong has not been threatened yet, and England is very slowly recovering from the blow to her pride and the disagreeable notoriety which came of Jameson's rashness—and failure. Germany may be merely pretending to meddle in China to force her own Parliament to further the Emperor's dearest project—the building of a navy. However that may be, in the end the great contest in the East must be between England and Russia, and Russia's patient, long-cherished plan has been to defer this struggle until the clock strikes the hour she has set for moving upon India.

THE GENERAL'S LAST VICTORY.

A Tale of the Blue-Grass.

BY J. J. EAKINS.

IT was evident that something was weighing on old General Beaumont's mind that sunny June afternoon as he jogged along the pike on his big bay thoroughbred. The bridle reins had slipped from his hands, and his head had sunk so low on his broad chest that only his double chin was visible beneath the wide brim of his soft black hat. For an hour he had not spoken to his attendant Peter, who was following him on a sedate gray horse, carrying the General's travelling-bag before him, his withered little black face bobbing up and down behind it like a particularly solemn jack-in-the-box.

It was in vain that the Blue-Grass, like a bride, unfolded all her radiant young charms. The dogwood blossoms shook in the meadows, the white-flowering blackberry-bushes nodded in the fence corners, the mocking-birds piped merry welcomes, and even the irascible woodpeckers nodded their pugnacious red heads cheerily. It was not until his intelligent horse had come to a sudden stop before an old-fashioned wooden gate hanging between mossy stone posts that the General looked up. It was his own gate, and the avenue of spreading oaks beyond led to his home.

Before Peter could ride up, a shrill chorus of "Howdy, Marse George?" came from the other side. In a moment the gate swung open and the General was surrounded by a dozen shining black faces. "Howdy, boys?" responded the General, a twinkle in his kind gray eyes, as he glanced over the ragged, barelegged troop.

At the end of the avenue, where the ground swelled gently to a slight elevation, stood the old Beaumont house. In other days it had been worthy of the noble approach, with its fine Colonial pillars, its wide hall, and its broad verandas. But the plaster had fallen from the Colonial pillars, leaving ghastly red blotches here and there; morning-glories and Virginia-creepers had climbed up to the roof, and hung in tangled masses around the verandas, while about the lawn sprawled untrained rose-bushes overburdened by the rich weight of their possessions, the flowers half hidden in the rank high grass.

On the lawn a dusky group was gathered about Aunt Mandy, whose fat hands rested on her broad hips.

"I 'clar' to goodness, I's mighty glad to see you!" cried Aunt Mandy, as the General rode up, her face beaming with pleasure. "I speck you nearly dead, Marse George. Yo' chair's out on de back po'ch waitin' an' ready. Why don't you niggers behave yo'se'ves?" this to the crowd that was tumultuously welcoming the General. "You, Ike an' Ben an' Sam an' Mose, you go an' kill one dem Dominickers, an' stop pester'n' Marse George."

The boys darted away on a mission so congenial. Peter led the horses away to the stable; and the General, followed by Aunt Mandy, who was volubly telling all the news, passed through the hall to the veranda, and threw himself in a tired way into his great easy-chair.

Above his head, in a tangled cluster of honeysuckle, the bees hummed drowsily. No other spot in all the world was as dear to the old General as this. Everything upon which his eye rested was endeared to him by the most sacred associations. On the very spot where he sat he had played about his mother's knee. Off there where the deep line of green stretched across the bottom-lands was the creek where his father and he had fished; the woods beyond had been the favorite hunting-ground of his brother and himself. Over the brow of that distant hill—ah, how well did he remember the day, though it was many and many a long year ago!—he had ridden with a gentle brown-eyed girl by his side, and when he closed his eyes he could recall her delighted exclamations as he proudly pointed out the home that was to be hers. And their boy—their brilliant, handsome, manly boy—was there a blade of grass in the meadows, or a leaf in the wood, or a drop of water in the creek that did not speak of him to that lonely old man? And over there beyond the orchard, where the golden glory of the sinking sun rested on sombre pines and cedars and weeping-willows, they were all awaiting him. There, side by side, slept his father and mother, inseparable in death, as in life. His brother rested with them. There, too, was the boy who had fallen by his side in that wild charge up the heights at Gettysburg, and who had been brought back to rest beside his mother, who had never lived to see him. Of all those who had lived and loved in that old house, of all those who had borne his name, he alone was left. In the whole world there was not one human being with whom he could claim kin.

The glowing crimson and gold of the sunset died away in ashen gray, and still the old man sat, leaning back in his chair, looking out into the twilight, with the shadows ever deepening upon his kindly face. With an effort he aroused himself from his painful reverie, lifted his head, and saw Peter sitting on the edge of the piazza, eying him with a troubled look on his withered little black face.

"Why, Peter, how long have you been here?" inquired the General, in a surprised tone.

"I dun'no', sah," replied Peter, respectfully. "I saw you wuz a-studdyin', an' I didn't want to pester you."

"Peter," said the General, solemnly, "I was just going to send for you. I want you to promise to do something for me." Peter, who was too much astonished by the General's tone to speak, only nodded his gray head. "Peter," continued the General, "I am going away from here—going away, never to come back." The General paused for a moment. Peter, with his mouth wide open and his eyes staring, sat motionless. "After the last mortgage," the General went on, in a slow, even tone, "you know the horses went wrong. The money all melted away before I knew it. I went East to try and get it back, but things have changed around the tracks there. All my old friends were dead and gone, and the tracks are full of young men too keen and smart for you and me, Peter—much too smart for us. I come back poor enough. This place don't belong to me any more, nor anything that's on it. The ground I gave you and Mandy when you got married thirty years ago belongs to you all, so does all you have on it. I made them put that in the mortgage. They won't move Aunt Sally and Uncle George, either. I am going to ask you to keep my horse for me—that and Glengarry are all I have left. Train Glengarry as you please. I think when he comes round he will race. He's half-brother to McGregor, Peter, and there never was a horse stood on iron like McGregor. You know, for you trained him." There was a proud ring in the old man's voice. He was silent for a moment, and when he continued it was in a quieter tone. "Now, Peter, I am going away in the morning, and I want you, when I'm gone, to tell Aunt Mandy and the others that I am not coming back any more."

The General had been looking straight ahead while he was talking, but now he turned to Peter. Peter was still sitting in the same position. During all the time the General was speaking he had not stirred hand or foot. But down his wrinkled black face tears were silently streaming. Suddenly he threw his arms around the General's knees, and burying his head in the General's lap, he burst forth into vehement sobs.

"Oh, Marse George! Marse George!" he cried, wildly. "Please don't leave ole Petah! Oh, please don't leave pore ole Petah! What you goin' to do in the mahnin' with nobody to shine an' to shave you? Who kin take care o' you, Marse George, like I kin? Oh, please, please, Marse George, lemme go too!" and the little body shook and swayed beneath the storm of his grief, and the thin old arms clung to the General tighter and tighter.

"Why, Peter," said the General, unsteadily, as he rested his hand softly on the bowed gray head in his lap, "I never knew you to behave this way before, and you and I have been together a long time, Peter. We used to roll around on this porch together when we were babies, didn't we? But you never acted this way before. Why, where's your nerve, Peter? This is not the Peter that went skating with me down on the creek that day the ice broke, and got the fence rails, and crawled out on them to save me. This can't be the Peter that took old Bobolink over the jumps at Saratoga when he had never ridden 'cross country in his life, just because my money was down and they had bought my jockey. I wouldn't have believed it of you. It must have been some other Peter that carried the boy away that day at Gettysburg, when the shells were bursting and the bullets screeching. That Peter wouldn't have acted this way. Oh no, he couldn't possibly have acted this way!" And now the tears of the two old men mingled there in the darkness, and so swaying and weeping together they grew calmer, and when Aunt Mandy, after having rung the supper-bell for the third time without getting a response, came out to see what had happened, she met the General coming in, with Peter, as usual, close behind him.

It was but poor justice that the General did to Aunt Mandy's art that night. Even the unfortunate Dominicker, floating crisp and brown in a delicious sea of cream gravy and flanked with the yellowest butter and the flakiest rolls, failed to tempt him.

"Tell the boys and Aunt Sally and Uncle George and everybody to come in," said the General, pushing his chair back from the table after a pretence of eating. "I've brought you all something from up North. Get my bag, Peter."

With mysterious swiftness the General's message sped from cabin to cabin. First the boys came slinking in, grinning sheepishly, their huts clutched into tight little bundles in their hands; then Aunt Sally and Uncle George, whose days went back to the General's grandfather, hobbled in on their canes. They bowed their stiff, bent old backs, and nodded their heads again and again in the direction of the General, and cried "Howdy?" in their high cracked voices, and appeared as eager for their presents as the youngest there.

It was late before the presents were all distributed, and later still before the cabins in the hollow were silent. But all sounds were finally hushed, tired eyes were closed, and to all there came the repose of universal sleep—to all save two. It came not to the General, tossing restlessly in his bed, nor to Peter, so carefully brushing and folding the General's clothes, and packing away every article his mind could suggest as being useful, all the while watering them with his tears.

"They tell me old General Beaumont's broke," said Red Mike, to his dealer up in the Kroxton, in Louisville, one sweltering August night. As everybody in the city who could afford it had fled to mountain and sea-shore and watering-place, the gorgeous Kroxton, with all its barbaric splendor, was almost deserted. The only player was young Jack Carrington, who was galloping through the proceeds of a stock-farm his father had left him at a faster pace than was ever set by any of the old gentleman's blooded horses. As the pallid-faced, impassive young man behind the box had only nodded assent, Mike, who felt that as proprietor of the Kroxton something was due from him in the way of entertaining his patron, continued: "They tell me the old sport has been hanging around town for two months trying to get something to do; says he's willing to do any kind of work, and won't take a dollar from nobody. When I was booking up at Saratoga, two years ago, he was betting five and ten thousand to a race. And now he's broke. When he lost, I must say he took his medicine like a little

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man." Mike pondered a moment over the mutability of human affairs, and then cried out, suddenly: "Say, I wonder if it wouldn't be a good play to give the old sport an interest in the house?" The impassive dealer had no opinion to offer, and went on monotonously pulling the cards out of the box. "Why, that's a great scheme!" continued Mike, growing more enthusiastic as he thought of it. "He could bring up all them old ruffle-shirted ducks. Everybody knows he's on the level. I'd get the play of the town. I'll see him to-morrow."

"I wouldn't advise you to," said Jack Carrington, quietly; "that is, not unless you're looking for trouble."

"Why not?" inquired Mike, sharply.

"Oh, no particular reason," said Jack, "only the General—will you kindly heel that stack from the king to the deuce, Mr. Dealer? Thank you!—has peculiar ideas."

"Ain't he broke?" retorted Mike—"I'd like to know that—and ain't I going to give him a chance? Now where's any kick coming to him? Any man that's broke is willing to take a chance, ain't he?"

"Some men are," replied Jack. "Still, I'd sooner it would be you than me who asked old Beaumont to cap for a faro bank. Just put the pay on the queen, Mr. Dealer. Thank you! I happened to be out at the Lexington track the day Big Ed slashed that little bow-legged nigger of his, Peter, across the face with his whip, and anybody that wants trouble with the General can get my interest cheap."

"How was that trouble ever settled?" asked the dealer, with a yawn, as he shuffled up the cards.

"I heard Big Ed got well," said Jack. "Of course, as the General was a gentleman, nobody bothered—"

"I'd like to bet you," interrupted Mike, in a heated way, "that I get him."

"How many markers have you got against me, Mr. Dealer?" inquired Jack, carelessly. The dealer sorted out a little pile of oblong blue ivory pieces, and announced that "Jack was in six hundred."

"Here's as good a chance as any for me to get even then," said Jack, turning to Mike. "I'll bet you six hundred you don't. I saw him sitting out in front of the Wilton as I came up the street. You can find him there now."

Mike instantly accepted the offer, and a moment later had his coat and hat on, and was off in search of the General, slamming the door after him.

The play had been going on for half an hour, neither Jack nor the dealer having exchanged a word, when the door was quietly opened and Red Mike entered. His face was very pale, and the hand that was nervously pulling his mustache shook.

"Jim," said he to the dealer, in a low tone, his eyes avoiding Jack's, "them markers don't go. Jack wins."

It was the first summer the General had ever spent in the city, and he was constantly tormented with a feeling of oppression and suffocation. He could hardly breathe during the long, hot, windless days, when the sun's rays were reflected from miles and miles of limestone streets where the thick dust lay, white-hot in the intolerable glare. And little relief came when the withering days had melted into breathless nights. It was the hottest summer Louisville had known in years. Men dropped down dead in the streets like stricken sheep. The great yellow Ohio shrunk and shrunk until all navigation ceased. The very fountains of the earth seemed to have dried up.

The General lived in a little low-ceilinged room on a side street. He was there only while he slept, however, for even the withering heat of the streets was preferable. Out there he could at least breathe. He spent many of his evenings at the Wilton—a queer, old-fashioned hotel before which a crowd of solemn old men, seated in cane-bottomed chairs, which they tilted back against the wall, ranged themselves nightly. They never moved save to walk down one of the numerous dark passageways of the building to the bar, where they lined themselves, very straight-backed and dignified, mixing their sugar and water with great particularity, and drinking to one another's health with a courtesy altogether worthy of themselves and of the occasion.

All of his days the General spent in search of work. He had many friends, some of them men in positions of power, but they had nothing which they could offer him. He had never thought of having to work, and had never been trained for any occupation. He was profoundly ignorant of business; he had no profession. The humblest form of bookkeeping was utterly beyond him. But he went on day after day, walking miles and miles along those blazing streets, seeking, inquiring, accepting failure after failure with patient resignation. At night he returned to his hot little room as drenched as if he had been in a shower-bath. Once he thought of journalism, and he sat for several long stifling days and far into the nights writing painfully and slowly, and with many blots and erasures, an article on racing before the war. He brought it to the office of the *Globe* himself one night. Everybody treated him with the utmost consideration, for he was well known by name and reputation. He had grown so peculiarly sensitive to failure, however, that although the rejection of his manuscript was only hinted at, he instinctively guessed the truth. He looked about him in the room where he was waiting, noted the alert, keen-faced young men writing with such amazing swiftness, noted, too, their energy, their enthusiasm, and, above all, their youth, and turned away with a sigh.

One sultry Sunday night, while he was up in his room looking over some family papers, he unexpectedly came across a small worn Bible. He remembered it at once. It had been given him many years before by his mother. He looked at the little book long and earnestly, and when he finally laid it reverently aside, he put on his hat and strode out into the street. He had been walking for some time, heedless of the direction in which he was going, with his head bowed and his hands clasped behind his back, when he was aroused from his reverie by the sound of singing close at hand. He glanced up and found that he was passing the open door of a one-story brick church which sat back only a few feet from the street. After pausing irresolutely for a moment, he turned and walked into the church, taking a seat on one of the rear benches. It was a plain small room with bare whitewashed walls and cushionless square-backed benches. There was no organ and no choir, the congregation belonging to a sect noted for its rigorous Puritanism. The preacher was a tall thin man, with a long dark face framed in jet-black hair and illuminated by sunken black eyes. The text of the sermon which followed the hymn was from the parable of the prodigal son, and it was treated with great power by the preacher, who concluded his sermon by an appeal to any one in the church who had wandered away to return to the Father's house while yet there was time. There was profound silence for several moments after he had finished. Then the General slowly arose. All eyes were instantly turned upon him. The ponderous figure of the old man, with his ruffled shirt and his long broadcloth coat and his flowing, old-fashioned courtesy, seemed to bring into the place an atmosphere altogether new to it, and to tell the pale-faced enthusiasts there of a great rushing life beyond, of things and of people unknown to their experience. The General bowed courteously towards the preacher and began deliberately.

"When I was a boy, saying my prayers at my mother's knee, I promised her when I grew up I would become a Christian—my mother was a good Christian woman. To-night I found the Bible she gave me, and it reminded me of my promise, and I have come to confess my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. But I don't want to join the Church without letting you all know what I believe"—the General paused a moment and then added, with a sweeping gesture to the attentive faces around him—"and I hope and trust, sir, I will not offend any member of this congregation.

"Ever since I can remember I have been a-following race-horses. My father raised horses, and my grandfather; they raced them and bet on them; and they were good men—better than any men I ever met. I have done as they did. I have raised and raced and bet on horses; and there's nothing I have ever done with them I am ashamed of. In that Bible my mother gave me I don't find anything against racing. I never expect to put my foot on a race-track again, for the place where I was born has passed into the hands of strangers. All my horses are dead or sold except Glengarry that Peter's got, who was highly tried as a two-year-old, but I don't know whether he'll stand training or not. I don't believe it's wrong to run horses or to bet on them, provided it's your own money and you can afford it." The General stopped to wipe his brow, and then went on, slowly:

"I have owned some very great horses, and they had so much spirit and sense that I don't believe God will allow them to die and never be seen by me again. It would be a sad thing for me to believe that, because there are some I bred and raced up yonder in the Blue-Grass that I hope to see. One I feel very sure I'll see, and that's McGregor.

"You all heard of McGregor. No horse like him ever looked through a bridle. I remember well the day I found him." The General's voice had fallen to a soft musing tone, and a far-away look was in his eyes. "He was lying down on the damp grass. It was February, and there were patches of snow on the ground. He was so little and so cold I just took him up in my arms and wrapped my coat around him. He had the softest eyes you ever saw, and as I carried him up to the house he looked up at me and rubbed his little nose against my hand. From that day we were friends. His mother died, and he was raised around the house. He used to play on the porch, and when the spring came and the air grew warmer he would follow me around the paddocks, and knew what I was doing just as well as Peter.

"What a grand two-year-old he grew to be! a splendid, deep-chested, big-boned fellow, with skin as fine as spun silk. He used to come to me to eat out of my hand, and would run all the way across the field to tell me how glad he was to see me. Out on the race-track, with jockey and colors up, he was like a lion. You ought to see him swinging into the stretch at the head of his field. He knew more than any jockey that ever rode him. Never in his life did he feel the lash of a whip or the touch of a spur. A blow would have broken his heart. And the races he won, and the way he won them! He swept before him the pick and pride of the East and West. No horse ever looked him in the eye at the judges' stand.

"I oughtn't to have run him that day at St. Louis. I had a presentiment all the time something was going to happen; but there was nothing in the field to beat, and McGregor never looked so well in all his life. I went down to see him saddled, as I always did. He ate an apple out of my hand, and then arched his neck proudly for my caress. Then he galloped up the stretch, with the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the men cheering.

"He was coming down before his field, the nearest of them lengths away, when I saw him falter and his front leg bend under him. I yelled to the boy to pull him up, and Peter over in the field yelled too. The boy did his best, but he had just as well try to stop a cyclone—just as well. McGregor saw the judges out there in front of him. The other horses were behind him. Fifty yards from the wire his leg had almost given away altogether. The others were closing on him. One was only a couple of lengths away. I could see the light in his eye, and knowing that great heart of his, I felt he would win or die. A dozen yards from the judges the other leg failed him—failed him with his rival hardly a length away. And then with me and Peter screaming to the boy to pull him up, and with the ladies in the grand stand shrieking, and the judges and timers waving the boy to stop him, McGregor, with the bit between his teeth and his eyes on fire, came reeling and stumbling and falling in to his last victory.

"I laid his head in my lap out there on the track where he fell, and just as when he was a little colt, he rubbed his nose against my hand and looked up in my face." There was a break in the old man's voice, and it was several moments before he could speak.

"We buried him in the field by the track," he continued softly, wiping his eyes, "and a tombstone is there to mark his grave. If I go to Heaven when I die, I believe I shall find McGregor there; and if he's not there it won't be Heaven for me. These are my beliefs, and I hope I have not offended any lady or gentleman. If I have, I beg their pardon," and with a courtly bow to the preacher the General left the church.

It was the night before the St. Leger, the great event of the fall meeting. The corridors of the hotels swarmed with big red-faced men, and echoed to the chant of the auction pool-sellers. In his room the General had been sitting alone for several hours. The summer had left its mark on him. His face had the ashen hue of old age, and his clothes hung loosely on his gigantic frame. He had his open Bible turned face downward on his lap, and was staring straight before him. He was roused by a rapping at the door. When he said come in, it opened, and there stood Peter. Peter had his hat in his hand when he opened the door, but he dropped it on the floor and rushed over to catch one of the General's hands in both of his.

"I tole you, Marse George," said Peter, sorrowfully noting the changes in the General's appearance, "nobody knowed how to take care you like ole Petah."

"I'm well now, Peter," replied the General, as he gently forced his visitor into a chair. "The heat bothered me some, but it's all over now. Tell me what you've been doing and how everybody is."

Peter told how he had taken Glengarry to Saratoga after winning a small stake at St. Louis and another at Chicago, and had won two races there with him. Then he was beaten several times, and Peter gave him a long rest and specially prepared him for the great St. Leger.

"He's a fast hoss," said Peter, in conclusion, "but he wants to quit."

"Quits!" cried the General, sharply. "I never had no quitters, Peter, and you know it. Glengarry is a half-brother to McGregor!"

"He don't zackly quit," replied Peter, diplomatically. "I speck he run all he know how to run, but he's prejudiced 'gainst goin' fur."

"Certainly," said the General, in a mollified tone, "all horses have prejudices, just like you and me. What starts to-morrow?"

"Six or eight; nothin' no 'count 'cept Colonel Thompson's Sir Rake, an' he's a fav't ovah the field. Glengarry's better'n he evah wuz in his life; ef he kin run all de way he'll suttinly win. I got Isaac to ride him. I hab all dem stakes he win heah wid' me," continued Peter, getting up from his chair, where he had been nervously fidgeting for several minutes. "I made dem sec'taries put it all into writin' zackly how it stood an' how much fahfits wuz comin' to us." Then he carefully unbuttoned his coat and vest, opened his shirt, and began unwinding from around his body several leather straps which bound a long thick pocket-book to his breast. The straps had been buckled and then carefully sewed with wax-ends. Altogether, it was no easy task to get them off. The big pocket-book was finally brought forth, however, and set on the table in the middle of the room. Peter cautiously opened it and disclosed a number of packages tied with different colored strings, for purposes of identification. The General untied them, and found each package contained a sum of money, with the secretaries' statement of the amount won and the amount of the forfeits yet uncollected. The General counted the money and found that it amounted to $6000. He divided it into two piles of equal amount, and pushed one of them across to Peter.

"Peter," he exclaimed, gratefully, "I am under many obligations to you. Half that money is yours. Now don't you go acting foolish," he added, sharply, as Peter opened his mouth to protest. "I want you to take my half and put it on Glengarry to-morrow."

"What's an ole fool nigger like me gwine to do wid all dat money?" cried Peter, plaintively; "an' what you t'ink Mandy's gwine to say? Why, Marse George, Mandy'd take de top right offen my haid. Mandy—"

"Peter," interrupted the General, sternly, "do what I tell you. Peter, what have you been doing since you have been up North? You take that money."

As Peter reluctantly started to pick up the money, he noticed his account sheets and colored strings piled in a promiscuous heap.

"How's I gwine to tell about dem sec'taries?" he cried in dismay. "Marse George, you'll have to fix 'em all up again." The General assured him that he would take care of that, and Peter looked relieved.

Then Peter and the General fell into an animated conversation about the horse and the coming race; and the General told Peter that if Glengarry won they would return to the old place. They went back together over races long gone by, and laughed heartily about the happenings of their youth. The black cloud which seemed to have settled over the General lifted, and he talked with a gayety and hopefulness Peter had not seen him display in years.

It was very late that night when Peter, having brushed and arranged the General's best suit, and sharpened his razor and set out his shaving-mug, started off for the race-track to prepare for the morrow. As he stealthily opened the door and was tiptoeing out, he gave one final glance around the room. A stray beam of moonlight had crept through the half-closed shutters and rested caressingly on the General's careworn face. He was sleeping as peacefully as a child, and his lips were parted in a smile.

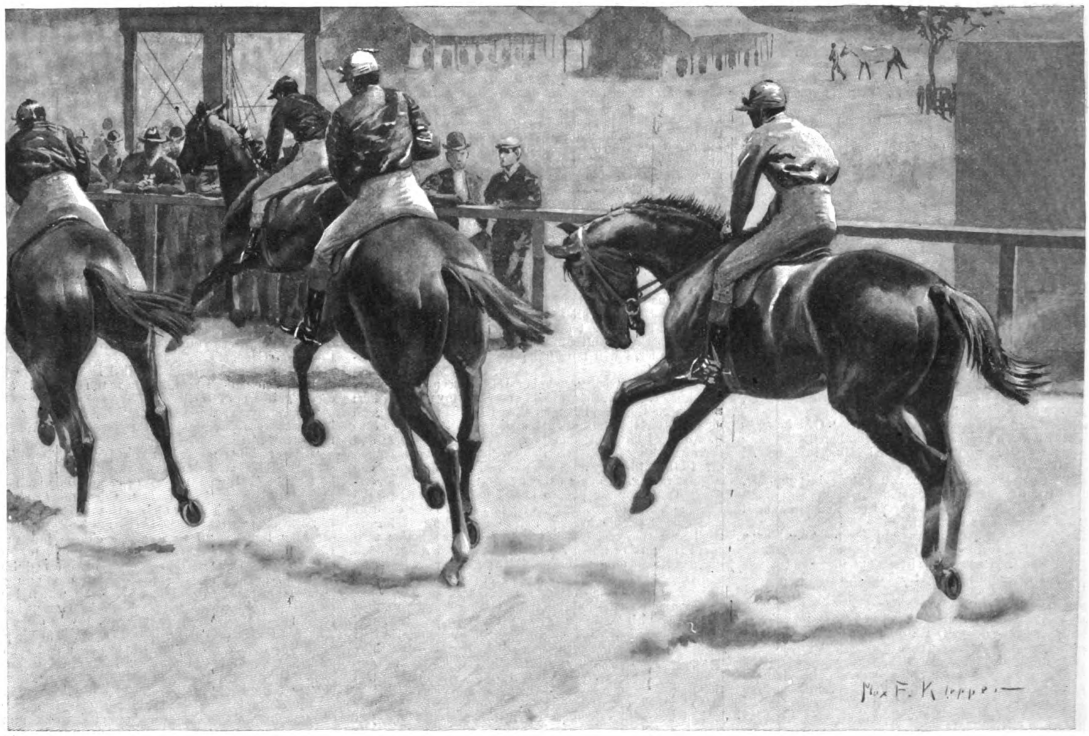
The day of the great race came in with cloudless skies. In the air there was just the faintest hint of the coming winter. Here and there the leaves flamed into gold and vivid russets and browns, but the grass was still thick and green, and the mid-day sun beamed down with uncomfortable warmth. All the city went out to the track to see the big race. Society smiled from the club-house verandas, and the populace pushed in the free field. Gay parties of ladies, whose beauty was well set off by gowns of more pronounced color than are worn by their more sedate sisters in the North, attended by devoted escorts, strolled about the club-house lawn. The air was full of laughter and merriment.

The General, who had dressed most carefully, arrived at the track early. After he had visited the stable and critically examined Glengarry, he went to the club-house. Every one was glad to see him. He walked about from group to group, shaking hands and exchanging compliments with old-fashioned gallantry. It was a pleasant sight to see him bending over some young girl's hand, his face lighting up with pleasure, as he protested his devotion. The surroundings were like wine to him. His eyes brightened and his cheeks flushed.

While the General was enjoying himself at the club-house, Peter was in a state of extraordinary excitement at the stable. A dozen times he tested the bridle and saddle, tugged at the bit, and pulled at the stirrup leathers. He spent much time with Isaac, repeating his directions over and over.

"You must take him to de front and keep him dar,"

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"GLENGARRY, A GREAT, POWERFUL, BIG-BONED BLACK, IS LAST OF ALL."

said Peter, earnestly. "Don't you go foolin' wid him, 'cause he's a hoss wid prejudices, and you mus' reason wid him. Ef you go a-kickin' and a-hittin' him he'll stop shuah. You jes lay along easy like wid 'im till you git to de straitch. Den you say: 'Glenga'y, none ob dem hosses back yondah can't beat you. Dey can't tech you, side, aidge, nor bottom. You mighty fine hoss, Glenga'y, dat's what you is. An' none dem fool hosses gwine to come neah you. I always knowed you wuz a fine hoss, Glenga'y,' you say, 'an' now I knows it mo' and mo'.'

"Isaac, while you talkin' you keep yo' eyes fixed on dat hoss's years. Ef you see dem years a-movin' up and down, up and down, like a sunflower when de hummin'-bird peck at it, you know he payin' 'tention to you. Den you let out you las' wrap, an' dat hoss 'll come belten down de track so fast make yo' wool stan' straight up on yo' haid."

"S'pose his years stan' still?" asked Isaac.

"Den, Isaac," replied Peter, mournfully, "de Lawd hab mercy on me! Ef dat hoss's years don't wag, it's a sign he's mad about somethin', and when he's mad nobody don't know what he's gwine to do."

Before the jockeys' names went up on the board Peter held hurried conversations with several of his most trusted friends, ending each conversation by slipping rolls of money to them with the greatest secrecy. Then he rushed off towards the stable. On the way he was stopped a score of times by book-makers, touts, and heavy bettors, all of whom wanted to know about the condition of the horse.

"Dat Glenga'y hoss ain't no 'count 'tall," Peter replied, with unblushing mendacity. "He won't eat and he won't drink, an' his laigs been in ice-watah all to-day and all yistidy."

The inquirers hurried back to the betting-ring to give their valuable information to the book-makers, with the result that the price against Glengarry constantly lengthened.

Peter continued on to the stable, where he entered Glengarry's stall, closing the door behind him, only leaving a little aperture, through which he peered anxiously. Every few moments one of his friends arrived and slipped into his hands a bundle of book-makers' tickets. "What price yo' git?" Peter would whisper. "Six," or "Seben," or "Eight," the reply would be, and the man would slink away. Peter's comment was invariably the same: "Um, six: dat ain't no price." "Um, seben; dat ain't no price." And even the last messenger, who got ten to one, was told by the avaricious Peter that ten was no price. He took his big bundle of tickets and carefully slipped them into his pocket, holding them there tightly clinched in his hand. Then with his other hand he carefully shook out his big pocket-book. It was absolutely empty. "Hi!" he chuckled; "speck we go back to de ole place now ef we win." He had bet all of his own money with the General's.

Meanwhile the General was advising all his friends at the club-house to bet on Glengarry. "Sir Rake belongs to my friend Colonel Jack Thompson," he always added, "and he is a clever gentleman, but Glengarry is bred to stay. His blood on both sides is the choicest in the stud-book, and Peter says he was never better."

"Down in the ring, General," cried a young man who had just rushed up, "they say the horse is off his feed, and his leg has been in ice-water for two days. Jim Billson, the book-maker, got it straight from your trainer, and he told me to put my money on the favorite."

"Mr. Billson is mistaken, sir," replied the General, stiffly. "Peter always tells the truth about my horses. It is the rule of my stable." (Oh, Peter, Peter, into what devious ways hath thy too great loyalty led thee!) "I consider it an honor, sir, when a gentleman wagers on my horse, and to deceive any one would be a most dishonorable thing—a most dishonorable thing. I repeat, sir, Mr. Billson has been misinformed."

While he was speaking, Peter came trotting across the lawn, one hand still clutching the bundle of tickets in his pocket. The perspiration was streaming down his little black face. As he drew near he took off his hat with his disengaged hand.

"Peter," said the General, "there are stories in the betting-ring that Glengarry hasn't eaten and that his leg is swelled. They are reported to have come from you. I have just assured this gentleman that his informant was mistaken."

"Co'se; I neber said it," replied Peter, in the most aggrieved tone. "Dem touts don't do nothin' but come pester'n' roun' me. Dey kin lie faster'n any hoss ebber did run. I tole 'em dis," continued Peter, in a tone of righteous indignation: "I sez dat hoss didn't eat, and his laig wuz swell up big as my haid—at Sahtoga. But he's all right now, I sez, plain as I'm sayin' it now—up at Sahtoga, I sez, not down heah."

The General bowed courteously to the young man, and, as if the matter admitted of no further argument, asked Peter about the betting.

Peter recounted the amounts bet and the prices obtained, while the General nodded, and remarked that the money had been placed at astonishingly good figures. And now the General began to show more and more an increasing nervousness. He could not stand still a moment. Again and again he walked the length of the lawn. At length, with an effort, he threw himself into a wide rustic chair at the extreme end of the club-house veranda. A cluster of wandering honeysuckle, withered by the frost, hung above his head. Sitting here, he could get a perfect view of the race.

Presently the horses come striding through the paddock gate, one by one, the solemn-faced jockeys on their backs looking neither to the right nor to the left. The favorite is the first to canter up the track—a long, clean-limbed, bloodlike chestnut, who receives the cheers of the multitude with princely indifference. After him troop the field; Glengarry, a great, powerful, big-boned black, is last of all. The General's popular colors win applause which would not otherwise have been bestowed upon their uncertain bearer. The start is from directly in front of the stand, and a fine picture it makes in the sunlight—the horses with their lithe graceful bodies, the jockeys in vivid reds and blues, with the packed thousands moving restlessly about them.

The field is stretched across the track, an ever-shifting line, which breaks and forms and breaks again. At last, as if with one movement, the compact mass sweeps by the starter, the red flag in his hand flashes down, and up from the eager thousands comes a responsive roar. Before the cry has rolled down the stretches of the track, Glengarry has sprung forth from the field, and with amazing swiftness has opened up an ever-increasing chasm of light. It is a long cry to the finish, however, the journey being twice around the track, and the patient jockeys on the horses behind sit still and watch the pace-maker. On around the turn and into the back stretch sweeps Glengarry, his long black body close to the ground, like a greyhound, his jockey sitting motionless and holding him under a gentle pull. Five lengths, ten lengths, twenty lengths, every moment he quickens his extraordinary pace; every moment he increases his tremendous lead.

"Half in forty-nine," cries Colonel Jack Thompson, clicking his stop-watch; "the pace 'll kill him."

Around the far turn and out of the back stretch flies the great black, his smooth, easy, effortless action giving no hint yet of tiring. The nearest to him is the favorite, whose backers have already begun to murmur. Into the stretch and past the cheering thousands along the fences speeds Glengarry. "Mile in forty," cries Colonel Jack, uneasily, "and blame me if he ain't goin' faster!"

As Glengarry turns once more into the back stretch, Sir Rake is thirty lengths away. Already the field is beginning to straggle, and still the black horse continues his breathless rush.

For the last time Glengarry sweeps out of the back stretch. Far away down behind him the broken field skirts the rail in disorderly rout, with the dust hanging over them. Sir Rake alone has a chance to beat him, but what a chance!

"Glengarry wins! Glengarry wins!"—the air is full of the cry. What chance is there in that shattered field, where the spurs are driving and the whips are falling, to catch the flying leader? The final turn is passed. A quarter of a mile straight away is the finish and victory.

And now a faint cheer comes up from the backers of the favorite. Surely he is gaining. A furlong further and the cheering has grown a thousandfold. The awful pace has at last told. The leader is stopping; and behind him, overhauling him stubbornly inch by inch and foot by foot, gamely answering by fresh effort the shower of blows rained down on him, comes the favorite. At the furlong pole a dozen lengths separate them; at the sixteenth pole the dozen have dwindled into half a dozen, into five, into four, into three. The crowd is mad with excitement.

Slowly, slowly, like a weary swimmer fighting against a strong current, Glengarry is dropping back. The resistless speed which carried all before it has left only a tired and broken horse. The three lengths have dwindled into two, and the two have narrowed into one. Along the rails men are screaming like lunatics. In the grand stand women are hysterically shrieking. A dozen yards from the finish and the two horses are side by side. Half a dozen yards and Sir Rake's chestnut head shows clear before his rival.

And now the supreme moment has come. With the instinct of the great jockey, Isaac, almost in the final jump, makes a last desperate call. With knees so closely pressed against Glengarry that the wildly throbbing heart beneath strikes them like the beat of a hammer, he suddenly digs his heels into his horse's panting sides, and with hands and body and knees all united, lifts him across the line. So close are the two heads as they sweep by the judges that not one in that wildly yelling crowd is sure of the winner.

They surge around the judges' stand, some crying the favorite's name, and some Glengarry's. At last, after ages of delay to the tense-nerved multitude, the numbers are slowly hoisted on the board across the way. A great cheer goes up from the grand stand and mingles with another cheer from the club-house lawn. Glengarry has won.

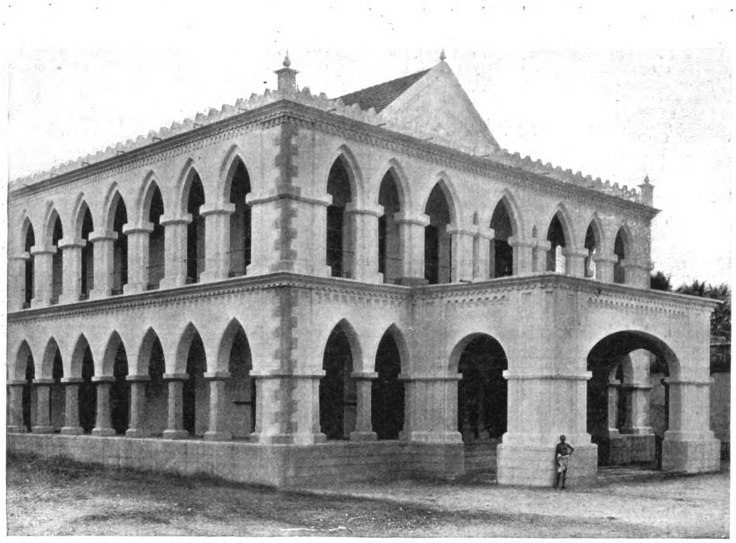
The cheering had died away. In the period of calm which followed, those who had so vehemently applauded the winner turned to congratulate his owner. They found him sitting in the big rustic chair at the end of the piazza, the bunch of withered honeysuckle drooping above his head, his face turned to the race-track he had loved so well. At his feet crouched a little black figure, wildly clinging to hands cold and motionless for evermore, and, with a grief which knew no consolation, mourning over the last of the Beaumonts.

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EUROPE IN CHINA.

EVER since Linschoten plucked the key from the girdle of Portugal and opened a way to the far East, two great powers have been advancing—the one by land, the other by water—to possess the trade of the Orient. They are Russia and England. Their goal is gold and a market. These they crave even more than land. We and all English-speaking folk have been taught that the supreme prize was India, and that the final struggle of the two great rivals was to be amid the Pamirs, on the roof of the world. British hopes and fears pointed that way. Rhetoric, statecraft, and wisdom seemed to require it. It is certain that the Czar's policy was to keep up this idea long after it represented a reality. By sapping and mining processes the nations north of the Himalayas were stirred to troublesome action, which led England into several costly wars. In 1856 Lord Palmerston, in declaring war against Persia, explained that "we are beginning to reveal the first openings of trenches against India by Russia." At this moment, in 1898, the fruit of this "forward policy," supposed to have been necessary to checkmate Russia, holds the flower of the British army in the high region of rocks and snow north of India, all of which Russia likes exceedingly.

Now the world wakes up to see that steam and the railway have changed the situation, and thrown the line of battle close to the Pacific shore. Long ago the Russians foresaw this. When, in 1860, their surveyors planted the first stakes at the edge of the forest overlooking Peter the Great Bay, within fifty miles of Korea, they named it Vladivostok, which means "Possession of the East." Here, in 1863, some trees were felled and shanties put up. Where a tiger had been shot a few days before, a government office was erected, though not far away a man leaving two horses to be shod outside the smithy had them both devoured by tigers. Oak and pine gave way to the houses built from them. In 1878 there were 1400 settlers in the town. In this year, 1898, the civilian population of Vladivostok is over 25,000, while its military contingent may be quite probably as large. During this past summer there were at one time in the noble bay nine Russian men-of-war, including the *Rurik*, and the large three-funnelled *Azoff* that brought the present Czar, when Czarevitch, on his unlucky visit to Japan some years ago. No longer do the Russians fear the ice. The American ice-breakers, whose effective work in the Delaware River the writer well remembers, now keep the channel open, so that the Czar's fleet can get its supplies of coal and provision at home. Furthermore, there is at Vladivostok a first-class dry dock. The terminus of the world's longest railway, 6000 miles long, which unites "all the Russias," is at this place. It has been built for futurity. All experts agree as to the solidity and thoroughness of the work on the bed, the rails, the stations, and the rolling-stock. The cars are of the American type, each with platform and lavatory, and bedding for the night travellers. The locomotives are from Philadelphia. Over the lakes, where no bridges can yet be built, the trains are run on boats specially built for the purpose. Even here the ice-breaker is at work to annihilate winter.



AMERICAN MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA—ALBERT VICTOR HOSPITAL, MADURA.—[SEE PAGE 54.]



UNITED STATES ARMY PACK-TRAIN *EN ROUTE* FOR ALASKA.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

This maritime Russian province of Primorsk has been settled by picked emigrants from Russia, each of whom has property, or, if assisted by government, must be of excellent character. Convict labor was abandoned in 1894, and the work on the railway is chiefly done by Chinese laborers, though Russian soldiers are largely utilized. Fifty merchant-steamers ply upon the thousand miles of navigable portion of the noble Amur River, with its forest-covered shores. The "volunteer fleet" sail in warmer waters to Europe. Grass, timber, water, coal, minerals, a soil as rich as that of the prairies of Illinois, await the settlers, who come out at the rate of from seven hundred to a thousand families a year. Young, hopeful, Vladivostok and Primorsk province seem to be following the pace set by the Czarevitch, now Emperor, when he inaugurated the railway by himself wheeling off the first barrowful of earth and placing the first stone. Then the work began simultaneously at both ends which is to bring the traveller within sixteen days of London.

The prize is China. With the most fertile plain in the world, with incredible mineral riches as yet almost untouched, with a wonderful coast-line, with a vast population, whose very density is an element of weakness, China stands bleating like a fat sheep amid wolves. Five great powers, armed with terrific forces, possessing the fleetness, endurance, and cunning of the typical enemy of the lamb, stand ready to rend and devour. Japan having piteously exposed China's weakness, Russia having made China her debtor, having her secret treaty all drawn up, and having virtually ousted Japan from Korea—now practically a Russian protectorate—only the unscrupulous action of Germany in seizing Kiao-chou was needed to hasten the impending issue. To-day the navies of five great maritime nations are assembled in, or are hurrying to, the China seas. Portugal, Spain, and Holland, though possessing territory close at hand, are *hors concours*.

In the group of powers eager to dismember China, Japan must be included. For a year or more Russia's gaze has been, of necessity, averted from Constantinople. Why? Because, with Japan's grudge and waiting for revenge, on account of Russia's interference in 1895, half of the Czar's fleet must be kept in Chinese waters. Then Japan seemed but a jackal to the bear. Compelled to drop the prey which the bear wanted later, it hardly looks like a jackal that to-day is challenging Russia's advance. With the addition of three more of the finest floating fortresses in the world, with fleet and army in the highest state of efficiency, with nine points of the law, and a garrison on Chinese soil at Wei Hai-wei, Japan can no longer be brushed out of the way by Russia alone. Yet, whether there is to be an Anglo-Japanese alliance, confronted by a threefold coalition of Russia, Germany, and France, is the question of perhaps the immediate future.

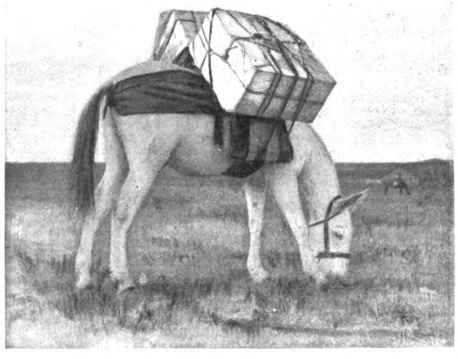
Now that five nations are contending for the body of moribund China, let us see what foothold each one has, and the conditions under which each proposes to hold possession. Hitherto China's foreign policy has been summed up in the idea of simply playing off one barbarian nation against another. Very probably the end of that policy has come.

Though Portugal for nearly three hundred years held Macao, together with the monopoly of foreign trade, it was and is without acknowledgment of right from China. It was Great Britain that first set the example and began the process of dismemberment, by occupying Hong-kong, off the southern coast, close to populous Kuan-tong, and near the mouths of two rivers. Ships and soldiers gave nine points of the law, and the tenth point was secured by the treaty of Nankin, which ended the opium war. When the Russians, in the early sixties, attempted to be imitative, and to occupy the twin Tsushima Islands, near Japan, British pressure compelled them to leave. In 1885 the British flag was raised over Port Hamilton, between Quelpart Island and the southern tip of Korea, at the gateway of the Yellow Sea. Under the combined protest from St. Petersburg and Seoul, the place—withal not being defensible without costly fortification—was abandoned. Opinion in the East seems to be that Great Britain has long coveted the island of Chusan, not far from Shanghai, and near the mouth of China's greatest river and the Grand Canal—in a word, near the chief point of traffic. In the text of two British treaties with China it is stipulated that Chusan shall be ceded to no other power, and that Great Britain shall protect the island. Great Britain to-day controls sixty-seven per cent. of China's foreign trade, and will not willingly yield leadership.

Russia has the advantage by land, and England by the sea. Russia is a homogeneous empire. She owns one-sixth of the dry land of the globe; six millions of the eight and a half millions of square miles under the Czar's sceptre are in Asia. Great Britain is the mightiest colonial nation in the world. Her navy has no peer; her financial system is the strongest on earth. Her colonies, full of loyal children, rich in character and resources, are all over the world, and even within easy reach of the great yellow prize by sea. Her banks, her ships, her resources, and her enterprising people are many. Look to the southwest and see how the frontiers of India, including Burmah, touch immediately on China from the Pamir on the west to the Cambodia River and beyond on the east. Her pioneers of trade, eager to open new markets, have already travelled between Bhamo on the Irrawaddy to Canton, along the rich river valleys of Yunnan and Quang-si, in southern China, whose swarming populations are expected to be British customers within a few years. Look, too, how her territory in the southern Burmah to the Isthmus of Craw, in the Golden Chersonese or Malay peninsula, in Sarawak and British North Borneo, give her tremendous advantages of re-enforcement and support, to say nothing of Australia and New Zealand farther afield. Great Britain practically controls nearly all the commerce of southern or peninsular Asia, and the ocean is her own. If victory in the fight for markets and in the commercial wars which may end in the partition of China depends in the last analysis upon the length of purse, it looks as though the British would win the day.

Nevertheless, the advantage of a homogeneous empire banded together by common faith, ambitions, desires, hopes, needs, and prospects, all of them undergirded by modern material forces, makes the situation very hopeful for the Muscovites. An American does not look upon the Russian with an Englishman's eye. Even should he forget Queen Catherine's refusal to rent out Russian mercenaries to King George III., or the courtesy and friendliness always extended to our sailors in the northern Pacific, or the imperial kindness during our civil war, he cannot be blind to the fact that in Central Asia large areas once inhabited by turbulent and murderous tribes have been brought under peace and civilization. He sees in the reclamation of Siberia and the development of its resources a picture not radically different from the settlement of the great West on his own continent. Between a Russian and a Chinese, he must choose the former. He longs to see the resources of the stagnant empire, so long like a hermit ignorant of the wealth beneath his feet, brought into the markets of the world, and the Middle Kingdom flooded with the light of Christianity. If of the philosophic mind, he longs also to see whatever China can teach us made the property of the whole race.

In actuality the Russians have the unspeakable advantage of a country which on the whole northern frontier, for three thousand miles, lies along and even encloses the empire of Ta-Tsing. On the extreme north, at the bend of the Amur River, and again at the head-waters of the Yenisei, but also as far south as the 38th parallel on the west, and at the Tumen River on the east, Russia touches China. The splendid and promising province of Primorsk lies eastward of Manchuria, along a frontier of several hundred miles, with eleven miles of river-front

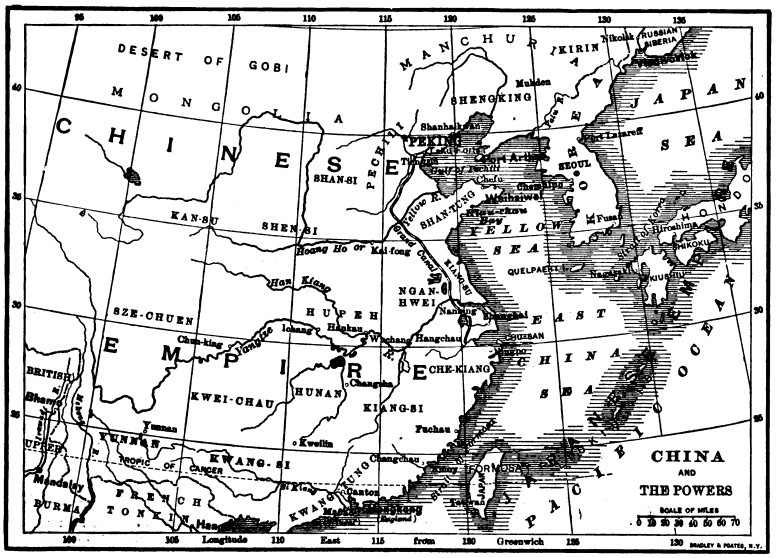


THE ARMY PACK-MULE.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

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adjoining Korea, in which desperately weak country Russia has within the last few months gained the upper hand. Holding China by the left hand with a grip whose five fingers of actuality mean Siberia won and held, the Pacific Ocean reached, Primorsk territory gained, the Japanese conquest of 1894–5 neutralized, and loans hypothecated and concessions secured, Russia's other hand may at any moment tighten with a grip that means not only railway control, the use of Port Arthur as a winter seaport, but the declaration that not only Manchuria (which some think already is as good as Russian ferritory), but even Mongolia and Leao-tong should, for the sake of "civilization," become part of "all the Russias."

Looking at the composition of the Chinese Empire, this does not seem at all impossible, since between the extreme north and China south of Peking there is comparatively little cohesion, while patriotism, in the sense of the word as used in Europe, is not an element to be reckoned with among the Chinese. Even now China has no national army or navy, but only provincial militia, and a few wooden ships belonging to the maritime provinces. Even if patriotism existed, there are no means of concentrating armies, which, even massed together, would not be truly national. It does not seem at all improbable that



that the war lord of Germany had other ends in view than those of justice merely. True, the German missionaries had been murdered; but true also that Germany needs more markets, and that Kaiser Wilhelm wants a larger navy, and is desirous of feeding the imagination and keeping to the highest tension both the naval and the military spirit of the people in the father-land. Under the terms of her lately announced lease Germany will hold the point gained, and be on hand for either the formation of alliances, the gaining of new territory, or the increase of trade. It seems in one way appropriate that the people whose schools and universities lead the world should make their first seizure of the Chinese territory in the province of Confucius. It is certain, however, to be for many years to come an experiment very costly to Germany, for, without colonies or possessions in the East, supplies must be brought from the other end of the world in Europe. Yet already there are 4500 German troops at Kiao-chou.

Next to Russia, Japan is perhaps the most interested in contemporaneous politics in the far East, because she is so near, and her claim is double. Her controversy with Russia is a deeply rooted one. The Japanese have never forgotten the Russian invasions of their northern territory

the greater part of the empire (that is mighty in size, but not in the forces and virtues which hold political structures together) north of the Hoang-ho River and the great mountain ranges to the westward will, during the next century, be a part of "all the Russias." England's choice and desire would be the central and richest part of China, drained by the Yang Tse-kiang, whose head-waters run parallel with the rivers of Burmah, in which region concessions looking to trade developed by the locomotive have been gained. A British railroad from Mandalay to Canton, and thence to Nanking and Shanghai, may quite reasonably be looked for during the century to come.

Next among those powers which have thus far helped to break up the old Chinese world is France, a nation which has no genius and few resources for the making of colonies. Still she perseveres. Within a generation she has won Tong-king and An-nam and Cochin China, and to-day controls the commerce of the Mei-kong River, having made the eastern half of Siam—to all intents and purposes, through forced treaty obligations—a French protectorate. Yet, except for furnishing functionaries with offices and salaries, and a precarious market for necessaries and luxuries from France, it is hard to see what benefit, beyond the gratification of ambition, they afford to Frenchmen. Nevertheless, it is said that the French have hoisted their flag over the island of Hainan, which is nearest their Cochin-Chinese possessions. Hainan contains between two and three millions of people—or is supposed to, for the central and main part of the island is inhabited by aboriginal tribes, against whom the Chinese defend themselves but whom they cannot govern. The coast region inhabited by the Chinese is rich in tropical fruits and productions. The possession of this island would give the French a tremendous re-enforcement of their power, though in any struggle for the fertile provinces of southern China they would certainly have a long contest with the better-based claim of Great Britain.

In recent years Germany has greatly expanded her commerce to the far East. The excellence of the German manufactures and the honesty and ability of her merchants are conceded by all. The Germans are reaping the benefit of that wonderful movement in industrial education and manual training begun over a generation ago. Herr Wagner, who gave the Japanese workmen such a tremendous start in their power to utilize Western chemistry and labor-saving methods, was a type of the thoroughly accomplished *techniker* now to be found frequently in the East. Travellers, learned men, and military officers have added to the fame of Germany; but no serious attempt seems to have been made under Bismarck's régime to own territory adjacent to the great market of China, except that, after the Franco-Prussian war, the desire of Germany seemed to be to purchase Formosa. The recent occupation of Kiao-chou, with its splendid bay and harbor, its little river, its adjacent salt-beds and lake, inexhaustible after two thousand years of working, and its commanding situation in a rich province between the two greatest Chinese rivers, and within easy reach of Korea and Japan, shows

early in this century, nor do the Russians ignore the imprisonment which their officers suffered in bygone days, or the injury to the person of their Emperor in 1891. Under pressure, the Japanese were obliged to surrender Saghalin Island, with its harbors and mineral resources, for the worthless, fog-buried Kurile Islands. For ages Japan claimed Korea as tributary. Later, as the Japanese think, they nobly and generously first waived their feudal claim, magnanimously recognizing the once hermit nation as independent, made treaties of friendship, sheltered her refugees, and then led her into the school of civilization. Then in 1894, in their view, they entered upon a "righteous war" with the old suzerain, chiefly for the sake of liberating Korea from Chinese despotism and barbarism, pouring out blood and treasure copiously—all of which the Koreans do not apparently appreciate in the least. Then, owing to the folly of their envoy, Miura, they saw the Russians, who never fail to take advantage of an enemy's mistake, step in, first to influence and then to power, until, in defiance of treaties, as the Japanese aver, Russia controls the finances and the military resources of the peninsular kingdom. To the Japanese it seems vital that Korea should remain at least friendly to them, and free from any special Russian movement. Added to this is the determination to regain the Chinese territory once conquered and occupied, from which Russia, calling to her aid two allies, expelled them.

Every sign in Japan to-day points to this expectation. Not satisfied with Formosa, which the Tokio government has neglected, in order to make of the whole country a camp, every cent of the Chinese indemnity is spent in increasing the navy. The very games and sports of the children are those of war. The book-bags of the school-boys, who are dressed in soldier clothes, are in the form of knapsacks. To-day Japan is exceeding every nation except Great Britain in the number, size, and quality of her war-ships. At the present rate, by 1905, Japan will be the second naval power on the globe. The ship-yards of England, Germany, France, and the United States are helping to complete this new navy, which will defend Japan's own coasts and doubtless take part in partitioning China. Since the late war the Mikado's land forces have been doubled in theory, and very nearly in actuality. Terrible as is the taxation to maintain this gigantic armament, the resources of the country are steadily increasing. The spirit of the people is as yet unquailing in its determination to check Russia and have a part in the decision of the powers concerning their old friend and enemy China. To-day their regiments hold Wei Hai-wei, and the general tone of the Japanese press over the German episode at Kiao-chou is that of gratitude to Kaiser Wilhelm, because he has given Japan so strong a pretext for holding her troops on the coveted soil of China. Since the sun-banner is to wave over Li Hung-Chang's captured masterpiece of masonry until the last tael of indemnity is paid, and since China must strain every nerve to raise the money, in the face of a deluge of fresh burdens, the probability of the Japanese evacuation is rather remote. China has now only 230 miles of railway, though many thousand more are planned and await resources. Russia desires to have control not only of the imperial customs, so long ably managed by the Englishman Mr. Hart, but also of the revenues from the land tax, the salt tax, and even of the *li-ki* duties, in order that China shall spend her money according to dictation from St. Petersburg. The Chinese railways to be built under Russian supervision are to "follow the Russian railway regulations, in order to facilitate the commercial intercourse between the respective empires," and "the entire control shall be in the hands of Russia for thirty years."

The situation is complicated, but it would seem that Great Britain and Japan, should they form an alliance, are better fitted to hold the key to the immediate situation—unless, indeed, Great Britain's Mohammedan population of fifty millions should rise in mutiny or Japan's finances come to a crash. One thing seems to be certain—that for the long race, for futurity, Russia has, if not the very best chance, then the first among equal chances. Her mass and methods, slow and sure, resemble the glacier's. To the Muscovite, England has come to her high noon, France is in the afternoon, Italy dwells in sunset shadows, and Spain has already entered twilight, while with Russia it is fresh morning, and all the future is her own. But then it must be remembered that the Japanese are also a young race, while England has a long bright period before her yet. The Teutonic nations emerged into history about the same time as the Japanese, for Japanese "history" before the fifth century is only gauze-work woven of fables and of mythology. The real fact is that old China, with the diseases and infirmities of senility, is confronted by two of the youngest races on earth as her immediate neighbors, in whose presence she must either suffer political death, however slow the process or prolonged the agonies, or else find some fountain of youth or that elixir of life for which her sages long sought. If this course be hopeless, so also seems that of reformation, as being too late. "On seeing the enemy, begin to whet arrow-heads," is an ancient proverb sadly applicable to China's present situation.

The impending war may turn out to be one of wit and words rather than of swords and shells. Muscovite and Briton are so grandly developing Asia, and Japan has so much yet to do in educating her people, while poverty of the common people is so terrible in the European lands, to say nothing of that in the Middle Kingdom, and to make no mention of nihilists and the unrest of Islam, that in all probability the statesmen of civilization will conquer at least an armed peace. This is costly, but it is cheaper than war. William Elliot Griffis.

THE OUTLOOK IN AUSTRIA.

December 22, 1897.

Austria is in the throes of a political upheaval. Badeni has fallen, Germans and Czechs are flying at each other's throats, and the riots at Prague have led to the proclamation of martial law in that city.

It is no new story. In Bohemia in particular the struggle of nationality and of language has been one of centuries. The Hungarian revolution of 1848 added fresh fuel to the smouldering fire, and of late years the Czech party has made giant strides. Whilst the Czechs have steadily gained ground, the Germans (using the word to represent the Austrians of Teutonic origin) have lost it all along the line. The latter are not even united among themselves. Liberals, Anti-Semites, and Conservatives are but some of the factions that go to make up the so-called German party.

To glance briefly at the events of the last few months:

When Count Badeni, the late Premier, found it impossible to provide himself with a trustworthy majority from among the German Deputies he turned in desperation to the Slav party, of whom the Czechs are the principal factor. "Issue the Languages Decrees which we have long demanded," replied they, "and we will help you."

This Badeni did, not as a Parliamentary measure, but by a simple administrative order, and therein lay his great blunder. The sum and substance of the decrees is this, that every official in the state service in *Bohemia* must speak the two languages, German and Czech, thus making the Bohemian language as much the official tongue as the German.

The German party, up in arms against the ordinances in themselves and also against the way in which they were thrust upon them, vowed to render all legislation impossible until the "Sprachen-Verordnungen" had been withdrawn. The disgraceful scenes which took place in the Austrian Reichsrath were means to this end, and finally Badeni resigned.

But this seeming triumph of the German party was the signal for fresh outbursts of a different kind. The Czechs, to whom the Languages Decrees had been but one step towards their final aim—*i. e.*, the abolition of the dual and the substitution of a triple empire; in other words, to place Bohemia on an equal footing with Austria and Hungary—saw with the fall of Badeni the downfall of their hopes. Hence the riots in Prague and other places.

The legislation over which the late ministry actually broke down was no less than the "Ausgleich," or terms of agreement and union between Austria and Hungary. This question may indeed be settled temporarily by the will of the Emperor; but what of the future? Hungary has also her aspirations, and would be but too glad to make herself still more independent of Austria.

Paul Gautsch, Baron of Frankenthurm, the new Premier, was born in Vienna, in 1851. In appearance he bears a certain personal resemblance to Mr Arthur Balfour. He is a German by birth, and in politics may be called a Liberal Conservative. He was Minister of Public Instruction under both Taaffe and Badeni; and in this position did much towards making the curriculum of education less heavy and pedantic. He also endeavored to introduce and foster athletics in the schools throughout Austria. It is worthy of remark that though in the late ministry he did *not* sign the famous "Sprachen-Verordnungen," his present colleagues are for the most part "bureaucrats"—men of working men, but little known, who will doubtless [illegible] implicitly the will of their leader.

Gautsch's [illegible] a difficult one. His efforts must be directed [illegible] truce between the Czech and Ger-

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man parties—a sufficiently unenviable task in itself. So far his attempts in this direction have been fruitless. The Germans demand the revocation of the Lex *Falkenhagen*, the law empowering the president to expel Deputies from the House, passed, as the Germans say, illegally on the eve of Badeni's fall; the dismissal of the present Parliamentary President, Herr Abrahamovics, a faithful follower of Badeni; and, finally, the withdrawal of the "Sprachen-Verordnungen," or the Languages Decrees. These terms are directly opposed by the Czechs, and a deadlock seems to have come.

The position in Prague and throughout Bohemia is sufficiently serious. Though the riots have been crushed by force of arms, there is little doubt that were the severe measures that have been taken to be relaxed the trouble would begin again.

In many well-informed quarters the present ministry is looked upon as merely temporary, and the successor to Baron Gautsch is already spoken of. It is stated on the best authority that this will be no less a personage than Count Franz Thun, the late Governor of Bohemia. He is a clever and most energetic man, Austrian to the core, and an intimate friend of the Archduke Francis-Ferdinand, the heir to the crown. Count Thun, one of the first and richest noblemen of Bohemia, was formerly attached to the old Czech party. His term of office in Bohemia, however, was remarkable for the strict impartiality shown by him, for which he was much hated by the Young Czechs, who had hoped in vain for his support. When Badeni became Prime Minister it was looked upon as a defeat for Thun, and Thun's dismissal from the government was the result of the secret antagonism of the two men. Now Badeni has fallen in his turn, and Thun is picked out as the coming man.

It is fortunate for Austria-Hungary that her relationships with foreign powers are thoroughly satisfactory, and that she possesses such a talented and capable foreign minister as Count Goluchowsky. Comparatively a young man still, being but some forty-seven years of age, he has in a short space of time proved himself the right man in the right place. This is all the more remarkable as he had held no prominent diplomatic position before his appointment, and his appointment in itself came quite unexpectedly. It is said that Count Kalnocky recommended him to the Emperor with the idea that he would prove unequal to his task, and that he (Kalnocky) would be soon recalled. But if this were so, the late Foreign Minister was very much out in his reckoning.

Count Goluchowsky may indeed be said to be one of the first statesmen of the time. He has not only preserved the Triple Alliance, but has contrived to better the condition of Austria with regard to the other great powers. Austria has not shown so much energy for many years in the affairs of Europe as under his guiding hand, and had his propositions in regard to Crete been accepted when first made, much bloodshed and misery might have been spared. Whether the compact with Russia is not to the advantage of the latter rather than to Austria is a delicate question, and there is a suspicion that the agreement may have been arrived at at the expense of an old friend of Austria—England. Count Goluchowsky's feelings towards Great Britain, and those of Austria generally, are known to be, however, thoroughly friendly; and if the words of the count's speech of November 20 about "transmarine competition" refer to England as well as to the United States, the struggle of commerce is one in which both countries have been ever in the van, and neither need fear competition, and the very coupling of the two should be an extra link in the already strong claim of common language and common stock that bind Great Britain and America together.

After all, Austria's great hope of safety lies in the personal popularity of the Emperor. The present state of affairs is, indeed, one of great danger. The empire, already encumbered by the quality of Cisleithania and Transleithania (as Austrians call Austria and Hungary), sees all the different elements that compose it, forgetful of the old adage "Union is strength," clamoring for independence. But all nationalities and parties unite in their veneration for Francis Joseph. He is still the greatest power in the state. His wishes, his words, still sway millions of his subjects. Old traditions die hard, and the devotion of Austrians for their sovereign is proverbial. All the troubles that he has gone through—and he has suffered all that a man and a sovereign can suffer—have served but to endear him still more to his people. And yet the Emperor is the last man to court popularity. He is a simple-hearted, noble-minded gentleman, who lives for his duty and his people.

But when he—already an old man—is gone, what will Austria's fate be? The heir-presumptive, a weakly invalid, is little known. His brother, the Archduke Otto, is handsome and good-natured, a good sportsman, and generally popular. But neither of them will be the old Emperor.

It was Cardinal Mazarin who said that when the House of Hapsburg was on the brink of ruin it produced a miracle from its pockets. Let us hope it will be forth-coming when the critical moment arrives. That moment is nigh.

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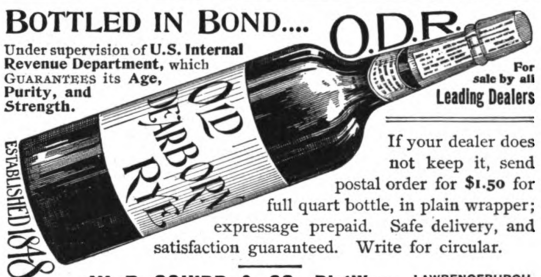
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Sample Bottle sent for 6 cents by addressing
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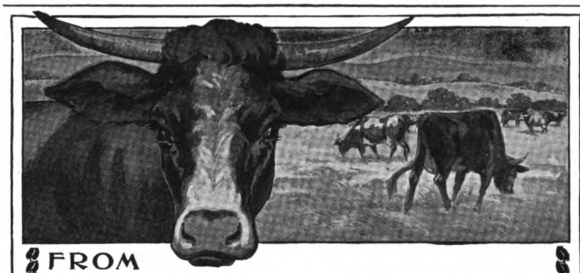
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FIFTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN A. McCALL, = = = = = = President.

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1st, 1898.

ASSETS.

United States Bonds ($4,323,000) and State, City, County and other Bonds ($103,850,803); cost of both, $103,384,604; market value	$108,173,803
Bonds and Mortgages (900 first liens)	41,082,422
Real Estate (74 pieces, including 12 office buildings)	16,991,000
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest	10,243,984
Loans to Policy-holders on their policies as security (legal reserve thereon, $13,747,893)	7,900,096
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, &c. ($4,047,817 cost value), market value, December 31, 1897	5,065,948
Loans on Stocks and Bonds (market value, $5,626,655)	4,507,367
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,164,297
Quarterly and Semi-annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities	1,889,474
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1,486,648
Premium Notes on policies in force (reserve charged in Liabilities $2,700,000)	1,189,401
Total	$200,694,440

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per attached certificate of New York Insurance Department)	$164,956,079
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment	2,366,330
Surplus Reserved Fund voluntarily set aside by the Company	16,195,926
Net Surplus (per attached certificate Insurance Superintendent, December 31, 1897)	17,176,105
Total	$200,694,440

CASH INCOME, 1897.

New Premiums	$6,659,815	
Renewal Premiums	26,321,145	
TOTAL PREMIUMS		$32,980,960
Interest, Rents, &c		8,812,124
Total		$41,793,084

EXPENDITURES, 1897.

Paid for Losses, Endowments, and Annuities	$14,052,908
Paid for Dividends and Surrender Values	5,356,541
Commissions ($3,239,964) on New Business of $135,555,794, Medical Examiners' Fees and Inspection of Risks ($391,135)	3,631,099
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on $741,465,131 of Old Business, and Miscellaneous Expenditures	4,770,391
Balance — Excess of Income over Expenditures for year	13,982,145
Total	$41,793,084

INSURANCE ACCOUNT,

ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.

	NUMBER OF POLICIES.	AMOUNT.
In Force, December 31, 1896	299,785	$826,816,648
New Insurance Paid for, 1897	63,708	135,555,794
Old Insurances revived and increased, 1897	699	2,007,825
TOTALS	364,192	$964,380,267
DEDUCT TERMINATIONS: By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, &c	31,234	87,359,342
IN FORCE DEC. 31, 1897	332,958	$877,020,925
Gain in 1897	33,173	$50,204,277
New Applications Declined in 1897	9,310	25,020,936

COMPARISON FOR SIX YEARS.

(1891-1897.)

	Dec. 31st, 1891.	Dec. 31st, 1897.	Gain in Six Years.
Assets	$125,947,290	$200,694,440	$74,747,150
Income	31,854,194	41,793,084	9,938,890
Dividends of Year to Policy-holders	1,260,340	2,434,981	1,174,641
Number of Policy-holders	182,803	332,958	150,155
Insurance in force, premiums paid	$575,689,649	$877,020,925	$301,331,276

Certificate of Superintendent of State of New York Insurance Department.

Albany, January 6, 1898.

I LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1897, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be $164,956,079.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that the admitted assets are

$200,694,440.89.

The general liabilities, $2,366,330.49. The Net Policy Reserve, as calculated by this Department,

$164,956,079.00.

The Surplus Reserved Fund voluntarily set aside by the Company, which, added to the Department Policy Valuation, provides a liability equivalent to a three-per-cent. reserve on all policies,

$16,195,926.00.

The Net Surplus (excluding the Surplus Reserved Fund of $16,195,926),

$17,176,105.40.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance.

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AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

On his trip across the Continent he collected data for a series of articles on amateur athletics in the West.

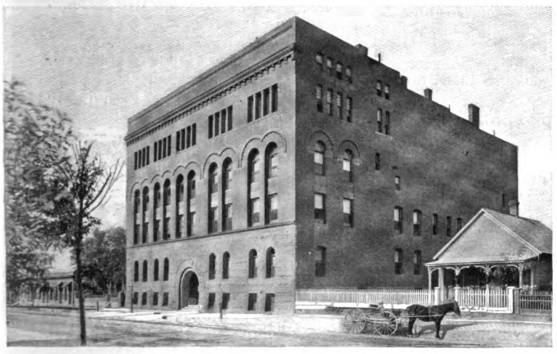
ATHLETIC RECRUITS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

HERE in this great section of the West, which, athletically speaking, may be said to beginin the north at Butte City, Montana, and to extend south to Pueblo, Colorado, with Denver (Colorado) as an eastern and Salt Lake City (Utah) as a western boundary, we find the conditions that faced amateur sport on its introduction differing considerably from those met with in the Missouri Valley.

In the Missouri Valley the athletic movement encountered the prejudices and long-settled habits of a comparatively indigenous race. In the section of which Denver may be taken as the pivotal trade-point and the athletic nucleus, the spreading wave of amateur sport found an exotic people whose veins pulsed with the blood of rivalry and progression. Here, among other pioneers of equally ambitious if of less pretentious lineage, came the best blood of the East to join in the "Winning of the New West," if I may borrow the happy title of Theodore Roosevelt's very interesting history. Back in the Missouri Valley pioneer days had become a reminiscence. There was no time nor thought for sport in those first days of Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana. Men hunted game for food, and sometimes the Indian for self-preservation. The days of the pioneer of this section were filled with toil, and his nights oftentimes spent anxiously. The miner and the cowboy were a resolute vanguard that held the outposts, while another, equally earnest, builded towns and laid the connecting rails of trade—and gold was the watchword of all.

When Colorado became a State—in 1876, if my memory is correct—the athletic movement in the United States had



THE DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB.

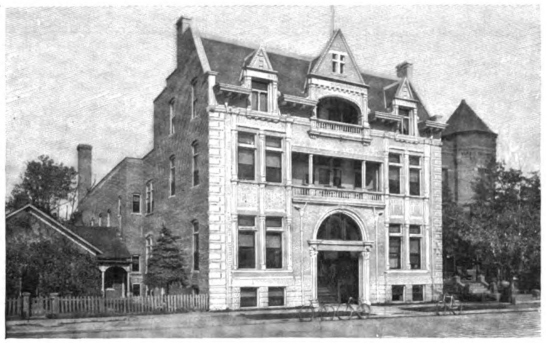
not been set in motion. The old Association game of football was about passing away, and Harvard had just introduced the Rugby Union game, as learned from the Canadians. Track athletics, baseball, and rowing were well under way at the larger colleges of the extreme East, but west of the Alleghany Mountains organized sport was an unknown quantity, except in California, where Association football was played by several schools, and picnic games composed the end and all of track athletics. It is a pleasure to refer to those days of California sport, for, to my certain knowledge, there was not even a suspicion of unwholesomeness. I speak advisedly, having captained a school fifteen and frequently run at picnic games, where the prizes were usually small articles of little intrinsic value, and oftentimes nothing more material than a ribbon rosette.

The athletic movement—for no more fitting name suggests itself—as we know it to-day from East to West, really extends over no longer a period than the last ten years. And what a revolution it is accountable for! It seems incredible that in '86 the sport of the country was confined to a very small section on the Atlantic seaboard. However, I am wandering from Colorado.

The first attempt at any organized athletics of which I have ever heard in this Rocky Mountain section was made some time along in '85-6, in Denver, by a number of restive spirits, of whom I happened to be one. We sent East for a bat or two and some balls, and for a time played on an improvised diamond back of Capitol Hill, which is now the most desirable residential quarter of the city and entirely built up, but then was an open prairie. Denver then had a population of about thirty or forty thousand; now it has a population of 150,000. Our baseball did not last long, only a few weeks, for our several various business interests, or search of them, led us many different ways—some to the mines, some to the cow-ranch, and some to the railroad survey parties that were pushing out in many directions.

Denver's first actual recognition of the athletic wave came several years later—about in '90, after the youngsters of those who came with the first settlers had returned from Eastern colleges, and they in turn, perhaps, had implanted the athletic spirit in their own youngsters at school. There were several so-called clubs at different points which existed only in name, and shortly lost that, but the first substantial institution of an athletic nature was the Denver Athletic Club.

Until within the last couple of years this was the only club even in name, and is, in fact, to-day the only athletic club of importance in the entire Rocky Mountain district. I pass over the Butte Club—an aggregation of football-players hitherto more professional than amateur. There are bicycling clubs, of course, wherever there are towns and level country roads, and I am quite sure there must be more bicycles in Denver than in any other town of its population in this country. Not to ride a bicycle in Denver, indeed, is almost to attract attention. The streets are filled with them, and in the shopping district tradespeople provide for their storage. The Denver Wheel Club is quite the most prominent of its kind, and has recently acquired a handsome club-house. There is a Knickerbocker Wheel Club in Cheyenne, Wyoming—of less importance—and excellent tracks everywhere, even at Cañon City, Colorado, and Salt Lake City, Utah.

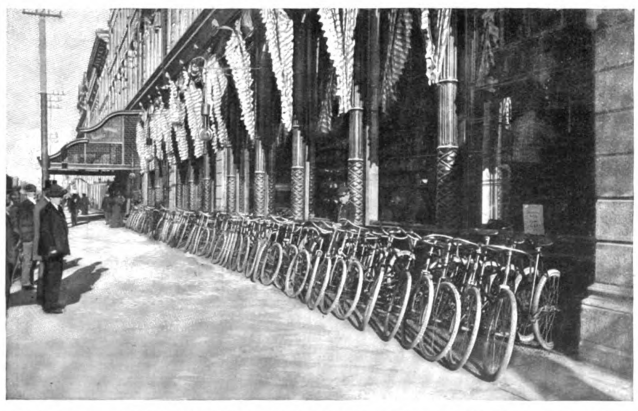


THE NEW DENVER WHEEL CLUB BUILDING.

Leadville and Pueblo, Colorado, have combination bicycling and athletic clubs, which hold races and play baseball, but neither exploits a very high order of sport, and both are committed to Sunday games.

The army cuts quite a figure in athletics in this district. At Fort D. A. Russell a football eleven composed of officers and privates is maintained, and baseball is a near possibility. Last spring the Department of Colorado held at Denver the first athletic meet in the Western history of the army. Entries were made from the various posts in New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, and the meet not only was successful, but attracted wide attention in army circles. We of New York saw last winter, at the Madison Square Garden, what Lieutenant Butts has accomplished in practical athletics applied to military service, and here in the Rocky Mountains Lieutenant Langhorne—now in Arizona—has been working along the same lines, and with equally satisfactory results. At Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, further test is being given the practical value of athletics in both the infantry and cavalry, and with the same report of success.

The introduction of athletics into the army at such widely separated points as Governors Island (New York), Fort Leavenworth (Kansas), and Fort Russell (Wyoming), is both significant and portentous. So if a policy, seemingly narrow to the average civilian's mind, keeps the United States Military and the Naval Academy elevens apart, at least the spirit of the game, acquired during cadet days, lives to enjoy greater liberty and usefulness.



BICYCLES BELONGING TO THE EMPLOYEES IN ONE OF DENVER'S BIG DRY-GOODS STORES.

Apart from the colleges of Colorado, there may be said to be no track athletics in the Rocky Mountain district, and, other than the play furnished by the teams of the Denver Athletic Club and those of Fort Russell, there is no amateur football worthy of note. This is not because there is no sporting spirit in the land, but rather because of the newness of the game. Available playing material is the urgent need of Colorado club athletics. Business and family cares have lessened the number of men whose enthusiasm membered and supported the first teams of the Denver Athletic Club, and few have been forth-coming to take their places.

The problem of the Colorado clubs, or rather of the Denver Athletic Club—for at present there is none other of consequence—concerns the athletic recruiting-field of the future. If the sport is to be conducted on healthful lines, there must be some other dependency than the annual expedient of attaching stray players of passing skill, or of trusting to the continued service of men upon whom the more serious affairs of life are pressing. And this problem faces every club in the United States whose directors purpose maintaining an honest amateur standard.

There are, of course, always to be had, for a consideration, the services of certain types of athletes, and these have been the main dependency up till now of a majority of athletic-club teams. These are the men whom we find one year at Denver, the next at Kansas City, the following perhaps at Seattle, or some other place equally distant: the men so lacking in self-respect that the approach of the athletic procurer is greeted with the glad hand rather than with a "right-hander" from the shoulder; the men whom we find posing as "indigent students" in Eastern colleges, to the consternation of all friends of healthful university sport; the men who are gathered in from other and smaller colleges. This kind of athlete is a wanderer over the length and breadth of the land. At best he is but a makeshift, and at worst his is a vitiating influence in the athletic atmosphere. There is no appealing to the moral sense of such men. They are moral idiots. So long as there are clubs to support them—by "loans" from individual members of clubs, by giving them so-called "positions," or by giving them board and lodging—so long will this type of athlete sell his service to the highest bidder.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the club which becomes a party to this kind of dishonest athletics will never attain a permanent success in amateur sport. It may turn out a winning team this year, next year, maybe even the year following, but it is a fictitious prosperity. A winning eleven has been secured, perhaps, but at the cost of genuine pride in its achievements; there is no thrill in the victory. The club members may have attended the game, and "rooted" for the team bearing the club's name, but the real interest in the eleven's work or in the sport itself is lacking. There is no way so certain to narrow the legitimate recruiting-field of an athletic club as the engagement of "tramp" players, or men who barter their athletic prowess for cash or its equivalent—such as a "job," or board and lodging—during playing season.

To clubs desirous of putting forth representative teams on purely amateur lines the question of developing material is an important and somewhat perplexing one. The average young man, on graduation from college, settles to whatever business or profession he may have chosen for his life's work. Occasionally his work is of a character that permits of him keeping up his athletics for, say, a year, but generally, and especially in large commercial centres, he finds it needful at once to buckle down to serious and earnest endeavor if he hopes to achieve a measure of success. Therefore it does not appear that clubs may count on men after they have left college, nor during their college days, since, as a rule, they then naturally prefer their own college or class teams.

The solution of the problem seems to me to be found in the schools, preparatory and otherwise, nearest the clubs. Here, in my judgment, is the natural recruiting-field of athletic clubs, available through the establishment of a junior membership, and a small expenditure at the club grounds to make them attractive. A junior membership may not be established, however, without much serious discussion of the prevailing local conditions, and a thorough understanding by the

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local public and by the club members of the precise purpose of such a departure and the relation of the juniors to the club. For instance, a junior membership should by no possible misinterpretation be confounded with that present-day professional auxiliary—an athletic membership. The development of an athletic interest among the juniors should never be lost sight of, but the mere acquisition of football or baseball players should not be the proclaimed or the real reason for the institution of the junior membership.

On the other hand, it certainly would be unwise to give boys of eighteen the liberty of a club-house, with its bar and billiards and those other kindred attachments that appear to be needful to the modern athletic club. The feasible manner of cultivating a junior membership appears to be through an attractive athletic field. Let the gymnasium in the club-house be opened to the juniors during the early hours of the day, when the older members are seldom using it, or let the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday, until, say, five o'clock, be given up to the juniors—the club can well afford it—but the main feature of attraction for the juniors should be the athletic field. Here there should be dressing-rooms, lockers, showers, and a lounging-room, supplied with wholesome literature, and games for rainy afternoons. The field itself should have a baseball diamond, a football gridiron, lawn-tennis courts, a bicycle track, and accommodations for whatever other sport is wished. There should be an efficient groundsman, and the field kept up in first-class style. This would cost clubs already fairly well equipped very little additional outlay, and the returns in athletic interest, in increased regular membership, as the juniors grow into manhood, would be very considerable.

A careful canvass should be made of local schools, and only the very best class of boys admitted to junior privileges, at a small initiation fee—something like ten dollars, for instance—and nominal dues of about two dollars a month. Such a plan must better the present flagging interest in athletic clubs, and create an athletic prosperity never yet attained. To all athletic clubs in the country junior membership, on the lines I have drawn, would be of immeasurable benefit, but they are of especial value—of actual need, in point of fact—to the clubs of isolated athletic sections, such as Denver represents. They may seem to possess insurmountable difficulties, but careful study will show them to be within the possibilities. The Knickerbocker Athletic Club of New York has already proved not only the recruiting possibilities of the scholastic field, but the possibility of conducting the sport of a large athletic club on healthful lines. What the Knickerbocker Club has done, other athletic clubs can do, provided they set out with an equally healthful mind.

When a junior membership becomes an actuality in Colorado, then, and it seems to me not until then, will there be healthful and natural activity in athletics, with clubs at Pueblo and Colorado Springs and Leadville to furnish competition with the Denver Athletic Club. And college sport would also be benefited. There is no league athletically joining the three colleges—Colorado University (Colorado Springs), University of Colorado (Boulder), and State School of Mines (Golden)—but inter-collegiate contests are the intention, and frequently the result. Football is the chief interest, and Boulder usually puts forth the best team of the three. There is material enough for greater participation in baseball and track athletics. At all three an effort for wholesome sport is making, and with gratifying results. The college teams no longer play their coaches, except on occasion against the Denver Athletic Club; they have made a four-year eligibility rule—although a scholarship-standard rule is wanting—and the outlook from every view-point is hopeful.

The Denver Athletic Club has more often than not employed the usual athletic-club methods of strengthening its teams—to wit, providing positions for such wandering players as could be induced to temporary residence in Denver. It has not been so grave an offender as some clubs, but its team of about every year has supported one of this kind of athlete. There is a strong sentiment in the club favoring sport for its own sake, rather than for the mere sake of victory, and I look for improvement. I commend the junior-membership idea to the Denver Athletic Club.

A new factor in Denver football this year is the Denver Wheel Club. As it is setting out, it will hardly be a desirable addition to amateur sport. It has brought out the Lafayette (Easton, Pennsylvania) man Holmes, and given him a position at $75 per month as "assistant secretary" of the club. Holmes is to be the nucleus of the football team! The Denver Wheel Club's idea of the ethics of amateur sport is perhaps the better illustrated by a glance at its constitution, which provides that "ten per cent." of its members "may be professionals." Why stop at ten per cent., indeed? We suppose Holmes is the beginning of the "ten per cent." class.

Perhaps there is more good amateur sport at Colorado Springs than elsewhere in this district—a picturesquely situated country club, with a very sporty golf links, genuine amateur baseball, and 'cross-country riding over the finest course in America, sometimes after paper, sometimes after rabbits.

Big game is not so plentiful as it once was, perhaps, but it is yet to be found in numbers sufficiently great to satisfy the sportsman. The game-butcher in Colorado has been run to earth.

Denver, Colorado, *October 2, 1897.*

THE ALASKAN PACK-TRAIN.

Orders were received at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, at eight o'clock P. M., on December the twenty-second, from the Quartermaster-General of the army, sending Thomas Mooney, chief packer of the army, and his crew of eleven men and sixty-two pack-mules, to Alaska to aid in carrying supplies to Dawson City. The order was for the train to move immediately to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, fully equipped for one year's field service.

At Vancouver Barracks the train will be increased by several small trains from the Departments of the Platte and the Columbia, and as soon as possible will sail from Seattle for Dyea, Alaska. The train will be used to carry supplies from Dyea to the pass, from which point the supplies will be taken over the pass and into Dawson City by the reindeer now *en route* from Lapland.

The amount carried by each mule is from three hundred to three hundred and twenty-five pounds, and Mr. Mooney expects to have fifty thousand pounds of supplies at the foot of the pass before the reindeer arrive.

The train left Fort Russell, Wyoming, by "special," at five o'clock P. M. the twenty-third.

Fred H. Sargent,
First Lieutenant, Eighth U. S. Infantry.

THE PREOBRAYENSKY BUTTON.

The famous Preobrayensky Regiment—a division of the Russian service of particular smartness—lately allowed its regimental band to visit Paris. Notice has been drawn to the fact that the regiment is one not only derived from chapters in the early life and perils of Peter the Great, but conservative in all customs that can continue its individuality. As a detail, the uniform of the regiment must never be entirely buttoned; one button must always be unfastened. When the Tsar Paul I. was dressing himself hastily one day in a Preobrayensky uniform he overlooked the button and button-hole in question. "Bah!" said the Tsar, half in fun, "I like the tunic the better unfastened there." Within a quarter of an hour after he had appeared on the parade-ground every member of the Preobrayensky Regiment had unbuttoned the lowest button of his tunic. The custom has remained unbroken since. Furthermore, for an officer or a private to cut off and give away the unused button (of course with an immediate substitute put in the vacant place) is considered the highest occult compliment he can bestow on a friend or a sweetheart. "The Preobrayensky button" is almost as special an adornment as a "button" of a quite different kind—the Aleppo one.

THE GOLFER QUIESCENT;

OR,

RETROSPECT AND FORECAST.

RETROSPECT.

The northeast winds begin to blow,
The gutters all with rain o'erflow,
The clouds yet promise more.
And golfers lay their clubs to rest—
Save where, by milder climates blest,
They still keep shouting "Fore!"

But sure no sport is worth the name,
If recollection do not claim
The thoughts of its "elect";
Golfers who hold down office chairs
Have still—to mitigate their cares,
The sense of retrospect.

What things they boldly tried to do,
(Yet somehow failed to join the few
Inscribed on silver cup)
They contemplate with long-drawn sighs;
The future then apostrophize,
While mourning yields to hope.

FORECAST.

When once again we take our stand
Beside the little pile of sand
And swing the fateful staff,
Our eye shall never leave the ball,
Nor eager mind the stroke forestall—
And thus we shall not "scaff."

Ditches nor ponds, where'er they lie,
Shall henceforth lure the wandering eye,
Nor rocks that far outcrop;
We'll just forget them all complete,
And grip the ground with both our feet—
And save the costly "top."

And never will we heave and strain
To "swat" the ball with might and main,
But swing with self-control
And with discrimination nice
That will avoid both "hook" and "slice"
Which war against the soul.

And when we find a "cuppy lie,"
We will not with the "brassie" try
To get two hundred yards,
But with the "mashie" deftly "jerk"—
That is the club that does the work,
And leaves its kind regards.

L'ENVOI.

They who next year against us strive,
Will need to be twofold alive,
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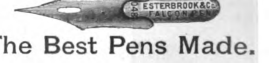
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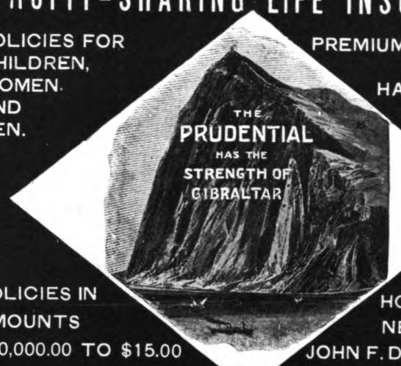
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1898.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 22, 1898

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DEVELOPMENTS in what is supposed to be the movement for dividing China among the three great powers whose fleets have been in evidence on her coast have gone on slowly. On the whole, it would appear as if the danger of war were diminishing. Great Britain's position is so manifestly just that she has the sympathy of the people of the civilized world. We say the people advisedly, for we believe that if, for example, war should come between England and Russia over China—an improbable event, we admit—the people of France would make trouble for their government if the latter should undertake to interpret the treaty between the two countries to mean that France must stand by Russia, and against England, with her army and navy. As to us, we ought to bear in mind that in China England's cause is ours, and that if the worst should happen to England, the United States would come nearer having righteous occasion for engaging in war than our Jingoes have yet dreamed of.

ALTHOUGH we have Senator CHANDLER'S word for it that Mr. MCKINLEY has hopes of the ultimate triumph of international bimetallism, there is no evidence that the bimetallic sentiment is growing in Europe. Russia has remained firm in her determination to adhere to the gold standard just established, and there is much more likelihood that India will adopt the gold basis than that she will re open her mints to silver. Not only is there no evidence that bimetallism is becoming stronger in Europe: there is just now, strange to say, less noise being made in London and elsewhere by silver men. The noise is all here, and it is being made principally by free-coinage men, who regard Mr. MCKINLEY'S utterances for bimetallism as declarations in favor of free silver. And so they are, practically. If the President really told Senator CHANDLER that he had hopes for bimetallism, he once more gave encouragement to the Bryanites, and helped in that way to make more arduous the struggle for sound money, the renewal of which seems now to be inevitable.

WE have it on excellent authority, and from the insurgent side, that the Spaniards are now carrying on civilized warfare in Cuba. Nevertheless, autonomy has not been accepted, and the armies of GOMEZ and GARCIA are still unconquered, and there is no sign whatever that Captain-General BLANCO will meet with any more success in the field than did his two predecessors. On the other hand, there is no reason to believe that the insurgents can possibly drive the Spaniards off the island. They can hold on, and they can prevent Cuba from again becoming a producer of Spanish revenue, while Spain is evidently becoming tired. The Spanish friends of WEYLER have broken out in riots in Havana, which have made war seem very near to this country. Under the circumstances, it is not strange that Americans engaged in the Cuban insurrection should believe that Spain will quietly drop the island in a few months. But a good deal still depends on us. Our Jingoes can easily prevent such a happy consummation if they set their mouths to it.

WHAT does Congress intend to do about the civil service law? The politicians are evidently greatly disturbed over it, and will do everything they dare, even to the repeal of the law. On Tuesday of last week the House concluded a debate on the provision of the legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill making the annual appropriation for the support of the Civil Service Commission. The speeches against the law took a wide range of indecency. Mr. GROSVENOR led the attack in a speech of great personal malignity. He found occasion, in the course of it, to express his sympathy with Tammany Hall as a representative anti-civil-service-reform organization. Somewhat ungratefully, but with much force, Mr. AMOS CUMMINGS declared that Tammany Hall is not so corrupt as is the Ohio Republican organization, and we think he proved that it is no worse. Mr. BROSIUS and others made able speeches in favor of the law; but it is clear that GROSVENOR, the blasphemous "CY" SULLOWAY, and the other spoilsmen have the sympathy of most of the politicians in the House, notwithstanding the declarations of both parties in favor of the reform. Mr. REED brought the debate to a close, and it is his intelligent tyranny and the undoubted popularity of the law that have saved the reform.

AN extraordinary debate has been going on in the Senate over the civil service law. Some time ago the Senate called upon the members of the cabinet to express their opinions upon the executive orders extending the classified service. The answers that have been received, considering the confidential relations that are supposed to exist between those who made them and the President, are very curious. As they are criticisms of the President, they indicate great dread on the part of the cabinet of the noisy spoils politicians in Congress. Secretary SHERMAN'S answer was the promptest. He thought that certain heads of bureaus, as they occupied what he calls a "quasi-confidential" relation to the Secretary, ought to be excepted from the operation of the rules, although he hastens to say that the persons now occupying these places are diligent, faithful, and intelligent. In other words, he has no reason whatever to give for wanting the places exempted. Secretary GAGE thinks that a number of offices—including deputy internal revenue collectorships—should be turned over to the bosses, national and local. The whole attempt to discredit civil service reform—for that is what it is—is most indecent, as Senators HOAR and COCKRELL pointed out, because the Senate has invited members of the cabinet to criticise in a communication to the legislative branch of the government the official action of their chief.

THE question of pension frauds continues to attract the attention of the press, but there is not much evidence that Congressmen are greatly disturbed over the matter. That certain applicants for pensions are worried, however, was shown last week by the communication which the WEEKLY published from a "brave defender of the nation," whose sixty days' exertions as a guard at a railroad junction in Maryland had made him deaf. The other day the *World* gave a list of cases in which disbarment and other penalties had been inflicted on pension attorneys. They show how these pension sharks work. Some of them rob the pensioner of most of his pension, relying sometimes for the silence of the latter on the frauds of which they have been jointly guilty. Others have forged signatures to applications and the names of officials; manufactured false affidavits; blackmailed dishonest pensioners; obtained pensions for unmarried women on the allegation that they were soldiers' widows; collected money on vouchers for soldiers who were dead; and connived with examiners at false ratings. These are characteristic crimes of some of the men who have done most to make it necessary to appropriate this year $140,000,000 for pensions. The New York *Sun* began printing the list of pensioners a few days ago. Within a day it was discovered, by neighbors of an old soldier who was dead, his wife being also dead, that some one was still collecting his pension. Could there be better evidence of the advantage of publishing these lists?

THE seal-skin regulations of the Treasury Department, under the law recently enacted, have operated with great harshness upon some American citizens, and also upon some citizens of Canada. The customs officials were ordered to seize all seal-skin garments coming into the country the owners of which did not have certificates, procured from customs officers here or from consuls abroad, to the effect that their seal-skins were not the fruits of pelagic sealing. The execution of the order was naturally attended with many outrages—outrages that would not have been tolerated for a moment in England, and that would have overthrown the government in France; outrages, moreover, which we fancy WILLIAM II. would not inflict on a Chinaman. Cloaks were snatched from the backs of women, and one Canadian, a resident of Windsor, a suburb of Detroit, having ventured into our civilization, was officially robbed of his seal-skin cap, and was obliged to borrow a sombrero from a charitable customs officer before he could return home. The order has now been modified, so that we are to be less barbarous in the future; but the order and its consequences are logical results of the Middle Age tariff policy under which the government presumes to dictate to American citizens both as to the kind of clothes they shall wear and as to who shall make them. It is true that the seal question is not the tariff question, but no Treasury officer would have dreamed of dragging clothes from the backs of travellers if he had not been educated under our precious tariff system.

MR. HANNA has been elected Senator from Ohio for both the short and long terms. He succeeded after a long contest, in which were displayed all the eccentricities of the hopeless vulgarity and of the depressing corruption of Ohio politics. It seemed to be admitted on both sides that money was the potent factor of the campaign. Beyond this, each side was essentially as bad as the other. No man named—HANNA, BUSHNELL, KURTZ, or MCKISSON—was worthy to be Senator. Women became important figures in the contest. A certain Mrs. GRIFFITH turned her Republican husband away from HANNA, and she thus became a centre of attraction. She was enticed away by HANNA forces, locked up in a room in a strange hotel, worked with and pleaded with, stormed at and insulted, and subjected to treatment so outrageous that any husband not a member of the Ohio Legislature would have resented it at the risk of his life. But GRIFFITH finally voted for HANNA, and was reported in a newspaper to have excused himself on the ground that the KURTZ managers had insulted his wife quite as liberally as had the HANNA men. It was a filthy stew, and it slopped over beyond the borders of the State. The WEEKLY has itself received from HANNA women of Ohio uncomplimentary epistolatory attentions that make us all the more certain that woman suffrage will produce most unhappy effects on what is now—aside from these Ohio women politicians—the gentler and the more refined sex. It is a pity that HANNA is to be a Senator. It would have been a pity if KURTZ or BUSHNELL or MCKISSON had been chosen. MCKISSON, by-the-way, announced to the Democrats who supported him in their caucus that while he must remain a Republican, he would pledge himself to stand on the Chicago, or BRYAN, platform—which is another bit of evidence, to accompany GROSVENOR'S repudiation of the civil service plank of his party's platform, that the difference between the two parties is very slight. It is not only a pity that one of the Ohio Republican leaders is to be a Senator, but it would have been a pity if any one of the Ohio Democratic leaders had been elected. And this, shameful as it may seem, is what can honestly be said about the politics and the politicians of Mr. MCKINLEY'S own State.

IS REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT A FAILURE?

MR. HENRY WATTERSON has written an article on the political outlook, which appears in the *Forum*, and which is a timely and suggestive contribution to current political discussion. Mr. WATTERSON undertakes to point out that good government in this country is impossible under either of the two principal parties, and that the National Democratic party, largely by the active hostility of the Republican party, has lost its opportunity to serve as a balance of power.

There is no doubt that Mr. WATTERSON is right in his conclusions as to the worthlessness and iniquity of the two organizations known as the regular Republican and the regular Democratic parties, and he is also correct in saying that the ingratitude of the Republicans to their allies, the gold Democrats, without whose votes, direct and indirect, Mr. MCKINLEY could not have been elected, has disqualified the National Democratic party from accomplishing anything as a Democratic organization. Whether with another name and with the same purpose it may not be the nucleus of a new party, hostile to both parties, as the newly created Republican party was hostile both to the Whig and the Democratic organizations, is another question. We hope that such an organization is not only possible, but that it is imminent, for so long as the leaders of the two existing parties control our Federal and State governments this republic will remain a potent witness to the truth of the contention that representative government is a failure, and that democracy is doomed.

What are the demands of our political situation, and what are the conditions which the two parties have brought about? The very first need of our government is to be representative, and, not to speak of the State governments, the Federal government fails in this respect. It is the fashion to say that a people governing themselves have the kind of government

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they deserve, but it is more easy to say this than to prove it. There are a good many complications in our electoral machinery which prevent a true expression of opinion by the people. As a rule, the people are obliged to choose between evils—between two bosses or two machines—and this is the reason for the apparent rapid change of view manifested by the voters at different elections of which Mr. WATTERSON speaks. It is very difficult under these circumstances to say precisely what the people believe in or desire, but there are some facts that stand out prominently, and that assure even the politicians of the belief of the people on certain questions. The platforms of the two parties, for example, show, what is undoubtedly the fact, that the people want honest and economical government, and believe in the reformed civil service. It is also true, we think, that the elections of 1890 and of 1892 show that the people are opposed to excessive tariff taxation, such as was then imposed by the MCKINLEY law and is now imposed by the DINGLEY law. We believe, moreover, that the election of 1896 demonstrated that the people are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and we are sure that, if old party ties had had no influence, the majority against Mr. BRYAN would have been much larger than it actually was. It is pretty clear, too, from the platforms of the two parties, that the politicians who drew them believed that the people are opposed to Jingoism—that is, at least, that the Jingoes are in a minority. In respect to this subject, as in respect to civil service reform, the politicians attempt to hold the support of the majority by their platform promises, and the support of the belligerent and the spoils-seeker by what they call their records.

The utter failure of either party to keep its pledges when it is intrusted with the power to do so is what we have in mind in saying that the government is misrepresentative. The Democratic leaders in the Senate defeated a serious effort to reform the tariff made in compliance with the promises of their party in the campaign against what was called McKinleyism; and the Republican party has as yet done nothing for the promised reform of the currency, nor does it seem likely that it will take even the small step towards reform which has been suggested by Secretary GAGE. At the same time the politicians, relieved for the moment from the fear of the people, are attacking civil service reform, which they dare do nothing but extol in their platforms and on the stump. Extravagance, which is denounced during campaigns, is indulged in the moment the election is over and another lease of power is secured. The politicians count on two facts or states of mind. In the first place, all voters who are interested in bad government are active-minded and alert; with these records count, and those who are in a position to make records are watched. In the second place, the great mass of the people are indifferent to bad records, or forget them, or are easily fooled by new promises. A third factor, and one most important for the maintenance of misrepresentative government, is that there is no difference of principle between the parties.

The present needs of the government are understood. The country wants its standard of value definitely determined. It wants its monetary system reformed, and its bank currency not only sound, but elastic. It wants a revenue sufficient for its necessary expenses, and the reduction of those expenditures to reasonable limits; the retirement of the government from partnership in private businesses; the acceptance of civil service reform as an accomplished fact; an end of jobs and jobbing; and an opportunity to engage peaceably in the commerce of the world.

But not one of these ends can be attained through the agency of the Republican and Democratic parties. The Republican President is even now encouraging the opponents of sound money by declaring that he is still hopeful of international bimetallism, and, in the face of overwhelming testimony to the contrary, still believes that it may be brought about. The next Democratic candidate, most likely Mr. BRYAN himself, will be for free silver. The Republican Congress continues to be extravagant and to make war on commerce, and the Democratic politicians have shown that they will be as extravagant if they come into power, and that they are incapable of amending the revenue laws. Under neither party can a reform of the pension laws be expected. Nor can any reform or any political virtue be anticipated from parties led on the one side by HANNA, QUAY, FORAKER, CHANDLER, SEWELL, and PLATT, and on the other by TILLMAN, BRICE, CROKER, BRYAN, GORMAN, and SMITH. The strongest commentary that can be made on the existing condition of parties is that, so long as our government is under the control of the present Republican and Democratic leaders, it is essential that a virtuous tyrant and usurper like Speaker REED should preside over the House of Representatives. He is our one protector of every accomplished reform, and our one obstacle to evil legislation. When we recognize this fact, is it extravagant to assert that under present conditions representative government in this republic is bad government, and that a new party is needed if it is to grow any better?

HAWAII AND THE PARTITION OF CHINA.

THE occupation of the Bay of Kiao-chou by the Germans, and the prospect of other seizures of Chinese territory by various European powers, looking possibly to an eventual dismemberment of the Chinese Empire on a larger scale, is said to have given a new impulse to the somewhat flagging movement for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. The advocates of that annexation scheme generally admit that it would be unwise on our part to meddle directly with what is going on in China, and to entangle this republic in the conflicts which may follow. But they say that the designs of the grasping European powers must be watched with a keen eye; that it is our duty to provide for the protection of our treaty rights and our commercial interests in China; and that to this end the possession of Hawaii by the United States will be of supreme importance, if not an absolute necessity. This presentation of the case invites sober analysis.

That our treaty rights and our legitimate commercial interests in China should have adequate protection nobody will deny. The question is, what protection do they need? It is not intended here to commend or justify in any manner the policy of certain European powers, which, taking advantage of the military and naval helplessness of the Chinese government, aim at territorial conquest within the ancient empire. But when we merely consider our commercial interests, and how they may be affected by the occupation of Chinese ports by European powers, we must not forget that China has not at all been an open country freely accessible to our trade; that, on the contrary, trade has been confined to a certain limited number of ports, and that foreign control would be much more apt to enlarge and unfetter than to restrict it, according as the commercial policy of the foreign powers concerned is respectively more or less liberal. From the point of view of international ethics, very much may be said against the policy of conquest which has just been inaugurated. But there is no doubt that it will break down many of the barriers which have obstructed the advance of commerce in that quarter of the world. What, as a commercial nation, we care about is not whether this or that power possesses or controls this or that port or territory, but that we should enjoy the greatest possible freedom of trade with whomsoever may possess or control such ports or territories. And the commercial interests of the United States are much more likely to be benefited than to be injured by the passing of Chinese ports that are not now open into the hands of foreigners that may open them, as, for instance, the British always do.

That any of the privileges we now enjoy there will be curtailed, or that in any new arrangements our commercial interests will be disregarded, is hardly to be apprehended. The reason why the United States are always treated with due consideration by the powers concerned has been repeatedly set forth in these columns. It is that, however unfriendly this or that European power may be to us at heart, there is not one of them that will not be extremely careful to avoid a serious quarrel with us, so long as we are in our present substantially unassailable continental position—in other words, so long as a war with us would be a contest of resources, a trial of endurance, in which by far the greater staying power would be on our side, and which, while not offering our enemy an opportunity for achieving a decisive advantage by a quick use of his readier armament, would expose him to incalculable dangers by offering tempting opportunities to his jealous rivals. Thus it is to be explained that we command the considerate regard of the powers of the world in a truly extraordinary degree. Nobody can survey the history of our foreign affairs since the close of our civil war without recognizing the fact that even the strongest nations would go to the utmost lengths of concession to meet our wishes, or at least to steer clear of a serious rupture of friendly relations with the United States. A word from our government sufficed to cause the withdrawal of the French army from Mexico. Great Britain settled our *Alabama* claims not only at a large expense of money, but at a tremendous sacrifice of pride. The same nation took President CLEVELAND'S defiant Venezuela message, which would have been fiercely resented had it come from any other quarter, with a meekness of spirit proving an extreme indisposition on its part to have trouble with this republic. Examples might be multiplied.

What reason is there for apprehending that there will be less of this desire of accommodation in the future than there has been in the past, if we continue to occupy the same substantially unassailable position which we now hold? No unprejudiced person will doubt that this republic will, in China as well as elsewhere, have all its rights recognized, and any just and reasonable demand of commercial advantage—ay, any demand that is not positively and provokingly unfair—complied with by any European power without serious difficulty. Neither is there any ground for anxiety as to the position of the United States as a neutral in case the powers at present engaged in those Chinese enterprises should in the course of things get into a conflict among themselves. Our Jingoes, who are so fond of insisting that we are in constant danger of foreign aggression or insult, indeed never tire of pointing to the war of 1812, when this republic had, as a neutral, been kicked and cuffed without mercy by both belligerents. But they forget to mention that at that period this country, with its scanty population and its financial poverty, cut a very small figure in the world, rather inviting the insolence of the great military and naval powers, while now we may without exaggeration be said to be one of the strongest, and in a certain sense *the* strongest nation in the world in men and means, which cannot be offended with impunity. In fact, in case of a collision between the rivals in the far East, the belligerents would be especially mindful of our neutral rights, each dreading to see the United States on the other side.

That under such circumstances the acquisition of Hawaii should be necessary to secure respect for our treaty rights or our commercial interests in the East seems highly preposterous. It will appear the more preposterous the clearer we make it to our minds what the possession of Hawaii would really mean. It would simply be the possession of an insular territory two thousand miles away from our nearest coast, a very large majority of the population of which do not want to belong to us, and which is, in a military sense, substantially unprotected, and will be so for many years, for it will require a long time to build the fortifications and the war-ships necessary for its defence in case we should get into a broil with even a moderately strong naval power. Indeed, if there is anything that could possibly tempt any of the powers now engaged in the so-called partition of China to risk a quarrel with the United States, it would be the opportunity to take from us, by a rapid dash, a piece of entirely defenceless territory, the attempt to recover which would force us into a war far away from our superior home resources, on a field of action very disadvantageous to us. The possession of Hawaii would therefore not make us appear more formidable, but it would really make us appear far more vulnerable than we are in our present condition. Thus it would not increase our influence as to the new commercial arrangements which may be made in consequence of the invasion of China, but it would rather be apt seriously to compromise that influence.

The advocates of the annexation scheme have been endeavoring to propitiate the popular mind by much vague talk about the defence the Hawaiian Islands in our possession would be to our Pacific coast, while in fact the Hawaiian Islands, if we possessed them, would, in case of war, have to be defended from our Pacific coast by a strong fleet of war-ships. And this is the all-important point never to be lost sight of. The Hawaiian Islands can, indeed, be used for all sorts of naval purposes. But it will always require a big navy to make them useful and secure to us. All the commercial advantages they can give us we can have without annexing them, and without maintaining a large and costly navy to protect them. The question therefore simply is whether the American people are willing to give up their inestimable privilege of being great, powerful, and secure without great naval and military armaments, to plunge into a policy of wild adventure, and to create for themselves the necessity of maintaining costly armies and navies merely to enjoy benefits which, so far as they are really valuable, can be had without such armaments. This question the American people should decide with their eyes open. They should certainly not permit themselves to be stampeded by vague and fanciful declamation.

CARL SCHURZ.

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NATIONS EUROPÉENNES!
DÉFENDEZ VOS BIENS SACRÉS!

NATIONS OF EUROPE!
JOIN IN THE DEFENCE OF YOUR FAITH AND YOUR HOMES!

THE YELLOW PERIL.

"After a Sketch by his Majesty Emperor William II. of Germany, King of Prussia, executed by H. Knackfuss, 1895."

A PICTURE BY EMPEROR WILLIAM.

(There was a time when the world watched the multifarious activities of Emperor William of Germany with considerable apprehension. But repeated shocks to the nervous system deaden the susceptibilities, and accordingly, when the telegraph flashed the news that the Emperor had given the historical painter, Hermann Knackfuss, a sketch and instructions to work it up into a historical picture, the world for the most part smiled. It was understood, with a sort of languid interest, that the subject represented Michael, the archangel, summoning the powers of Europe under the sign of the cross, while across a ravine appeared a figure in the attitude of the statues of Buddha. It had beneath it what newspaper men call a scare line—"The Yellow Peril." Was it simply an illustration of the Old World division between Christ and Buddha, or did Michael typify some modern Peter the Hermit? And, if so, was the Emperor proposing to assume the rôle? And this yellow peril, what did it amount to? Raffaëlli, the realistic painter of the nooks and corners and street life of modern Paris, wrote the following article for the Weekly, in which he shows that there neither is nor can be any yellow peril; and the world seemed of the same mind.

So matters stood until last Christmas was drawing near—that season of peace on earth and good-will to men—and the Emperor presented the world with a Christmas surprise packet. Again it was the yellow peril—no longer, however, an allegorical suggestion, but a hard fact; and we find we had read the allegory wrongly. It was not Europe, after all, that was in peril from China, but China herself that was to turn a paler yellow at her own peril from abroad.

The Emperor has attracted more attention to Kiao-chou than he did to his sketch. Whether the present situation was skilfully concealed in that work of art, or circumstances have changed the course of the imperial dream, is a subject for interesting conjecture.)

Everything that comes to us from one of those men whom the accident of birth has made kings with unlimited power, magnificent emperors, ought to be examined, weighed, tested, with hesitation, anxious suspicion, and incessant care; just as our chemists in the laboratory of Paris should do when a pot is brought to them which has been found upon the roadway. What does it enclose? Is it explosive? Has it a fuse? Does it confine some terrible acid, or simply the lunch which the street-sweeper's wife has placed upon the ground a moment ago for her husband, and therefore contains only an indifferent hash pretty badly seasoned?

Well, a few weeks back I was looking at a reproduction—very bad, it must be admitted—of the latest picture of my powerful confrère William II., Emperor of Germany.

I shall certainly not tell you what I think of it as a painting, for to judge a painting properly, one must first see it. Reproductions, especially bad ones, give no idea of the art which may be concealed in all the lines and colors. But this picture bore a title with a well-established meaning—"The Yellow Peril."

This subject, to be plain, is allegorical. It belongs to the symbolic class. So my powerful confrère is a symbolist! Now what is the value of this subject? How are France and the neighboring powers at present, or likely to be, in peril by act of the Asiatic, and of Indians, Chinese, and Japanese in particular? This is what we are going to examine. We are bound to know with certainty what is contained in this enigma which menaces by reason of its subject and its author.

China is an enormous nation. It reckons four hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants—ten times France. Its population, which possessed a refined civilization, has accomplished the complete cycle of the life of nations—the taking possession of the soil, conquests, flourishing of the arts—and at length is slowly returned to a kind of general lethargy and mere animal existence; and, I will add, history in hand, it is a lethargy from which it will never wake again. I am going to prove it.

One has only to open this great book of the nations to find confirmation of the point I here urge; to discover that at no epoch, in no times, has a people which has once travelled through these different periods of development and reached the blossoming of the arts, which has once had an extended and complete period of art—that at no epoch, I say, has such a people risen from its ruin and resumed rank among the live and active nations.

Yes, it is with nations as with individuals, who are born, live, and die; save that a people composed of numberless individuals does not entirely die; no, but it falls into a lethargy of existence, an indifference to effort and to what is best, into a nihilism, in fact, which renders it henceforth a marked and easy prey to the invasion of another people, which accomplishes in its turn its movement of conquest, and believes in life and action.

Let us examine first the life of ancient India, which had an advanced civilization and an art, and which today, with its two hundred and forty millions of inhabitants, is held in veritable bondage by a few hundred English. We can well say that the soul of the peoples of India is dead, quite dead, and dead since five or six centuries before the Christian era!

Again, we have before us the Egyptians, famous builders of granite pyramids, invaders of Asia—for we shall find that all people who attain to power invade Asia, one after the other. The Egyptians, conquerors of Nubia, builders of Thebes and Memphis; and behold their famous Sesostris, who once more turns Asia upside down, and Europe, vanquishing the Scythians and the Thracians. Under him Egyptian art begins to decline, and when art declines, it is the soul of the people which flies further off, emigrates; and if we take as date this sovereignty of Sesostris, whose royal devices are borne upon our Obelisk of the Place de la Concorde, and who consecrated it to the gods, it has been dead for 3600 years. Henceforth her history slowly sinks into darkness and night, and to-day the Egyptians, reduced to nothing or nearly so, pass from the Turks to the English, in a moment, without a consciousness of the change. But Egypt is dead!

Then there are the Assyrians, constructors of Babylon and Nineveh. Led by the fabled Semiramis, they declined under Sardanapalus, the fellow who lived as a woman—dressed like one, anointed and painted, and who embroidered stuffs of purple and gold! Conquerors of Jerusalem, they invaded Asia in their turn—but where, then, exactly was Assyria?

The Phœnicians arrive later, but where is Carthage?

Then there are the Persians. Mighty among the mighty, they achieve once more the conquest of Asia. For always and always, I repeat it, the Egyptians first, the Assyrians next, and now the Persians conquered and reconquered Asia and pillaged it.

Then come the Greeks and beat the Persians, whose satraps permit themselves to be beaten individually one after the other, like the Chinese to-day, who in their egoism defend their particular province instead of thinking of the whole country, and so allow themselves to be beaten by the Japanese.

And next are the Macedonians, who, with Alexander, go back and beat the Persians, and reach as far as the Indians.

But where is marvellous Greece? Temple, supreme and magnificent, which no longer reckons an officiating priest? And the Roman in his turn arrives, and in his turn also goes to assert his power in Asia, and to pillage the riches of his first ancestors. And Rome, no more than Thebes and Memphis, no more than Babylon and Nineveh, no more than Jerusalem, no more than Carthage, than Athens or Sparta, has reconquered the magnificent power of the grand epochs!

This review of the famous dead—is it not convincing, equivalent to absolute conviction?

Invariably history shows us a people attaining to civilization, then falling back into mere animalism and vegetation, whilst a neighboring people, in its turn rooted in faith, goes still farther in knowledge, and conquers, enslaves, and pillages the people which preceded it in power.

Thus we have just seen, two years ago, the Japanese, who are a younger nation, go as far as the walls of Peking, and lose only one hundred and fifty men.

Ah! the Emperor William ought to know better than any one that when you are willing to pay for the glory of reaching the capital of a people that is alive and on its feet, the bill of costs fully amounts to one hundred and fifty thousand men! These Chinese! I was conversing a few days ago with two travellers, the Abbé Vigneron and M. Madrolle, who passed several years in the interior of China. They assured me that half the Chinese were absolutely ignorant even of the existence of the war which was taking place between them and the Japanese, and that the Emperor of China himself, the son of heaven, would have said: "But all this war does not concern me, and really I know nothing of what people are talking. It is that imbecile Li Hung-Chang who is fighting with the Japanese; it is not I."

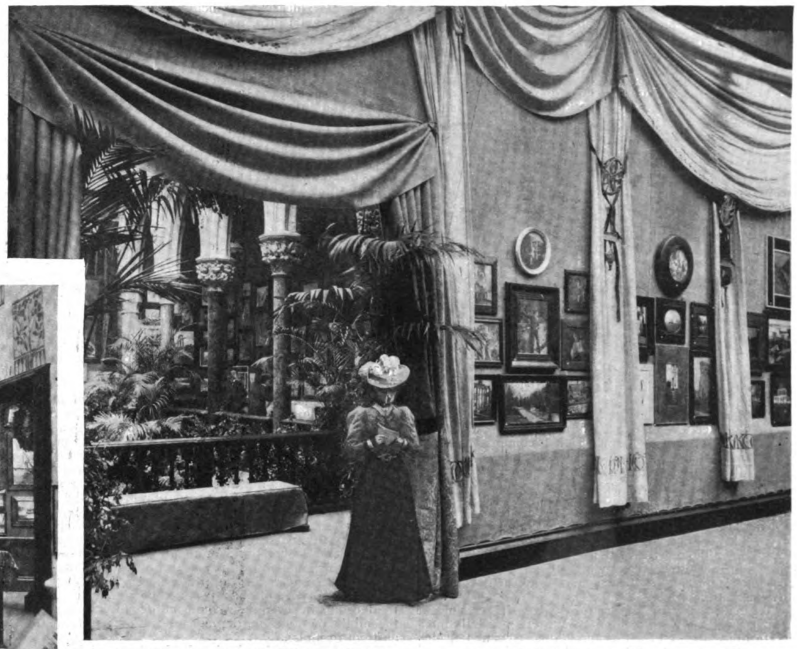
There is not, then, there never has been for three thousand years, a yellow peril; *there never will be.*

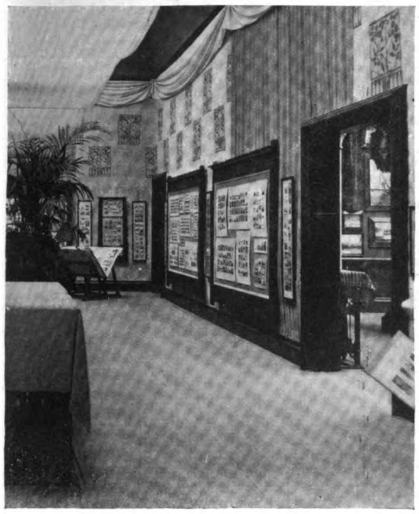
That is all I would have said to my very powerful confrère had he done me the honor to ask my views upon the subject which he has chosen for his first picture, of which, I regret, I know only an indifferent and altogether unsatisfactory reproduction. J. F. Raffaëlli

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A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

HAPPY is the man or woman who has a hobby. The more exacting the strain of daily work, the greater the advantage in having some other channel into which the energies of the brain may be directed for a spell. A characteristic feature of the times is the prevalence of hobbies and the eagerness with which they are pursued. It is the healthy swing of the pendulum from work to play which keeps the wheels of this restless age to a fairly normal pace. Of all modern hobbies, none is more justly popular than photography. The co-operation of science and capital has made it possible for tens of thousands to practise it, and with increasing success. And the amateur photographer who follows the art from a love of it, is





THE RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.

not hampered by trade considerations, and brings a continually fresh and eager mind to bear upon it, is to be credited with nearly every improvement in the aims and methods. In most branches of art the amateur justifies the mild amusement with which he is regarded by the professional, but in photography it is he who has set the standard, and almost exclusively reached it

Honor to whom honor is due. It must be admitted that it is the manufacturers of photographic materials who have contributed so largely to this result. Their assertion that if you will only touch the button they will do the rest is far more true than the generality of trade catchwords. The reliability of their cameras enables the amateur with a true sense of what will make a good subject to secure results which by skilful and artistic methods of printing may be developed into a beautiful picture. Especially reliable, as well as convenient, is the little snap-shot camera. It has run the gauntlet of mild humor; its votaries have almost forgotten they were ever called "fiends," and probably by this time even the Sultan of Turkey has overcome his abhorrence of the ubiquitous and persistent "detective."

The camera is at last justified of its children, as the photographic exhibition which was recently held in New York, amply demonstrated. The nucleus of it was a set of competitions for kodak prints, which evoked a response of twenty-five thousand specimens. To the large number of prize-winning prints was added an extensive display of invited exhibits from the best amateur photographers, and the result, which filled the galleries of the Academy of Design, was a gratification to everybody and a surprise to many. The exhibition was originally held at the New Gallery, Regent Street, London, and the decoration of the rooms was assigned to Mr. George Walton. The furnishings were brought over here and set up in the academy. Mr. Walton made a background for the sepia tones of the prints by covering the walls with stout, open-meshed canvas, which was tinted pale green, warm drab, or pale greenish-purple. In some cases a simple design was stencilled on. Round the top of the walls were festoons of the same material, with drapery suspended at intervals. Near the bottom of the latter was a decorative border, also stencilled. The centre of each room was shielded from the light by a velarium, formed of thin material attached at intervals to cross-bars, and suspended from the walls. At the point where the festoons met the curtains were hung trophies of very original and artistic design. The uppermost feature was a large disk of copper or zinc perforated with a pattern. Hanging by chains from this was another device, and from it, suspended in the same way, a third. These were, variously, of colored convex glass, looking like enormous pebbles, or of tin or copper or oxidized metal—an arrangement attractively Oriental in character, and according well with the scheme of drapery.

Of the great array of photographs it is only possible to speak in general praise. But one thing may be noted with special satisfaction. In their attempt to produce an artistic picture the majority of the photographers no longer arrange a number of figures into a subject composition, but take a snap-shot at unpremeditated groups—at crowded streets, or, better still, devote themselves to recording beautiful scenes of landscape and sky and water. Their artistic knowledge and feeling are shown in the happy choice of a subject, and in the careful printing, which avoids a conflict of dark and light, and secures a harmony of graduated tones. A word must also be said of the fidelity with which they reproduce paintings and architecture. In these various ways photography lays claim to be considered a serious branch of art.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



"VICTORY"—SUCCESSFUL DESIGN FOR THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT FOR JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.—BY PHILIP MARTINY.

THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT FOR JERSEY CITY.

A COMPETITION among sculptors and architects, submitting designs and models for a soldiers and sailors' monument to be erected in Jersey City, pursuant to law and an appropriation of $12,500 by the State Legislature, has been decided in favor of Philip Martiny, sculptor, to whom is committed the execution of the work. Second and third prizes were awarded to C. H. Niehaus and J. Massey Rhind, carrying with them the sums of $300 and $200.

In many respects this competition is remarkable. There were thirty-nine models in the contest, and all of them from American sculptors of standing, and the expert judges called in to determine on the merits of the work were J. Q. A. Ward, president of the National Sculpture Society; George B. Post, of the Architectural League; Daniel C. French and Herbert Adams, sculptors of the first rank. The award in each instance was by a unanimous vote, and a highly admirable result has been obtained.

Martiny's model, thirty-six inches high, complete in composition, as shown in the illustration, presents a sitting figure of Victory with a Greek helmet and a pose of much dignity and sweetness, further made allegorical by a spray of olive branch to serve as an emblem that the civil war has left no lasting bitterness between the sections.

In this work Martiny exhibits qualities in composition of a high order. A single glance will show that this artist has a fine poetical temperament, knowing how to ex-

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press the lesson of the civil war in plastic allegory carefully modulated and softened by the arrangement of artistic draperies, by a thoughtful and sympathetic pose, leaving out of the *ensemble* anything that might express victory in an offensive sense.

It will be recalled that soldiers and sailors' monuments in general are drawn upon lines of martial glory, with fire and sword as the prevailing key-note of the composition and bristling with all the implements of war. In this particular case Martiny has made a happy departure, keeping in mind that the strife between brothers should not be perpetuated to ignominy of the one or the exaltation of the other. This is the spirit which led Charles Sumner, in the United States Senate, to deplore the action of Congress in ordering and buying pictures painted to glorify the victor at the expense of the vanquished, thus fanning afresh the embers of sectional hate.

The figure of Victory is nine feet high, the pedestal eight feet, and the monument itself, when placed in one of the parks of Jersey City, will form a beautiful tribute to the gallantry of Hudson County soldiers and sailors, however tardy the recognition may be.

THE BATTLE-SHIPS "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY."

The coming launching of these battle-ships is particularly interesting—first, because of the double event on the same day; second, because they will be the heaviest masses of steel ever launched in this country; and, finally, because they will be, when first commissioned, the mightiest of our battle-ships.

The keels of these vessels were laid on the 30th of June, 1896—six months after their construction was awarded to the Newport News Ship-building and Dry Dock Company—and their launching within eighteen months from the beginning of building is a record for this country. There is every reasonable assurance that the vessels will be completed within the contract time—another remarkable performance for ships of this size—and the contractors promise to turn them over to the government by the 2d of January, 1899.

The ships are combinations of the best features of the *Indiana* and the *Iowa* types, but with exceptionally moderate draughts, and their general dimensions and principal features are: Length on load water-line, 368 feet; maximum beam, 72 feet 2.5 inches; normal displacement, 11,525 tons; mean draught, at normal displacement, 23 feet 6 inches; speed (contract), 16 knots; maximum indicated horse-power (estimated), 10,000; coal supply, at normal displacement, 400 tons; total bunker capacity, 1210 tons; complement, 511 men.

The batteries of each ship are as follows: main battery—4 13-inch and 4 8-inch breech-loading rifles; secondary battery—14 5-inch rapid-fire rifles; auxiliary battery—20 6-pounder and 6 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, 4 Gatling guns, 1 field gun.

In addition to that offensive force may be added a torpedo equipment of four broadside discharges, two on each side amidships.

The guns of the main battery are mounted in two two-storied turrets of hardened steel, and all four guns are constrained to point in the same direction when either the upper or the lower guns are in action. The upper, or 8-inch guns, are housed within steel walls 9 inches thick, augmented to 11 inches where the guns peer out. The 13-inch guns are surrounded generally by 15 inches of steel, except at the front, where the face plates are 2 inches heavier. To penetrate that armor an enemy's shot must strike fairly and squarely with a driving force of quite 16,000 foot-tons. The 5-inch guns are placed behind a solid breastwork of 6-inch steel, and are separated one from another by dividing walls of steel 2 inches thick, that bursting shell or damage to one gun may not be spread to the neighboring pieces. The 6-pounders are mounted on the berth deck well forward and aft, and up on the superstructure deck above the 5-inch guns, and are substantially unprotected save for the small shield carried on each gun. The 1-pounders and the Gatlings are placed up in the military tops. The essentially novel feature of these vessels is the battery of 5-inch rapid-fire guns, each piece having a serviceable rapidity of fire of six shots every minute. With these guns it is intended to tear away the light armor upon a foe, and to riddle his unprotected ends with explosive shell.

The hull is protected from attack by a 7½-foot water-line belt of armor running from abreast the after turret forward to the stem. From the after end of this belt forward 174 feet the armor has a maximum thickness of 16½ inches at the top and tapers to 9½ inches at the lower edge, 4 feet below the normal water-line. Throughout the remaining part this side armor gradually diminishes to 4 inches at the stem. Two athwartship bulkheads, one forward and one aft, turn inboard at the ends of the 16½-inch armor, and terminate against the heavy barbettes which rise for the main battery from the protective deck. The forward bulkhead is 10 inches thick, and the after one 12, and, in either case, present a formidable front against a raking fire. On top of these heavy walls and the inboard ledge of the heaviest part of the water-line belt rests a flat protective deck of steel 2½ inches thick, and below and within this sheltering mass of hardened metal are placed the engines, the boilers, and the magazines, crowded with their tons of destructiveness. Continuing from the lower edge of the athwartship bulkheads the protective deck runs slantingly to the bow and to the stern, and is generally 3 inches thick, except where it slopes to the sides and is 2 inches heavier. For a distance of 200 feet amidships, reaching from the water-line belt up to the main-deck, the sides are 5 inches thick, and back of that are many feet of coal and a wide belt of corn-pith cellulose. The cellulose belt is carried forward and aft to the ends.

Two sets of triple-expansion engines, driving twin screws, and in separate water-tight compartments, will propel the ships; and five large boilers, working at a pressure of 180 pounds, will generate the needful steam. There will be something like ninety auxiliary engines—steam, hydraulic, pneumatic, and electric—for the purposes of pumping, draining, ventilating, lighting, and the supply of miscellaneous power. The turrets and the ten ammunition hoists will be run by electricity; and these ships mark the first general adaptation of electrical control for such purposes.

The conning-tower, or fighting station, is just below the pilot-house and abaft the forward turret, and is 10 inches thick. From it, down through an armored tube piercing the protective deck, will be led the usual vocal, electrical, and mechanical means of communication and control. Each mast will carry a set of electrical signals, and the lower masts will serve as air-shafts, down which the blowers below will draw. Chief Constructor Hichborn says:

"With their bunkers filled, and at a cruising speed of 10 knots, these vessels will have a wide radius of action, while their moderate draught will enable them to enter harbors too shallow for even the general run of heavy cruisers. The strategic advantage of this characteristic cannot be too much emphasized. In scope and arc of fire the batteries are very formidable, while in the matter of armor protection the ships are unsurpassed abroad."

Statistics are but a poor means of compassing the powers and the possibilities of such craft; but when the layman knows that these ships not only represent the highest attainment of every contributive art; that they bear the very hall-mark of our national advancement; that they are seaworthy, navigable fortresses of ponderous might; that they are storehouses and magazines, work-shops, drill-grounds, and healthful and comfortable habitations for half a thousand exacting persons, then he may appreciate a small part of their peace-time significance. In the face of a foe even their commanding officers can guess the might of those murderous batteries only in terms of abstract formulæ.

Two million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the unprecedentedly reasonable price for each of these ships; and there is no bonus offered for excess of speed.

R. G. Skerrett.

THE DRAMA.

In writing "The Conquerors," now running at the Empire Theatre, Mr. Paul Potter evidently aimed to make a "sensation of scandal." He has succeeded. In spite of gross absurdities of plot and of over-abundance of theatrical material, he has also made an interesting and a fairly effective drama. Indeed, its merits are such that Mr. Potter might have been just as successful if he had been less scandalous. It is a pity that so clever a playwright should have stooped to wholly gratuitous indecency.

Mr. Potter has been studying the contemporary French writers. He has openly appropriated some of their material, and he has made a rather bungling use of their methods. The first act introduces a group of young Prussian officers quartered in the castle of the Grandprés of Dinan, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. During the supper that they give for some Parisian dancing-girls the most reckless among them proposes a toast in which he grossly insults the French. The beautiful *Yvonne de Grandpré* promptly dashes a glass of wine into his face. On this graceful episode, which brings the act to a climax, Mr. Potter has constructed his drama. The scoundrel who has received the libation determines upon speedy revenge. But when his opportunity comes we witness a conversion more sudden and more extraordinary than that of *Clorinda Wildairs* in "A Lady of Quality." Once turned virtuous, he saves *Yvonne* from another villain, who has been lurking in the background; but instead of winning glory, he is suspected by the girl of the blackest of crimes, he is stabbed in the back by her, and he is about to be shot for having saved her brother's life. At the end, when he is given one more chance and she learns what a beautiful character he really has, she discovers that she has loved him all the time!

In spite of its many ridiculous features, Mr. Potter has actually succeeded in making the story plausible. The first act, notwithstanding that silly climax, fairly sparkles with life. The hero's conversion in the second act follows a dramatic scene, but the effect is weakened by the episode that closes the act, where villain number two meets his death. So much villany tended to create the reaction of laughter. Indeed, toward the close of the drama laughter was occasionally heard where the effect should have been profoundly serious. Mr. Potter had unnerved his audience, and yet, curiously enough, he had succeeded in maintaining the interest. Judiciously pruned, the drama would be far stronger than it seemed on its first production. It is full of action and color, and though the comedy is pretty feeble, the introduction of the groups of peasants and soldiers lends to the scenes an agreeable variety. Mr. Potter has not caught the French atmosphere, however, and his characterizations lack vigor and consistency. The piece had the advantage of an elaborate production: the scenery was beautiful, and the actors played with zest. The greatest success was made by Mr. William Faversham as the hero. Mr. Faversham has never done anything finer in New York. His impersonation was characterized by intelligence and sincerity, and his personal appearance admirably suited the part. Miss Allen, as the young French girl, gave one of her usual exasperating exhibitions of talent and affectation. Her beautiful voice will prove to be a misfortune if she persists in misusing it.

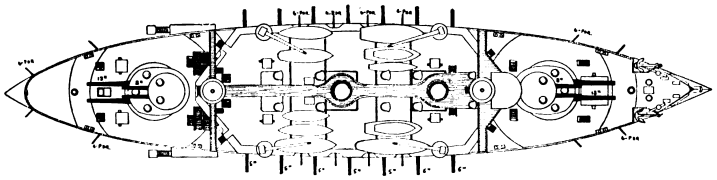
At the Knickerbocker Theatre Miss Julia Marlowe recently produced a new play, adapted from the German of Rudolph Stratz, and entitled "The Countess Valeska." After seeing the work in English, one can easily understand its great vogue last year in Berlin. It is one of the few absolutely serious dramas produced here in several years. Of humor it has none, though a certain relief is afforded by the subordinate episodes in which two young lovers figure. Its interest depends upon a simple and dramatic story, told in a coherent, logical, and effective fashion. The scene is laid in Poland in 1807. The *Countess Valeska* loves a young Prussian officer, whom she conceals in her house at the very time that she extends hospitality to Napoleon, her country's "savior." By chance she discovers that her lover is plotting against the Emperor, and her patriotism forces her to betray him. The piece abounds in emotion and in the clash of arms, but the sentiment always rings true, and the dramatic episodes are very ingeniously developed. As the *Countess*, Miss Marlowe played with fine discretion and with genuine feeling. If she did not at any time suggest great power, the defect was due to her physical limitations. On the whole, the impersonation was very beautifully sustained. The company gave admirable support. Mr. Bassett Roe made a good impression as the ardent young lover, and in a part that called for careful acting, Mr. Alfred Keudrick made a pronounced success.

At its second matinée, early in the present month, the Criterion Independent Theatre presented three short plays that were well worth seeing. The most subtle, called "The Rights of the Soul," was the work of the Italian realist, Giuseppe Giacosa. A devoted husband, on discovering that one of his friends has committed suicide for love of his wife, becomes suspicious, not of his wife's fidelity, but of her loyalty to him in her heart. He questions her until, in desperation, she confesses that she has loved the friend, though she never acknowledged the love to him. Now that he is dead, however, she glories in it, and she leaves her husband because he has presumed to interfere with her "soul's rights." The theme is, of course, absolutely foreign, but Giacosa was able to make the situation appear serious even in English. Altogether, the piece was a beautiful piece of literary workmanship, and dramatic, too. "That Overcoat," by Augustus Thomas, proved to be in a wholly farcical vein; it moved briskly, and it gave clever, though naturally exaggerated, suggestions of character. The closing piece, "From a Clear Sky," by Henri Dumay, displayed originality of theme and ingenuity of treatment. A divorced wife, happy in her second marriage, meets her first husband. He recalls their former happiness, and just after he has seized her in his arms the second husband enters. In the encounter between the two men the first husband is seriously wounded, and his former wife leans over him with wild cries of grief and affection! It would be interesting to know just what Mr. Dumay meant by that episode. All three plays were very well acted, Mr. E. J. Henly distinguishing himself in three rôles that showed the variety as well as the intensity of his methods. If the Criterion Independent Theatre can give other matinées as good as the last one, it ought to be encouraged.

Mr. Augustin Daly's production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is a very far cry from the original Shakespeare; but for Mr. Daly's audiences the work as it stands complete would be impossible. So perhaps no one should complain that the old comedy has been so slashed. But why should Mr. Daly have gone so far as to introduce into the body of the comedy an operatic duet? This was a gross violation of fair play to the dramatist, and it made an effect that would have been painful if it had not been absurd. As a matter of fact, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is interesting as an example of the kind of humor that used to amuse the English-speaking world rather than as a work that is amusing in itself. As the centuries pass, *Falstaff* has grown less funny, till now he seems like a joke that is not only stale, but in very bad taste. An actor with unction, like Mr. William F. Owen, is able to bring out whatever fun there is still left in him. Mr. Owen is a member of Mr. Daly's company, but it is to be presumed Mr. Clarke took precedence and received the part. Nothing could be more unsuited to it than his dry style. His acting, like all of his work, was careful, elaborate, and intelligent, but it did not infuse into the stuffed figure the least suggestion of life. It was more like a thoughtful reading by a cultivated man than an impersonation by a character actor. In the thankless rôle of *Mistress Ford*, Miss Rehan fairly bubbled over with spirit, and played with a radiant effect, and with a most welcome freedom from those perversities of speech and manner which she so often adopts. Mrs. Gilbert was altogether delightful as *Dame Quickly*, Mr. Wilfred Clarke made a capital *Slender*, and the other members of the cast did adequate work. The scenery showed Mr. Daly's well-known skill in creating pictorial effects.

At the Empire Theatre on Thursday of last week the senior students of Mr. Franklin H. Sargent's dramatic school gave a matinée performance of Congreve's "Love for Love." The representation had interest for the lovers of the literary drama rather than for the play-going public in general, as well as for the friends of the school and of the actors. The comedy had been condensed into three acts and adapted to the prejudices of the modern audience by Assistant-Professor L. Du Pont Syle, of the English department of the University of California, the actors had been carefully trained by Mr. Sargent, and the stage management had the supervision of Mr. Max Figman. Altogether the undertaking was praiseworthy, and if the result was not brilliant from every point of view, the defects may be attributed chiefly to the nature of the work.

John D. Barry.



Stern. Bow.

GUN PLAN OF BATTLE SHIPS "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY."

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THIS BUSY WORLD

AMERICAN postage-stamp collectors disapprove of the purpose of the Post-office Department to issue a series of stamps in commemoration of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition to be held at Omaha next year. The *American Journal of Philately* has published an address to the Postmaster-General, which it wants all stamp-collectors to sign and forward, and which sets forth politely that extraordinary issues of stamps are a nuisance to collectors, and are especially fit to be discouraged because in so many recent instances they have been issued by weak governments for speculative purposes and as a means of raising revenue. The *Journal* thinks that Uncle Sam ought not to countenance by his example the illegitimate uses of the postal apparatus.

This protest seems not altogether unreasonable. Of course the Post-office Department ought not to issue new kinds of stamps for the purpose of catching the pennies of collectors. It is too big a concern for that sort of expedient, even though, as now, it is hard up. Doubtless considerations of profit have had very little to do with the project of the new issue. That issue is called commemorative, but what it really seems to be is an advertisement of the Omaha fair. The impression made is that the government wanted to help the fair, and agreed to advertise it through the post-office, which would cost nothing and would amuse the people. From the philatelist's point of view that seems reprehensible. The issue, however, won't bother any one except the stamp-collectors, and the average citizen, who wants the Omaha fair to succeed, will not disturb his mind with considering whether the Post-office Department is not going outside of its legitimate business in advertising even an enterprise of national moment like a trans-Mississippi exposition.

The *Voice*, the official organ of Prohibition, has raised itself to an unusually shrill pitch in execration of the connection between alcoholic beverages and the higher education. It was deeply interested in the contest over the Princeton Inn, and its apparent success in that instance seems to have encouraged it to essay new triumphs. It is now in fierce pursuit of the alcoholic microbe at Yale, and shows a lively interest in the use of wine at the annual dinners of the Wesleyan alumni. Precisely what reforms it desires to see instituted at Yale is not quite clear to the present paragrapher, but it has been at pains to show up that university as the seat of a lamentable intemperance and the scene of shocking excesses. It has stated that there were a thousand Yale students tipsy in New Haven on the night of the Yale-Princeton football match; it points out—no doubt with truth—that there are sixty-six saloons within two blocks of the Yale campus; and it finds reason to believe that all the Yale professors except two vote regularly for the license system in New Haven.

The trouble about the Wesleyan alumni dinner seems to be that at the last one there was wine on the table in front of some of the diners. *Voice* is much disturbed at that, and Dr. Buckley's *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) agrees with it that the use of wine by individuals at a dinner of the alumni of a Methodist college is unseemly.

Dr. Funk, of *Voice*, of course holds that wine is a mocker, and that "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the only safe rule in the matter of alcoholic drinks. Dr. Buckley seems to be of the same mind, for he feels that his Wesleyan brethren transgressed propriety and set a bad example by taking wine with their annual food. In considering the strictures of these gentlemen it is always to be remembered that it is not temperance but abstinence that they are after; not the restraint of drinking, but the extirpation of it. It seems no injustice to *Voice* to say that its policy and its practice are to paint its pet devil as black as possible, and to find an excess in even the most moderate indulgence. No one but *Voice* and its allies will believe that a thousand Yale students were tipsy in one evening. There ought to be total-abstinence colleges for total-abstinence parents to send their sons to. The average parent doesn't care to have his son a total abstainer, and does not believe that it would be expedient for him to try to induce that degree of abstinence in his son even if he wished for it. He sees teetotalism tried in families, and he thinks he sees that it yields quite as large a percentage of drunkards as other methods. What he wants of his son in college is the steady maintenance of the sane mind in the sound body, and the practice of such choice and restraint in the concerns of eating and drinking as makes for that state. The average parent detests and in some measure fears drunkenness, but he does not believe in total abstinence as the best safeguard against it, nor in the efficacy of prohibition as a preventive measure. He wants to see his son able, at a pinch, to walk past a thousand open grog-shops in a row without becoming delirious over the glut of opportunities. College boys, as a rule, need no alcohol, and the less they drink the better. The great majority of them are decidedly abstemious. Scarcely any American college student, for example, habitually drinks wine or beer with his meals. But those who want to drink will drink, and the only sure way to stop them is to lock them up.

As for college graduates, if they don't know what is proper for them to drink at dinner they are very imperfectly educated, and do their college training small credit. If their potations as alumni have to be prescribed by their elders, at what period of life may they hope to see it conceded that they are grown up?

Voice ought to start a university to be managed according to its own ideas.

Perhaps the safest and timeliest course for contemporary owners of seal-skin furs is to lock them up in a strong box, and sit on the box and call for help. The stories of the experiences and sufferings of persons who have recently been caught with seal-skins on them are very terrifying, and warrant all the precautions above suggested. It is proper to say, though, that proprietors of seal-skins are in no real danger so long as they keep away from Uncle Sam's custom-houses. Hereditary seal-skins may be worn with impunity in the country without any real hazard of arrest or police surveillance. It is when you try to bring your seal-skin through the custom-house that the rub comes. You must then either produce a custom-house permit entitling you to bring that particular hide back into the land of liberty, or you must be prepared with convincing evidence about the pedigree, gender, and former residence of the seal; who caught it; who killed it; who dressed it; who made it up, and many other biological and biographical details. If your story and your evidence hang together you may bring in your skin, but the chances are that you will think yourself lucky to escape without it.

The new treasury regulations which require all this red tape are well adapted to make the use of seal-skins by travellers to or from the United States excessively unpopular. They make the most trouble on the Canadian frontier, where, as winter is really winter up there, people wear seal-skins much more than in the latitude of New York. There may be some solace for some persons in the recollection that all the trouble about seal-skins is due to Canada, and that there is a sort of propriety in letting the Canadians and their visitors experience most of the consequent inconvenience. The hitch about that, however, is that the folks who hunt the seals and the folks who wear the skins are different people, without special community of interests or mutual sympathies. The ostensible purpose of the regulations is to keep out of this country skins of seals killed in waters of the Pacific north of the 35th degree of north latitude, which is the district as to the regulation of which the United States and Great Britain cannot agree.

The circulation of the Bible in this country is enormous, steady, and constantly increases. Of Bibles and Testaments the American Bible Society annually sells or gives away about a million and a half, the International Bible Agency sells about half a million, and other large concerns, of which there are four or five in New York alone, circulate a great many more. With such a distribution as that in constant operation one would think the demand would presently be supplied, but that is not the experience of dealers. They say the demand increases all the time. That must be because two or three million new citizens are born every year in the United States, and a large proportion of them presently get new Bibles. The idea of starting a new citizen in life with a second-hand Bible is not popular. "New boy (or new girl), new book," is the rule, and tolerably fortunate children have a fair collection before they have grown up. A moderate allowance of the sacred writings for one American citizen includes one family Bible that belonged to parents; one family Bible for one's own family; one Testament in large print used in childhood; one convenient Bible presented by mother; one Bible in flexible covers subsequently obtained; at least one obsolete Bible containing the Apocrypha; one Testament, revised version; the Book of Psalms separate; a few Bibles to be kept in church; an office Bible; and perhaps others.

Persons who happen to be inconvenienced by dearth of anxieties are invited to agitate their spirits by contemplation of the prospect of a shortage of oxygen in the atmosphere. It seems that there are well-informed persons, Lord Kelvin among them, who find reason to believe that this calamity is impending. The figures (estimated) in the case are that the world uses annually six and a half billion tons of oxygen for breathing purposes, and nearly half as much for fires. This is a big consumption. To repair it we rely on vegetation, which we are pretty constantly restricting. So we use more and more oxygen all the time, and make less and less. No wonder Lord Kelvin says the earth is undergoing "a steady loss of oxygen." As yet, though, the atmosphere does not show it, and it may be a few thousand years yet before the difference will be measurable. To the short-sighted the prospect may not seem distressing, but folks who need anxieties should not neglect this one, since, after all, in anxieties and ancestry and such things a little remoteness does no harm.

The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society tells in its twenty-third annual report of another good year's work. At a cost of about twelve hundred dollars it has distributed over 120,000 books, magazines, and weekly papers, and nearly 50 000 newspapers. Its work is outgrowing its means. It asks for gifts of reading matter to be sent to its office, 102 East Twenty-second Street, Room 417; and for contributions of money to be sent to its treasurer, Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street.

The Memorial Committee of the G. A. R. have formed the opinion that New York has a better chance of having a soldiers' and sailors' monument if Mr. J. Q. A. Ward does not become a member of the new Municipal Art Commission. The three sculptors nominated by the Fine Arts Federation as fit to be members of the Municipal Art Commission are Mr. Ward, Daniel C. French, and Herbert Adams. The Mayor must choose one of them, and the G. A. R.'s committee favor Mr. Adams. It is not surprising that the committee should object to Mr. Ward, for he, after objecting to the Plaza site, prevented the adoption of the Claremont site, with which other experts seemed satisfied, and which the G. A. R. committee now favor. Yet his action in both these cases seemed to be representative rather than personal, and his vote was understood to accord with the sentiments of the Sculpture Society, as is likely to be true of any future vote of himself or Mr. Adams or Mr. French. It is natural, if not altogether reasonable, that the G. A. R. committee, which want a monument somewhere and as soon as possible, should look on Mr. Ward as a marplot, and should even doubt, perhaps, whether there is any good monument site in New York to which the Sculpture Society would not discover very grave objections. They must hope for the best. The sculptors really have the interest of the monument at heart, and want it to be truly admirable in itself, and fitly placed. It is also to their interest as sculptors that there should be a monument, and that the conditions governing the selection of sites and the acceptance of a design should not be so difficult as to paralyze the whole monument industry in New York, and contract the field for sculpture. They cannot decide that there is no place on Manhattan Island that is fit for a soldiers' and sailors' monument. They must tolerate some site, and a good one, too, for the people of New York want that monument, and want it to stand in a fairly conspicuous place. It must all come right in time, and when it does we shall all doubtless be grateful to Mr. Ward, or whoever may succeed him on the commission, for his efforts to achieve the combination of the best possible monument in the best possible place.

Meanwhile we are reminded that Professor Hamlin, Professor Ware, Mr. Russell Sturgis, and Mr. Bruce Price advised the Municipal Art Commission in writing that they approved of putting the Stoughton-Macmonnies monument on the Claremont Lawn site, so that persons who think Mr. Ward erred in rejecting that site have a respectable weight of authority on their side.

Mr. Moses P. Handy, the American special commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1900, had finished his labors in Paris, and was preparing his report when he died in Augusta, Georgia, on January 8. His mission abroad was to arrange for the reception and display of American exhibits, and though his labors were hindered by sickness, they were successfully completed.

Mr. Handy was a newspaper man who had done a great deal of hard work, which perhaps is really to blame for his early death. He was born in 1847, in Missouri; was drafted into the Confederate army, and found work in Richmond at the close of the war on the *Christian Observer*, and later as reporter for the Richmond *Despatch*. He became editor of the *Despatch*, and in the course of succeeding years was Richmond correspondent for several Northern papers, and general manager for the Southern States of the American Press Association. In the early seventies he joined the staff of the New York *Tribune*, went from there later to edit the Richmond *Enquirer*, and in 1876 was commissioner from Virginia to the Philadelphia exposition. He staid in Philadelphia, became managing editor of the *Press*, and in 1884 started the *Daily News*. In 1892 he was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Promotion and Publicity of the Chicago fair, and his successful labors in that field led to his recent appointment as special commissioner to go to Paris.

Germany has followed the example of Japan in ordering that a translation of Captain Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power on History* shall be supplied to all her public libraries, schools, and government institutions. Every modern nation which has any plans for making history turns as naturally to Captain Mahan as the gardener does to the seedsman. If the gratitude of posterity is going to be lavished on the man who makes two war-ships swim where one floated before, how the monuments will rise and the pæans mount in the twentieth century in praise of our Mahan! The hitch about it all is that it is not having ships that makes a nation great, but having more ships than the other fellow. If every nation is going to spend on the sea all the money it can scrape together ashore, where's the advantage coming in? The truly admirable thing for Captain Mahan to have done was to sell all his books in manuscript to Uncle Sam, to be secretly perused by Congressmen, and locked up out of sight of other countries.

The resignation of Dr. John Hall, so long the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York, announced on January 9, excites interest that reaches far beyond the boundaries of Manhattan Island. Thirty years ago he came from Dublin to take charge of a church known as "the richest Presbyterian church in America." Under Dr. Hall that church has been known not only as the richest, but as one of the most religious churches in the country. There has never been any question as to the influence or the primary purposes of that church under Dr. Hall, or as to the sort of gospel that has been preached there, or as to its efficiency as a Christian body. From every point of view whereof the public has any knowledge Dr. Hall's pastorate has been superlatively successful. No reason is given for his retirement, except that in his own opinion it was time to shift his labors and responsibilities upon younger shoulders.

Dr. Hall is of Scotch descent, and was born in Armagh, Ireland, in 1829. He was educated in Belfast College, and licensed to preach in 1849. He preached in Armagh, and afterwards in Dublin, and came to New York in 1867. During his pastorate his church moved from Nineteenth Street up to its present site, on the corner of Fifty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, where the present church edifice and parsonage were built at a cost of more than a million dollars. For ten years, from 1882 to 1892, Dr. Hall was Chancellor of the University of New York. He has also been a trustee of Princeton and Wellesley colleges, and chairman of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Harvard finds a successor to Librarian Winsor in Mr. William Coolidge Lane, until now librarian of the Athenæum Library in Boston. At the stated meeting of the overseers at which Mr. Lane was elected it was determined by a vote of 13 to 8 to petition the Massachusetts Legislature to extend the right to vote for overseers so that it shall be shared by holders of all important degrees given by the university. At present the overseers are chosen by the alumni who hold the A.B. degree; that is, by the graduates of the college. The new plan aims to give an equal voice to graduates of all departments of the university. President Eliot has favored this plan for some years. A strong argument in favor of it is that more than half the endowment of the university belongs to the schools outside of the college proper, which, under the present system, are thought to have less voice in the management of the university concerns than their importance warrants.

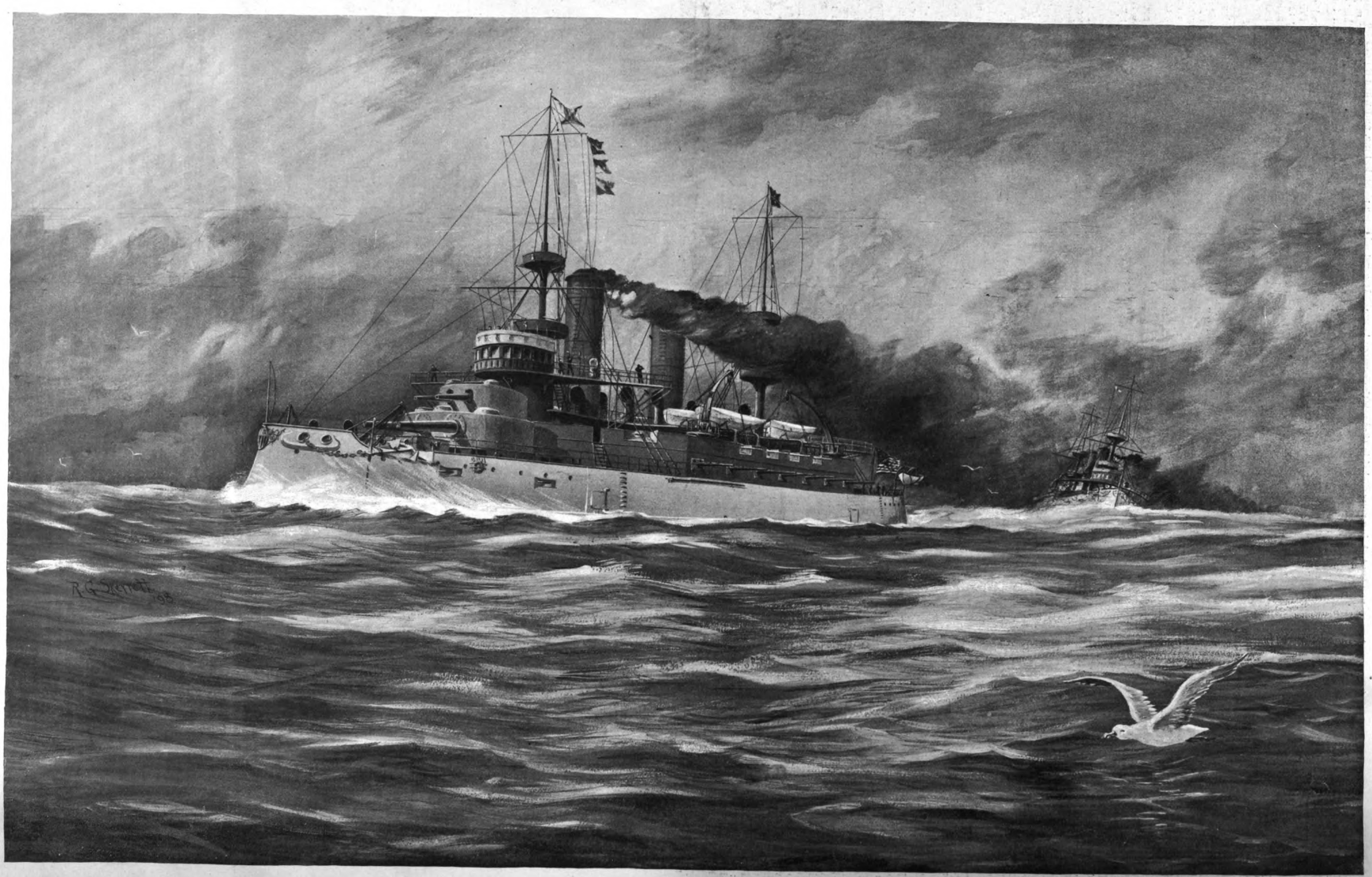
The probability that Yale and Cornell will fail to agree this year on any plan for a boat-race should not be a cause for serious depression of the public spirits. If Yale does not want to row Cornell on Cornell's terms, she ought not to do it. Yale can stop now without injury or offense to any one. If she waits until she has beaten Cornell, and then refuses to go on, there will be just ground for grumbling at her. If she does not care to row Cornell, she should stop now.

If any one was unaware that 1897 had been a great year for the Northwest, the sight of the holiday number of the *Northwestern Miller* (Minneapolis) would put him right. It is a grand number, with stories by Dr. Hale, Octave Thanet, and Mary Hallock Foote, pictures no end, and a remarkably effective holiday cover. E. S. MARTIN.

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UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIPS "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY."—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.—[See Page 78.]

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER VII.

I BECOME A TRAITOR.

MUCH was I flattered, and very naturally so, when Michael Texel made so manifest a work about pleasing me and having me for his comrade. For though I was now nineteen, he was five years my senior, and his father, being both Burgomeister and Chief Brewer, was of the first consideration in the town of Thorn.

"Hugo," said Michael Texel, "there be many lads in the city that are well, and well enough, but none of them please me like you. It may be that your keeping so greatly to yourself has made you passing thoughtful for your age. And whereas these street-corner scraps of rascaldom care for nothing but the pleasing of pothouse Gretchens, we that are men think of the concerns of the State, and make us ready for the great things that shall one day come to pass in Thorn and the Wolfmark."

I nodded my head as if I knew all about it. But, indeed, in my heart, I too preferred the way of the other lads—as the favor of maids, and other lighter matters. But since one so great and distinguished as Michael Texel declared that such things were but useless gauds, unworthy of thought, I considered that I had better keep my tongue tight reined as to my own desires.

I shall now tell the manner of my introduction to the famous society of the White Wolf.

From the very first time that ever I saw him, Michael Texel had much to say about a certain wondrous league of the young men of Thorn and the Wolfmark. He told me how that every man with a heart in him was enrolled among them: the sons of the rich and great, like himself; the sons of the folk of no account (like myself, doubtless); the soldiers of the Duke—nay, it was whispered very low in my ear that even the young Count Otho von Reuss, the Duke's nephew and heir, had taken high rank in the society.

I asked Michael what were the declared objects of the association.

"See," he cried grandly, with a wave of his hand, "this city of Thorn. It lies there under the Wolfsberg. With a few cannon like Faul Grete, the Margrave's treasure, Duke Casimir could lay our houses in ruins. Therefore, in the mean time, let us not break out against Duke Casimir. But one day there will come an end to the tyrant Duke. Tiles will not always break harmless on helmets, nor the point of steel always be turned aside by links of chain armor. As I say, an hour will come for Casimir, as for other malefactors. And then—why, there is the young Otho. And he has sworn the vows of the White Wolf to make of Thorn a free city with a Stadtholder—one with power and justice, chosen freely by the people, as in other Baltic cities. Is there a man of us that has not been plundered? A maid that does not go in fear of her honor while Casimir reigns? Shall this thing be? Not surely forever. The White Wolf shall see to it. She has many children, and they are all dear to her. Let the Duke Casimir take his count with that!"

So, as was natural, I became after that more than ever eager to join this most notable league of the White Wolf.

One night I had sat late talking to the Little Playmate, who was now growing a great maid and a beautiful—none like her, so far as I could see, in all the city of Thorn—a circumstance which made me more ready to be of Michael Texel's opinion with regard to any flighty and irresponsible courting of the maids of the town. For had I not the fairest and the best of them all at home close by me? On this night of which I speak it was almost bedtime, when I heard a knocking at the outer port, and went to open the wicket.

And, lo! there was Michael Texel, come all the way to the Red Tower for me, though it was by his own trysting that we had agreed to meet at the inn of the White Swan. Nevertheless, there he was. So there was nothing for it but to bring him in. I presented him in form to the Little Playmate, who had quite forgotten her Princess-ship by this time in the sweetness of being our house-angel of the Red Tower.

I saw in a moment that Michael Texel was astonished at Helene's beauty, as indeed well he might be. But she, on her part, hardly so much as glanced at him, though he was a tall and well-grown youth enough, with nothing remarkable about him save pale hair of much the same color as his complexion, and a cut on one side of his upper lip, which in certain lights gave him a sneering expression.

But to Helene he spoke very carefully and courteously, asking her whether she ever went to any of the guild entertainments for which Thorn was famous. And upon her saying no, that my father did not think it fitting, Michael said: "I was sure of it; none could forget if once they had seen. For never in the history of Thorn has so fair a face graced Burgher-dance or Guild-festival, nor yet had a foot so light been shaken on the green in any of our summer outgoings."

Now this was well enough said in its way, but only what I myself had often thought. Not that the Playmate took any notice of his words, or was in any degree elated, but kept her head bent demurely on her work all the time Michael Texel was with us.

Presently there entered to us, thus sitting, Gottfried Gottfried, who had come striding gloomily across the yard in his black suit from the Hall of Judgment, and at his entrance Michael instantly became awkward, nervous, and constrained.

"I must be going," he said; "the Burgomeister bade me be early within doors to-night."

"Is the noble Burgomeister lodging at the White Swan?" asked my father, with his usual simple directness, as he went hither and thither ordering his utensils, without heeding the visitor.

"No," said Michael, startled out of his equanimity; "he bides in his own house by the Rath-house—the sign is that of the Three Golden Tuns."

The Red Axe nodded.

"I had forgotten," he said, indifferently, and stood by the great polished platter-frame over the sideboard, dropping oil on the screws of a certain cunning instrument which he was wont to use in the elucidation of the Greater Question.

I could see Michael turning yellow and green, but whether with anger or fear I could not tell. Helene, who loved not the tools of my father, had, upon his entrance, promptly gathered up her white cobwebs and lace and had betaken herself to her own room.

"I must be bidding you a fortunate evening and wishing you an untroubled sleep," said Michael, with studious politeness, rising to his feet. Yet he did not immediately move away, but stood awkwardly fingering his hat, as if he wished to ask a question and dared not.

"It is indeed a fine place for a sound sleep," said my father, nodding his head grimly, "this same upper courtyard of the Wolfsberg. There are few that have once slept here, my noble young sir, who have ever again complained of wakefulness."

At this moment the hounds in the kennels raised their fierce clamor. And without waiting for another word, Michael Texel took himself off down the stairs of the Red Tower. Nor did he regain his composure till I had opened the wicket and ushered him out upon the street.

Then, as the postern clicked and the familiar noises of the city fell on his ear—the slapping flat-footed lasses crying "Fried Fish," the sellers of "Hot Oyster Soup," the yelling venders of crout and salad—Michael gradually picked up his courage, and we proceeded down the High Street of Thorn to the retired hostel of the White Swan.

"Frederika," he cried as he entered, "are the lads here yet?"

"Aye, sir, aye—a full muster," answered the old mild-faced hostess, who was busily employed knitting a

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stocking of pale blue in the porch, looking for all the world like the sainted mother of a family of saints.

Michael Texel walked straight through a passage and down a narrow alley, the beautiful apple-cheeked old woman following us with her eyes as we went.

Our feet rang suddenly on hollow pavement as we stooped to enter a low door in the side wall, almost concealed from observation by an overgrowth of ivy.

"Halt!" cried a voice from the dusk ahead of us, and instantly there was a naked sword at each of our breasts. We heard also the click of swords meeting behind us. I turned my head, and, lo! there at my very shoulder I saw the gleam of crossed steel. My heart beat a little faster; but, after all, I had been brought up with sights and sounds more terrible than these; and, more than that, I had within the hour seen Michael Texel, the high-priest of these mysteries, turn all manner of rainbow colors at the howling of our blood-hounds and a simple question from my father. So I judged that these mighty terrifications could portend no great ill to one who was the son of the formidable Red Axe of the Wolfsberg.

Sometimes it is a mighty comfortable thing to have a father like mine.

I did not hear the question which was asked of my guide, but I heard the answer.

"First in charge," said Michael Texel, "and with him one of the Wolf's litter."

So we were allowed to proceed. But in the bare room which received us I was soon left alone; for, with another question as briefly asked and answered, the click of swords crossed and uncrossed before and behind him, and the screechy grind of bolts, Michael passed out of sight within. While as for me, I was left to twirl my thumbs and wish that I had staid at home to watch the nimble fingers of the Playmate busy at her sewing, and the rounded slenderness of her sweet body set against the light of evening, which would at that hour be shining through the windows of the Red Tower.

Nevertheless, it was no use repining or repenting. Here was I, Hugo Gottfried, the son of the Red Axe, at the inner port of a treasonable society. It was certainly a curious position; but even thus early I had begun to consider myself a sort of amateur of strange situations, and I admit that I found a certain stimulus in the thought that in an hour I might have ceased to be heir to the office of Hereditary Justicer of the ducal province of the Wolfmark.

Presently through the door there came one clothed in the long white garments of a Brother of Pity, the eyeholes dark and cavernous, and the eyes shining through the mask with a look as if the wearer were much more frightened than those who looked upon him.

"Child of the White Wolf," he said, in a shaking voice, "would you dare all and become one of the companions of the mysteries?"

But the accent of his voice struck me, the son of Gottfried Gottfried, the dweller in the enclosure of the Red Tower, as painfully hollow and pretentious. I had looked upon real terror, even plumbed some of the grimmer mysteries of existence, and I had no fears. On the contrary, my spirits rose, and I declared my readiness to follow this paltering, knock-kneed Brother of Pity.

We stopped and went through another narrow passage, in the midst of which we were stayed by thin bars, which were shot before and behind us, and by a cold point of iron laid lightly against my brow. In this constrained position my eyes were bandaged by unseen fingers.

The starveling Brother of the Wolf took me by the hand and led me on. Then, in another moment, came the sense of lights and wider spaces, the rustle of many people settling down to attention, and I knew that I was in the presence of the famous secret tribunal of the White Wolf, which had been set up in defiance of the authority of the Duke and against the laws of the Mark.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE BAR OF THE WHITE WOLF.

"WHO waits at the bar with you, brother?" said a voice, which, though disguised, carried with it a suggestion of Michael Texel.

The announcement was made by the officer who brought me in:

"'Tis one Hugo Gottfried, son of Gottfried Gottfried, hereditary executioner to the tyrant."

I could hear the thrill of interest which pervaded the assembly at the announcement. And for the first time I thought almost well of the honorable office to which I had been born.

"And what do you here, son of the Red Axe, in the place of the Sacred Fehme of the White Wolf?"

The question was the first addressed directly to me.

"I came," said I, as straightforwardly and simply as I could, "with Michael Texel, because he asked me to come. And also because I heard that there was good ale to be had for the drinking at the White Swan of Thorn, where we are now met."

A low moan of horror went about the assembly at the frivolity of my answer, which plainly was not what had been expected.

"Daring mocker," cried a stern voice, "you speak as one unacquainted with the dread power of the White Wolf, which has within her grasp the keys of life and death—and has suckled great empires at her dugs. Beware! Tempt not the All-powerful to exercise her right of axe and cord."

"I do not tempt any," answered I, boldly enough—yet with no credit to myself, for I could have laughed aloud at all this hollow pretence, having been brought up within the range of that which was no mockery. "I am willing to become a loyal member of the society of the White Wolf for the furtherance of any honest purpose. All things, I admit, are not well within the body-politic. Let us, in the city of Thorn, strive after the same rights as are possessed by the Free Cities of the North If that be your object, the son of the Red Axe is with you—with you to the death, if need be. But for God's sake let us take off these masks and set ourselves down to the tankard and the good brown bread with less mummery—a sham of which others have the reality."

"Peace, vain, ignorant fly!" cried the same speaker—one with a young voice, which he was trying, as I thought, to make grave and old. "Terror must first strike your heart, or you cannot sit down with the Society of the White Wolf. You stand convicted of blasphemy against this our ancient and honorable institution—blasphemy which must be suddenly and terribly punished. Hugo Gottfried, I command you—make your head ready for the striker. Bare the neck and bow the knee!"

But I stood as erect as I could, though I felt hands laid upon my shoulders and the breathing of many close about me.

"Knights and gentlemen," said I, "I am not afraid to die, if need be. But ere you do your will upon me I would fain tell you a tale and give you a warning. Here I am one among many. I am also of your opinion, if your opinion be against tyranny. But for God's sake seek it as wise men, and not as posturing knaves. As for Michael Texel—"

"Name not the mortal names of men in this place of the White Wolf!" said the same grave voice.

At which I laughed a little.

"If you will tell me what to say instead in the language of the immortals, I will call my friend by that name. Till then Michael Texel, I say—"

I was pulled by force down upon my knees.

"Your pleasure, gentlemen," said I, as coolly as I might; "you may do with me as you will, but give me at least leave to speak. Your meetings here at the White Swan are known to the Red Axe, my father, and therefore to the Duke Casimir."

A low groan filled the wide hall. I could feel that my words touched them on the raw.

"Also, this very night I saw one of your noblest members tremble with alarm—for the Society, not for himself, I warrant—when Gottfried Gottfried spake lightly of your meetings here as of a thing well known. I am not afraid of my life. In the sight of my father I went forth from the Red Tower in the company of Michael Texel. He knew of your place of meeting. And well I wot that if I am not within the precincts of the Red Tower by midnight, the officers of Duke Casimir and his Judgment Hall will come knocking at these doors of yours. I ask you, are you ready to open?"

"Rash mortal!" said the voice again to me; "you mistake the White Wolf, if you think that she or her children are afraid of any tyrant, or of his officers. You yourself shall die, as has been appointed. For none may speak lightly of the White Wolf and live to tell the tale!"

"So be it," I replied, calmly; "but first let me recount to you the story of Hans Pulitz. Not for the hiding of a belt of gold, as men say, was he condemned. But because he had plotted against the life of the Duke and of his minister of justice, the Red Axe. Would you know what happened? I will tell you, briefly:

"Ten men, accounted strong, held Hans Pulitz. Ten men could scarce lead him through the court-yard to the chair on which sat Duke Casimir. I saw him judged. Was he not of the White Wolf? Did the White Wolf save him? Have her teeth ravened for those that condemned him? Or have you that are of that noble society kept close in your halls and played out your puppet shows, while poor Hans, who was faithful to you to the end, went—whither?"

A sough of angry whispering filled the room, rising presently into a roar of indignation.

"Traitor! Murderer! Spy!" they cried.

"Nay," said I, "'fore God, Hugo Gottfried was more sorry for the poor deceived slave than any here. For, in the presence of the Duke, I cried out against the horror. But being no more than a boy, I was stricken to silence by the hand of a man-at-arms. Then I saw Hans Pulitz cast loose. I saw him seized by one man—even by the Red Axe—raised high in the air, and flung over the barriers among the ravening and leaping blood-hounds. I heard the hideous noises that followed—the yells of a man fighting for his life in a place of fiends. I shut my ears with my hands, yet could I not shut out that clangor of hell. I shut my eyes, closer than you have shut them for me now. I fled, I knew not where, terror pursuing me. And yet I saw, and do now see, the Duke sitting with crossed hands as if at prayers, and the Red Axe standing motionless before the men-at-arms, pointing with one hand to the Duke's vengeance! Shall I tell you now why I am not afraid?"

After hearing these words it was small wonder that they cried yet more against me.

"Death to the traitor—bloody death—like that which he has rejoiced in!"

"Nay, my friends," said I, "it was because of the death of Hans Pulitz, and that of others, that I would strengthen the hands of liberty and make an end of tyranny. But not, an it please you, with child's plays and the cast-off garmentry of tyrants. What can you do to me in the Inn of the Swan that can equal the end of poor Hans Pulitz—of whom they found neither bone nor hair, took up no fragment of skin or nail, save the golden chain only, tooth-scarred and beslavered, which he wore about his waist. And the belt you may see for yourselves any day, if you give me your company within the Red Tower!"

Now, as may well be understood, if the Society of the White Wolf was angry before, it was both angry and frightened now, which is a thing infinitely more dangerous.

"Let him die straightway! Let the taunting blasphemer die!" they cried. And again, for the third time, the hollow voice pronounced my doom.

"It is well," I shouted, amid the din. "It is thrice well. But look ye to it. By the morrow's morn there shall not be one of you in your beds—aye, and those whose heads are rolled in the dust shall count themselves the fortunate ones, for they, at least, will escape the fate of poor Hans Pulitz."

Now sorely do I wonder, at this distance of time, that they did not slay me in good earnest. But I have learned from that night in the Inn of the Swan that when defiance has to be made, it is ever best to deal in no half-measures. And, besides, coming from the Red Tower of the Wolfsberg, their precious Society of the White Wolf, with its mummery and flummery, filled me with a hot contempt.

"Kneel down!" cried the judge; "lay your head on the block. It has often been wet with the blood of traitors—never with that of a blacker traitor than Hugo Gottfried!"

So, with that, those about me thrust me forward and forced my head down. I was obliged to clasp the block with both my hands. As I did so I felt it well all over. Then I laughed aloud, with a laugh that must have appeared strange and mad to them.

For this their mock tribunal could not deceive one who had been brought up within the hum of judges of life and death, and with a father who as his daily business propounded the Greater and Lesser Questions. And their precious block, as smooth as sawn and polished timber, with never a notch from side to side, could not take in Hugo Gottfried, who had made a playmate and a printed book of the worn blocks of a hundred executions—to whom each separate chip made by the Red Axe had been a text for Gottfried Gottfried to expatiate upon concerning his own prowess and that of his fathers.

Nevertheless, it certainly gave me a strange turn when ice-cold steel was laid across my neck bone. It burned like fire, turning my very marrow to water, and for the first time I wished myself well out of it. But only for a moment.

For there came a loud rattling of arms without, a thunderous and insistent knocking at the door, which disturbed the assembly.

"Open, in the name of the Duke!" cried clamorously many fierce voices without. I heard the rush and scuffle of a multitude of feet. The hands that had held me abruptly loosened their grip, and I was free. I raised my bound wrists to my brow and tried to push the bandage back. But it was firmly tied, and it was but dimly that I saw the hall of the White Wolf filled with the armed men of the Duke's body-guard, boisterously laughing with their hands on their sides, or kicking over the mock throne covered with white cloth, the coils of rope, the axes of painted wood, and the other properties of this very faint-hearted Fehmgericht.

"But what have we here?" they cried, when they came upon me, bound and helpless, with the bandage only half pushed off my eyes.

"Heave him up on his pins and let us look at him," quoth a burly guardsman. "I trust he is no one of any account. I want not to see another such job done on a poor scheming knave like that last, when the Duke Casimir settled accounts with Hans Pulitz!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed his companions; "a rare jest, i' faith; 'tis the son of our own Red Axe—a prisoner of the White Wolf and ready for the edge. We came not a moment too soon, youngster. What do you here?"

"Why," said I, "it chanced that I spoke slightingly of their precious nonsense of a White Wolf. But they dared not do me harm. They were all more frightened than a giggling maiden is of the dark, when no man is with her."

Then I saw my father at the end of the hall. He came towards me, clad in his black Tribunal costume.

"Well," he said, quaintly, like one that has a jest with himself which he will not tell, "have you had enough of marching hand-in-glove with treason? I wot this mummery of the White Wolf will serve you for some time."

I was proceeding to tell him all that had passed, but he patted me on the shoulder.

"I heard it all, lad, and you did well enough—save for your windiness about liberty and the Free Cities—which, as I see it, are by far the worst tyrannies. But, after all, you spoke as became a Gottfried, and one day, I doubt not, you shall worthily learn the secrets, bear the burden, and enlarge the honors of the fourteen Red Axes of the Wolfmark."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SATISFACTION.

ON READING "NOT ONE DISSATISFIED," BY WALT WHITMAN.

GOD spare the day when I am satisfied!
Enough is truly likened to a feast that leaves man satiate.
The sluggishness of fulness comes apace; the dulness of a mind that knows all things.
The lack of every sweet desire; no new sensation for the soul!
To want no more?
What vile estate is that?
What holds the morrow for the soul that's satisfied?
What holds the future for the mind content?
Is aspiration worthless?
Is much-abused ambition then so vile?
What is the essence of the joy of living?
Must yesterday, to-morrow, and to-day all be the same,
With nothing to be hoped for?
Is not a soul athirst a joyous thing?
Where lies content to him whose eye doth rest on higher things?
What satiation can compare to hope?
Yet who among the satisfied hath need of hope?
What can he hope for if he's satisfied?
'Tis but conceit, and nothing more, to prate of satisfaction!
God spare the day when I am satisfied!
I do not want the earth,
Yet nothing less will leave me quite content;
And once 'tis mine,
I'm very sure you'll find me roaming off
After the universe!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE TURQUOISE-MINES IN PERSIA.

THE disciples of Omar Khayyam think of Nishapur as justifying its existence because of its association with their poet. The old locality has more practical value to the Persian jewellers as being the source of the best turquoises obtained in the country, and as possessing, in fact, a "turquoise-cave." The mine or cave is excavated in a hill, and is made productive by most primitive and Oriental methods—cheap labor, rude appliances, and on a system of farming out its privileges that would make an American industrial stare. The sides of the cavern are streaked with the beautiful but treacherous stone, and the output of the mine varies from the worthless and changeable mineral to turquoises of superior grade and permanent color. The stones are carried in the rough, and in coarse bags, to the town of Meshed—a better market than Nishapur—and are there sold. The enemy of the Nishapur turquoise, as of the stone elsewhere got, is the fading to green or the white speck that may suddenly appear presently to overspread the blue coloring as the stone's rottenness and deadness advance. The Persian, however, does not disdain the green turquoise, and, set in a tin or brass or better mounting, few countrymen are without one.

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THE PORCELAIN-ARTISTS OF JAPAN.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.



CREST OF NABESHIMA, PRINCE OF HIZEN.
(Senior and Junior Branches.)

HIZEN, THE PORCELAIN PROVINCE.

WHILE Mendez Pinto and St. Francis Xavier, the first Europeans to visit Japan, landed on Kiushiu, the southern island, and the first real knowledge of European arts and civilization reached the rest of the empire through the Dutch traders at Nagasaki, Kiushiu has been the home of an abiding conservatism, the last to resist foreign influences and the new order—a real stronghold of the unchanged "old Japan." It is mountainous and picturesque throughout; but, with no great show-places, save the half-destroyed Kumamoto Castle, and no famous shrines for general religious or landscape pilgrimages; tourist travel has hardly invaded it, and the people have been measurably protected from that most corrupting influence.

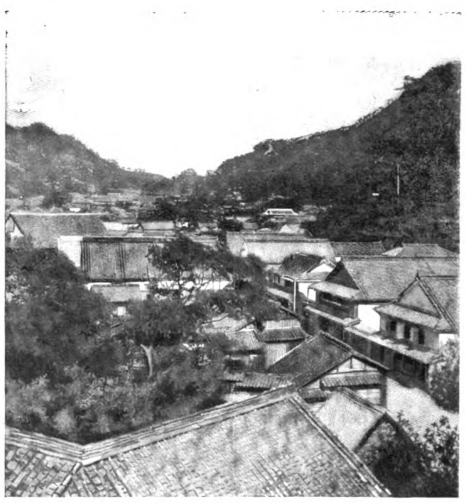
The ceramic art had its introduction there direct from Korea, and by its continuous development in two of the provinces reached its fullest perfection, Satsuma producing the finest faience the world has known, and Hizen attaining the same surpassing excellence in porcelains, and remaining still the great porcelain province of the empire through three centuries of emulation and rivalry. The later development of mines of bituminous coal has added to the importance and wealth of Hizen, and on Tahashima Island, in Nagasaki harbor, and in the region between Saga and the west coast are mines of the best steaming-coal in the North Pacific, Imari and Karatsu resuming importance because of their coal.

The Kiushiu railway was one of the last important lines undertaken, and is owned by a private company. Military necessities were as much considered as commercial ends, and the line was first completed for one hundred and twenty miles from Moji, at the entrance of the Inland Sea, to Kumamoto, the military headquarters of Kiushiu. A branch line leads to Saga, the capital of Hizen, eighty miles from Moji, and at the centre of the inland coal-fields, and near the porcelain district of Arita. This Saga branch will be continued to Nagasaki, while the main line, following the south coast to Kagoshima, the capital of Satsuma, will return to Moji, encircling the island in one great loop, touching all the eastern and northern seaports.

With the opening of the late war, Moji, opposite Shimonoseki, became all important; the forts were heavily garrisoned, the town was placed under martial law, and sentries paced the wharves and the whole tide-line. Every foreigner was viewed as a probable spy, or, worse still, that nightmare of all Japanese slumber—the possible Chinese emissary carrying some vest-pocket bomb capable of destroying the Nagasaki dry dock, upon which the fortunes of war might entirely rest. Baggage from other Japanese ports was searched as carefully as if from China; "for," said the perspiring little customs officer, who had satisfied himself that there was only a belt buckle in a suspiciously heavy little box, "we do not know who may be carrying ammunition nowadays."

We mistook the sentry's challenge for only another courteous "good-morning," and crossed the line without dreaming that any but a Japanese sentry would have shot us on the spot. There was a distinct impression that it was "war-times," however, when a posse of armed men came for us, and two small knapsacked soldiers, holding a cold bayonet erect beside either ear, escorted me to headquarters under arrest. The boyish commandant and his staff were in court-martial array when my captors presented me, but with the unfolding of the passport, and the discovery of the word "Beikoku" (America), we were all joyfully dismissed and given the freedom of Kiushiu and its railways—all citizens of the great republic enjoying the most open favor and prestige at all times in Japan. For miles the train ran along the sea-coast, where sharp little headlands and green valleys, thatched villages, torii-ed shrines and temples under ancient camphor-trees and pines, afforded a panorama of picturesqueness—the real brocade coast of Japanese fancy. A driving rain soon blurred these charming landscapes, and we saw only in glimpses through streaming window-panes, until we ran out into hot sunshine on the great green level of the Saga rice plains.

The Prince of Nabeshima's castle at Saga was long ago razed, but the massive ramparts and gates remain, and the broad moats are covered with lotus-plants, whose August blossoming affords one of the few such spectacles remaining in this day of the sanitary scientist, with his war on germs and microbes. The wooden Kencho building within the moats has an inner court and loggias in Italian style, and Governor Tenabe, who ruled the Nabeshima realms, welcomed the rare incident of foreign visitors. Provincial life seemed languishing just then, and this spirited civilian was anxious for news of the great world, of Tokyo, of the transplanted court at Hiroshima, and of the army and fleet in Korea. He welcomed us with very modern *empressement*, and immediately the wholé Kencho was in a flutter. Menials ran with tea and tobacco boxes, the cases of his collected *meibutsu* (celebrated products) of Hizen swung open, and Higuchi's porcelains, lumps of coal, and fine basketry soon strewed the table. We had barely expressed our wishes, when *clap! clap!* went the Governor's hands, and one runner was sent speeding out over the rice-fields to the suburban garden of the Nabeshimas to have that famous model bit of landscape art made ready for us, and other runners summoned to the Kencho certain master potters and manufacturers of the Arita district, who happened to be in Saga that day. At a stroke everything was planned and ordered for our enjoyment of the whole porcelain province.



ARITA, THE PORCELAIN TOWN.



WARAJI FOR SALE ON THE TAKEO-ARITA BROCADE ROAD.

Saga was the home of the Nabeshima princes who ruled Hizen, even long before that Nabeshima Naoshige went as the Taiko's chief lieutenant in his great Korean expedition; and the Saga insurrection of 1874 was the last echo of the Satsuma rebellion whose suppression so nearly wrecked the empire. The present head of the house, the Marquis Nabeshima, lives entirely in Tokyo, where he is grand master of ceremonies to the imperial court, and Saga is a quiet, prosperous little commercial town, with all the splendor and activity of feudal days long passed into tradition. The Kō-en garden of the old castle is a public park, and contains the Nabeshima mortuary temples, guarded by tall porcelain lanterns, and reached through *torii* of blue and white porcelain, where pilgrims pray by day and votive lamps burn by night.

All around Saga the country is flat and uninteresting, a vast monotony of rice-fields stretching the sixteen miles of the tedious jinrikisha ride to Takeo, where some sharp spurs of hills at last run out into this great paddy-tank, or reservoir of growing rice. The hot sulphur springs of Takeo are renowned for their virtue in rheumatism and skin diseases, and the government maintains a large bath-house surrounded by a beautiful landscape garden. For one copper *sen* each the patrons may bathe together in a great pool, where fathers teach the little ones to swim and mothers boil their babies, while they soak together sociably, passing the long-drawn compliments of the Japanese day and village gossip. There are separate pools for men and women, and private pools which one family may rent for their own use, and retreats where the foreigner may take his shameful and mysterious bath. While the foreigner steams away in the expensive privacy of that lovely little black and white marble tank, he can hear the cheerful chirp and buzz of the scores of more natural-minded bathers tubbing so unconcernedly together in the great hot-water hall beyond the partition. But, for all his fancied seclusion, there are never any locks to Japanese bath-house doors, and little *nesans* trot in and out with towels and bath-gowns, and call sister maids to come and see the foreigner's soap-box or jewels at the edge of the tub. The ancient lamplighter goes methodically and unconcernedly on his rounds, regardless of any crazy white bather who may choose to crouch in the clear, clear water and gurgle inarticulate appeals for him to go away. Takeo has long enjoyed the favor of the foreign residents and naval visitors to Nagasaki, and the day's journey by steamer across the Bay of Omori, and by jinrikisha over the high hills and through the most beautiful rice valleys in all Japan, tempts many repetitions of such a charming excursion.

The road from Takeo to Arita, and thence to either Imari or Saiki by the sea, presents the same long panorama of landscape beauty, "brocade" roads, every one of them. At many places a bunch of travellers' waraji, or straw sandals, with a bamboo cup, is hung to stakes, sometimes sheltered by a straw hat. These self-selling *waraji* are a surviving custom of old, old Japan, and in the porcelain province all who travel are trusted to help themselves to the *waraji* that suit, and drop the coppers in the cup—a sufficient commentary on Hizen and its people.

Until this decade Imari was the port of shipment for Arita's products, and although no porcelain was ever made at Imari, it gave its name to all the decorated wares of Hizen that went through the Dutch traders to Nagasaki. The junks now load at Saiki, on the Bay of Omori, whence there is shorter sail to Nagasaki. Cart-loads of straw-cased porcelains, coolies, and itinerant peddlers carrying their stock of bargains hung from shoulder-poles, declare the special industry of Arita long before one sights Idzu-



SHINTO SHRINE NEAR ARITA.



STAMP-MILL FOR PORCELAIN STONE, NEAR ARITA.

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GRINDING AND STRAINING THE GLAZE.

miyama. That green mountain, which holds the town in its great sloping ravine, conceals in its glens and caves seemingly inexhaustible stores of kaolin clay and the felspathic rock, or petuntse, which, fused together, produce the hard-ringing porcelain of this Arita district of Hizen.

One meets cart-loads of these raw materials being drawn to the potteries, and the constant droppings of nearly three centuries have converted the road into a compact hard-paste kaolinic highway as fine and white as porcelain biscuit, with which it is identical in composition. The *tokishi*, or porcelain stone, is pounded to fine powder in countless little toy stamp-mills, whose heavy thatched roofs across the rice-fields, niched in toy valleys or green groves, seem purposely placed for decorative effect and to tempt the artist or photographer. Water has been tamed and trained to perform so many ingenious tricks by itself in Japan that it is quite a part of it to find these little mills docilely pounding porcelain stone, with no one to tend or direct them after the mortar has been filled and the stream turned on from ditch or flume. Night and day the long rough-hewn beam rises and falls, as the water, filling the scooped cavity or box at the outer end of the beam, causes it to sink, empty, and righting itself, bring the iron-shod pestle down in the mortar with a resounding blow. The owner goes away to weed his rice or follow other pursuits, and the lonely, intelligent little mill of Lilliput is shaken by about one noisy thump to the minute.



KILNS IN ARITA READY FOR FIRING.

Arita potters have burrowed in and nibbled away at Idzumiyama's quarries and clay-beds for these three centuries, since their discovery by the Korean potters in 1599, without exhausting the deposits. In feudal times the Nabeshima princes managed the workings carefully, but after their disestablishment at the time of the Restoration the quarries became public property, and there was reckless waste. The village of Arita now holds the property for the common benefit; the slopes of the mountain are being reforested, the quarrying is conducted under expert direction, and the stone is sorted into five qualities and sold by weight. The first quality, which is very white, hard, and compact, sells for thirty sen (fifteen cents, United States) each 500 catties (665 pounds avoirdupois). Other grades, containing more quartz or stained with iron, are sold at varying prices, down to fifteen sen the 500 catties. This Idzumiyama *tokishi* corresponds to the petuntse, or felspathic rock, of China, and Dr. Rein and other German authorities pronounce it a volcanic rock which has been acted upon by solfataras. The *shiro tsuchi* (white clay) or kaolin associated with it is not as tough or pure as the Chinese, nor as the clays of Hirado, Goto, and Amakusa islands off the Hizen coast. The great cuttings and deep caverns in the hill-side give one an idea of the quantity of material that has been taken away, and imagination may construct the mountain of finished porcelain that has resulted.

The town of Arita begins at the quarry gates and straggles away in one long street—a straight continuation of the Takeo road, which there follows the course of a long steep ravine. All the way there is porcelain to right and porcelain to left—porcelain in rough lumps of stone under the door-sills; as dough on the household wheel; standing freshly baked by the door of the family kiln, or as household utilities exposed for sale in the village shops. For three hundred years this kaolinic community has been a-kilning on this same spot, and the whole hard-paste, underglaze, blue and white body municipal might answer to the catechism that truly man is made of clay, and by clay alone he lives. Save for thermometers to test the kiln's heat and cheap paints to please barbarian tastes, this industry has taken nothing from the Western world, and has not changed any process in this last era of wholesale innovations in so many other industrial lines. The Buddhist people still climb to one hill-side temple with a great torii and lanterns of blue and white porcelain to pray for success with the hazards of each kiln, for the gods to solve some difficulty and to light them to new discoveries or perfections in their art, besides all the other implorations of vexed and suffering humanity. This and a little Shinto shrine on a knoll suffice for their spiritual needs, and a turn into a cleft at the foot of the hill introduces them to as wild a ravine as ever Kakemono artist delighted in—the real conventional classic landscape, the rocks and trees as severe in line and tragic in shadows as anything a Kano or a Tosa painted—a Japanese Via Mala that is refuge enough from all the work-a-day world of wheels and kilns.

ARITA, THE PORCELAIN TOWN OF HIZEN.

During the thirty years of Meiji, or enlightenment, the reign of the present Emperor, the ceramic art has kept pace with other industrial arts in the great commercial development of Japan. The increasing foreign demand has stimulated the production and export of porcelain and pottery, and maintained continuous prosperity in the centres of such manufacture. The porcelain-makers of Hizen have for almost three centuries set the ceramic fashions for the rest of Japan, and their art is still advancing as an art. The artist potters are achieving fresh successes, making new departures, and maintaining the reputation for originality and artistic excellence which has so long been the pride of their province.

The town of Arita, which might well have been called the King Te-ching of Japan, has grown from the tiny hamlet of Tanakamura, where Risampei, the Korean, set up his wheel and kilns when he had discovered the stone and clay beds of Idzumiyama, just three centuries ago. It has enjoyed a continuous and increasing prosperity for all that time, and with the opening of the country to foreign trade its fortunes have progressed amazingly. Its five thousand inhabitants are every one of them connected in some way with the kaolinic calling. All show the signs of Korean descent and relationship, and the great families continue the names adopted by their Korean ancestors, who were brought over as the most valuable of



CRUSHING PORCELAIN STONE—ARITA STREET.

the spoils of war—the living indemnity wrung by Hideyoshi, the Taiko, from the long-suffering peninsula after the great expedition of 1593.

When the railway reaches Arita and connects it with both Moji and Nagasaki, a change may come over the busy little town which retains so much of old Japan. Although it boasts kerosene street lamps, the shopkeepers still set up images of Ebisu, the god of prosperity and abundance, at their shop doors and at the street corners—"because he improves trade." Besides the regular government schools, a school of ceramics is maintained, and young Arita is given technical and chemical instruction in all the processes incident to porcelain manufacture and decoration. But there is a thorough training-school in every Arita home; each household is a pottery complete; the wheel is the centre of the living-room and family life; and there is a beehive kiln in every yard, where even the littlest people have a chance to put their toy efforts to the fire test. In olden times Arita was locally divided into sections by the specialties of the families clustered together in little neighborhoods. There was the quarter of the cup and bowl makers; the moulders of plates were grouped apart; and there was also "the street of the painters in red." Yet there was little of the systematic division of labor observed in Chinese potteries. Almost as a rule the piece was shaped, decorated, and glazed by the same hand, and this secured the individuality and greater artistic expression of choice pieces. With modern trade competition, and the demoralization of all art by the large wholesale orders destined for barbarian markets, the Chinese, or factory method, is fast growing, and the bulk of Arita porcelain is not characteristic or worthy of Japan.

The largest pottery in Arita is that of the Koransha Company, which has been in existence and managed by the same Fukugawa family for two hundred and fifty years. The Koransha have been the chief exporters of porcelains for the foreign market since the earliest Dutch days at Nagasaki, and upon the retirement of the discomfited Hollanders, on the opening of the country to general foreign trade, the Koransha took the old Dutch factory on Deseina Island, Nagasaki, for their chief warehouse and showrooms. They have displayed at all international exhibitions with great success, amazing Occidental potters by their range, from the tiniest and most fragile toys to vases taller than their makers, and plaques measuring a yard in diameter. Little of their ware is intended for or could be used by the Japanese themselves, the company profitably continuing the traditions by which their forefathers prospered in shaping and coloring according to commercial orders and suggestions from abroad. The establishment employs over five hundred potters and painters, and a hundred other workmen. The Idzumiyama stone is pulverized by machinery, although a few old stamp-mills continue their deliberate way on the bank of



IN A JAPANESE POTTERY—SHAPING VASES AND PAINTING ON THE BISCUIT.

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a little stream that divides the Koransha works. The white powder is washed in large vats, strained through fine wire and cloths, and dried in loose lumps. It is wetted and mixed with the well-washed kaolin clay, and this gray dough or biscuit is then kneaded for hours with hands and feet before being set away for a fortnight or so to ripen or ferment, instead of for the years that Chinese and European potters allot to the aging of their biscuit.

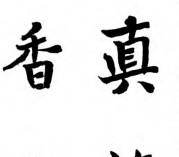
The biscuit is shaped on a double wheel, the lower table driven by the foot, instead of on the primitive single wheel controlled by rod and hand. The handles and ornamental parts of vases and irregularly shaped pieces are pressed in moulds. The biscuit of Japanese porcelain is even less tough and tenacious than European biscuit, and, like it, receives a first gentle firing after it has been thoroughly dried in the air. The Idzumiyama materials are often mixed with clays from Hirado and Amakusa Island to give toughness, or at least coated with it better to fit it for receiving the cobalt decorations and the glaze. The coated pieces go to the painter's long loft, where the decorations in blue under the glaze are applied, usually in a mixture of one-half Chinese and one-half European cobalt, which results in a clear but very hard unsymmetrical blue. The pure Chinese cobalt costs fifteen dollars a pound. There is a native cobaltiferous ore at half that price, which gives a dark muddy blue; and still cheaper are the imported cobalts, or smalt, producing that thin lilacy aniline blue so much used in the sadly corrupted blue and white province of Owari, and which those degenerate potters defend as "the prevailing fashion" and "the foreign taste." Other parts of the design which are to be done in enamels over the glaze are sketched in at the same time in India-ink, the ink turning white in the great firing, but leaving shadowy lines to guide the less skilful painters who apply the overglaze decoration.



PAINTING THE BISCUIT AND OVERGLAZE.



THE YOUNGER MAKUDSU.



MAKUDSU KOZAN.

The glaze is compounded of Hirato or Goto clay, or of the top layers of the precipitated Idzumiyama clay, in the great tanks, mixed with water, and the carefully leached ashes of ferns and oak or chestnut wood. The articles are dipped twice in this smooth creamy liquid, which fire transforms to a hard, brilliant, transparent glaze. After drying, each piece is set on a fire-tile, sealed in its seggar, and piled with other seggars on the sand-floored kilns, which are built in rows in the old style, and fired one by one. The heat is maintained for twenty-four hours, and six days are allowed for the cooling of the kilns. The firing of one such set of five small beehive kilns costs between forty and fifty dollars, as there are no forests within ten miles of Arita, timber-culture is barely begun, and the wood must be brought from a great distance. Owing to the softness of the Japanese clays, many accidents result in the kilns, and curious pieces emerge that have toppled over, slumped down, run together, and warped in strange ways in the intense heat that has fixed those forms. The cobalt decorations seen through the clear glaze seem to have sunk far into the body of the paste, instead of floating in and becoming part of the glaze itself as in Chinese porcelains. The painting in vitreous enamels, or the metallic oxides, yielding such brilliant colors, are applied over the glaze, and fired for a few hours in a small moufle furnace at a much lower temperature.

The Koransha used to be prolific of novelties, original schemes of color decoration, and the adaptation of old forms and decorative motifs to modern articles, but for a decade they have been relapsing. Three of their standard designs were most pleasing and characteristic. In one a solid ground of the brilliant old-red enamel was decorated with the Chinese boys or the sages in the bamboo grove in reserves of blue and white; in a second charming design, peculiarly Aritan, bamboo groves were drawn delicately in blue, with fleckings of gold and silver; and the third of the Koransha's distinctive motifs was the ascending dragon visible through rolling clouds. The Koransha could not account for any artistic relapses, but the recent great demand for reproductions of the blue and white wares of the last century has undoubtedly claimed their attention. At the time of my visit the whole establishment was running overtime to complete the large government order for insulators and jars for the military telegraph and telephone lines in Korea. Every workman was doing his loyal part toward carrying the war into Manchuria, and, it was so fondly hoped, clear on to Peking.

More interesting as the survivals of the old spirit and the old order under which all of the Japanese arts have grown and flourished were the little household potteries, each family group constituting a whole establishment, and all working together under patriarchal rule. This form of social order and economy presents most of picturesqueness, too, and one has the whole industry presented almost in one glance. The humbler members of the household draw the stone and clay in carts from Idzumiyama themselves, and one sees the simplest form of stamp-mill, the primitive Chinese mortar, at work in the yard, or before the very door. This is the same machine used for husking rice all over Japan, only in Arita the mortar is often filled with lumps of *tokishi*. A man or woman stands on one end of the beam, and by the release of his or her weight causes the pestle to fall in the mortar, and gradually crush the stone to the finest powder. These poor creatures step up and down in their tread-mill occupation for hours at a time, but, with the traditional Japanese cheerfulness, are always ready to smile and chatter with passers-by.

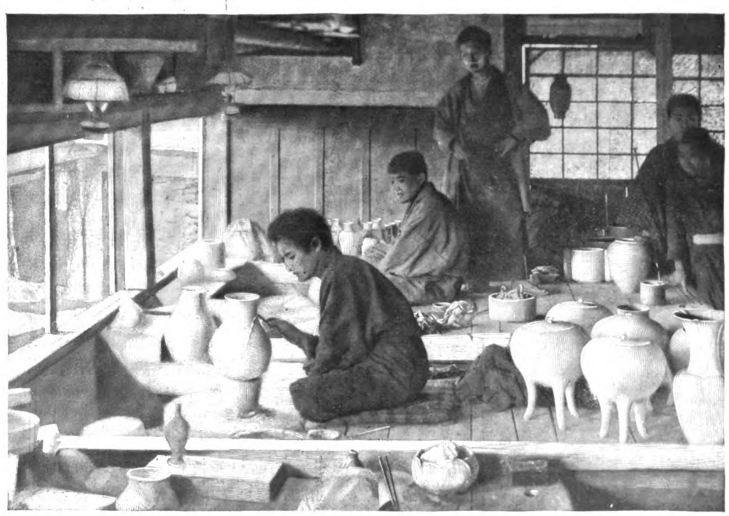
It is the patriarch who shapes the pieces on the wheel, or determines what the others shall shape, just as he does or directs the decoration, and his mind and hand control every process in his little pottery. The women and girls have their part, too, and even the little children can help by grinding colors, or pressing in moulds the handles and ornamental parts of teapots or vases that are applied separately to the moulded pieces. There is high family festival when the little row of kilns are packed ready for firing, neighbors often combining in the use of the kilns, and there is suspense of a week or more between lighting the fire and ascertaining the results of the firing. One would regret to have this feature, these admirable little studies in political economy, crushed out by the Western factory system, and patriarchal rule give way to the steam-whistle and time-keeper of modern machine methods.



MAKUDSU KOZAN.

THE GREAT PORCELAIN-ARTISTS OF JAPAN.

The potter's art is, of all the arts, wholly the Oriental's, and they who taught still lead and surpass the Occidental world, where scientific progress has left so few secrets unrevealed. The first porcelains of Meissen and Chantilly were the results of efforts to imitate Chinese and Japanese wares, and Crown Derby and Worcester workmen as carefully copied Oriental decorations. To-day the show-rooms of the Copenhagen, Sèvres, and Berlin porcelain factories, and the exhibitions of both Paris Salons, show that Western artists are directing their most serious efforts to achieving the same results in monochrome and flambe glazes, and in underglaze relief and decorations, as the Chinese and Japanese potters—their pitiable results only proving the incontestable superiority of the Oriental potter. All of modern science, all the revelations of chemical analysis,



IN MAKUDSU'S WORK-ROOMS—APPLYING RELIEF DECORATION ON THE BISCUIT.

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MAKUDSU'S KILNS AT OTA, NEAR YOKOHAMA.

avail them nothing. Those connoisseurs who lament that the great days of the ceramic art have passed in the Orient, that no good porcelain has been made since the eighteenth century, and that the Japanese could never approach the Chinese in porcelains, have, every one, once if not several times, bought, as antique Chinese, pieces of porcelain made at the moment by Japanese potters. In fact, the Western world has been so well supplied with these Yokohama and Kioto made *chinoiseries*, and so many Japanese potters have succeeded so well in doing all that the great Chinese potters did during the Ming dynasty, that no subterfuges are resorted to—the pieces are signed by their makers and openly exhibited for prizes. Their admirers claim that a greater fame will come to these skilful potters of to-day in the coming centuries, and their works are taking their place in all great collections of Oriental ceramics.

Makudsu, Takemoto, Inouye, Mrs. Koren, Seifu, and Higuchi are the gifted ones whose works are held in highest esteem in Japan, and throughout the world wherever the ceramic art is esteemed. Without doubt the cleverest and most talented potter now living is Kozan Miyagawa, who was born at Makudsu-ga-hara, near Kioto, and who adopted Makudsu as his trade-name when he established his kilns at Ota village, near Yokohama, some thirty years ago. This potter of a thousand themes, this archmagician in clays and glazes, must, by his own Buddhist doctrines, be a reincarnation of some great potter of the past, possessing the most varied talents, and his all-around sleight-of-hand ability conquers with ease every problem of the ceramic art. When Makudsu first came to Ota he turned his talents to imitating old Satsuma, and with such success that Western collectors were soon well supplied, the market became overstocked, the bubble burst, and there was a sudden drop in the prices of the many pieces of perfect paste and finely crackled glaze, of such marvellous old-ivory tones, with sober decorations in soft enamel tints—the true *nishiki*, or "brocade" faience of Satsuma—that no European or American collector needed any training for the eye immediately to appreciate. For a time he devoted himself to relief-work in faience—monstrous jars decorated with more monstrous birds and trees modelled in full relief, that, being wholly un-Japanese, and designed purely to catch the barbarian eye, were received by the barbarians as "so Oriental!" Then he achieved his "difficult ware," an incrustation of porcelain reliefs on a faience ground, each with its own appropriate decorations and glaze. Then, for a venture, he essayed the enamelled faiences of Ninsei and the richly glazed wares of the other clay-workers of old Kioto, and collectors' cabinets in the Occident were as eagerly filled with tea-bowls and tea-jars and incense-burners by Ninsei, Korin, Raku, or any other great name called for.

Inevitably the monochrome and richly clouded glazes of old Chinese porcelains attracted him, and forthwith the Ota kilns produced such peachblows, apple greens, purples, leaf browns, mirror blacks, pearly grays, moonlight and powdered blues, imperial yellows, coral, and sang du bœuf as have imposed themselves upon native Peking experts, and in their satin-lined Chinese boxes have been hailed without a question in Europe. His peachblows are marvellous, his crackled and flambe glazes and his relief and impressed engravings in the porcelain paste are beyond praise, and his ivory whites with contorted *mangs* and lizards are miracles. Quite his own are shadowy designs drawn beneath clouded gray and rose glazes, faint suggestions and impressions of cherry blossoms, dragons, pine branches across the moon, and ghostly storks. In this specialty the Copenhagen porcelain artists have tried to imitate the wizard of Ota.

Makudsu first exhibited at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, but made his first individual success at Paris in 1889, and won his real laurels and place in the art world at Chicago in 1893. In the case in the Art Palace this necromancer showed such a collection of monochrome, souffle, flambe, splashed, clouded, and crackled glazes, such relief and underglaze decorations in porcelain, and such faiences as made collectors of Oriental ceramics feel nervous. There was also a screen of carved wood in which Makudsu had embedded, as if they rested on the shelves of a cabinet, small and characteristic examples of every variety of porcelain and faience known to Japan. Makudsu made such a fortune by the sales at Chicago that he has done almost nothing since but enjoy himself in ease. He is such a wizard with clay, and succeeds so easily, that the admirers of his genius wish him to devote himself only to art works—to close his potteries to commercial orders, to quit mere counterfeiting, and to do greater things in the years that remain to him. But Makudsu works by whim and impulse, by the rule of thumb, and half that happens in his kilns is pure accident, happy hazards of this talented potter of such infinite lines. He is past seventy years of age, bald as a Buddhist priest, but there is no artistic calm or dreaminess in his cunning eye, but a shrewd twinkle that belongs to one who could deceive mandarin connoisseurs with an Ota-fired peachblow or a giant crackle. Makudsu is usually invisible to those who visit his inner and outer sales-rooms and all the work-rooms, but, when cornered, is a suave and engaging old soul, not averse to well-applied flatteries, but resolute against being photographed. "Take my son. He is young and good-looking. His is better than my old bald head."



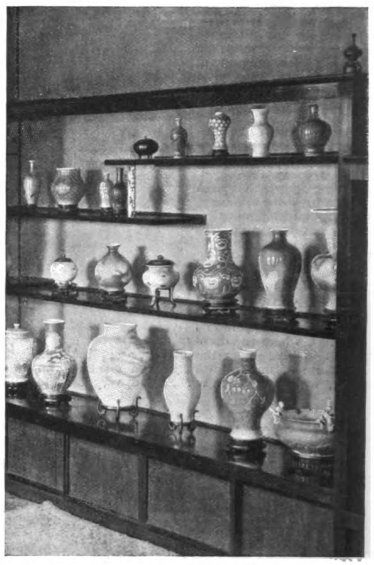
SEIFU OF KIOTO.

Takemoto, an artist of great genius, had his kilns in Tokyo, and there produced some wonderful peachblows, robin's-egg and turquoise blues, and glazes splashed and flecked with brilliant color. Takemoto was a gentleman of some means, and pursued his art for sheer love of it, constantly experimenting, and attempting the most difficult feats. His father was a *hatamoto* under the Tokugawa rule, and as *bungo* of Vraga first met Commodore Perry on the latter's arrival off that little seaport town in Yeddo Bay. Takemoto was just beginning to enjoy his laurels, when his death, of grip, late in 1892, ended the hopes for the most brilliant genius in his line. His friends put aside all his pieces to send to the Chicago Exposition, as had been Takemoto's ambition, and the display of the one hundred examples of his skill won all the posthumous honors Japanese mind could wish.

Inouye Riosai, who lately moved from the Seto porcelain district of Owari, is the most nearly Takemoto's artistic successor at Tokyo, and this practical potter has more than surprised connoisseurs with his successes in flambe and transmutation souffles of brilliant tints, and jewelled and flaming clouds with which he relieves the dull dead-leaf glazes.

Mrs. Koren is a sculptor as well as potter, and her charming little figurines and groups, modelled in unglazed clay, are so appreciated in Europe that they are almost unknown in Japan, and never reach the open home market. She lives in great seclusion in Tokyo, admitting no purchasers or foreign visitors to her work-room, and sending everything to Paris, so that even fellow-artists and the curio-dealers do not know of and cannot direct one to her. In Paris her name commands great price, and her praises are sung by the many collectors of Orientals in that capital.

Seifu is the king of potters and first ceramic artist of Kioto to-day. Connoisseurs are extravagant in praises of his genius, and his establishment in the Kiomidzu quarter, near the top of Teapot Hill, is visited by every foreigner who goes to Kioto. Seifu is a grave and serious man, who has toiled long and late over the problems of his glazes, and has achieved wonderful results in celadon, imperial yellow, coral red, and aubergine purples in such brilliant covers to his carefully moulded forms. For years the produce of his kilns in crackle and monochrome glazes went directly to China, where they confounded Peking experts, but with the more recent acknowledgment of the skill of other Japanese potters in the same lines these triumphs in classic lines are now signed openly and proudly sold. In blue and white decoration, with and without relief engraving under the glaze, Seifu surpasses his rivals, and his ivory white makes one sceptical before every case of such old Chinese porcelains. Peachblow and sang du bœuf have rather evaded him, but the twenty years' struggle with the purples of mangnese have succeeded, and he commands the whole scale of that color, from the brilliant liquid paler tones to the darkest shade of the egg-plant's rind. While never exactly copying Chinese designs in his decorations, Seifu is strongly influenced by them, and his tastes are very classic. Seifu's fathers were potters on Teapot Hill before him, and his is the development of inherited genius. Seifu's bustling practical little wife is the business partner of the establishment, looks to the sales, orders, and payments, and manages for the serious dreamer, whose thoughts are all for line and form and color, for crackle and jewel-toned glazes, and the drawing of graceful flowers. After seeing what Seifu's wheel and kilns can produce one remembers with amusement those muddy celadons, the splotched and blistered efforts in high colors so mistakenly displayed at Sèvres, at the Champs Elysées and the Champ de Mars Salons, and remembers too how the great French critics aver that the Chinese are the "porcelainiers par excellence," and the Japanese cannot approach them.



"OLD CHINESE" MADE BY MAKUDSU.

HIGUCHI HARUZANE, THE GREAT PORCELAIN-ARTIST OF HIZEN.

Uresino, nine miles south from Takeo, is another favorite health resort of Hizen, whose hot mineral baths are only less popular than those of Takeo. There was a whole poolful of bathers steaming sociably together when we looked in upon them, and the stout old woman in charge of the baths displayed with pride the secluded pool lined with blue and white tiles, and specially set apart for the mystery-loving, shame-possessed foreigner. The cooling-room commands a view of a most beautiful rice-valley across the roaring stream, and from Takeo on to the sea the landscape beauty of Hizen is of the rarest order.

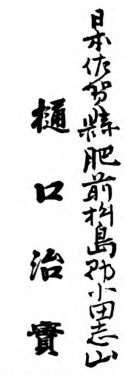
Uresino has long been a busy porcelain village, but its distinction now lies in the fact that Higuchi Haruzane, the greatest of Hizen artists, has his kilns in the tiny hamlet of Kotashi, across the broad rice-valley. Higuchi has always lived in Kotashi's own lilliputian valley, and his fine blue and white ware has been much exported to China, where Japanese table-wares have been in high fashion for two centuries. Higuchi has made the artistic pilgrimage to ruined King Te-ching and the few potteries of modern China, and sixteen years ago began experimenting to secure some real novelty and specialty of his own. For six years he essayed in many lines, at last succeeding in his *gaiju yaki* (jewel-set or pearl-inlaid ware), an excised or "grains of rice" porcelain, in which the designs are not the traditional old geometric patterns in thick Chinese porcelain, but free broad designs in the Japanese, or natural, style cut through the thinnest egg-shell paste. He made an entirely new departure, and struck such a note of perfection, such a technical and artistic triumph, that no rivals or imitators have yet arisen. He pierced the thinnest egg-shell with any flowing design his fancy traced, cutting out groups of storks in flight, ghostly pine branches and sprays of bamboo, bats flying across



TAKEMOTO.

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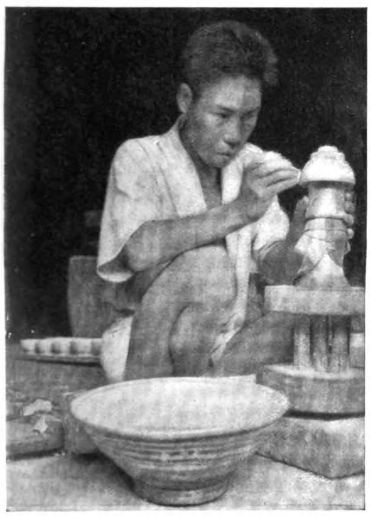
the moon, drooping clusters of wistaria, cherry blossoms, winged insects, and whole poems in the running traceries of Japanese script or "grass characters"—filling these openings with a delicate translucent film of glaze. Higuchi's first perfect piece of *ganju yaki* was sent as an offering to the Emperor, and the imperial thanks and praises were accompanied by large orders for palace use, which at once raised him to the height of a Japanese ceramist's ambition.



HIGUCHI HARUZANE.

Higuchi has been constantly advancing in his art, and there does not seem to be any limit to the fancy and daring of his designs. He still considers his *chef-d'œuvre* to be the large vase exhibited in the Art Palace at the Chicago Exposition, in which kirin and phœnix are cut through the thin body and broad "morning-glory" mouth of a vase sixteen inches in height. This vase, and a bowl cut with groups of grasshoppers, crickets, and beetles, went to the collection of the late William T. Walters, of Baltimore, an enthusiastic admirer of Higuchi's genius and personality.

During a day spent at his pottery we followed every process by which rough stone and clay are converted into the fragile and exquisite *ganju yaki*. The utmost care is taken in the preparation of the materials for the biscuit, the repeated washing and trituration permitting the liquid paste to be strained through fine silk before, in its last state, it goes to the double wheel, whose lower rim is directed by the foot, so that the potter has both hands free



HIGUCHI'S WORKMAN SHAPING PRINCE KOMATSU'S BOWLS.

to manipulate the clay. One workman was moulding some delicately ribbed chrysanthemum bowls for Prince Komatsu, and another was carving out others of unique forms from roughly moulded and sun-dried biscuit as if from original stone. Unmixed Amakusa Island clay, which posesses greater toughness and tenacity than that of Idzumiyama or Hirado, is used for the biscuit of egg-shell ware and for *ganju yaki*. When moulded, the pieces are dried in the open air for a fortnight, and the outlines of the design are drawn lightly on the surface. Shikadzu, the one artist who works with Higuchi in this specialty, cuts away the paste with a tiny knife-blade tool with light sure touches, and the piece is very lightly baked to contract the paste. The soft milky glaze, made chiefly of Taishu clay from the Goto Islands, is applied little by little, until each aperture is closed by a pearly curtain, and the piece is baked gently again. Finally the glaze is applied to the whole surface, and the bit of *genshu yaki* is sealed in its seggar, and has its third and last firing at the highest degree of heat. Innumerable failures go to each success, and the hazards of the kiln are so great that to secure five cups of *ganju yaki* thirty are put in the kiln, and often another and another thirty are fired before there result five pieces of such perfection that Higuchi will let them go forth with his signature. Besides Shikadzu, Higuchi had another assistant, Matsuoki, who did much of the work in that case filled with exquisite *ganju yaki* cups in the Manufactures Building at Chicago. He died before the long-delayed medal and diploma came to Kotashi, but Higuchi had a special Buddhist ceremony held at Matsuoki's grave, and read the diploma between the priest's prayers for the repose of the artist's soul.

During the war summer even Higuchi's establishment was pressed into service, and ran overtime to supply pans and insulators for military telegraph and telephone lines; but the face of the grave serene artist glowed with delight that he could aid in that much towards his country's victories, and the successes of the Heijo and the Yalu were more joy to him than a whole kiln of flawless *ganju yaki*.

Higuchi enjoys the honor of supplying the delicate blue



HIGUCHI HARUZANE,
The Inventor of Genshu Yaki or Ganju Yaki.

and white ware for the Emperor's private table, and the thin bowls and cups decorated in blue with the same design of the graceful phœnix and bits of broken diaper patterns that has been used on all the palace porcelain made in Hizen for the past century. Not even the imperfect pieces bearing the imperial crests and this classic old design can be sold, and every piece drawn from the kilns is as carefully guarded as a jewel. No gifts nor bribes can move Higuchi, and collector or curio-seeker can only obtain a bit of imperial porcelain by presenting a written order from the Minister of the Imperial Household Department at Tokyo; and none such have yet been filed away in Kotashi.

Higuchi's is a charming personality, and this grave and gentle soul, to whom success and prosperity have brought such serenity and content, is one of the best examples of his type and class which constitute the real soul and strength of Japan. He very gently reproved the little children who flocked after us on tip-toe as we made the tour of his pottery; and when we interceded for them he bade them be very polite, and make a bow before staring at the foreigners. Those comical little people immediately ducked courtesies to us; and after that, if we by chance caught an eye, the child at once made a bow, and then began a new look with all the seriousness in the world.

NISE-MONO, OR IMITATION WARE MADE BY THE BEST ARTISTS OF ARITA.

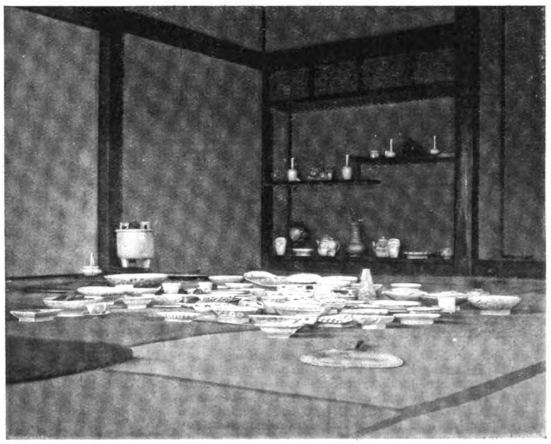
Quite the best work done in Arita at this day is *nise-mono*, imitation ware, or clever counterfeits of the blue and white porcelain, chiefly plates, formerly made at the private factories of the princes of Nabeshima at Okawaji, a few miles north of Arita, and at the private factory of the princes of Hirado at Mikawaji, a few miles south of Arita. The craze for old blue and white that possessed European collectors and buyers a dozen years ago first made those princely wares generally known, and their merits gave them such vogue that Japan was drained of all choicer cabinet examples. There remained then only the heavy, deeply curved, bowl-like plates, which, being made for the prince's own use, or for his gifts to sovereigns and fellow-daimios, were the objects on which the artists lavished their best efforts. Eight years ago a Boston visitor, appreciating the great technical and artistic perfection of these rimless plates, began buying a few dozen sets for himself, and then more sets for his friends, until he had acquired more than six hundred plates in Kioto alone. The native papers got word of it, and embroidered upon it, and soon "the Honorable Foreigner of the Thousand Plates" was pointed out as he rode by; his particular world seemed turned to blue and white, and peddlers and coolies and august merchants of antiquities were continually ascending and descending Yaami's hillside with something to tempt the apparent monomaniac. Then native collectors bestirred themselves—too late, for, quite unwittingly, the Bostonian had cornered the market, and carried off about all that was worth having in the shape of a blue and white plate in northern Japan. Nabeshima plates increased five times in value in a year, and, as a natural consequence, there was a lull, followed by an influx of imitation plates, and now one may buy as many plates of any of the princely classic old designs as he may wish for by the commercial dozen or gross.



HIGUCHI.

The first morning that I was in Arita our mats were spread over with imitation plates, family treasures of the tea-house proprietor's reduced brother—an imitation brother, too, as it afterwards proved. Our kind Japanese friend, who made himself our ceramic host during our stay, and showed us everything interesting, beautiful, and historic in Arita, seemed quite indignant when I asked him one morning where these clever imitations of old wares were being made. He disclaimed all knowledge, and was sure it could not be in Arita nor in Hizen that such iniquities flourished.

I was anxious to meet Tsuji Katsuzo, the descendant of



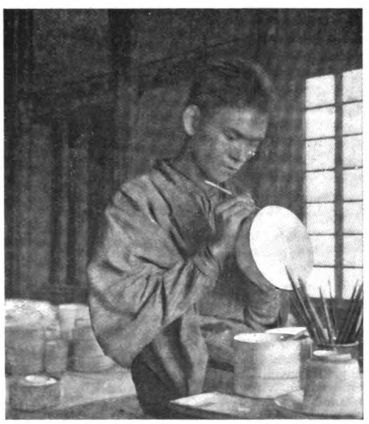
COUNTERFEITERS' DEN IN ARITA.
Tsuji Katsuzo's Original Nabeshimas which he has imitated.

the great Hidachi-no-Daijo, an artist potter who has inherited all the skill of his forefathers, and was said to possess a godown full of ancestral porcelains and albums relating to the family art. "He is my uncle; I will take you there myself this afternoon," said our host. When we did enter the gateway of the great one it bore the appearance of any potter's yard—freshly moulded pieces set in rows on boards to dry in the open air covering half the ground space, and a row of beehive kilns under thatched sheds further declaring the industry of the owner. "My uncle, you know, is the cleverest imitator of old Nabeshima and Hirado. The greatest connoisseurs are deceived by his *nise-mono*."

And this from the high-souled blue and white gentleman of Arita who a few hours before denied that such work was done in Hizen!

And there was our landlord's imitation brother hard at work in the potter's yard, with the very basket and the worm-eaten boxes filled with the spurious plates this clever salesman of the breakfast hour had flashed before me!

Tsuji Katsuzo is the most charming old man—a bit of old Japan and real old Hizen that these modern times cannot produce nor imitate—and we forgot the iniquity of his occupation before we had been five minutes in his great cool room, with its softly toned screens, and the open front facing a living screen of golden green foliage. Tea and cakes and sugar flower, pretty speeches, and compliments back and forth prepared the way, and the circling talk settled down upon his art. With chuckles of embarrassed pride his son produced the latest successes—imitations that did not always imitate, because they so far surpassed the models. They were too well done altogether, and surpassed the originals in many technical qualities, save when he had tried by cheap purplish French cobalt to traduce the soft twilight tones of the old Nabeshima blue. There were no gems among the counterfeiter's models—his "examples," as he called them. Every old piece was chipped, cracked, and mended past presenta-



SHIKADZU,
Higuchi's Assistant in Genshu Yaki or Ganju Yaki.

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tion in any shop, and none were *chefs-d'œuvre* put aside by their makers as records of achievement or sources of inspiration, but all rejects, smoked and imperfect pieces. Every precious old design was there, however, with the official *kushite*, or "comb" mark, of the Nabeshima on the foot, and the jewels, scrolls, and floral sprays on the under rims, as guarantee of Okawaji's best ware.

"At least you have never imitated this," I said, holding up a lone example of that loveliest Nabeshima design, where pale red plum blossoms caught in the meshes of a delicate white spider-web are outlined in reserve against, not a ground, but a sky of pale pure Nabeshima blue.

"Ah," said the nephew of his uncle, "but we have—we have. I just put three hundred of those plates in my own kilns now."

This too from that same blue and white gentleman, that first citizen of Arita, who was so hurt by earlier references to *nise-mono*.

Despite the blunting of his finer senses and the corrupting of his kaolinic conscience by such nefarious occupation, Tsuji Katsuzo proved a delight, and the afternoon in this archcounterfeiter's den was a fit climax to our stay in Arita. The younger Tsuji made charming sketches for us, and was quite amused when the camera was focussed upon the great array of battered originals spread over the mats.

A few days later I went to that curio-dealer in Nagasaki so long known as "the best blue and white man in Japan," to see if anything real was left in his line, to find out if all the world were imitation only. The name of this blue and white old man is literally translated to "Mr. Sugar"; and Mr. Sugar's inner upper rooms, which I remembered as treasure-chambers filled with precious Hirado and Nabeshima two years before, held a fine assortment of imitations.

"Old Nabeshima! Old Hirado! Very old; very few these kind," he said, as he rang the edges of the plates, and flashed the ancient designs before me—every one of them freshly baked, almost hot from the Koransha's or Tsuji's counterfeiting kilns. Sadly he spoke of the old potters who had passed, and of the good old days long gone before.

"Weep no more, good Mr. Sugar," I said. "Tsuji, who made this plate, is not dead, but lives and works. I saw him on Tuesday, and he will keep you and the Kioto dealers well supplied with *nise-mono* for many tourist seasons to come."

"WIDE-OPEN" CHICAGO.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

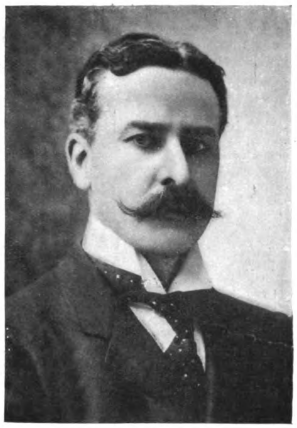
WHEN Carter H. Harrison was running for Mayor of Chicago it was charged by almost the entire newspaper press of that city that his election would mean that under his administration the city would be "wide open." After he was elected and had assumed office, the understanding became general, not only in Chicago, but elsewhere, that



SOLOMON VAN PRAAG.
Saloon-Keeper. The man who "touched Croker."

Chicago was really wide open, and that, in the vernacular, "everything went." When Mayor Harrison, at the head of the famous Cook County Democratic Marching Club, came to New York last October to lend moral support to Tammany Hall in the municipal campaign, the word was passed along that, in case Tammany should win, New York would be wide open like Chicago. It was not meant that New York would take Chicago's administration as its model and follow along the same lines exactly, but it was meant that there would be what is called a "liberal interpretation" of laws regulating petty vice and crime when Tammany should come into what Tammany politicians call her own.

When passing through Chicago, in the early part of December last, I endeavored to learn exactly what was meant by "wide-open" Chicago, so as to set forth what might be expected from Tammany, if the Chicago example should be followed under the administration of Mayor Van Wyck and the renewed rule of Richard Croker, in the way of "liberal interpretation" of law. I spent three days in making that investigation, and to make sure that it should be thorough and not subject to question, I enlisted the services of a Chicago police reporter of fifteen years' experience, and the assistance of an active member of the police force—a man who has worn the police uniform of that city daily for nearly a quarter of a century. The reporter was with me during the entire time of my investigations, and the police official during part of the time. The policeman went with us where it was necessary to have such an official to secure entrance to certain haunts of vice, and when, for the sake of safety, police protection seemed desirable.



MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON.



JOSEPH KIPLEY,
Superintendent of Police.

Wherever the policeman accompanied us he was in full uniform. He was not a patrolman.

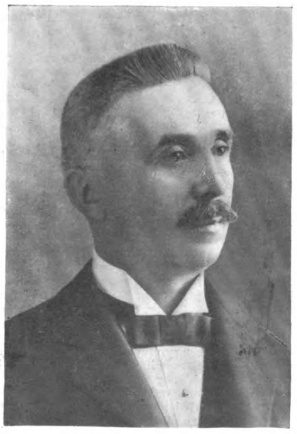
The investigation was what might be called strictly professional, in that it was undertaken from no morbid motives, and was conducted as any newspaper man of standing would make such an inquiry. We found an appalling condition of affairs in the toleration of the lowest grades of vice—a toleration demanded by the exigencies of politics and the desire to levy blackmail. We found that at that time what is known as petty gambling was conducted openly, because of the same political demand, and that the Superintendent of Police, according to his own admission, made to me in his office, knew that such gambling, with its debasing influence, was going on in dozens of places in open violation of law. Our police guide visited some of these gambling-places with us, and the fact that he was present in the room in full uniform caused no diminution in the ardor of those who were gambling, and no apparent fear of risk to players or proprietors. A day or two after Christmas, Chicago de-



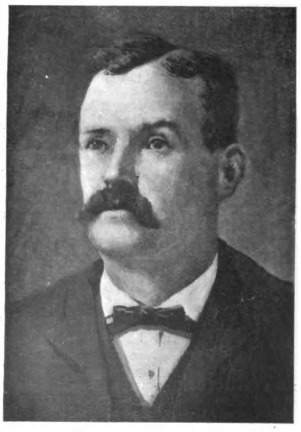
"HINKY DINK"—ALDERMAN MICHAEL KENNA.

spatches said that some of the gambling-dens we visited were raided by the police. In the first week of January another raid followed, and information from Chicago has come to me that these raids were of the usual kind that take place when the police find it advisable to play honest for a time. The Civic Federation of Chicago is at work.

We found that a system of police blackmail is in existence in Chicago which matches in its unscrupulous nature and extent the worst phases of the police blackmail that was levied in New York under the palmy days of Tammany rule. We found that there was no pretence of enforcing the law forbidding music in saloons, and that the law compelling saloons to close on Sundays and prohibiting theatrical entertainments on that day was a dead letter, as it practically has always been in Chicago. We found block after block of low dives in the heart of the city, in what is known as the "levee district," where thieves and thugs and persons of revolting character passed in and out, the like of which the Bowery in the heyday of its prosperity never saw. We found, as the



ALDERMAN JOHN POWERS.
Indicted for running a Gambling-House.



ALDERMAN W. J. O'BRIEN.
Indicted for running a Gambling-House.

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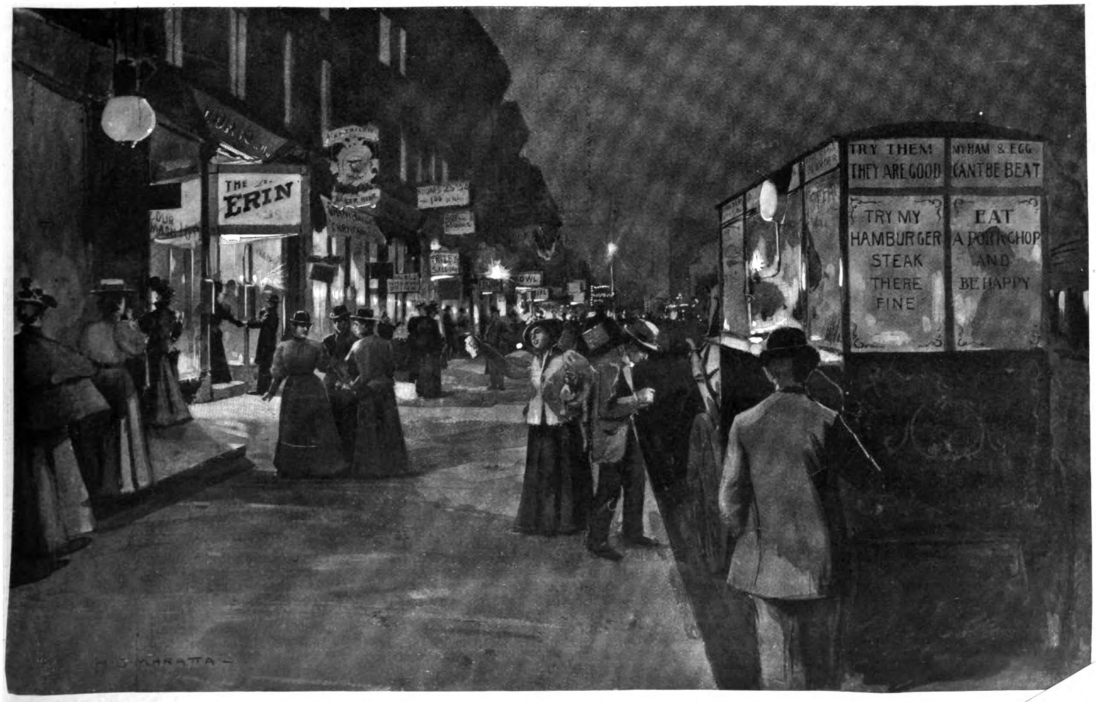


Bond Sharks. Justice-Shop Lawyer. Prisoners, Bond Sharks and Jailers. Detective. Colored Bond Shark.

EVENING SCENE IN THE HARRISON STREET POLICE STATION, CHICAGO.—Drawn by H. G. Maratta.

result of all this, ample justification for the assertion that neither life nor property is safe in Chicago—a fact made plain by the despatches in the newspapers of the country for a year or more. We found that New York's "Tenderloin"—the "Tenderloin" of the past—never produced open lawlessness so flagrant or immorality so bold as exists at present in Chicago. Never in the "Tenderloin" or elsewhere in New York were children used as decoys for robbery and vice as they are to be found at present on the streets of Chicago after nightfall. Never in New York were pictures displayed in the windows of dives so debasing as may be seen in the windows along the "levee" in Chicago.

It is only fair at the outset to say that Mayor Harrison, when I told him what had been my errand in Chicago, and had related only some of the things that I had seen, denied vigorously that Chicago was wide open in the sense that had been charged by the newspapers. He said all such talk was newspaper calumny, originated in a desire to defeat him in his campaign for Mayor. He declared that Chicago was better morally than New York, and asserted with vehemence that police blackmail did not exist under his administration. He said that if he could get satisfactory proof that such blackmail did exist he would drive every police official engaged in it out of office. He pronounced it "the meanest, lowest, most despicable" form of municipal corruption. When I informed him that police blackmail did exist in Chicago, and that I had a list of rates charged by the police to the proprietors of the dens of infamy—a list furnished to me by a man the truth of whose assertions could not and would not be questioned, if his name were known, by any sane person in Chicago or elsewhere—he rose abruptly from his chair, pounded his desk, and asserted that I had been misinformed. He said that if I would give him the name of my informant confidentially, he would seek out the same information and act at once, and it is also only fair to say that I believe him to have been in earnest in what he said. When I made mention of the gambling that then was going on he made light of it, and said that it was only a small matter, a mere incident, "such as may be found in any large city." He declared that gambling-houses where faro and roulette were played openly, the luxurious gambling-houses that once existed in all large cities and do exist in some of our cities to-day, were not to be found in Chicago. He said an attempt had been made to open such places, and that he had closed them up. He furthermore said that no such places would be allowed to exist during his administration. I did not tell him all that I had seen, because, if he desires, he can learn all about such matters himself, and because they were of such a



CHICAGO'S "LEVEE DISTRICT" AT NIGHT.—Drawn by H. G. Maratta.

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character that any man who even makes pretensions to refinement could not speak of them freely to another man, much less write about them or indicate their nature in print.

If any one would wish to know partly what "wide-open" Chicago means, he should spend an evening in the Harrison Street station-house. It is a low, shambly structure in the heart of the levee district, on a narrow street that runs along one of the railroad terminals. Police reporters assert that it is the "worst station-house in the world," meaning by that the place where more arrests for grave and shocking crimes are chronicled than in any other police station in the country. The cells are in the cellar, and adjoining the hearing-room are two police courts where those arrested are arraigned. The desk is in a sort of alcove in the southern end of the main room, and is screened with a wire netting. It is a busy place. As many as 300 arrests have been chronicled there in one night. It is a dull evening when fifty arrests are not made. Except for the manifest character of those who swarm in and out of the place, one might fancy it the counting-room of some financial institution, for the clink of money-changing is going on there constantly, and the shylock of the slums, the professional bondsman, stands by the grating of the desk and hour after hour reaps his harvest. In the Harrison Street station there are two shylocks who do most of the business. One is a negro about fifty years old, a member of the bar, keen in judgment and rich in this world's goods. The other is a white man, such as may be found in most police courts. The fee for each bail bond is said to be five dollars. Rarely are these bonds forfeited. If they are forfeited, the shylocks pursue their victims relentlessly, and ultimately land them in jail. Few of those arrested remain in the cells all night. One may easily compute what a paying business it must be to these professional bondsmen to have the run of a station-house like that to the practical exclusion of others, and one may form other conclusions if he so desires.

Right here should be mentioned a curious provision of the law relating to police justices in Chicago, a provision that upon reflection must seem unwise to every thinking man. The law gives to the magistrate a fee of one dollar for every bail bond he issues, and also a fee of one dollar for the continuance of any case. This makes the office of police magistrate immensely profitable, especially to the two justices who sit in the Harrison Street police courts. The object of the law, I presume, was to provide, in the first place, what politicians call "a fat thing," and in the second place, to remove all temptation of money-making from the magistrates by participating in any blackmailing cliques in police circles. These magistrates are also State officials, in that they are appointed by the Governor and not by the Mayor.

It is because of this law regarding police justices, and because of the great profit to the professional bondsmen and others, and also because of the fact that the station-house is right in the centre of the vice-ridden district, that so many arrests are made there of an evening. The system in vogue is simply a money-making enterprise, and not an agent for law, order, and good government. Suppose there are 300 arrests there, and that 250 of those arrested are bailed out. That means $250 allowed by law to the police justice who sits behind the sergeant's desk with the police officials far into the night, and $1250 for the professional bondsmen. The man who supposes that the bondsmen get all of this $1250 must be a fool or utterly ignorant of the ways of police officials in cities where corruption holds sway. I make no charges as to where this money goes, because I have no means of proving legally such assertions, and it is not my business to do so. I simply have my opinion, and others who visit or read of the place may form theirs. No one can deny that there is opportunity in that station-house for the formation of a ring of blackmailers to prey upon vice and its devotees, and that the very foundation of such a system lies in the law permitting police justices to get what is known as the "first rake-off." All this may explain why as many as 300 arrests of the vilest creatures in Chicago have been made in one night in that precinct. The same persons have been raided as many as three times in one night. On the evening of my visit I saw at least a dozen women arraigned twice, bailed out, and then permitted to go back in peace to dens of infamy.

About one o'clock in the morning business drags, and soon after the arrests for the night cease. The sponge has been squeezed dry. The miserable creatures who have been preying upon the debased have been made to give up all the money they can spare to the shylocks and others, and the Harrison Street police station resumes its normal work of caring for drunks and other ordinary violations of law. In all my experience of nearly fifteen years as a newspaper man in the four largest cities of the United States I have never seen evidences of so corrupt a condition of affairs as exists nightly in the Harrison Street police station. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say more than to assert that no such opportunity has existed or could exist for plunder in any other city of this country without the formation of a police ring to divide the spoils, and also to call attention to the fact that at the very time of my visit there was a clash between the authorities at the "central office" and the Harrison Street police. Detectives from headquarters were swooping down upon the precinct and making arrests on their own account, and when the attention of the rank and file of the Harrison Street station was called to this fact they simply shook their heads in a wise way and smiled.

It is only a step from the Harrison Street station to the centre of the gambling-district. What Mayor Harrison said about the non-existence of faro and roulette in town in elaborately furnished and luxurious gambling-houses was true, so far as I could learn. I think that if there had been any of these places in Chicago I should have found them. The only gambling games that were going on openly, and of course tolerated at that time by the police, were the games known as craps and stud-poker. Craps has long been a favorite gambling game with negroes, and many persons are inclined to think that it is a small matter, a mere throwing of dice for money. Perhaps Mayor Harrison so regards it. If he does so regard it, and if others share his opinion, let me quote what one of the best-known authorities on cards, Foster, in his *Complete Hoyle*, says of the game. After noting that it practically is a game of hazard, he says,

"It is rapidly replacing faro as the gambling game of America."

If Foster is right, Mayor Harrison's assertion, given with some show of pride, that faro did not exist in Chicago loses most of its value. If faro did not exist, its national substitute existed in a score of places. We visited nearly a dozen of these places, and in some of them our police guide in full uniform accompanied us. In others, however, the policeman would not go. This was the case in the first one we visited. It has since been raided. It was over the chief saloon of O'Brien & Powers, both men aldermen, shining lights in Chicago Democratic politics, and strong political friends of Mayor Harrison. Powers is president of the Cook County aggregation that came to New York to help out Tammany, and he and Mayor Harrison must have marched side by side on their visit. It would not do for the policeman to go into that place with us, and he called a man in the doorway, and said:

"Here are two friends of mine. They want to go up stairs."

The other man nodded his head and we went in, while the policeman waited outside for us. We stopped for a moment in the bar-room, and then went to the rear of the room and found a long stairway which led to the large room above. It is not necessary to make a directory of this article and tell exactly where this saloon is situated. Everybody in Chicago, practically, knows its location. At the top of the stairs we were scrutinized closely by a man who seemed to be on watch, but nothing was said, and we passed in. I do not know whether we could have gained admission without our new escort. In some of the other places I am sure we could not have walked in without some one vouching for us, but in most of the dens there was no attempt at scrutiny.

The description of one of these places will do for all that we visited. Because of its prominence and the politics involved, I shall tell what I saw in the O'Brien & Powers place. There were four long gambling-tables in the room. At three of them craps was being played; at the fourth, stud-poker was the game in progress. Each table was presided over by two men, one the dealer, and the other the croupier who raked in the money and chips. The tables were surrounded by from twenty to forty men, most of them young. The air was foul with smoke, and the electric lights spluttered in the haze. The men at the tables were not what might be called well-to-do. Probably one-quarter of them were negroes. There were also Chinese among them. Most of the others were men of dissolute habits. Some were thieves, and others were thugs, ready for any kind of a "job." Some of them were politicians, and others were young clerks. That grade of men known as men about town was also represented liberally. Taken as a whole, however, it was an aggregation of men of the most depraved tastes. They were simply a disgusting lot. Not for an instant could the gambling there be called a "gentleman's game." The crowd was of such a character as to make an ordinary man instinctively feel to see that his pocket-book was all right, and then to wish for fresh air.

While the dice were being thrown there was much excitement. The dealer was urging all to play fast. It kept the hands and eyes of all busy to keep track of the game. The stakes were not high—from one to three or four dollars—but there were men at the tables who had won or lost as high as from fifty to sixty dollars, so I was informed. The scene at one table was duplicated at the others where craps was being played.

At the stud-poker table there was the same kind of a crowd and similar excitement. The players bet against one another, and the house depends for its profit upon what is known as a "kitty," a certain number of the chips being withdrawn from the table in each game for the house's profit. The house is a sure winner in this game. In one of the places we visited the dealer was a Chinese, said to be one of the most expert gamblers in the United States. The dealer was constantly urging the players to make their bets fast.

Such was the gambling that was going on in "wide-open" Chicago early in December last. Since then the Civic Federation of that city has moved in the matter, and has secured the indictment of the managers and alleged owners of most of the important places. O'Brien and Powers were among those indicted. The other places that we visited were conducted for the most part by politicians of the same grade as O'Brien and Powers, some of the managers also being aldermen. The important thing about them, aside from their debasing character, was the evident fact that all were tolerated by the police. They could not have lasted for an hour without such protection, and it was worthy of note that our police guide knew exactly which ones he could enter with us, and which ones it was the part of wisdom to refrain from entering. Another noteworthy thing about them was the fact that Mayor Harrison, as I shall show later, could not have been ignorant of their existence during all the months they had been running unless he is a very dull man, which he is not. The four or five hundred dollars a night that these places were making represented the daily gain which the wide-open policy demanded and was getting through the political system in vogue there, and nothing more.

We are now ready to consider the system of police blackmail in Chicago. As I said at the outset, the list of rates was given to me by a man who has intimate knowledge of the matter—a man whose figures must be correct down to the last cent. Were I to give his name, no person would think of questioning the accuracy of his statements. So far as I know, he has never shared in the plunder. His name is on the official pay-rolls of the city, and his office and personal character are such that he would have no motive to deceive me. I told Mayor Harrison that police blackmail did exist, because of this man's statements to me, and also because I saw in my investigations resorts of such a character as never have existed in any American city, and never can exist, without police protection and consequent blackmail. This is the list of rates as given to me by this authority: gambling-houses, $50 and upward a month; panel-houses, $35 to $50 a month; saloons where music is played contrary to law, $100 occasionally; immoral places, $50 to $200 a month. There is also blackmail of large fruit-stands. There is little blackmail of saloons for Sunday selling, largely because the saloon traffic is under the direct supervision of the aldermen. It is notorious, however, that it costs $100 to get a saloon license, and $500 to get it back if once it is revoked. The matter of granting licenses and of revoking them is referred to the alderman in the ward concerned. One may see from this how important the office of alderman is in Chicago. So corrupt has this office-holding clique become in Chicago that up to July 1 last, when the law was changed, it was notorious that even the grand-jury room was not free from this degrading "hands out" system. The same man who told me of the police rates said that he had positive knowledge that a certain grand jury had demanded, and had secured, as high as $20,000 in a big gambling case, and then had returned "no bill."

This spirit of loot is everywhere in Chicago. It may be found in the City Hall, in the award and performance of contracts for public works, in the falsifying of public records, in the collection of public moneys. Evidence of downright dishonesty in these matters has been spread before the public repeatedly in the scandals of municipal administration in the city. It follows in the wake of the low class of politicians that rule the place as surely as night follows day. It is a living and continual illustration of the depths to which spoils politics will go if unchecked by a healthy public spirit.

Having investigated my subject, I went to the Superintendent of Police, Joseph Kipley, the appointee of Mayor Harrison, told him what I had seen and done, and asked him what he thought about it. I said I wanted his views for publication. He stood up in his office, placed his hands behind his back, looked toward the ceiling in a vacant way, twisted his mouth and cheeks into a half-smile and a half-smirk, and said:

"I have heard that some of the boys are playing craps a little. You know, I don't go around much. Indeed, I can't; I have so much to do right here! It isn't right to expect me to know everything that is going on in town. How could I get all over town in such a big place as this? I don't know that anything wrong is going on. We wouldn't allow that, of course—no, sir!" (This 'no, sir' was said with emphasis.) "I am sure that not a roulette wheel is turning in town." (Mayor Harrison said the same thing afterward.) "Of course little games may be running here and there, but as I said before, you can't expect me to know about them. The fact is we want to make everybody happy, to make them like to live here, you know. The town isn't 'wide open.' Of course if I could get around more I might know more of what is going on."

Did one ever hear such a piece of baby-act pleading as that? And from the chief of police in the second largest city in the Union! Did Kipley know exactly what was going on in the haunts of vice in Chicago? Of course he did, unless he is an utter fool. The disgusting part of it all was that he should attempt to palm such stuff off on any person of intelligence. Let me tell Mayor Harrison right here that if he will appoint me superintendent of police in Chicago, or any one of a hundred newspaper men I could name, or even one of a dozen smart office-boys I might mention, the superintendent of police in that city will know what is going on in that town within twenty-four hours. And when investigators ask about the condition of affairs, there will be no baby-act pleading. The response to inquiries will be:

"I have nothing to say. Go to see the Mayor."

I went to see the Mayor without being told, simply as a matter of fairness. I told him my errand, and said if he wished to make any comment, I was ready to print it. He said, promptly,

"I will say to you, as I have said to others, this town is not so 'wide open' as New York, where you come from."

"How about the gambling that is going on about town?"

"I want to say that there is not a game of faro being played or a roulette wheel turning in Chicago. I know whereof I speak. I have three special agents, paid by me from a secret fund, and not known to six other men in Chicago. They report only to me. The city treasurer or city comptroller does not know them. All administrative control in Chicago centres in this office" (no baby-act pleading there!) "and at this desk. Only those things occur in the way of vice in Chicago as occur in every large city."

"How about the crap games?"

"Well, there may be a little of that going on, but that's a small affair." (Foster, the card authority, doesn't think craps is a small affair.) "I stopped the big games as soon as they were opened. They won't open again.

"If you want to know, I'll tell you what I think about dealing with this matter of regulating things in a big city. I don't believe in closing saloons on Sunday. I do believe in lowering the blinds and in closing the front doors. I don't believe in stopping Sunday shows. I don't believe in closing saloons at midnight. The laws on the statute-books requiring these things are dead letters. Public sentiment is against enforcing them. *The man doesn't live who could shut up Chicago saloons on Sunday.* I shall not try to do it. It isn't for political reasons—that's not important especially—but because the people would not tolerate it for an instant."

"Then you don't believe in enforcing laws not approved by public opinion?"

"No, I don't, and I don't intend to try to do so."

"But your oath of office requires you to enforce all laws, and Sunday opening of saloons is against law."

"There's a difference of opinion about that. Our Sunday-closing law we interpret to mean the outward closing, the semblance of closing. That I believe in. I don't think that saloons should be wide open on the day when thousands want them to appear closed. The law does not mean actual closing. The man who drew it and was most influential in having it passed so interpreted it. If it meant actual closing, and I had to face that problem under oath, I say to you frankly I don't know what I should do. I never shall have to face that problem, and so we need not discuss that matter."

Mayor Harrison then took another tack, and volunteered this statement:

"There is one thing I want you to understand clearly. Police blackmail does not exist in this town. I won't tolerate it for a moment. It is the meanest, lowest, most despicable kind of corruption."

I told the Mayor that I was glad to hear him express such sentiments, but that it was only fair to him to say that I had a list of the rates charged in police blackmail in Chicago, prepared for me by one of the officials in the city, and that I intended to print it on such authority. It was then that the Mayor sprang from his chair and

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pounded his desk, saying that I was misinformed. He then said:

"I don't believe it. If you will give me the name of your informant I will try to get the same information from him, and I declare that I will drive out of office every man engaged in it. I can't believe that any police official under me is unclean. You have been misinformed."

I cannot dispute Mayor Harrison's sincerity. I am sure that his own office is clean. It was a relief to meet a man who is not a coward and who did not plead the baby act. But I have this to say in print to Mr. Harrison: if he will put his three special agents at my disposal, or will come with me himself, I will show him sights in Chicago that, as he is a manly man, will make him want to rush to the fresh air for clean breath, as they did the police reporter who was with me on my investigations. I remember that the reporter touched me on the shoulder in one place and said: "If I don't get out of here I shall faint. I had no idea Chicago was like this." I will show Mayor Harrison block upon block of vile dives, some of them kept by his political friends, all running in violation of law. I will show him gambling-saloons, notwithstanding the recent police raids. I will show him some splendidly equipped liquor-saloons, right in the heart of the city, with Hungarian bands in them, all contrary to law, and patronized by hundreds upon hundreds of the vilest creatures of the streets. And if he will stop long enough to look about in these saloons and study the depraved of both sexes there, he will understand that these resorts exist for no other reason than to cater to such trade. I will show him beggars stopping decent men with their wives and daughters on the streets, and little children hovering about doorways, ready to pounce upon drunken men so that others may plunder them.

It would not do to close this article without saying something of my interviews with two of Chicago's famous statesmen—Alderman Michael Kenna, familiarly known as "Hinky Dink," proprietor of two saloons, and Sol Van Praag, the man who was reported in the newspapers at the time to have "touched Mr. Croker" for forty dollars to get home after the visit of the Cook County Democracy to Tammany Hall. Hinky Dink said to me—I thought it wise not to disclose my full identity—that New York was "the only town" in this country. With some show of regret he admitted that many of the persons who had been in exile in Chicago since the Lexow investigation would go back when Tammany assumed power. He added: "Tammany treated us like gents. Nothing was too good for us."

Van Praag was behind his bar, serving out drinks. He wanted to talk of the Cook County Democracy's visit to New York.

"I tell you," he said, "it was a regular mascot. We have elected eight Democratic mayors on these trips." He mentioned Indianapolis, Louisville, and Syracuse as among the cities. "There we were, 285 of us gentlemen, all dressed alike, marching four abreast, and every man as straight as if he wore a corset. When we heard that Van Wyck was elected we burned up everything in the shape of loose wood we could find. Some of us burned up some money, too."

Just then there came the strains of a song from Van Praag's back room, where nearly twenty women and half a dozen men had congregated. A man with a broken baritone voice was singing some maudlin verse about a gray-haired mother, to the wild applause of the men and the shrieks of approval from the women.

"Got a fine voice, 'ain't he?" said Van Praag. "I think he's a prize. He's a Frenchman" (and here he grew confidential), "and one of the very-best-singers-in-Chicago. So you're from New York? Have a drink on the house with me. When Van Wyck gets in, it 'll be all right. Money will begin to circulate. Good-by. That fellow's got a fine voice, 'ain't he?"

So much for "wide-open" Chicago. It was wide-open, but only in the lowest and vilest ways. And who was and is paying the bill for it all? Simply the young women lured into wretchedness and the young men who are debauching their careers and wrecking their lives. And why was it permitted? Some said it was in the interest of "personal liberty," that high-sounding phrase that means so much at election-time. Others said that it was permitted so as to make money circulate.

But I found a deeper reason than these for "wide-open" Chicago. It was this: the game of national politics in 1900 is being played all over the West, and nowhere more assiduously than in Chicago. The great streams of national party movements find their most prolific sources of supply in our large cities. The men who violate the laws regarding decency in Chicago are the small-fry politicians, the men in control of the party management there. It is important for the ambition of more than one man that Chicago shall be kept in line with the free-silver propaganda. To check entirely the local politicians, men like Powers, "Hinky Dink," and "Bath-House John," would be to imperil the chances of party supremacy there.

It has been intimated that Mayor Harrison himself has heard what he fancied to be a Presidential bee buzzing about him. Why not? Why should not he be nominated, if Bryan could capture the prize? It has also been intimated that he would not be averse to a nomination for the Vice-Presidency, or, failing in that, would be glad to have a place in the cabinet of the next President, if he should be a Democrat. If these rumors, which have been printed repeatedly, are unjust to Mayor Harrison, it is probably not unjust to him to say that as a politician he desires first of all to retain his party's supremacy in Chicago, and that being accomplished, to use that supremacy to his own or some other man's advantage. The way to retain it is to allow Powers, "Hinky Dink," Van Praag, "Bath-House John," and the rest to have as large a swing as possible, ignoring the price that must be paid by the city in the ruin to its young, and the enormous damage resulting from its reputation as an unsafe and an unwholesome place in which to live—a reputation which is already costing the city hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly.

It is safe to say that Tammany will not copy "wide-open" Chicago. The days of *open alliance* with crime for political benefit or for personal gain are over in New York. That stage has passed. Vice will continue to exist in New York, as it always must exist where millions are collected, but it will not be open and shameless, as in Chicago. There will be no open gambling-rooms over saloons of Tammany leaders. There will not be block after block of low dives in full blast. Should there be police blackmail, it will not be apparent to every one. Tammany would not dare to turn New York into a "wide-open" Chicago; and I think its leaders have no such desire, for there are other ways of making money.

There is only one man in Chicago who can actually clean up the place. His name is Carter Harrison. If he had the energy and courage to undertake the work sincerely, not in any Puritanical spirit, but in a spirit of ordinary decency, he would not only build for himself such a reputation as decades could not destroy, but would add to the prosperity of the city, and to its attractiveness as a place in which to live and work. The spirit of the real, the progressive Chicago calls unceasingly to him for full liberation from active alliance with vice. The noise and clatter of pothouse politicians are such that the Mayor has heard only part of the cry. A few gambling-saloons have been raided. When will they open again?

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION, OMAHA.—Drawn by E. C. Peixotto after the Architect's Design.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF SCHOOLBOY LIFE IN ENGLAND.*

The foreign point of view is generally interesting, but by no means always valuable. When, however, an American, after graduating at Harvard, enters Balliol College, Oxford, and mixes with undergraduates, and noticing certain admirable traits, resolves to inquire into the system which has produced them, and for that purpose not only consults books, but resides for a time in the schools he is studying, mingling with the boys as well as with the masters, and catching much of the atmosphere and tone, the genesis of his book is natural. Such were the origin and growth of Mr. Corbin's *Schoolboy Life in England*. The result is a frank and fresh description of a very interesting subject, treated not only without prejudice, but with extraordinary insight; a book that will prove amusing to boys and valuable to students of education, whether American or English. Neither need fear that their susceptibilities will be hurt, for Mr. Corbin avoids, as far as possible, comparisons, except by inference, and reaches the conclusion that it is not English practices which American schools should imitate, but the English method of growth and expansion to meet the requirements of the social conditions.

Mr. Corbin first reminds the reader that elementary education in England is free of charge, but that secondary education is paid for at varying rates, almost nominal in the case of the grammar-schools, but increasing in amount through the different public schools, and reaching the maximum at Eton. The only institutions in the United States which correspond with these public schools are the large preparatory schools, such as Groton and St. Mark's, though the resemblance is very incomplete.

In this study of secondary education two points have impressed themselves upon Mr. Corbin:

1. That secondary education in England occupies an honorable position as an end itself, and not merely as a means to some higher end.

2. That the English secondary education is not an elaborate system, but a gradual outgrowth of the social conditions.

If you ask an English father why he has sent his son to a public school, he will probably reply, "To make a gentleman of him." Arnold added the distinction, a "Christian" gentleman. The motive in either case is a worthy one—so to shape the boy's character and manners that when he enters the world he may be able to hold his own in any position of social life. So that to have been at a public school gives a man a hall-mark quite as proudly cherished as if he had been to Oxford or Cambridge, and even more unmistakable, because the influences he has been subjected to are more pronouncedly in the direction of making a man of him.

This being the object of the public schools, it is clear that scholarship alone, as a means, would be impossible. The elasticity of the system enables boys to pursue a course of higher studies, but casts no slur on those who do not, and for this purpose includes in its means discipline and athletics. The character of the discipline is peculiarly English. It is not, as is generally supposed in America, a system of petty restrictions, presided over by a man with a stick, curtailing the natural exuberance of youth, and producing an array of craven-hearted boys quivering at the raising of the master's eyelid. Its remarkable feature, and Mr. Corbin notes it with approval, is that the boys practically govern themselves. The system of government by "prefects," or older boys, and of fagging, which has been responsible for a good deal of cruelty, just as the English Bench has been sullied by "Bloody Jeffreys," has, by a general amelioration of social manners, become shorn of its abuses. As it now exists in its modified form, the boy is a member of a little community, at the head of which are the natural leaders, whether of boys or men, the scholars and the athletes. The master, relieved from constant conflict with the boys, occupies a position of older friend, and in the "house system" presides with his wife and daughters, if he has any, over a big family. The boy, when he enters school, learns to obey his superiors in brain and muscle, and by the time he has developed is ready himself to become a leader. England, whatever her blunders—or occasional crimes, if you insist upon it—is at least entitled to the name of the "Mother of Free Peoples," and has earned it by giving to her boys generations and generations of self-government, well or ill administered. It is asserted that such a system is impossible for American boys. If so, it is a curious reflection upon free institutions, and may explain the supremacy of the boss in politics, and the inability of freemen to shake him off.

To an Englishman the position of the American teachers cannot fail to appear anomalous. In proportion to their attainments, their devotion to education, and the enormous responsibility of their duties as trainers of the next generation, they are probably the worst-paid portion of the community. Not only are their salaries small, and limited to eight or nine months out of twelve, but precarious, for there is always the doubt as to whether they will be re-appointed. It is therefore impossible for them to take that place in social life that their personal qualities and the dignity of their office warrant. Consequently their influence over their scholars is limited. They are a part of the school machinery, but not of the social organization.

Despite an occasional reactionary growl, athletics are recognized as an indispensable adjunct of education. They are the English schoolboy's daily pastime, in which he indulges for the fun of them. Matches with other schools are only interesting incidents in this habit of sport. Rivalry runs high, but never reaches the intensity of eagerness to whip the adversary at all hazards. The result is not only physical, but moral; the boy learns self-control. Mr. Corbin, himself an athlete, warmly approves this sane pursuit of athletics, which the Weekly, in its department of "Amateur Sport," so consistently advocates. Amelioration in the tone of American athletics is probably to be found in making them habitual with boys, instead of occasional. Football, for example, if played by large numbers of boys as a daily matter of course, would soon lose its Machiavelian character. An Englishman cannot help noticing that while the American schools provide splendid machinery for developing the brains, they do very little towards giving boys an opportunity of developing their muscles. More playing-fields seem to be the great need.

In his second conclusion Mr. Corbin is undoubtedly right—that the English system of secondary education is, properly speaking, not a system at all, but a gradual growth and adaptation; not a park that has been deliberately and scientifically laid out, but one that has gradually grown around the manor-house, comprising the additions and eliminations of many generations of owners. It is only in a general way that Winchester, Eton, and Rugby, the schools studied in this book, are typical. The smaller schools are adapted to the needs of their particular neighborhoods; the larger, to various requirements of the whole community. So they baffle any attempts at systematic study. All over the country are grammar-schools, founded by enlightened individuals, which provide for the boys within walking distance a higher education than that obtainable at the free schools, and at almost nominal cost. Such a one is Shakespeare's old school at Stratford-on-Avon. About fifteen miles off is a still smaller grammar-school, where the late Robert Payne Smith received his education. He was the son of a small blacksmith, and, after schooling, made his way to Oxford, where he became a fellow of his college, entered orders, and died Dean of Canterbury. In gratitude to his little school, he endowed a scholarship which for four years gives one of the scholars a free education at Oxford. The growth of these grammar-schools generally corresponds with the growth of the town, the one at Birmingham, founded by Edward VI., being a very important school. From this to the great foundation of Dulwich School, near London, founded by one Allen, an actor, or to King's College School and City of London School, in the metropolis, is but a step, and from them to the more fashionable Harrow and Eton only a short interval, with many intermediate varieties. And further elasticity is given to the system by the fact that no school stands exclusively for any one principle. Eton, it is true, gathers in the aristocracy, but its "King's scholars" are recruited by open competition. And so throughout all the schools the cards are shuffled, and what the school particularly stands for is as much independent of design as the passing of London fashion from Soho to Grosvenor Square.

There is one great difference between English and American school life which Mr. Corbin does not mention. The English boy leaves home early. His school is his world, and its tone his. The effects are sturdiness of character, tactfulness in dealing with men, but inevitably a certain exclusiveness. In America the schoolboy mostly lives at home, mixing freely with young and old of both sexes. He early gains a *savoir-faire*, or, at any rate, a *savoir-parler*. He is ready to take up life as soon as he leaves school. The result is that a well-bred American gentleman makes friends at sight, while the Englishman, as the song says, "is all right when you know him, but you've got to know him first." An appreciation of this would lead to a better mutual understanding between the cousins.

An Englishman.

* *Schoolboy Life in England.* By John Corbin. Harper & Brothers.

A BACKLOG FANCY.

The room is dim, the logs burn low,
But in the fitful flash I see
Upon the wall the sunbeams glow
Through the green branches of the tree.

The backlog sputters, and I hear
The forest's leafy summer note,
And in the waves of smoke appear
The blue pool of the wood remote.

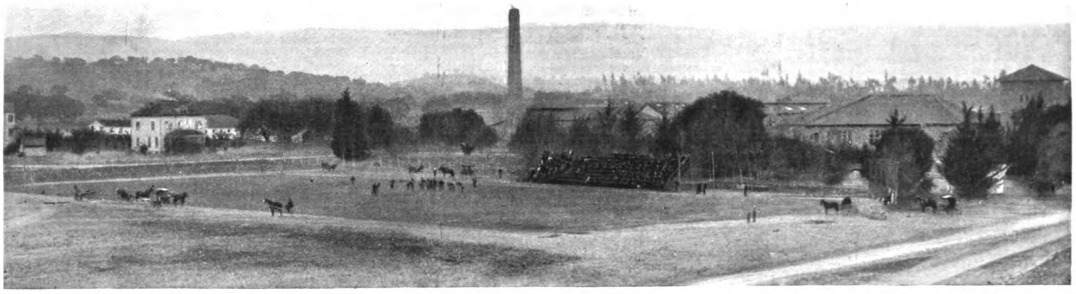
Then like a spirit, witching, gay,
Ascends a throbbing golden spark—
A fire-fly drifting on its way
Across the lonely marish dark.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

The bar of Paris has lately been much agitated over the question of the admission to practice of Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin, an accomplished young lady, whose studies have been peculiarly successful. Of her fitness to be a pleading lawyer, much less of her ability for all office business, no doubt is admitted. Her sex is the only barrier—for as yet France has not taken cordially to women lawyers. Various higgling pretexts have been brought up to oppose Mlle. Chauvin's admission to the rank of an advocate. Some has been serio-comic, to say the least. Among the latter has been brought forward the genuine but dead regulation that all Parisian advocates should wear a natural pair of mustaches or side-whiskers! At last accounts the fair candidate was obliged to regard this condition as literally—a facer. It has not been presented against her as a formal objection otherwise than by a satirical press.

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LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

On his trip across the Continent he collected data for a series of articles on amateur athletics in the West.

CALIFORNIAN ATHLETIC POSSIBILITIES.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

IN no State of the Union are the possibilities of amateur sport naturally greater than in California, and in none do they fall so far short of realization. Answerable for this are two reasons: (1) indifference to healthful athletic endeavor on the part of the usual supporters—those with money and leisure; (2) lack of an organization to unify the interests of those who have the wish for healthful sport.

This is, to be sure, rather a curious state of affairs to be found so late in the day of our athletic development, and yet my description is perfectly true to life. I shall not expect all Californians to agree with me, certainly not those whose standard of amateur sport is taken from the San Francisco daily press, but to those who bring an (athletically) untainted and unprejudiced mind to a study of the situation the truth of my synopsis will manifest itself. Indeed, I feel that I might with commendable propriety, and entire justification even, declare sufficient evidence forth-coming to put the sole responsibility for the present situation upon reason number one.

More so than in any city with which I am familiar have the San Francisco younger men of inherited fortune handicapped the natural growth of their State's amateur sport. I speak of the younger men of inherited fortune only, because it is impossible to discuss the situation without direct reference to them, and because in San Francisco, more than elsewhere, movements of any sort seem to depend for their impetus and vitality upon the generosity or energy of a comparatively few men (whose wherewithal to luxuriate comes from fathers of sterner stuff), and further, because these men have been identified so closely with the policy which is accountable for the present condition. These men in San Francisco had an unprecedented opportunity to wield their influence for good or for ill, and they chose the latter. Not only have they been indifferent to wholesome sport, but by shielding athletic renegades, and by actively supporting unwholesome athletic pursuits, they have been a positive detrimental factor.

If, on the other hand, these same men had, for example, held the Olympic Athletic Club, as it was in their power to do, up to the standard it at one time maintained, it is altogether likely there would have been no occasion to criticise the amateur sport of California more particularly than that of other States. One must know just the early relation of the Olympic Club to Pacific coast amateur sport, must hear of the personality of its first sponsors fully to appreciate the significance of its position, and thoroughly to understand the present state of affairs in California.

When the Olympic Club was organized (and not many know it antedates, by about one year, I believe, the New York Athletic Club), its membership included the most desirable social and commercial elements of San Francisco. A genuine desire for wholesome sport had been the incentive, and it found many ready responses.

That was before the element which has directed the club's latter-day policy had finished its school-days.

No club in the country occupied a more enviable position than the Olympic when I first knew it in the seventies. By-and-by there grew the desire for a handsome club-house. Like others before them and many since, the board of directors permitted business judgment to be swept aside by the clamor for the "handsomest club-house in town." The handsomest club-house became a reality, but with the consequent indebtedness came also the need for larger revenue. The club must have more members.

The desirable element is few in numbers in every city, but in San Francisco it is especially limited. Extending the membership limit and lowering the initiation fee were the means of flooding the club with just the class of men it had hitherto vigorously opposed. There is no need to mark the stages in the evolution of the club. From advocacy of wholesome sport it degenerated to a home of unhealthful athletics of every description. It lost cast in the community, or rather among those members of the community whose respect was worth the having, and lost members even more rapidly. Meantime other clubs, some in town and some in the surrounding counties, came into existence and took the degenerated club for model. Perhaps this is the most serious charge that can be laid at the door of the Olympic Club. Its own downfall was bad enough, but its seduction of others less powerful and more ignorant was vicious and unpardonable on any grounds.

It is essential to an understanding of how amateur sport in California happens to be as it is to know what influence the Olympic Club had and how it was used. It must be remembered that this club was at first and for a considerable time practically all there was of organized amateur sport in California. Its membership included all the men enthusiastic in any branch of athletic endeavor. Its house was the rendezvous of all visiting amateurs, individually or collectively. When therefore the new policy went into effect which opened the club to the "sporting" elements of San Francisco, which turned the gymnasium into an arena for prize-fighting between the choicest "plug-uglies" of the city, and raised up a professional sentiment in the club-house, the shock to wholesome sport and to the healthfully inclined in the club may be imagined. For a time they clung to the hope that the old wholesome policy would be reasserted, but they had become the minority. Gradually they lost interest, then hope, and finally and frequently resigned.

But no more detail is needful to show what an opportunity for good work this club had, and how it was used. Nor is it necessary, by the light of what I have already written, to emphasize the blighting effect this ascendency of the "sporting" element had on the amateur field. The men who retired from the Olympic Club were too discouraged to make further effort for healthful sport, and there were no others to replace them. Thus, with the future of California amateur sport in their hands, the mercenary and "sporting elements" of the Olympic Club throttled it then and there. So we find a few of the old sort in the club to-day who have continued their membership, but most of them have resigned. Those in the club are a very small and discouraged minority, whose loudest plea for honest sport could never be heard above the din of the club's "sporting" rabble; those outside raise their voices ineffectively because there is no unity of effort. And so amateur sport suffers.

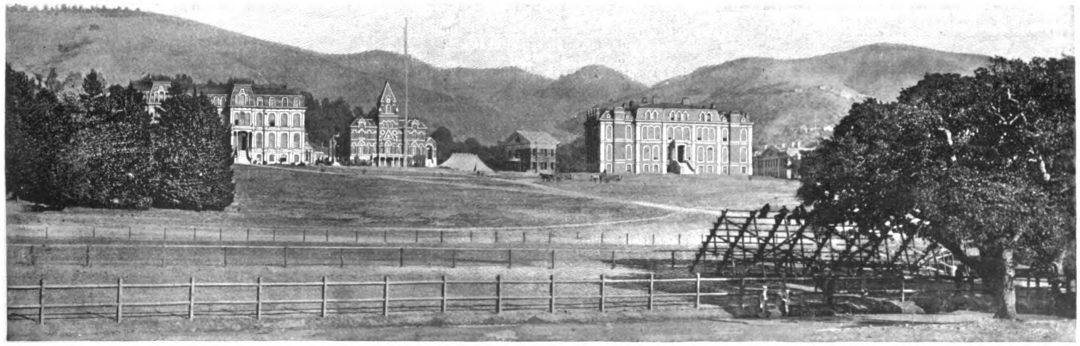
But there is a remedy for these athletic ills, and it is surely if somewhat slowly working to their eradication. Hope of athletic prosperity looms up through two channels—(1) by the development of wholesome sentiments through inter-scholastic athletics; (2) by the impending bankruptcy of the Olympic Club.

It is not often, thank goodness, that the downfall of an athletic club is cause for rejoicing, but the day an assignee takes possession of the Olympic Club, that day will open auspiciously for amateur sport in California; and, from what I learn on my present visit, that day is not far distant. The present directory and president are largely responsible for the club's athletic degradation, and have proved unequal to relieving its financial distress. None of the responsible members of the club will permit his name to be put up for election, and the day of retribution seems not far off. The better element is impatient for the arrival, for it is proposed to then cut adrift the "sporting" element which, of high and low degree, now controls the club, to reorganize, and to make a fresh start in the interest of clean amateur sport.

The other hope of wholesome athletic prosperity in California—*i. e.*, inter-scholastic organization—is already being realized. The total lack of organized athletics in the schools has always been the supreme handicap to establishing amateur sport on a permanent and wholesome basis. We may resort to all manner of encouragement, and employ every means of fostering athletic growth in our colleges, and we may even be rewarded by a measure of success. But it is all fictitious and passing unless the seed has been planted at the schools. There is the place needing our care and encouragement, and the place too which will abundantly reward our efforts. Let us be sure that the sport at our schools is wholesome, and we shall be less disturbed for its health subsequently at the colleges and in the clubs.

Inter-scholastic organization is comparatively quite recent in California, but it certainly provides the most encouraging evidence of a healthful athletic future. The Academic Athletic League of California, to give its full title, is, in fact, a most prosperous body of eighteen members, comprising the best schools of the State. Of these the more prominent athletically are St. Matthews Hall (San Mateo)—which last year, by-the-way, won the football honors of the league—Oakland High, Lowell (S. F.) High, Berkeley High, Belmonts and Hoitts (San Mateo). Their athletic year is perhaps fuller than that of any other scholastic league in the country. They have two track-athletic field days, a baseball, football, and lawn-tennis series of matches, and a bicycle meet.

And the gratifying feature of all these contests is their unquestioned cleanliness. It has not always been so. At first great difficulty was experienced in keeping the schools free from boys enrolled for athletic purposes, and even from out-and-out professionals. A favorite source of re-enforcement was the semi-professional clubs with which San Francisco abounds. Men were to be got from these for a consideration, and carried as scholars without even the pretence of daily attendance. For a time the successful school was apt to be the one which had the



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—VIEW FROM LOWER END OF GROUNDS, LOOKING EAST ACROSS THE CINDER TRACK AND FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL GROUNDS.

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most active manager. Yet another result of the Olympic Club's example.

But such methods of recruiting are no longer tolerated, and not now even attempted, although there are, of course, infractions of the rules, which are duly and invariably punished. The League is governed by a board of directors, each school having a representative who is almost without exception a faculty member. Here in California, as elsewhere, it has been found exceedingly unwise to entrust the entire management of their athletics with the boys at the schools, or, at the colleges, with the undergraduates. The Academic League has put forth many wise rules, but none more so than the one limiting the age of competitors to twenty-one years, and that other one demanding a certain scholarship standard of every candidate for any team. To attain this twelve hours per week of study are demanded, and no boy is eligible to inter-academic games unless he has entered the school he represents within three weeks after the opening of the half-year.

This is sensible as well as modern legislation, and some of it, especially that part concerning the maintenance of a scholarship standard, I commend to some of our Eastern schools, which are apt to inquire none too closely into the class-room standing of inter-scholastic entries. The nature of California schoolboys is pretty much like that of New York schoolboys, and the Academic League has had its share of trouble guarding the health of its sport from unprincipled school principals and boys willing to sell their athletic ability for a term's free tuition. But the California League is more vigilant than the Eastern inter-scholastic, and the audacious manœuvring of one or two of our New York schoolmasters would soon be checked—what is more to the purpose, it would be exposed. It would be well for Eastern inter-scholastic sport if the Association took a few lessons in activity from the California League.

There are, of course, other schools in California which have athletic sports—many of them, in fact. Every town of any importance boasts a high-school, and almost every high-school in the State has a baseball and a football team, although track athletics is not so well supported. These schools belong to no league, and play usually with local scrub teams, or, in baseball, with one of the many semi-professional nines with which California abounds, or, in football, with the school or college nearest them. Speaking generally, the ethics of amateur sport have no significance for this class of teams. Not that they are wilful or even invariable sinners. They are simply the result of a growing desire for sport, which gratifies the wish as best it can. Meantime, however, the example and the influence of the Academic League are having good effect, and I heard of two other leagues being discussed as a near possibility.

There are also a considerable number of small colleges which are practically preparatory schools, and these too have their athletics, although, except in southern California, there is no combining of athletic interests. A few of these colleges—only one or two of them, to be strictly honest—are working along the wholesome lines of sport. The majority pursue their athletic way unmindful of ethics, and a few are vicious and deliberate transgressors. Of the latter, the most prominent offenders appear to be a group of Roman Catholic colleges—St. Mary's, Santa Clara, Sacred Heart, and St. Ignatius—whose regard for wholesome sport is about as slight as that revealed at Georgetown University of the East.

There is another and a smaller group of colleges in the lower part of the State, University of Southern California, Throop Poly., and Pomona being the more prominent, which pursue athletics on more healthful lines. They hold an annual field-day, and are setting a commendable example in their part of the State. They are not above criticism, but the improvement since my last visit is guarantee of honest desire to put their sport on a good clean basis.

The only sport with pretensions to university distinction is furnished by the University of California at Berkeley, near Oakland, which is across the bay from San Francisco, and by Leland Stanford, Jr., University at Palo Alto, about an hour's ride by rail from San Francisco. I particularize locations merely to show how near they are to one another and to the centre of all California life—San Francisco. At both of these institutions there has been within three years a very material progression in the science of athletics and the permanent establishment of a proper ethical standard. Truth to tell, however—although the development of playing skill has resulted from undergraduate enthusiasm and diligent practice—the cleanliness of the sport is in a very large measure due to the unrelaxing vigilance and unremittent exhortation of the faculty athletic committees—or, to be literally correct, to one or two sportsmanly members of those committees. It is quite true that there still lurks among the undergraduates a sentiment bent on winning by fair means or by foul, which on occasions finds expression, through baseball and football managers, in the playing of some man who in the spirit of the amateur law is ineligible.

The letter of the law is seldom broken nowadays, but every once in a while the faculty committee is hoodwinked by a manager more artful than sportsmanly, and men are found at Berkeley or at Stanford for athletic purposes only. Such a case, for instance, was that of Searight at Stanford last football season, and another such seems to be Sheehy at Berkeley this season.

These deflections from wholesomeness would occur less frequently if an interest less passive in the effort making for healthful sport was evinced by the faculties generally at Berkeley and Stanford, and even especially by all the members of the faculty athletic committees. It is the rule the world over that the real work of any movement, particularly if it be a new one, comes from a very few of its many sponsors. And the athletic reform movement at these two universities of California reveals no exception. A very few men at these institutions are responsible for the splendid results, and of these few the names most closely identified with the missionary work are those of Professors Frank Angell, E. B. Clapp, and Bacon. The combined efforts of these gentlemen, subscribed to by their respective faculties, have been the means of raising a very satisfactory ethical standing, and of making some praiseworthy rules to assure its maintenance. Of these none is so satisfying as that requiring a certain class-room excellence of all candidates for any of the teams. I find, too, that this is enforced more strictly at Stanford than at Berkeley, by which I judge the various professors at Berkeley are not so heartily in sympathy with healthful athletics as their confrères at Palo Alto. A less healthful student spirit at Berkeley as a natural result of this faculty indifference should not be surprising.

The undergraduate sentiment of sport for sport's sake is not very much in evidence at either of the universities, but it is hardly recognizable at Berkeley. Still, there is obviously more of it than when I visited here two years ago. It is growing slowly, and the more practical encouragement it receives from the faculty, the sooner will that body be able to solve some of the perplexing questions with which it is now confronted. By their deeds shall ye know them, rather than by their protestations.

Of club athletics in California there is hardly enough to give it a name, and shamefully so, too, for no section of our country has greater advantages and more initial material. So far as the clubs are concerned, however, all these salutary opportunities are practically lost. This because, as I have already said, of the discouraging and harmful example of the Olympic, the leading (*sic*) athletic club of California, and of the absence of an organizing force to bring together those who are ready for and desirous of unification. In any other city but San Francisco a club would long ago have been organized to amalgamate these various healthful interests. There is actually more athletic material going to waste in that city than in any one I have ever visited. It should be the site of one of the most prosperous clubs in the United States, and when the Olympic Club passes through bankruptcy, losing its present president and board of directors, and about seventy-five per cent. of its members, and is reorganized with such sportsmen as William Greer Harrison, William F. Humphrey, John Elliott, Robert Porter, and Mr. North at its head, I predict for it within three years a position second to no athletic club in America. Meantime, to emphasize the need of some such club, the Stock, Produce, and Merchants' exchanges, and the Bar Association, have their own baseball nines, and some rare good sport among themselves.

Of the clubs bearing the name "athletic," that of Los Angeles seems most entitled to it, and certainly is the most commendable from an ethical view-point. The Olympic, in its honest days, had track athletics; of late years it has confined its efforts to baseball and football. Two or three years ago its baseball nine was declared professional and disqualified, and the club itself has now been debarred from amateur sport on the Pacific coast. It gives me pleasure to say that last year ('96), with the exception of Stickney, who was paid, the Olympic's football team was composed of amateurs.

The claim of the Reliance Club of Oakland to be athletic rests solely upon a football eleven the majority of whom are not actual members of the club. It has neither baseball nor track athletics, and its mission in sport appears to be entirely one of annually collecting eleven football-players to wear its colors. It is doing amateur sport in California no good whatever; indeed, I fear its present officials are less in sympathy with wholesome sport than were those of two years ago, since I find three of its members, Lange, Maguire, and Artlett, playing professional baseball, and yet continued in good standing in the Reliance Club, while the entertainment committee has resorted to the disgusting slugging matches which as much as any single feature served to wreck the Olympic Club. There is some good, wholesome material in the Reliance Club, but it is not the kind of which we see the most frequent exploitation. The Reliance Club officials need a less pliable backbone.

The football game which I saw between the elevens of Berkeley and Reliance was the first of the season, and it would be hardly fair for me to comment on play that in consequence was very loose, and on endeavor very much undirected. It will be fair for me to say, however, that I have never seen so much "grand stand" effort. I should say that an elimination of this tendency is absolutely necessary before first-class football can be developed.

There are other "athletic" clubs, the Manhattan, San Francisco, Sacramento, Acme—all boxing clubs, with no regard for ethics, and utterly unfit, in their present shape, for membership in any organization devoted to amateur sport. There is also a Stockton Athletic Association, very much superior to these, and interested more especially in rowing.

Rowing, in fact, shows considerable activity, and, deplorably enough, most of it is on Sundays. We expect no higher conception of the fitness of things from clubs like the Pioneer and Ariel, but it is disappointing that the South End and Dolphin and Olympic (not connected with the athletic club) should be equal offenders against good form and the ethics of amateur sport. There is no rowing at the universities, although Berkeley has ample facilities. The rowing of California has never occupied a very high place in public estimation, and it never will so long as Sunday regattas and Sunday junketing are kept up.

For the same reason the Associated Cycling Clubs of California is doomed to failure. This organization is the child of wounded vanity and bitter disappointment over the unsuccessful effort of its sponsors to obtain permission for Sunday racing from the League of American Wheelmen last spring. Even in California, where Sunday is disregarded more than in any other State in the Union, the new organization has not received either the support or the approval of the best element. The genuine sportsmen of California are as wholesome and as thorough-going as the best; but there is a large contingent of "sporting gentlemen," such, for instance, as we find in the Olympic Club, who have money (and brothers and sisters who are often ashamed of them); these support Sunday bicycle-races, or a dog-fight, or any other form of excitement that may come along on Sunday. This, however, is not the element that gives substantial success to anything. The Sunday bicycling movement, I find, has not been successful. It has had a bit of superficial prosperity, but already that is wearing off, and an ignoble finish is about the only certainty upon which it may depend.

Polo, strangely enough in a country where so many of the young men ride regularly, has not made much headway. The Country Club has a team showing fair form, and in southern California, at Riverside and Los Angeles, are a couple of other teams, made up largely of resident Englishmen. The form is somewhat better, I should say, than Chicago, but not so good as that of Buffalo. Another surprise is furnished by the recent announcement that there will be no horse show this year, owing to the indifference of breeders. Considering California's relation to horse-breeding, that is surprise indeed.

The Bay of San Francisco provides ample and picturesque water for yachting, and there is a considerable fleet of small and medium sized sloops. There is racing, but cruising independently is the more customary commission to which the average yacht is assigned.

There are superabundant facilities for every kind of sport in California (perhaps the best quail and duck shooting in the United States), but several things are needed surely to permit its healthful growth:

(1) An organization that will unify the athletic interests of the Pacific coast and, along wholesome lines, work independently for their development.

(2) A first-class athletic club in San Francisco.

(3) Elevation of the Reliance and other clubs to first class, through the encouragement and development of club material. In other words, a cessation of the policy which depends for its teams on "attaching" experts. This acquiring policy is less necessary in California than in any other State I know.

(4) Absolute prohibition of Sunday games of all sorts.

A Pacific coast organization has already been discussed, and it is not improbable that the best clubs of the coast and the two California universities will shortly join in forming one. The recent agitation on this subject by the clubs expelled from the Pacific coast branch of the A. A. U. has subsided. The plan they put forth was excellent enough; but any plan, however good, would be spoiled by such sponsorship as the Olympic, Acme, and Sacramento athletic clubs. A strictly Pacific coast organization is undoubtedly needed, but not at such hands.

San Francisco, California, *October 6, 1897.*

MR. HANNA IN THE VIEW OF A SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN.

To the Editor of "Harper's Weekly":

As a Southern Republican who, together with other good Republicans, has labored arduously to build up a respectable and vigorous Republican party in his State, I desire to express my most hearty endorsement of what Harper's Weekly, in its last issue, says editorially of Mr. Hanna, viz.: "To treat Hanna as the leader of the campaign for sound money, as the soul as well as the head of a fight for principle, is ludicrous. He is a very ordinary and very vulgar politician of the richest kind, who has more faith in money than in discussion, and in cupidity than in conscience. He is unworthy even of the present Senate."

This is a strikingly forcible and correct pen picture of the man. The Republican party has the very great misfortune to contain three political "bosses" of national notoriety—Messrs. Platt, Quay, and Hanna. The first has just led his party to division and disastrous defeat in New York, and the last seems about doing the same in Ohio, the President's own State. Of these three, unquestionably the most brutal and ostentatiously corrupt in his methods is Mr. Hanna. Mr. Quay and Mr. Platt are refined diplomats in comparison. Republicans at the South, who had fondly hoped to see President McKinley seize the auspicious opportunity afforded by his election and lend his aid and influence in building up a strong and respectable Republican party in our section, feel that we have a special grievance against Mr. Hanna; for he it is who has been chiefly instrumental in thwarting our hopes. He has, in every instance, I believe, used his powerful influence with the President in favor of our petty local "bosses," and of the utterly discredited "old Radical Machines" of Reconstruction notoriety, instead of in favor of the newly formed and vigorous organizations, with strong popular backing, especially among conservative and "sound-money" Democrats. Not since the war, perhaps, has a better opportunity been afforded for establishing and building up a strong, progressive, and respectable Republican party in quite a number of Southern States. The Democrats were hopelessly divided between Populism and "sound-money"; and the latter, constituting the best elements of the old Democratic party, were quite ready to lend a helping hand to a respectable Republican organization in sustaining the financial honor and integrity of the nation, but never to the old mercenary "Radical Machines." But this splendid opportunity has been thrown away by the President, at the instigation of Mr. Hanna. I make no question as to the patriotic motives of the President; but, as a prominent New England Senator told me not long since, I fear he is sometimes so pulled and hauled about by designing politicians that he hardly knows where he stands. Under such circumstances, of course, Southern Republicans, who prefer belonging to a respectable and vigorous organization rather than to a putrid carcass, had no tears to shed in behalf of Mr. Hanna when he was in trouble.

A Southern Republican.

A MUSICAL ASYLUM.

To the charitable institutions which owe their existence to musicians and their wills—as in the instances of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, and many more—is now to be added the new Asylum for Homeless Children, and its "crèche," founded by the late Léo Delibes, the eminent French composer, through the careful observance of his wishes by his widow, Madame Delibes-Denain. The establishment, formally accepted by the municipality of the city of Paris, represents a great boon. It offers, with its endowment, a gift of about forty thousand dollars. The building is a perfectly appointed one in the suburb Clichy-la-Garenne, and it shelters already many of its little pensioners and guests. It is a pleasant thought in hearing "Lakmé" sung, or in being entertained with the liveliness and grace of the ballet "Coppélia," that its composer's name is cut over the door of the "Asile Léo Delibes," and that royalties on the composer's best scores and percentages on their innumerable French performances have kept little Parisians from brutality, vice, disease, and the streets.

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ASSETS.

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Cash on hand and in bank,	1,355,412.83
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,906,610.72
Interest accrued but not due,	227,730.38
Loans on collateral security,	945,400.94
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,106,580.51
Deferred Life Premiums,	299,960.19
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	228,448.75
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,612,616.78
Railroad stocks and bonds,	4,664,205.75
Bank stocks,	1,064,047.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,449,455.00
Total Assets,	$22,868,994.16

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$16,650,062.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,365,817.22
Present value, Instalment Life Policies,	426,288.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	299,066.30
Losses unadjusted,	289,794.94
Life Premiums paid in advance,	25,330.58
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$3,722,635.12
Surplus to Stockholders,	$2,722,635.12

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$91,882,210.00
New Life Insurance written in 1897,	14,507,249.00
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	1,235,585.39
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	13,150,350.57

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1897,	15,611
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	307,990
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	$1,381,906.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	21,210,095.96
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	$2,617,492.20
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	34,360,626.53

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 29, 1898

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SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH has declared that England will insist, even at the risk of a war, that Chinese ports shall remain open to the trade of the world. This is the most vigorous and inspiriting utterance that has come from official Europe since the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE.

MR. TAPPAN ADNEY, HARPER'S WEEKLY'S special correspondent to the Klondike, whose accounts of the perils of the way have been the most graphic that have been published, is probably at Dawson. His journey across the Chilkoot Pass was recently illustrated in the WEEKLY. Since then nothing had been heard from him until a few days ago, when a party that left Dawson about the last of November reported that they had met Mr. ADNEY within four miles of that place.

THERE is pending before Congress a bill to amend the law relating to second-class mail matter by preventing abuses of it. The amendment, if adopted, would save the government $10,000,000 a year, and would make the Post-Office Department self-sustaining. But Congress thus far has refused to pass the act, apparently preferring that the frauds on the law should continue. Instead of saving money by a sacrifice of the beneficiaries of the abuses of the law, the Senate proposes to deprive the large cities of some of their present mail facilities.

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY-OF-THE-NAVY ROOSEVELT is perfectly right in asking for new guns for some of our cruisers. This is not a matter of Jingoism, and should not be so treated. We have no more modern ships and guns than we need for mere purposes of defence. In fact, we have not yet enough. And it would be unpardonable negligence on our part if we should leave on our ships guns that have been rendered obsolete by new inventions. Several of our cruisers are now inferior in effectiveness to foreign cruisers with which they should be at least on even terms, because their batteries are outgrown.

MR. WOLCOTT has made his promised speech in the Senate on his journey in search of international bimetallism, and he has announced his intention of retiring from the commission. Although he professes the hope that an international agreement may be made if the ratio be fixed at 20 to 1, he admits that France will not enter into one without Great Britain, and that Great Britain is hopeless, at least at present. Mr. WOLCOTT is naturally angry at Mr. GAGE on account of his adherence to the gold standard, but that is another bit of evidence to the point that he does not really believe that international bimetallism can be brought about. He did not explain by what authority he undertook to commit the country to an agreement making the ratio 15½ to 1, and he will suffer much torment for his further abandonment of the sacred ratio of 16 to 1 in his intimation that 20 to 1 may possibly be adopted. With our silver thinkers it is 16 to 1 or nothing.

THE reduction of wages of about ten per cent. in the cotton-mills of New England is now general, and in many of the mills the notice of reduction has been followed by a strike. It is clear, however, that under existing laws cotton-spinning cannot long be profitable in New England. The labor cost in the Southern mills is one factor, and the high duties on everything that the spinner must use, except the raw material, upon the price of which the tariff can have no effect, is another factor. It is true that the Southern mills, owing to the fact that they do not make fine goods, are not yet serious competitors of the Northern print-works, but it is evident that with dear fuel and machinery New England is greatly handicapped. The wage account is not of so much importance, for high wages have not generally meant high labor cost either in the cotton-mills or in other industries. It is expected that the cotton manufacturers of the North will soon join the opponents of high protection, and the expectation is likely to be justified.

THERE are no important new developments in the situation in Cuba. The rioting in Havana seems to have been, physically at least, of the most inoffensive character. Nevertheless, the state of mind that induced it is dangerous to the peace of the world. It is inspired by hatred of the United States, and by hostility to the scheme of autonomy, which seems to have turned out a failure. An attack on American citizens in Havana or in Spain is therefore within the range of probabilities, and the government has wisely prepared for any such crisis by having the North Atlantic squadron ready for emergencies. In view of the delicacy of the situation, Jingoism should be impressively silent, but it was characteristic of the Democrats in the House of Representatives to make an effort to secure the insertion of a belligerency resolution in the pending Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill. The effect was distinctly hostile to the interests of the country, besides being a silly and incompetently led attempt to accomplish an impossible object. It was doomed to defeat from the first, and was made regardless of consequences to the country for partisan ends. Again we have to thank Mr. REED'S tyranny for the suppression of fools.

THE strike of the Engineers in England is over, and the men have been defeated. In their defeat is involved that of trade-unionism, for the employers insisted on the right to manage their own business in their own way, and, after a most extraordinary struggle lasting for six months, the men have practically surrendered. Of course this does not mean the end of trade-unionism, by any means. We shall expect, on the contrary, that the next struggle in which the principle of collective bargaining is involved will be all the more bitter for this defeat. In American eyes the failure to reach an agreement is incomprehensible, for the stubbornness of the parties to the dispute has led to serious losses to English trade, and corresponding gains to American and German workshops. English builders have been unable to perform their contracts, and work in the English ship-yards has almost stopped. The strike has been a national calamity, the third party—the public—as usual being the greatest sufferer. One thing the English capitalist, and all capitalists everywhere, should bear in mind. The inevitable tendency of a strike like this is to strengthen the socialistic movement. The working-men will reason that if they cannot bring their employers to terms by negotiation, or even by striking, they will try to accomplish their object by legislation.

CROKER'S Democratic Club in New York city is something more than amusing. We are, indeed, not quite sure whether the boss's determination to play the elegant and fashionable sportsman is altogether an evil, or the subject for jest. If jesting should result in his abandonment of suavity and evening dress, we might regret the return to roughness in affairs, untempered, as it now is, by a certain sudden polish of the paddock and the jockey club. It may be said, indeed, that the Crokerian manner of life at the Democratic Club will entice young men, who might otherwise become virtuous citizens, into the arena and atmosphere of crime; but we doubt if this be so. It would be a very young man indeed, brought up under exceptionally remote and innocent conditions, who would be fooled by the outward appearance of RICHARD CROKER, or PADDY DIVVER, or Dry Dollar SULLIVAN. So far there has been found in New York only one father of respectable antecedents and surroundings who has been willing to appear with his son at the top of the slide, and to expedite his descent by a helping shove. There are, we trust, no other fathers in the city capable of this kind of devil's work, although we recognize the force of what may be said in behalf of this one, that his parental affection is so strong that he cannot get along without his son's society at the bottom. On the whole, we should say that Mr. CROKER'S elegance will harm no one, unless it turn himself and his natural comrades towards hypocrisy—a dangerous form of sin from which they have hitherto been free; while, on the other hand, they may feel called upon to do certain things for the benefit of the city in order to live up to their pretensions. Another pleasant thought is that it may be accepted as a general proposition, that every show of elegance and every substantial attempt for gaining the appearance of virtue will cost some votes to Tammany.

ZOLA is now to be tried for accusing the DREYFUS court martial of perjury. Major ESTERHAZY, whose published treasonable letters seemed to make him deserve condemnation and dismissal from the service, having escaped, the government has begun the prosecution of ZOLA; and the students, who do not reason, but who hate the Jews, have filled the streets of Paris with French rioting, and with French execrations against the man who has demanded justice for the Jew DREYFUS. The secret of the whole trouble is that French justice is administered in secret, and, so far as the public knows the testimony presented against DREYFUS, it ought not to have convicted one accused even of petty larceny. Speaking generally, the testimony on which DREYFUS is suffering the most cruel punishment ever inflicted by a modern government seems to have consisted of the opinions of experts as to the identity of the handwriting on certain pieces of paper found in a scrap-basket. In addition, it has just been avowed, so it is said, that the government came into possession of a copy of a list in the possession of the German embassy of French friends of Germany. This list was procured through the patriotic services of a woman of the town, and it contained the name of DREYFUS, not specifying any particular member of that very large family. A public trial would have given the government's case to the public; and if there was more testimony against DREYFUS, the public would have known it, and the critics of the government would have been silenced. Now the government has no answer to make to ZOLA'S accusations except to try him for his utterances; but it will not do to convict the writer and private citizen as DREYFUS was convicted. It is difficult to understand, however, how a case can be made out against ZOLA without exposing the merits of the DREYFUS case. In any event the affair is becoming quite serious enough to overturn a French government.

THE IMMEDIATE NEED OF CURRENCY LEGISLATION.

THERE is some reason to believe that a currency bill will be passed by the House of Representatives. Whether it or any other measure will pass the Senate is another question, and the country has been informed, through the usual medium of an interview with a Senator, that that intelligent and reasonable body will "turn your currency bill into a free-coinage bill." In other words, it is to be the old story of opposition, obstinate and dull opposition, to the interests and wishes of the country. We felt it in 1893, when the country demanded that the silver-purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act should be repealed. For three months the Senate refused even to take a vote on the question, although all the time there was known to be a clear majority in favor of the repeal. In 1894 the tariff bill was "held up" in the Senate until the sugar trust could get what it wanted.

The time is coming again, apparently, when the press must address itself to this rebellious body, which is now the weak spot in the legislative branch of the government. In the mean time the question at issue is a very practical one, and it deeply concerns the prosperity of the country. Whatever degree of recovery our business interests are now enjoying, whatever revival of trade there has been, whatever increase of foreign commerce, whatever renewal of investments in American securities—all this is due partly to crop conditions that are favorable to this country, and partly to a feeling of confidence, resulting from the election of Mr. MCKINLEY, in the future maintenance of the gold standard, and in the continued payment of the public debt in the coin of commerce. The prosperity that has come to us is yet so little as to make prudent men cautious. The slightest breath of renewed distrust would blight it at once. It is true that our breadstuffs must go abroad so long as Europe needs them, but commerce does not consist of exports, and many of the debtor institutions of the country are at the mercy of foreign investors. And so is the gold in the Treasury. It does not matter how much gold may be brought here by the sale of our breadstuffs abroad; the greenbacks will get it out so long as money may be made by its exportation, or so long as fears may be allayed by its mere possession. If timid capital becomes again doubtful of our ability to maintain the gold standard against the onslaughts of the silver men, we shall be forced to endure another financial crisis, in which fortunes will be wrecked and business interests ruined. Moreover, this later crisis will naturally be more severe than that of 1893, and the disappointment and discouragement that will be caused by it will be greater. As is inevitable in such crises in this country, the farmers, who are more dependent than any other class in the country on the healthfulness

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of our foreign commerce, and on the confidence felt by European capitalists in our monetary system and in the soundness of our financial institutions, will be the greatest sufferers, and will suffer all the more keenly from a reversal of fortune because of their brief glimpses at a better state of things.

The country is face to face with an opportunity. If Congress will seize it and pass a currency bill, even the slight measure urged by Secretary GAGE, we shall probably avoid another disastrous crisis. If, however, no bill is passed, and especially if the Senate carries out the threat to which we have alluded, and turns whatever money bill the House may send to it into a free-silver bill, the business men of the country will next winter be wondering whether the politicians are ever to permit the return of prosperity.

It is certain that the silver issue is to be again the central feature of a national campaign. Congressmen are to be chosen next fall, and in many of the Congressional districts the old questions with which the country rang in 1896 are to be discussed again. It is true that the debate will not be so general as it was when Mr. BRYAN was making his canvass for the Presidency, for the issue will probably not be seriously raised in the East; but free coinage of silver will nevertheless be the theme in most of the States, and in all the States west of the Alleghanies and south of the Potomac. Certainly the debate will be loud enough to penetrate into the banks where the money lies, without the use of which exchange is difficult, and into the dispositions of merchants, whose willingness to take chances and to stake their credit makes trade possible. In view of the coming campaign, and also of the still more important and threatening campaign of 1900, it must seem to prudent men as though a law should be passed making it impossible for a President to change the standard of value, also making it impossible to employ the government's demand paper for the purpose of exhausting the government's gold-supply, and, at the same time, extending the banking facilities to small places where there is need of them, but where they cannot be had under the existing national banking law. Such a law would fortify confidence to such a degree that the ill effect of the silver campaign would be minimized. The mere election of Mr. MCKINLEY was an assurance to the world that the people of the country are opposed to the free coinage of silver and to any debasement of our standard of value. A law embodying the principles outlined would renew that assurance, and would further fortify confidence in the essential soundness of our financial views by proving that, whatever the politicians may say, whatever follies they may commit, whatever signs of rebellion against their masters they may display, in the end they are bound to obey the people.

The difference of opinion in the House, as we understand the situation, concerns different measures. There is the measure suggested by the Monetary Commission, which is the best of all, the measure offered by Secretary GAGE, and a measure prepared by Mr. WALKER, the chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. What is needed in this instance, as in all matters of importance in Congress, is a power, somewhat akin to that exercised by the government in England, to compel a compromise measure that will receive the support of the majority. We believe that there is such a power in the House of Representatives, and while it is a usurped power, it can sometimes act for the good of the country, although it has often acted against the general welfare. It is believed that this power will soon be exerted for currency legislation, and that some bill will be passed by the House of Representatives. The danger is in the Senate. The Senate has declared itself to be in favor of the free coinage of silver, and the advocates of the free coinage of silver are naturally believers in government paper, and opponents of all banks. But it does not follow that a measure cannot be passed even through that body, and that all hope must be abandoned because of the past history of the Senate. The Senate has not debated the money question seriously during the present Congress, and it has not had an opportunity to consider a proposition, such as will be contained in any bill that will come from the House, intended to make money more easily procurable in sections of the country that are now complaining of the lack of it. If the sound-money members of the Senate, irrespective of party, come together, agree upon a measure, and determine that a vote shall be had on the bill, even if to compel the vote the adoption of cloture be necessary, there is a chance that the country will have a reformed currency law before the Congressional elections are upon it. At all events, the effort ought to be made, while there can be no better preparation for the coming Congressional campaign than a thorough debate in the House. The recent vote in the Senate on the TELLER resolution does not definitely determine the Senate's attitude on a moderate currency bill, the resolution simply reciting, as a question of law, that the government has the right to pay its bonds in silver.

OUR NEW MONARCHY.

IT is not a mere jest when people call RICHARD CROKER the king of the city of New York. He holds, indeed, no official position under the law. He exercises no recognized function of government. And yet the municipal authorities of this great city, as at present constituted, are as obsequiously subservient to his will as if he were the most absolute monarch in the world. There is not a municipal officer, not a municipal assembly, not a municipal commission or board, with the sole exception of the school board, that can safely do what he forbids, or not do what he commands. This is so well known that the community has settled down in a sort of resigned recognition of his dictatorship. In discussing the solution of a question of municipal interest or policy, nobody would at present attach any practical importance to the opinion of the intelligence or of the majority of the citizens, but everybody would expect it to be decided by the order of RICHARD CROKER. Not only persons seeking public employment, but substantial men who have business of great private or public consequence in charge, solicit audience with him as the potentate whose will is law.

Feeling his power, and taking himself as a sort of king with great seriousness, he seeks to surround his position with a show of dignity. He has established something akin to a court in a club-house, where Tammany "braves," masquerading as gentlemen in dress-coats and white neck-ties, gather in crowds to pay him their homage. That club is not only to be the social centre of his following, but it is also to attract, by an appearance of respectability, Democrats who have so far not been counted among his subjects. Indeed, it is to serve what may be called the imperial ambition with which his astonishing success in New York city has inspired him—the ambition to extend his rule beyond the boundaries of the city, over the State, and even over the nation. He has already succeeded in assembling around his throne a number of United States Senators, and of members of the Lower House of Congress representing various parts of the country, and it is said to be his plan to make the club which forms his court the council-chamber of the Democracy of the United States, from which the platform of the party is to issue, and in which the nominations for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States are to be determined upon. Thus he hopes to lead the reunited Democratic hosts to success in the next national campaign, and to make himself the dispenser of the spoils of victory—that is, virtually the dictator of the country. Indeed, we hear already sanguine predictions coming from unexpected quarters that this is the way to save the Democratic party from Bryanism, and the country from ruin.

However fanciful such flights of ambition may at present appear, the very extraordinary character of his rise is well calculated to excite in CROKER the most sanguine hopes as to future possibilities. It is a singular evolution. We know of democracies that succumbed to the "man on horseback" who in times of civil commotion appeared as the "savior of society," or to the military hero whose deeds in war fascinated the popular imagination, or to statesmanlike genius serving the people in a manner that made its authority irresistible, or to combinations of individuals powerful by wealth or social connections. But CROKER does not belong to any of these categories. He is not even an exceptionally clever demagogue gifted with artful speech, or captivating manners, or a "magnetic" personality. No kind of prestige surrounded his name when he won his present position—not even that of courageous devotion to his friends; for when, three years ago, a storm of popular feeling arose against the organization of which he was the head, he ran away and left his friends to their defeat. And yet when more favorable chances for him appeared, he came back from Europe, like NAPOLEON returning from Elba, and his former following fell instantly into line under his command.

His astonishing recent success will be made more intelligible by an analysis of the forces with which he achieved it. Tammany Hall, as is well known, has, while pretending to represent a political party, been substantially only an organization of politicians seeking to control the municipal government of New York for their personal profit at the public expense. The explosions of popular exasperation called forth from time to time by its corrupt and oppressive practices occasionally defeated but never succeeded in destroying its organization of mercenaries. When out of power it lay in wait for new opportunities. So CROKER found it last autumn. The Tammany forces were unbroken and hungry. They stood under the banner of the "regular" Democracy—a banner which, even in such hands, had always attracted a considerable number of men blindly inclined to follow the party drum, but which proved now especially attractive on account of dissatisfactions created by the conduct of the Republican party in power. Tammany was also favored by a strong body of voters who were irritated by an illiberal enforcement of the excise laws; by many persons who thought themselves aggrieved by this or that reform measure, such as the removal of the trucks from the streets; by various private persons who expected from Tammany a relaxation of legal restraints in the pursuit of their business; by wealthy corporations which, on the one hand, feared Tammany's wrath, and on the other saw in Tammany government a chance for profitable deals; and finally, by Republican politicians who preferred the victory of Tammany to that of anybody opposed to machine rule.

To marshal such forces and to turn to account such opportunities undoubtedly required certain abilities—that power of will which will keep a band of mercenaries in discipline and overawe rivals; that courage which will sweep along the timid and irresolute; and skill in striking profitable bargains, in winning the credulous with vague promises, in organizing vulgar agitation, and in using money with effect. That he possessed these qualifications in a higher degree than any of his associates gave CROKER the obedient confidence of his following and made him what he is. They are, indeed, a good equipment for an autocrat of Tammany Hall. But when his ambition overleaps the boundaries of his present kingdom and reaches out for the State and the nation, he will find the very character of his Tammany kingship a most dangerous obstacle in his way. Tammany Hall bears the worst possible reputation in the country—so bad, indeed, that in several Democratic national conventions its delegation has been treated with demonstrative contempt. Whatever comes from Tammany Hall appears tainted. Whenever the Tammany king strives for power outside of his home dominion, he is met by an instinctive popular repugnance, even among the masses of the party which he calls his own.

Whether CROKER himself sees this or not, it is said that he means to make his government respectable. But in this he will surely fail, for good government is incompatible with the essential conditions of existence of Tammany Hall. It is true, admonished by TWEED's fate, the Tammany chiefs have become experts in the art of getting rich by the use of political power without directly stealing from the public treasury. The secret blackmailing of corporations and of rich men, and the unscrupulous exploitation of the vast business opportunities afforded by the city government, may yield even larger profits without immediate danger of public scandal. But it is in the nature of Tammany government that not only the chiefs are to get rich, but that the lower orders of the Tammany mercenaries are to have their share of the cakes and ale too; and unless in due time they receive it, there will be revolt in the camp. They will of necessity demand and also obtain it, and then the old carnival of rapacity, extortion, and oppression by the minor agents of Tammany government, which made the world stare when revealed by the last investigation, will soon be in full bloom again. And it will not require any official inquiry to reveal it this time, for Tammany government will now be under keener observation than ever before. Thus the true character of the CROKER monarchy will appear in clear light before the whole people, and all its sham respectability will vanish, in spite of dress-coat and white neck-tie, and in spite also of any good intentions, if such should really exist. And after that the reaction.

This will inevitably come before long. And this contingency cannot be contemplated too seriously by the amiable and well-meaning Democrats, who, it seems, are already persuading themselves that from the shadow of King CROKER'S throne may issue the beneficent counsels and influences which are to reunite the distracted Democracy of the country on a platform of acceptable compromise and lead it to victory. If they are wise they will most carefully avoid all contact with this incurable rottenness.

CARL SCHURZ.

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S. C. ROSE AS *BEATRICE, QUEEN OF THE BALLET*, THE LEADING FEMALE PART.
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W. S. HAWKINS AS *JACK HARWICKE*, THE LEADING VOCAL PART.
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SOLDIERS AS ACTORS.

THE FORTH-COMING PRODUCTION OF "THE QUEEN OF THE BALLET," BY THE BOSTON CADETS.

ONE of the highest social functions during the gay season in Boston is the annual appearance on the stage of the First Corps of Cadets—commonly known as the Governor's Bodyguard—when a week's performance is given in aid of the armory building-fund of the corps. This military organization is, as is well known, similar in make-up to the famous New York Seventh. Its members take pride in everything that pertains to the corps, and this spirit is shown in drill, uniform, camp, and armory.

On the shores of the beautiful town of Hingham, overlooking Massachusetts Bay, they have their own camp-ground, splendidly appointed, and maintained at their own expense. To erect an armory in keeping with the high standing of the corps and with its previously acquired camp-ground is an object which, for ten years or more, every member of the body has struggled to accomplish. The allowance made by the State for a drill-hall was so meagre that the accommodations thus secured were far from satisfactory. The corps set about to secure an armory of its own, to be paid for by its own efforts, and to be of a character that should reflect credit upon its owners and the commonwealth. As a result of this endeavor, a handsome structure of granite, wisely planned and beautifully appointed, to-day stands on Columbus Avenue, in the heart of the city, a monument to patriotism and perseverance. It is designed like a bastion fort, and would be a veritable fortress in case of a riot, as the arrangements for water-supply, interior fittings, etc., would enable its occupants to withstand a long siege.

The money for the erection and furnishing of this building came to the corps not by bequest or solicitation, but, as some one has cleverly expressed it, "the armory was danced and sung into being by the corps itself." A nucleus for the building-fund was secured by giving several small entertainments previous to 1890. In that year a burlesque, entitled "Injured Innocents," was written especially for the Cadets by Mr. Robert A. Barnet, with music by Mr. Carl Pflueger. The costumes, properties, and scenery were of the best. The play was produced at the fashionable Tremont Theatre for one week, and every male and female part was sustained by a member of the corps. The event was an instant success, netting $10,000 for the fund. Since that time Mr. Barnet has written five other plays especially for the Cadets, and each of these has had a week's performance at the Tremont Theatre during the height of the season, the attendance exceeding all records of professional productions as to the number of spectators for a single performance, as well as for the week's engagement and for the gross receipts at that theatre, where Irving and Bernhardt have played to great houses. A net profit of nearly $120,000 has already been secured from the production of these plays, which lasted only one week each—"1492," in 1892, netting $20,000; "Tabasco," in 1894, $18,000; "Excelsior, Jr.," in 1895, $22,000; "Jack and the Bean-stalk," in 1896, $23,000; and "Simple Simon," in 1897, $25,000. With one exception, all of these plays, originally written for the Cadets, have since been produced by professional organizations.



MESSRS. GORE, WILLIAMS, POTTER, AND YOUNG AS THE *JOLLITY THEATRE BALLET*.
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A cast of over one hundred members of the corps has been the rule, and, of these, one-half assume female parts, with a grace and make-up that are astonishing. The most careful drilling of the principals, chorus, and ballet is given by a skilful stage-manager, musical director, and ballet-master, and rehearsals lasting three months are faithfully attended by every member in the effort to make it a finished production. The costumes are of the most elaborate description—those of the female characters especially so—and the scenery is gorgeous. A seventh play by Mr. Barnet—this time a musical comedy, entitled "Queen of the Ballet," the musical compositions being by Mr. E. W. Corliss, of Providence, and Mr. George Lowell Tracy and "Alfred Norman" of Boston—is now in rehearsal, and will be given in the Tremont Theatre during the week of February 7. With the proceeds of this the Cadets hope to be able to finish the interior of the armory. The auction sales of seats which have already taken place indicate that the military, business, and fashionable circles of the Hub will rally to the support of "The pride of Massachusetts's citizen soldiery," and make the profits—above the cost of the play, costumes, scenery, rental of theatre, and countless other outlays—greater than those of any in the history of the Cadets' stage efforts.

ALFRED T. WAITE.



B. P. CHENEY AS *HUNGRY JIM*, THE LEADING COMEDIAN.
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THE FOURTH ANNUAL SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

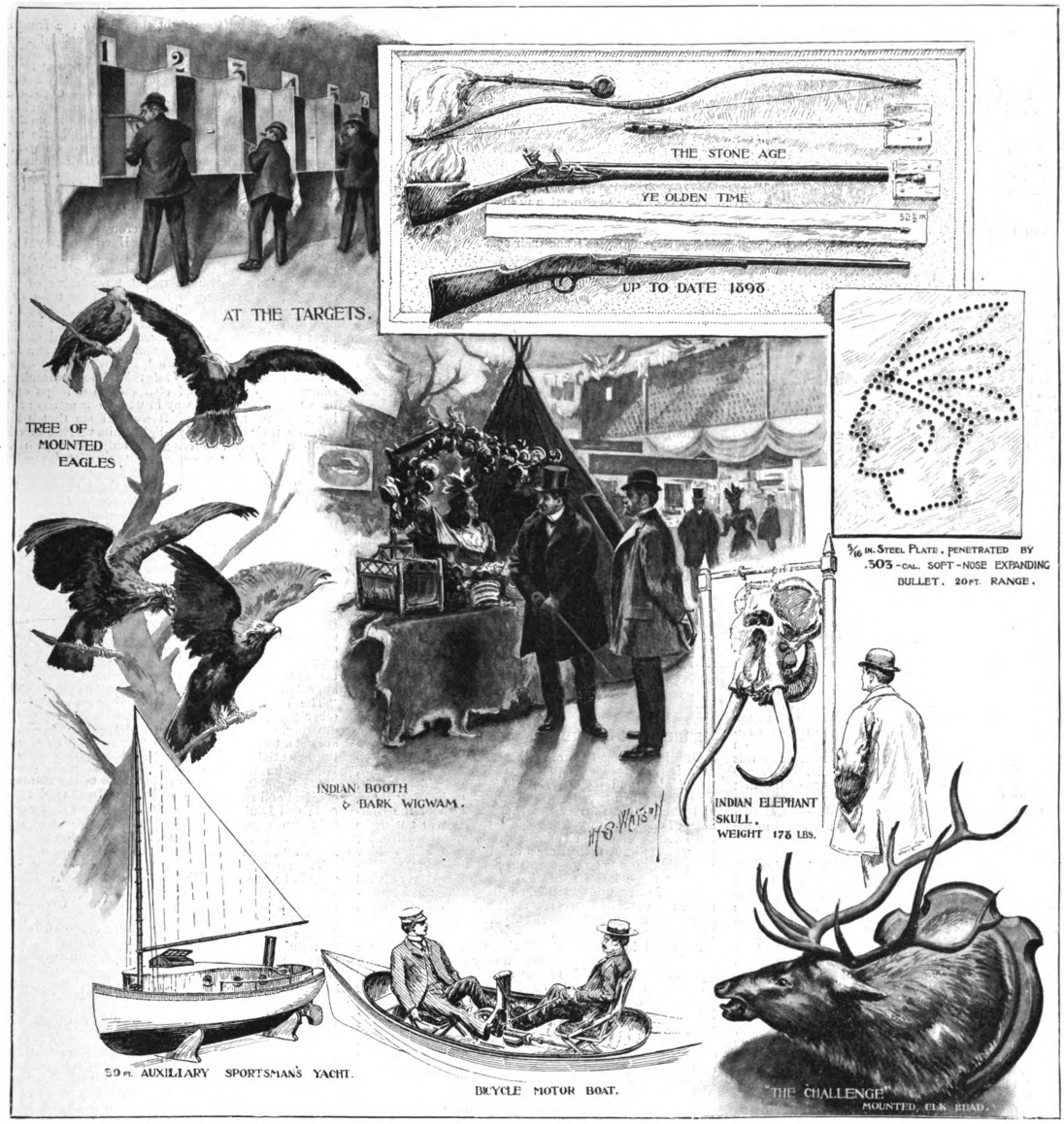
THE Sportsmen's Exposition appears to have justified itself as one of those annual exhibitions which may be expected to put in an appearance in future with as much regularity as the Horse Show, the Dog Show, and the rest of the accredited periodic functions at the Madison Square Garden. Needless to say this newer arrival cannot compete with some of the others in popularity; yet the attendance, if not phenomenal, is large, and encouragingly larger each year. And there is this added item of assurance—that it is based upon a real interest in the manner of thing that goes to make up the exposition, and not upon a caprice of fashion, which so largely determines the popularity of the Horse Show. People who go to the present exposition go because they are interested in some form of sport, and the number in evidence is one of many encouraging signs that our people are more and more appreciating the value of recreation.

It goes quite without the saying that the Sportsmen's Exposition this year is not free from that rather distressing insistence of the commercial spirit which has been mildly deprecated in these columns in connection with the previous meetings. Indeed, the aroma of professionalism is rather more pronounced than at the earlier meetings, as the exhibition of college trophies, which gave a pronounced amateur flavor in former years, has been quite withheld. The omission, whatever the cause, is rather to be regretted. But, aside from this comment, it is quite useless to inveigh against the professional aspects of the show, because it is apparent on the slightest reflection that without these aspects the show could not exist at all. Purely amateur sportsmen are no more altruistic than the rest of humanity, and if it rested with them alone to give the time and money necessarily expended on such an undertaking, there would be no sportsmen's exposition. As the case stands, it may frankly be admitted that the



W. J. TOPPAN AS A *BANK-DIRECTOR*.
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AT THE FOURTH ANNUAL SPORTSMEN'S EXHIBITION, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Henry S. Watson.

main part of the show is made up of the exhibits of dealers in various kinds of sporting goods—ranging from steam-launches to bicycles, and from guns to golf-sticks—who make attractive exhibits for purely advertising purposes. But it must also be admitted that the exhibits thus made *are* attractive, and that their aggregation under one roof gives the sportsman an opportunity to learn what is the latest thing in the lines that interest him with a minimized expenditure of time and money. This in itself justifies the exhibition. But, aside from this, there are contests among amateurs in various lines of sport that add novelty and interest to the exhibition—bowling, billiards, rifle-shooting, and, in particular, fly-casting. The expert use of a bamboo rod is something that probably the majority of visitors here never before witnessed, and the expressions of surprise to be overheard indicate that many, at least, are astonished at the facility with which the accomplished fisherman manipulates the delicate instrument. "There's nothing to beat 'em but a Western stage-driver," I overheard one delighted observer remark.

In the nature of the case, one of these annual exhibitions is very like another, since the resources are pretty thoroughly exhausted at the very beginning. Nevertheless there are some gratifying evidences of improvement this year. One who attended the earlier exhibits cannot fail to observe, for example, a very marked improvement in the average quality of the taxidermists' work. Taxidermy has risen within the past few years almost to the rank of a fine art, whereas prior to that, as usually practised, it was the most inartistic of trades. The specimens shown at the Sportsmen's exposition three years ago were, many of them, of the old regrettable type, making the observer sure of only one thing about the animal, namely, that it was very, very dead. But in the present show, while there are a few of the old-time specimens painfully in evidence, the general average is high, and some specimens are excellent. The specimens shown include moose, caribou, musk-ox, antelope, and various deer among the game animals, but there is a surprising paucity of game birds. It would be an interesting innovation if, in a future exposition, the management would provide a complete series of well-mounted specimens of all the game animals and game birds of America, collected into one group, classified, and, above all, labelled with their proper as well as their various colloquial names. Not one sportsman in a hundred knows the correct names of all the birds he kills in a season's hunting; comparatively few are sure of the true inwardness of the puzzling tangle involved in the nomenclature of such familiar forms as "quail," "partridge," "pheasant," and "grouse," to go no further. So an exhibit of all the game creatures of the continent, properly labelled, would have not only general interest, but distinct educational value.

Something along this line is accomplished in the case of the game fishes by the exhibition of the original paintings of fishes for the illustration of ex-Fish Commissioner Harris's book on the subject. These paintings were made at the water's edge, and reproduce the colors and forms of the various subjects with the utmost fidelity, so that no fisherman is for a moment in doubt as to the fish depicted. But more than one fisherman has been puzzled in looking at the labels beneath the pictures, to find that a familiar friend is posing under a quite unfamiliar cognomen. The fisherman from the Middle West, for example, will see a fine specimen of a spotted fish which he has never heard called anything but "pickerel," but which the label assures him is a pike; while near by is the fish he has called "pike," strangely labelled pickerel. The labels are right, of course, and the result of their perusal, if at first confusing, must in the end be salutary.

While trophies of the chase and the deadly weapons with which they were secured are so much in evidence, there is one corner of the Garden in which a most interesting exhibition is given of the results of a form of sport of a more advanced, and, one must admit, a more civilized character. These are the photographs of living animals and birds taken in the field, mainly in Idaho and other portions of the far West, by Messrs. W. E. Carlin and W. H. Wright, and in Pennsylvania by Mr. Shiras. Deer, wild-cats, rabbits, squirrels, a weasel, and hawks, ducks, grouse, and many smaller birds are among the wild subjects which these indefatigable hunters with the camera have made the unharmed subjects of their prowess. All in all, this photographic exhibit is the most interesting, as it is the most novel, part of the entire exposition.

Henry Smith Williams.

MUSIC.

With a friendly and sustained popular interest, and a most satisfactory showing of society's regard for its box privileges, the opera season of the Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis has well begun, though passing only its second performance as this paragraph recording it is written. The repertory announced up to this week's close is, however, only "La Traviata," "Tannhäuser," "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Aïda," and "The Barber of Seville." But short comment is called for on these familiar works at present in hand; and certain artists new to New York do not come forward in time for present discussion. Madame Melba sang magnificently on Monday night. Verdi's sensuous music (in which, however, the throb of sincere and artful dramatic eloquence can often be discerned) suits thoroughly the finest lyric soprano of the day. Of Madame Melba's resolute effort to accomplish in the leading rôle a further stage of her evolution into an emotional actress enough was said here, when she essayed it last year, to express interest and sympathy. The resolve carries Madame Melba much further than any one would have supposed possible a few seasons ago; but it never can

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overcome her limitations of temperament and physique. Mr. Salignac is lyrically not a good *Alfredo;* Mr. Campanari as *Germont* was acceptable. The chorus was of average competency, and the orchestra excellent, under Mr. Bimboni's bâton. The mounting and costuming were the acme of the tawdry, tasteless, and ridiculous. When will a manager here restore to Verdi's setting of "The Lady of the Camellias" its correct dresses, male and female, or at least commonplace and contemporary ones? What a capital chance have Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis neglected to do what managers abroad are doing—to rehabilitate a long-suffering piece! The tawdry laced velvet breeches, and Nottingham jabots, and dateless, countryless garments of the other evening would have made a Zulu chief stare. On Friday evening Madame Gadski—certainly not second in the management's strong trio of women singers of the best rank—was announced to sing one of her best rôles, *Elizabeth*, with the support of Mr. Kraus in the title part. The cast was further an obviously strong one, with Madame Barna (a débutante of mark), Madame Mattfeld, and the Messrs. Bispham, Fischer, Staudigl, Van Hoose, Rains, and Schein. The result was an exceptionally fine representation of an opera which has received memorable ones in plenty here—in fact, one of the finest "Tannhäuser" nights recorded in local annals. It was not only a representation with star work of the best sort by the principals. Its ensemble quality was admirably sustained, first and last. The chorus was not the least to be commended. Mr. Damrosch conducted, and the orchestra the evening through was surpassingly attentive, expressive, and eloquent in its work. The Parisian version of the opera was not used—one regrets to say. But perhaps in time Mr. Damrosch will cleave to that partition with its much more effectively written first act. The audience crowded the house, and was enthusiastic without stint from overture to final curtain.

The programmes of the fifth and sixth Astoria subscription concerts merit record as sustaining the high musical characteristics of that interesting and valuable series. The bill for the fifth one presented the prelude to "The Mastersingers," the lyrical rhapsody "Farewell to Summer," from the late Goring Thomas's cantata "The Swan and the Skylark," one of the most dexterous and delicately beautiful works of its class; the "Siegfried Idyl"; the "Forest Scenes," arranged from Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel"; an air from Gounod's "Mireille"; and Mr. Seidl's masterly orchestral arrangement of Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody." At this concert Madame Lillian Blauvelt and Mr. Evan Williams were soloists. At the sixth concert, Tschaikovsky's Sixth Symphony (the "Pathétique" one), the "Good-Friday Spell," music from "Parsifal," Grieg's "Solveig's Song," as an orchestral number, and several songs sung by Mrs. Henschel made up an admirable programme. The manager of the concerts announced an additional set of them, to be exclusively on afternoons—probably on Thursdays in March. For this group of matinées the prices of tickets will not advance on the rate normal to our orchestral concerts of the first class. A magnificent concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Thursday, with Madame Nordica as the soloist, and the Kneisel Quartet's concert occurred also in the week, one crowded with music.

It is fitting that the Astoria Hotel, with its climactic luxury and its dignity in what is the modern inn, should begin its first season with a peculiar share in the city's musical entertainment—one most special and alluring. The fortunes of the family whose name it bears are immediately founded on music. For was it not in or about 1783 that John Jacob Astor, a youthful and enterprising German, sailed from Southampton to New York with a small but carefully selected consignment of musical instruments? And was he not to dispose of these as agent for the already famous London manufacturers Broadwood & Astor? In the possession of the writer of this article is a piano-forte, exquisitely a type of the instrument of its day, and still exquisitely musical, that bears the name and date of its Astor manufacturing, and bore it in a fresh consignment across the sea. From such a modest but interesting musical path for making headway in the New World—especially interesting, too, to review in view of its relation to conditions of our early social life—the young man passed on to wider and different enterprises, and so to the vast undertakings which made the Astor name historical in the United States.

Mr. Franz Rummel, a pianist much identified with the American concert seasons during a dozen years, in spite of occasional long absences in Europe, has returned to this country, and with Siloti and Hoffman will be heard as the season passes its first half. According to a table of them, Mr. Rummel's professional statistics are interesting. He has played in 660 concerts in 154 cities and towns of 14 different countries; his programmes have contained 326 works by 61 composers; of the works, 153 were originally written for piano-forte solo, 59 were chamber compositions, 27 with orchestra, and 24 transcriptions. He has played this large repertory exclusively from a memory that has almost the inexhaustible tenacity of that of Hans von Bülow.

At its recent third brace of the season's concerts the Philharmonic Society presented Siegfried Wagner to us in the light of a composer. "Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin!" comes to mind in recording this amiable but unfortunately unnecessary musical incident. The symphonic poem "Sehnsucht," by young Mr. Wagner, sets out to express various ideas, abstract or other, according to Schiller's poem. It is a richly written, and, generally speaking, it is a well-written work, of considerable length. It hints of the Lisztian model and diction, rather than of Wagnerian suggestiveness. Occasionally there is an odd lapse toward Mendelssohn's simpler and more direct musical speech, even so far as to make open reference to a familiar passage in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" music. The composition, however, has nothing to say worth saying, either with as much technical finish and occasional freedom of instrumental utterance as it shows, or with a great deal less. The themes are not eloquent; and, in short, nothing in the piece goes beyond the department of that improved *Kapellmeister-Musik* which furnishes German concerts just now with their home-made novelties.

Next to having one's memory haunted by a musical phrase, turning up persistently even when we are half conscious of its insidious presence, comes having a musical phrase spoiled by a verbal association that sticks to it and caricatures it, or does worse. Mr. Emil Liebling, in an article in *Music*, awhile ago, suggested to those who play Mendelssohn's "Rondo Cappriccioso" that the brisk figure early occurring in it says, "Nico-*de*-mus! Nico-*de*-mus! Nico-*de*-mus!" and so on *ad lib.* Mr. Liebling also unkindly mentioned that to the opening measures of Liszt's charming "Lorelei" song a geographical text may be set —"Maine, Orin-*o*-co, Vermont, Vermont!" Such unnecessary musical eloquence lurks everywhere either to the light-minded or serious auditor with a memory. Out of Brahms's piano-forte concerto in B flat may be recalled a theme that can irresistibly suggest "Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Whether the synthetic method of artistic education needs to take heed of these interesting coincidences or not is a question. But, as it is a poor rule that will not work at least two ways, might not our news companies teach their agents to cry their wares "most musical and up and down"—ever in Wagnerian motives and other precious melodic material? Fancy the æsthetic satisfaction, the missionary work, for all, that would come in hearing the lusty-lunged seller of periodicals employ the familiar theme in Lohengrin warning Elsa against asking questions of her champion as vehicle for "*The North Ameri-can Review!*" "*The Cosmopoli-tan* for May!" In like manner would the Valkyr-cry sort with "Ha-arper's Week-ly! Ha-arper's Monthly!" and the opening notes of Tristan's motif accord with "All the pa-pers—all the pa-pers!" Possibly we may yet live to hear this happy advance in practical æsthetics.

Along with some recent German interest and German criticism as to affairs Wagnerian have come to publication more of the confessions and reminiscences of Frederic Nietzsche, sometime the composer's friend, if not prophet, but who finally numbered Wagner among the Decadents. For the first time Nietzsche seems to have set forth the circumstances of his falling off from apostleship to apostasy. "It was at the time of the first Baireuth Festival, in 1876," wrote Nietzsche, "that I took farewell of Wagner, in the full height of his first *Festspiele*. I cannot endure equivocation; and since Wagner had returned to Germany he stooped to all that I despise—even to antisemitism. In a word, it was high time for me to break off from him. I had the proof. Wagner, while apparently a great conqueror, was in reality a desperate and decrepit Decadent, suddenly sinking into one irremediably annihilated." Nietzsche, it will be remembered, still lives, but is incurably insane and under restraint.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

One interesting feature of the exhibitions at Philadelphia is that good examples of many men of widely different aims and methods are here found side by side. The visitor has therefore a chance of comparing them, and obtaining a fairly comprehensive idea of the character of contemporary American art. He will not make the mistake of considering the summary exhaustive, for many well-known men are unrepresented, others show work that does not represent them at their best, and especially there is no indication here of that very vital branch of art, mural painting. Still, within these limitations, the exhibition records most attractively the work of a great number of American painters, resident in the United States and Europe.

As usual in American galleries, the portraits play a very important part. The reason may be that our conditions are not favorable to that atmosphere in which the imagination works freely, or simply the fact that there is a greater demand for this kind of picture. But certain it is that they afford peculiar scope for those qualities in which our painters excel—sureness of observation and virility of expression. And, since many painters are indefatigable in their efforts to add to the particular value of the portrait the more universal charm of a picture, their work often stimulates the imagination and emotions.

For example, George de Forest Brush's "Mother and Child" is beautiful either as a portrait or as a picture. One need not know the mother and the little one in her arms, or the older child peeping through the shade of the background, to judge of the excellence of the picture. In the complete serenity of the woman's face, the dimpled innocence of one child's and the healthy earnestness of the other's, still more in the tranquil balance of the full and empty spaces of the picture and the rich and sober harmony of color into the depths of which the eye can penetrate, the painter, in his own language, tells a gracious story of motherhood and child-life. Near it is another child-study, J. J. Shannon's "Miss Kitty," which won the first Carnegie prize at Pittsburg—a sweet-faced girl, with quiet earnest eyes, clad in a riding-habit and large velvet hat and feathers, the color velvety and subdued, and melting tenderly into the dark background. Then there are the "Three Children" and "Child Sewing," by Frank W. Benson, painted with remarkable virility and certainty of effect, and yet in their sentiment as tender as possible. John Lambert, Jr., also has a charming child picture in "Dorothy Harrison."

Of other notable portraits there are many. John S. Sargent is represented by Senator Lodge, exhibited last spring at the "Society," with splendidly expressive hands, and a slight slouch in the body that excellently indicates the man of action holding himself in reserve, but with a face that is not painted in this artist's best manner. There are many examples of Miss Cecilia Beaux's clever and gracious portraits, and several of William M. Chase's, to which the same epithets may be applied, though he does occasionally, as in the case of "Dieudonnée," sacrifice the beauty of truth in flesh-color to the abstract beauty of his color conception. Then there is the Dr. Rainsford of Alfred Q. Collins, in which the painter has represented with remarkable directness the straightforward character of his subject; the sensitively tender "Violinist" of William Lockwood; and two brilliantly audacious portraits by Howard G. Cushing.

Among the pictures which represent land and sky and water, James McNeil Whistler's "Symphony in Violet and Blue," for all its smallness, may be mentioned first, as the most independent utterance of a painter's language, saying what was to be said in the most abstract way, by pure color. J. H. Twachtman exhibits five landscapes of exquisite subtlety of color and tenderness of feeling; William M. Chase, a "Coming Storm," where the wind from a turbulent sky passes right through to the front of the scene; William A. Coffin, a firm and solid foreground against a sky that trembles in the growing light; and Herman Dudley Murphy, a little "Moonrise in Holland," in which the horizon is very low, and the sky above it is full of mystery. In the "House of the Coast-Guard" Edward F. Rook shows the gleam of moonlight upon white walls, securing an effect of enchantment from very prosaic realities, and William T. Richards sends a splendid picture of wide full-lighted sky and sea, "Off Sark." The mystery of the midnight sun in Norway and the stillness of mountains and smooth water are the theme of Humphreys Johnston, rich golden foliage and a sultry sky in the "October" of Colin C. Cooper, while a sadder note is struck in Frank de Haven's "First Tinge of Autumn." Among the numerous contributions of the brothers Alexander and Birge Harrison may be mentioned especially the former's "River Scene," so pearly in its coloring and tranquil, and the other's "Road Near Santa Barbara," with its truthful rendering of glaring sunlight. It is sunlight again, but this time of New England, that softly and hazily illumines J. Alden Weir's beautiful "Mid-day Rest in New England," misty sunlight that bathes the snow scene in Leonard Ochtman's "Morning Light," and once more full strong sun in Robert Reid's "Flying Shadows."

Selecting a few pictures like this, almost at random, and summing up their chief characteristics, helps one perhaps to understand the way in which our artists are striving to represent nature. It would seem that it is light which is their chief study—light in its various moods and subtle differences, affecting not only the appearance of the landscape, but the mind of the artist himself. He accepts the conformation of land and water as he accepts himself and his fellows: they are the concrete things. The *magic* of nature is this wonderful, ever-changing light—of morning, noon, and night—endlessly modified by the dryness or moisture of the atmosphere; light which is to nature something what the spirit is to flesh. The more we follow our painters in this direction, the better we appreciate that their labors are not in vain.

Of the figure compositions, other than portraits, John W. Alexander's "Pot of Basil" is a good example of how a picture may be founded upon a poem, and yet not depend upon it for interest, deriving its charm independently from the beauty of its coloring and the eloquence of its lines and masses. "The Musicians" of Frank Brangwyn illustrates this English artist's effort to make his pictures pieces of rich embroidery bordered by a frame. It appeals first as a fine decoration. Miss Mary Cassatt's "The Toilette," of which a reproduction appears on another page, has much beauty of color and strength of drawing, but most of us will feel that the types of face are not attractive, and that the treatment of the child loses the essential charm of childhood—tenderness. George Hitchcock sends from Holland "Ariadne" and "The Annunciation," in which he has embodied respectively the classical and the religious idea in a modern Dutch peasant girl; and Louis Kronberg exhibits "The Lotus," a graceful figure, suggesting much of the mystery and beauty of ancient Egypt. Elihu Vedder is represented by his well-known "Diana"—lent by Mr. Frank Thomson.

The most notable pieces of sculpture are three statuettes in bronze by Frederick Macmonnies, of which many will prefer the "Running Cupid," instinct with movement and buoyant grace; Charles Grafly's "Symbol of Life"; eight bronzes by Paul W. Bartlett, lent by Mr. S. P. Avery; and F. Edwin Elwell's "The Orchid." The last, reproduced on another page, is a very interesting attempt to personify the elegance, delicacy, spirituality, one may almost say the coquetry, of the flower.

THE SECESSION FROM THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Protestantism seems bound to end in sectarianism. Ten painters have recently formed a separate group, after resigning from the Society of American Artists, which itself originated in a secession from the National Academy of Design. The subject has been fully discussed from two points of view—that of the Society and that of the seceders. But there is a third which has been overlooked—that of the laymen.

There is a narrow school of painters and writers who regard these same laymen as not only ignorant of painting, but incapable of acquiring an understanding. It is admitted that in the more abstruse art of music there is an increasing number who can acquire an intelligent and even a deep appreciation, but asserted that in the case of painting it is impossible. If it were so, the painters would indeed be a little group of selfish voluptuaries, whose sole aim would be their own pleasure, and who, compared with the other workers of the world, would be like children playing on the sands.

But the number of laymen is increasing who are conscious of appreciating the painters' language of line and form and color. They are a body whom the majority of painters are eager to welcome. To these laymen the secession is just one more exasperating cleavage in the already divided ranks of painters, which will reduce still further the number of interesting pictures at any one exhibition, and will necessitate filling the gaps with what should be rejected. The laymen's way of looking things in the face, instead of through a medium of sentiment, makes them doubt whether this new group has any serious *raison d'être*. It seems to stand for no clear principle. Its members seem homogeneous neither in purpose nor method. Dissatisfaction with the society would appear to be the cord which temporarily unites them. So far as one can discover, they feel that their pictures suffered by contact with others, and that a taint of commercialism has entered into the society.

To laymen, however, it seems that good work need not be isolated to hold its own; that isolation is inconsistent with the proposal to hold any exhibition at all; and that, unless these artists are independent of financial considerations, a certain commercialism is inevitable. So they cannot help deploring a step which will lessen the interest of the established exhibitions, will confuse the seekers after light and harden the hearts of the philistines, and, while not of itself lifting the secessionists to a higher plane, may seriously impede the interests of the society they have left.

Charles H. Caffin.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

IT is recorded, and the record seems veracious, that the order of the Barons of Runnymede was organized on January 8, at the house of a Cadwallader of Philadelphia. Persons are eligible for membership who can establish an unbroken line of descent from a thirteenth-century nobleman who helped to wring the Great Charter from King John. Among the names of persons claimed as founders of this society are Bulkeley of Hartford, Lee and Cadwallader of Philadelphia, Whitney of New Haven, Winston and Marsh of Chicago, Betts, Green, Earle, Bleeker, Parsons, Pomeroy, Schieffelin, Richardson, and Riker of New York, and a dozen others. They are respectable names carrying an implication of solvency, if nothing more. But what a queer society, and what a curious state of mind in an American the desire to organize such an association and be on its roll and wear its badge implies! Perhaps it is the expression of a desire to have roots which is a natural reaction from the individualism of the American civilization. The popular sentiment in this country is that a man stands for what, personally, he is, and for the money that he has inherited or got together. It may be that we ought not to deride persons who wish to be somewhat more representative than that, and who feel the need of having something under them that is less liable to sudden removal than their own strong boxes, and something back of them a little stiffer and more durable than their own backbones. The desire to represent something is lawful and wholesome, but, dear, dear! it is such a far cry back to Runnymede! The descent from Adam is more democratic and only a little more remote. Why not stick to that?

Mr. William Coolidge Lane, the new Harvard librarian, is a Harvard graduate of the class of 1881, who passed, immediately after graduation, into the service of the Harvard library. In 1887, after six years' work, he was made assistant librarian, and kept that place until 1893, when he resigned to become librarian of the Boston Athenæum. Twelve years of service in the Harvard library must have made him thoroughly familiar with the work of his new place, and must have made the Harvard authorities equally familiar with his qualifications. He has been secretary of the publishing section of the American Library Association ever since it was started in 1886, and has helped to publish a number of important lists and indexes of great bibliographical usefulness and value. He has also been president of the Massachusetts Library Club, secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and librarian of the Dante Society since its formation in 1888.

Another librarian of distinction in his profession who has lately moved is Mr. John Cotton Dana, who on January 12 resigned the place of librarian of the Denver Public Library to take charge of the City Library of Springfield, Massachusetts. Springfield is not so big a town as Denver, but it has a stronger library, so that the change means promotion for Mr. Dana. He has been president of the American Library Association, to the work of which, as above stated, Mr. Lane has been so diligent a contributor. Mr. Dana's work in Denver, and in Colorado generally, in promoting the use of books, the formation of libraries, and the spread of knowledge in many ways has been warmly appreciated, and his departure excites the *Colorado School Journal and Book Leaf* to lament the new illustration of "a truth we recognize so often in Colorado, that a man of unusual ability can't afford to stay here after Eastern people know about him." Denver is a very rich city, with a population of 106,000. It ought not to let Springfield, with a population of 44,000, take a valuable man away from it. But as the *School Journal* says, Springfield is a better library city, and the centre of a population of 100,000 or more.

On January 14, in England, died the Rev. Dr. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, known to the learned as an Oxford lecturer on mathematics and the author of a number of mathematical works, and to the curious as "Lewis Carroll," who wrote *Alice in Wonderland*. Not one person in twenty who have delighted in "Lewis Carroll's" nonsense stories could have told the author's real name. The fame and popularity of these books have been enormous; but though Dr. Dodgson's responsibility for them ceased long ago to be a secret, he managed somehow to avoid most of the publicity which successful authorship usually involves. Perhaps the reason of his success in that direction was his sincere desire to let his nonsense books take care of themselves and to avoid being associated with them. The New York *Tribune*, in a notice of him, says:

> Dr. Dodgson was a man of retiring habits, almost beyond belief. He had a horror of meeting strangers, of publicity, and of allowing himself to appear as a celebrity. Such a man was, naturally, in mortal terror of autograph-hunters. When a stranger ventured to write to him, addressing him by his real name, and implying in any way that he was the writer of the "Alice" books, he used to send a printed reply which set forth that C. L. Dodgson was so often approached on the supposition that he was the author of books bearing another name, that he was obliged to take this means of replying, in all such cases, that Dr. Dodgson neither claimed nor acknowledged the authorship of any book which did not bear his name. This reply was most carefully worded, so that while it "neither claimed nor acknowledged" the authorship of the books, it did not expressly deny it.

Dr. Dodgson was born in 1832; was graduated from Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1854, with a first-class in mathematics; was elected a student of his college, took orders in 1861, and from 1855 to 1881 was a lecturer in mathematics. Under the name of Lewis Carroll he published, besides the books which every one has read, others not so famous, as *The Game of Logic* (1887), *Sylvia and Bruno* (1889), *Symbolic Logic* (1896), and others. His first editions are sought for, and any one who happens to have an *Alice in Wonderland* dated 1866 should put it in a glass case at once.

Even the lightest literature is worth doing well. "Lewis Carroll's" books have lasted because brains went to the making of them. So W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads* and operettas are as good to-day as ever. There will have to be a revival of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas before long, for the benefit of the generation that has grown up since they had their turn on the boards. They and the "Alice" books are perennial pleasures, and any child who is not brought to a knowledge of them has a legitimate grievance against its parents.

A Boston despatch dated January 13, published in the newspapers, records an episode in the life of Helen Keller. It seems that she has been taken out of the private school where she has been fitting for Radcliffe College, and that her instruction will proceed under private tutors. This change is stated to be due to a difference of opinion between Miss Sullivan, who has been Helen's other self these many years, and Mr. Arthur Gilman, the master of the school. It seems that Mr. Gilman thought Helen was being overworked, and that if she was to enter Radcliffe she should take four years more to prepare. Miss Sullivan's plan was for only two years more of preparation. Into the merits of the disagreement it is unnecessary to inquire. The final result was that Mrs. Keller was sent for, and that with her consent new arrangements were made for continuing her daughter's education.

In the WEEKLY for January 15, a paragraph which noted the arrival of General Booth alluded to the report, widely published in the newspapers, of unkind insinuations said to have been made by Mr. Booth-Tucker, to the effect that Mrs. Ballington Booth had not really been so ill as had been supposed. This statement about Mr. Booth-Tucker seems to have been untrue. He has denied that he made unkind remarks about his brother-in-law's wife, or expressed anything but sympathy for her in her illness.

While General Booth was in New York he had an amicable meeting with his son Ballington, which may possibly result in better relations between the Salvation Army in America and the American Volunteers.

General Booth has gone to Canada and the West, and has a long list of engagements to fill before he gets back to New York. His life has been one of extraordinary activity. He was born in 1829, and brought up in the Church of England, but early developed a preference for Methodism, and became a pastor of that Church. In 1852 he began work as a revivalist. In 1855 he married Catharine Mumford, who afterwards became known as "the



WILLIAM BOOTH.

Army Mother"—a woman who came to be reverenced and profoundly loved by thousands of her fellows. Of her the Salvation Army Building in Fourteenth Street, New York, is a memorial. In 1861 began the undenominational mission-work in London which, gradually reaching out on its social side, developed in 1877 into the Salvation Army. In 1879 the *War Cry* was started. Next year the army-work was transplanted to America and Australia, and in 1881 to France. In 1886 General Booth made his first visit to this country and Canada. In 1890 he published *In Darkest England, and the Way Out*, started the Farm Colony near London, and planned other schemes for colonization of members of "the submerged tenth." During the last seven years he has been in all parts of the world, especially in India, everywhere holding meetings, conducting "campaigns," and promoting the purposes and interests of his organization. That those purposes are good, and those interests in the main unselfish and worthy to be promoted, is no longer seriously questioned. The schism in the Salvation Army has hurt its prestige in this country, but it is still with us, and still active. Its foundation and growth attest its founder's extraordinary capacity for organization.

In Denver there has just closed a short and decisive commercial conflict, the results of which are important and not without interest to the community in general. Early in the month fourteen department stores in Denver notified the newspapers of the city that they had determined that advertising rates should be reduced twenty per cent., otherwise, they announced, they would cease to advertise. The newspapers not only failed to agree to this arrangement, but promptly gave out that advertising rates were too low, and would be raised eleven per cent. Thereupon the department stores withdrew their patronage and began to make their communications to the public by means of handbills.

It did not work. Public sentiment backed the newspapers; the labor unions took up the fight, agitation followed, and the department stores lost their trade. The situation was too much for them. On January 18, after ten days of experiment, the stores raised the white flag, and sent word to the newspaper offices that they were ready to surrender, and would resume their advertising contracts as soon as arrangements could be made.

For a good while the relation of the department stores to the newspapers has been food for thought for meditative persons. The stores, by driving out of business a great number of small concerns, have deprived the newspapers of a great many advertisers. But publicity is the very breath in the department stores' nostrils. They must have it, and they have bought it so liberally as to make some observers wonder how long it will be before newspapers cease to be independent concerns, and begin to be issued from the department stores' retail news departments. All over the country newspaper competition is intense, and newspaper profits for the last five years have been hard won. Almost everywhere the newspapers are giving too much white paper, too many pictures, and too much reading for the money they receive, and when they are threatened with such a curtailment of income as was proposed in Denver, it is a matter of life and death to them to resist and to win.

The latest surgical novelty, the excision of the stomach, seems not to be very cordially received by the profession in New York. The story of the success of Dr. Schlatter of Zurich in removing the stomach of a Swiss woman, which the medical papers lately published, has been followed by similar surgical experiments in St. Louis and Milwaukee; but in both of the American cases the patients died. The New York surgeons seem inclined to be very conservative about it, and argue, from the results in the West, that the operation seems extra hazardous; so there is no reason to believe that this new feat will supplant the appendicitis operation in the public regard. Even in the case of the woman of Zurich it has not as yet been clearly demonstrated that life without a stomach is worth living.

January 17 was fairy godfather's day at the Baker chocolate works in Milton, Massachusetts. On that evening was distributed the $43,000 left by the will of the late Henry L. Pierce to the employees of the business of which he was manager. Two hundred and forty-five men and 185 women met the officers of the corporation in a large room in one of the mills, and, after a supper and some discourse from Mr. Pierce's executor, each received a check for one hundred dollars. The oldest employee received a special legacy of $2000. It is not recalled that there was ever a testator whose testamentary provisions gave more acute satisfaction to more of his personal acquaintances than those of Mr. Pierce. There has been no audible grumbling about his will. He did everything that was expected of him, and a great deal that was not expected, surprising very many people, and disappointing none—unless, possibly, some members of one of the learned professions, for as yet there has been no hint of a lawsuit over his will. The will ran over with miscellaneous kindness and benevolence. Mr. Pierce ought to have kept a school for testators whose purposes were philanthropic. If Stephen Girard, A. T. Stewart, Samuel Tilden, and Daniel B. Fayerweather could have sat under his instructions awhile, the memory of all of them would be sweeter, and the general public would be a gainer by a good many millions of useful money. Is there not some one living who has had experience of wills and is competent, by disposition and knowledge, to open such a class for the instruction of testators? Might not Mr. Carnegie undertake it, or Mr. Pierpont Morgan?

Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, has made Dr. Nansen an LL.D. Perhaps it stands in his case for Doctor of Latitude and Longitude, but, anyway, it is well earned and becomes its recipient. It was conferred by President Finley, on the evening of January 17, just before Dr. Nansen began his lecture.

Boston advices say that the Audubon Society movement against the wearing of birds in women's hats has fallen flat; that the laws which were passed to make feathered hats unpopular have failed in their purpose, and that there is and has lately been an unprecedented demand for wings, heads, quills, and whole birds, large and small. This is not surprising. The average woman takes no interest at all in the fate of birds, and does take a very lively interest in "stylish" hats. When it comes to trimming for a hat, what she wants to know is whether it looks well, whether it is the latest thing, and whether she can afford it. Other considerations are irrelevant. The attempt to quicken her sense of responsibility by pretending to make a guilty hat subject to arrest ought to have failed, and has failed. If we cannot have women and birds in the world together, we must get on without the birds, for the women are indispensable. Perhaps when flying-machines are perfected we shall miss the dear little birds less than we suppose.

The Cuvier Prize of 1500 francs is awarded once in three years, by the Academy of Sciences of the Institute of France, for the most remarkable work either on the animal kingdom or on geology. It is generally esteemed to be the highest honor in natural science, and Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale, to whom it was awarded on December 13, is the third American to receive it. His predecessors were Agassiz and Leidy, and Agassiz hardly counts, because he was a native of Switzerland, and did in Switzerland the special work which won this prize.

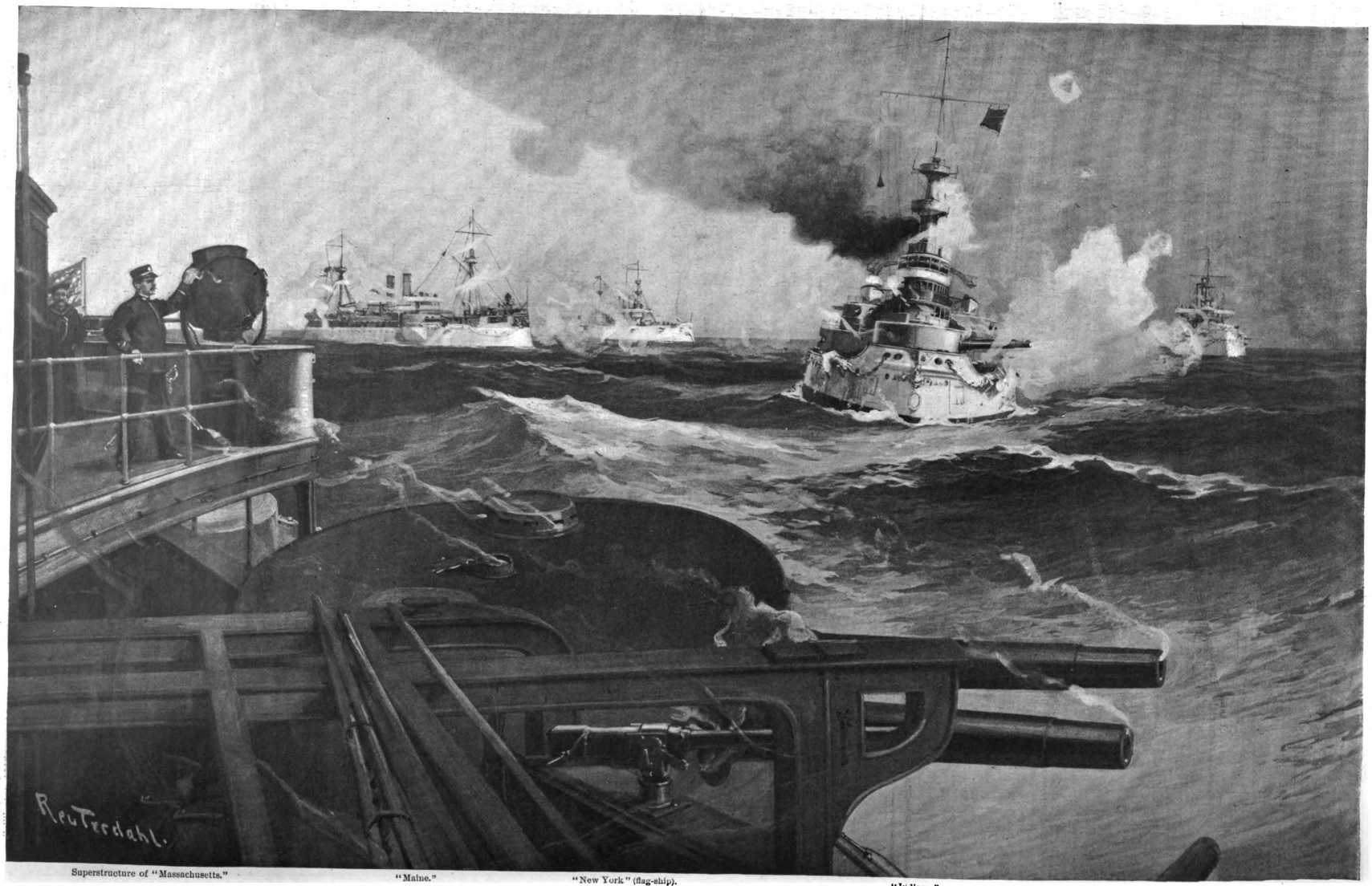
Professor Marsh has just made to Yale College one of the most valuable and notable gifts it has ever received. On January 13 it was announced, at a special meeting of the Yale corporation, that he had transferred to the university the whole collection of scientific objects which he has spent a lifetime in getting together. The collection is said to be unmatched except by that of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge. It has a very considerable money value, as appears from the report that $100,000 was offered and refused for six of the specimens which it includes.

As was noted in the last number of the WEEKLY, the Board of Overseers of Harvard, at their January meeting, voted to petition the Massachusetts Legislature to extend to graduates of all the Harvard professional schools the right to vote for overseers. It is noted that this request has thus been made while a poll of the Harvard alumni is being taken by letter on this very question. The result of this poll will not be known until February 21, and if it should be adverse to the change proposed, the General Court will have before it two opinions, both influential, and it may reasonably enough decide that it is best not to interfere. The overseers ought to know what action is wise in such a case, and their votes would seem more likely to be guided by information and less by sentiment than those of the alumni in general. Thirteen of the present board favor the change; ten oppose it. E. S. MARTIN.

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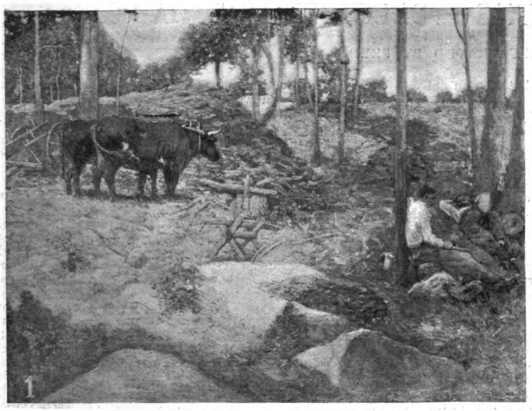
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Superstructure of "Massachusetts." "Maine." "New York" (flag-ship). "Indiana." "Iowa."

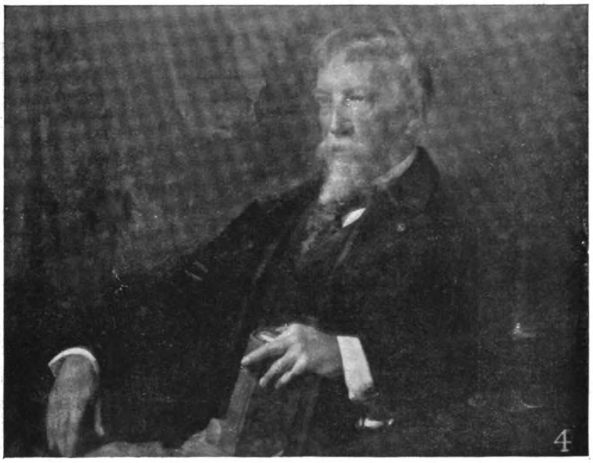
WINTER MANŒUVRES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET IN THE GULF OF FLORIDA—GREAT-GUN TARGET-PRACTICE.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

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FROM THE SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.
By Courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.—[See Page 102.]

1. "Mid-day Rest in New England," by J. Alden Weir. 2. "Three Children," by Frank W. Benson. 3. "Mother and Child," by George De Forest Brush. 4. "Portrait of S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.," by Robert W. Vonnoh. 5. "The Toilette," by Mary Cassatt. 6. "The Orchid," by F. Edwin Elwell.

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A WINTER TRIP THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

BY LIEUTENANT ELMER LINDSEY, U. S. A.—ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE Yellowstone National Park is the greatest game-preserve in the world. Its area is 3312½ square miles. It is the home of the last surviving herd of the bison (*Bos americanus*). There are within its borders many elk and black-tailed deer, a goodly number of moose and white-tailed deer, more than a thousand antelope, and some bighorn sheep (*Ovis montana*).

Of fur-bearing animals there are bears in great number, from the inoffensive and neighborly little black bear to old "Ephraim," the monster *Horribilis*. Mountain-lions, timber-wolves, coyotes, marten, mink, lynx, wolverene, beaver, otter, foxes, rabbits, squirrels, and gophers are all abundant.

Since the summer of 1886 the Park has been under the local administration of an officer of the regular army, with the title of Acting Superintendent. A military post, under command of the Superintendent, has been established at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and the officers and soldiers of the two troops of cavalry stationed here are charged with the protection not only of the natural wonders of the Park, but also of the forests and the game.

The average altitude of the reservation is about eight thousand feet, and the soldiers divide the year into three seasons—July, August, and winter. During one half of the year the only means of travel in the Park is on snow-shoes.

It is estimated that eighty-four per cent. of the reservation is covered with timber. To protect the game in this vast forest, particularly in winter, is a large undertaking. It is facilitated by the maintenance of a series of detached stations, extending from the fort, near the north boundary, in an irregular line to the south boundary. Each station is garrisoned by a sergeant and two or three privates. These men live in log huts, which are stocked early in October with supplies to last until the middle of June. During the winter the men from each station patrol on snow-shoes a certain section of country and guard it from poachers. The stations also furnish shelter and supplies to the scouts and patrols sent out from the fort.



"BEAVER DICK."

Since the capture of the poacher Howell in the northeast part of the Park, in the spring of 1894, that part of the Park has been free from the ravages of professional and systematic poachers, but off the south part of the west boundary lives a gang of hardy mountain pirates who make a scanty living by hunting, trapping, and fishing.

To these men the buffalo and moose of the Park are an irresistible attraction. Natural poachers, they are banded together and work in concert, completely dominating the sparsely settled section, adjoining the Park, in which they live. Such skilled robbers are they and so minute their knowledge of the country that it is almost impossible to catch them red-handed, and so zealous are they in one another's defence that it is quite impossible to convict them unless so caught. For more than a year they had made a lot of trouble, and it was finally decided to make a sort of turning movement against them—to get in their rear and camp a few days on their line of communications, learning all we could about them and their methods, and making the acquaintance and learning the view of the respectable citizens of their country. It was also desirable that the winter stations be inspected in midwinter by a commissioned officer to see how these isolated and snow-bound troopers live and do their duty.

So it came about that Captain Scott and myself were ordered to proceed by rail to Market Lake, Idaho, thence leisurely to Marysville, the settlement nearest to the southwest corner of the Park, and home on snow-shoes along the line of winter stations, gathering all the useful information we could on the way.

The next day, with our snow-shoes, sleeping-bags, and blanket clothing, we embarked on the Park branch train at Cinnabar, and at Livingston, Montana, changed to the main line of the Northern Pacific.

At Butte City, the famous mining-camp, we changed to the Utah Northern branch of the Union Pacific, which soon whirled us southward into Idaho. By the time we had crossed the continental divide at Monida, on the boundary between Montana and Idaho, it was too dark to see much of the little Mormon settlements as we rushed through them, and about eleven o'clock P. M. the train halted at Market Lake.

"What do you expect to do with those things?" said the night operator, as we stumbled over the dark platform personally to receive our skis at the door of the baggage-car.

Shipping skis uncrated in a baggage-car is agonizing and expensive. It requires personal attention, and a liberal tip at every transfer to counteract the terrible temptation which their upturned and unprotected "noses" offer to the baggage-smasher. But at last we had them safely at the end of the railway journey, and commending them to the tenderest care of the agent, we allowed ourselves to be guided to the hotel by an enterprising liveryman, who was anxious to serve us on the morrow.

Market Lake by daylight is a sufficiently dismal little place, lost in the broad alkali valley of Snake River. Its only excuse for existing is that the few inhabitants got stuck in the mud and could not get any farther. Besides the station there is a post-office, a store, a hotel, a saloon, and two livery-stables, but no market and no lake—hence the name.

Our plan was to go up the river, on our skis, to the southwest corner of the Park; but a recent Chinook had turned the snow into mud, so we negotiated with our friend of the night before to haul us and our snow-shoes and sleeping-bags to Rexburg, twenty-four miles on the way. The day was pleasant, and we relieved the monotony of the drive by shooting at coyotes with our pistols. This amused us and did not hurt the coyotes. In fact, they seemed to enjoy it, for they would cross and re-cross the road, then sit down and laugh at us as we drove past, all the time keeping just out of effective range.

We reached Rexburg in time for lunch, and met with a most inhospitable reception; for, as our driver pulled up in front of the so-called hotel, two men rushed out and warned him, in terms more forcible than polite, to "keep off the sidewalk," under penalty of five dollars fine.

This both surprised and puzzled us, for, to our unaccustomed and Gentile eyes, there was no sidewalk in sight. From the dilapidated fence opposite, to the very threshold of the "hotel," stretched an uninterrupted sea of mud, which we soon learned did not stop at the threshold, but extended into and through the "hotel." By hurriedly backing the team into the middle of the road we avoided the fine, but later we urged the Mayor—they call him "Bishop" in these Mormon settlements—that it would be only fair to post, for the guidance of innocent strangers, some sign to indicate where the road leaves off and the "sidewalk" begins.

The broad valley from Market Lake to the corner of the National Park is settled almost entirely by Mormons; but here at Rexburg these Latter-day Saints are in evidence in all their pristine purity.

The country is very fertile, and they manage with little work to raise enough wheat and potatoes to feed their large families (the average number of children in a family is seven), and beyond this they have little ambition. They "go to meeting" regularly, send their children to school when there is any, pay their tithing in wheat, potatoes, or hay when they have it to spare, and have a dance once a week. These dances are held at the meeting-house, and are presided over by the "Bishop," who opens and closes the function with prayer.

We engaged passage for the next day in the rickety, dirty Mormon stage-wagon, propelled by as sorry-looking a pair of broncos as I ever saw in harness, but cheerfully advertised as "a complete new outfit especially adapted for the convenience and comfort of travellers."

Soon after lunch we left Rexburg, without a regret, and when near Wilford we had a view of the Tetons that would have delighted Moran. We were in the middle of the broad flat bottom of the Snake River. It was a gray day, and in the distant horizon it was difficult to separate the snow-clad peaks from their vale of mist. The dull brown meadows, striped with yellow stubble-fields, and dotted with little Mormon cabins of the same dingy brown, stretched away to the east for sixty miles. There a dense bank of leaden clouds hid the mountain from view, but a little above the horizon it was cleft by a horizontal seam only a few degrees wide, through which we saw a short section of the three Teton peaks. It was very near their summits. The rugged outline was softened by their garb of perpetual snow, and the whole made dazzlingly brilliant by the afternoon sun. Standing seven thousand feet above us, they seemed to rise from the same leaden mass of clouds into which they disappeared, and their sparkling snowy brightness seemed in no sense a part of the sombre landscape, but rather a glimpse of another and a brighter world—a brilliant diamond in a setting of lead. We were getting hungry, and perhaps a trifle homesick, by this time.

As the tough broncos trotted through the mud, and the dirty canvas curtains flapped about our ears, our beautiful picture slowly dissolved, and faded almost imperceptibly into the general grayness, and we turned for comfort and solace to St. Anthony and supper, now in the near foreground.

Stopping at the neat little brick hotel, we were hospitably welcomed and entertained by the landlord, Mr. White. We soon sat down to a substantial hot supper, and, among other good things, we had native trout caught on a fly hook that day.

Mr. White is one of those gray-haired youngsters who will never grow old, probably because he perennially renews his youth by a month in the mountains, camping out, hunting, and fishing. He is a thorough sportsman—bluff, whole-souled, and hearty. Our skis and camping outfit were an open sesame to his heart and house, and over our cigars we exchanged with him many experiences in camp, and adventures of hunting and fishing.

The next morning I rode nine miles to "Hog Hollow" to visit my venerable friend Beaver Dick. The Beaver easily ranks as the oldest "Man of the Mountains," in this section of the country at least. He was born in Wales, and came to America when a child. He first smelled powder in a Pennsylvania coal-mine, where he gratified his boyish curiosity and lost his front teeth by investigating an unexploded charge. Since then he has never been pretty, but has had "a heap more sense." In 1846 he ran away and went to the Mexican war. Too small to carry a gun, he was employed as General Harney's servant, and soon earned the sobriquet of "General Harney's little red imp." After the war he drifted north along the Rocky Mountains, acting as scout, guide, and messenger for the government, and hunting, fishing, and trapping by himself and with the Indians. He was a pupil and companion of the famous Jim Bridger, and called him uncle. He was named Beaver by the Bannock chief Tahgee, not from any unusual propensity for work, but from the peculiar appearance of his teeth, the cuspids having grown to an abnormal length after the loss of his incisors.

Sometime in the sixties he took a Sioux squaw, who bore him seven children, but in 1876 he lost the whole family within two weeks from small-pox. Not discouraged by this disaster, he soon after took a Bannock wife, and now they have three children.

The visit to his home was well worth my short pilgrimage. Half concealed among the cottonwoods, at the head of a little meadow, sheltered by the bluffs on either side of Teton River, stands his rude and dilapidated cabin—a typical Indian camp. Teepee-poles, pack-saddles, and some old elk and moose heads are scattered about, and dogs and ponies sun themselves about the door. Inside, the furnishings are rude and scanty. A rough puncheon table, a few stools, one rocking-chair, sundry guns and belts, some frying-pans, a stone fireplace, and a few odd table utensils, together with a broad bunk in one corner, seem to be all that he and his family need or desire. I found the family just ready for their mid-day meal, and promptly accepted the invitation to assist. After dinner I smoked the pipe of peace with the old Beaver, and talked over last autumn's experiences in the mountains, and laid plans for a trip next fall after bighorn.

Thoroughly Indian in his habits and surroundings, he still retains the instincts of his own race. Though bent by time and toil, he is still, at sixty-four, hale and hearty, and, as I discovered last fall, can ride as far in a day as I want to. His eye is keen, and his aim at an elk as quick and sure as it was thirty years ago at a "hostile." He has lived in sight of the Teton Peaks so long that no one



WADING AN ICY STREAM.

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now alive remembers when he came there, and in regard to the haunts and habits of the game of that region he is undisputed authority.

Eighteen miles northeast from St. Anthony lies the little settlement of Marysville. Here the road ends and the real snow-shoe trip began. From here to the soldier's station on Snake River in the southern part of the Park is a stretch of sixty miles without a human habitation. With good shoeing we expected to make it in three days, and of course whatever of food, bedding, or other necessities we had must be carried on our backs. We had never been through the Falls River Pass, and would have to travel by map and compass. Before starting on this trip we concluded to make a side trip to a trapper's cabin on Warm River. This is close to the west boundary of the Park, and we wanted to get information from the trapper about the big game in that part of the preserve. From the native "Saints" we easily obtained a large and varied fund of information as to the exact location of the cabin. No one had ever been there, but each knew just where it was, and they placed it on either side of the river, and all the way from five to twelve miles from the mouth. At Marysville there was two and one-half feet of snow, at the mouth of Warm River we found five, and at the trapper's cabin, nine miles further, there was a little more than seven feet. In the timber it was very loose and soft on top, and my nine-and-one-half-foot skis let me in half-way to the knees. This made tremendous hard shoeing, and though the mercury must have been below zero, we were more than warm enough.

Shortly after sundown the precipitous bluffs and overhanging snow-drifts forced us to cross to the other side. The river was entirely free from ice, about forty yards wide, and not very cold. Selecting a riffle where it seemed about knee-deep, we removed our overshoes, German socks, and stockings, and turned our trousers up above the knees. Then shouldering our skis, and cautiously feeling our way over the rocks with the ski-pole, we reached the opposite bank without accident. It was a snow bank seven feet high, and we had to break it down with the ski-pole before we could climb out. Wow! but it was cold, and soft and fleecy, and stuck to our bare wet feet and legs, and made them blue and numb. We sat down on our skis and dressed as quickly as possible, and when we again mounted the skis the fast-gathering darkness and the fact that we had no rations, blankets, nor axe, were not our only incentives to a rapid gait.

We were not lost, but the cabin was.

A half-hour of brisk work was just beginning to send the blood tingling through our numbed feet, when we caught the welcome odor of a fat pine fire, mingled with the aroma of a pipe of fragrant tobacco, and soon our hearty shout brought the trapper to his door. A typical old mountaineer we found him, hairy, happy, and hospitable, and he gave us a cordial welcome and the best that his little cabin afforded. After a prodigious supper of coffee, venison, and "sour-dough" bread, we dried our clothing by his fireplace, and smoked and listened to his stories until nine o'clock. He insisted on our using his bunk, while he slept on the floor. A hardy and whole-souled set are these prospectors and trappers. Simple in habit and thought, their wants are few and easily supplied. Living in the solitude of the forest, they get very near to Nature's heart, and possess a simple grandeur of character which is seldom met with in this nineteenth-century civilization. Living almost entirely upon wild meat, I have never yet known one of them to kill a bird or game animal but for food; but they recognize no right in a law that forbids them killing enough for their wants at any season of the year. We learned something of old Bob Vaux's history—how last spring he had sold his interest in a mine which he had discovered, and had a glorious time during the week that the money lasted, and that he was now trapping for a "grub-stake," to enable him to work next summer on a copper prospect which he had recently located. He accompanied us back to Marysville, and volunteered to go with us on our trip as far as the station on Snake River, which offer we gladly accepted. The next day we were treated to a blizzard, in token of what we might expect if we ventured across this frontier of civilization; and we spent the whole day in the little Mormon cabin, making preparations for a start on the morrow.

Our slender hickory skis were the admiration of the natives, and as unlike the cumbersome pine boards which they use as a thoroughbred racer is unlike a bronco. Their leather stirrups were carefully looked to, and the bottoms waxed and polished smooth as glass. A screw-driver, a few screws, and plenty of good leather strings were stowed away in our pack, in case repairs became necessary. For bedding we each had a fur-lined canvas sleeping-bag weighing ten pounds. A small frying-pan, a tin cup, a tomato-can with wire bail, a sheath-knife, and a small hatchet were also necessary. The rest of our load consisted of flour, salt, yeast-powder, tea, and bacon, and each of us wore a revolver and carried plenty of matches. Truly a Spartan outfit; but even twenty-five pounds on one's back grows very heavy towards the end of a long day's journey.

We wore German socks and overshoes, flannel shirts, leather jackets, and Mackinaw coats, with warm caps and big mittens.

Our first day's march was to a deserted cabin sixteen miles away, called the Reising cabin. There was only six inches of soft snow on top of the crust, and Bob was sure we could haul our load easier than we could pack it. So we negotiated with a youthful "Saint" for a "sheboygan," as they call it—a light hand-sled, the runners made from an old pair of skis—and on to this we lashed all our impedimenta—about eighty pounds. We got a lift in a lumber-sleigh for the first five miles, then Bob harnessed himself to the "sheboygan," and we started gayly across the rolling prairie towards the timbered foot-hills. At first Bob easily pulled the "sheboygan," as he insisted on calling it, as fast as one of us could break trail.

As we entered the timber the snow rapidly grew deeper on top, and Bob and I had to work tandem on the toboggan; and presently we reached a steepish hill, where the combined efforts of all three failed to budge it. It sank down until the deck dragged and pushed great masses of snow in front of it. Those long, narrow, smooth-bottomed skis have a wonderful propensity for going down hill, but it requires a lot of skilful coaxing to get them up a hill. Bob said: "—— the skis! They're worse than a Mormon elder for backsliding!" To add to our discomfort, it began to snow. Bob finally dismounted and pulled the toboggan up on foot, while we carried his skis. This was very slow and laborious, for about every tenth step he would break through the crust and wallow waist-deep in the snow.

It was quite dark when, tired out and hungry as wolves, we reached the cabin. We found it occupied temporarily by an old Mormon named Billy Shepherd, who had come out from Marysville with his son to pass a week or so in hunting and trapping. Of course they had a fire and sufficient dry wood for the night. They had a large dog trained to haul a toboggan, and as they had come out before the blizzard, and while the snow was hard on top, they had brought several days' rations of flour and tea. They had killed an elk near the cabin, and had plenty of fresh meat. They also had a full-grown axe, two frying-pans, and a teapot—luxuries pertaining to a permanent camp. The cabin seemed very comfortable. There was a good fireplace, and the dirt floor was dry, if not very soft.

While the young man cut some steaks of elk meat, the father fried flapjacks and brewed tea, and soon, by the light of the fire, we were enjoying such a supper as only hungry snow-shoe tourists can appreciate. After supper and a restful pipe or two, we were glad to turn in. Next day we rested in the cabin, hoping that the new snow would settle, and perhaps crust hard enough to bear the toboggan.

Our acquaintance with "Old Shep," as he is called, progressed rapidly, and, besides all his family history, he told us that he knew all the country ahead of us to the top of the divide, and within eighteen miles of the soldier's station, and he finally offered to guide us that far on our way. There is a blazed trail all the way, and freight-wagons have been run over it, but now even the blazes were covered by snow. "Old Shep" knew of a cached cabin near the ford of Bechler River, built by poachers in the palmy days when poaching in that part of the Park was uninterrupted, and we decided to make that our next camping-place. As Shepherd expected a neighbor's son up next day with more grub, it was finally decided that Bob, Shepherd, and myself should start for the cabin next morning, and that the following day Bob and I should make a circle into Falls River meadows looking for big game, while Shepherd would try to build a raft on which we could cross the Bechler. The Captain and young Shepherd were to come on and join us the second night at the cabin, bringing more rations. We were off at daylight. Bob carried his blanket and about twenty pounds of flour. I had my sleeping-bag, pistol, and hatchet, and some other small things; and Shepherd put his blanket, the bacon, frying-pan, etc., on his toboggan, and harnessed in old Don, the faithful collie. Presently it began to snow; or, rather, we struck the edge of the snow-storm, for I think it had been snowing there for the last month, and I have no doubt it is snowing there yet.

We travelled across a rolling country covered with jack-pines and dotted here and there with open parks. The freshly fallen snow was so loose that we sank almost knee-deep. Bob and I took turns in breaking trail. The old man had about all he could do to follow us, and the good "Donald" brought up the rear with his sledge. The dog had the heaviest load of any one in the party, and the judgment and sagacity with which he managed steep hill-sides and jack-pines were remarkable. He worked very willingly, and seemed proud of his job.

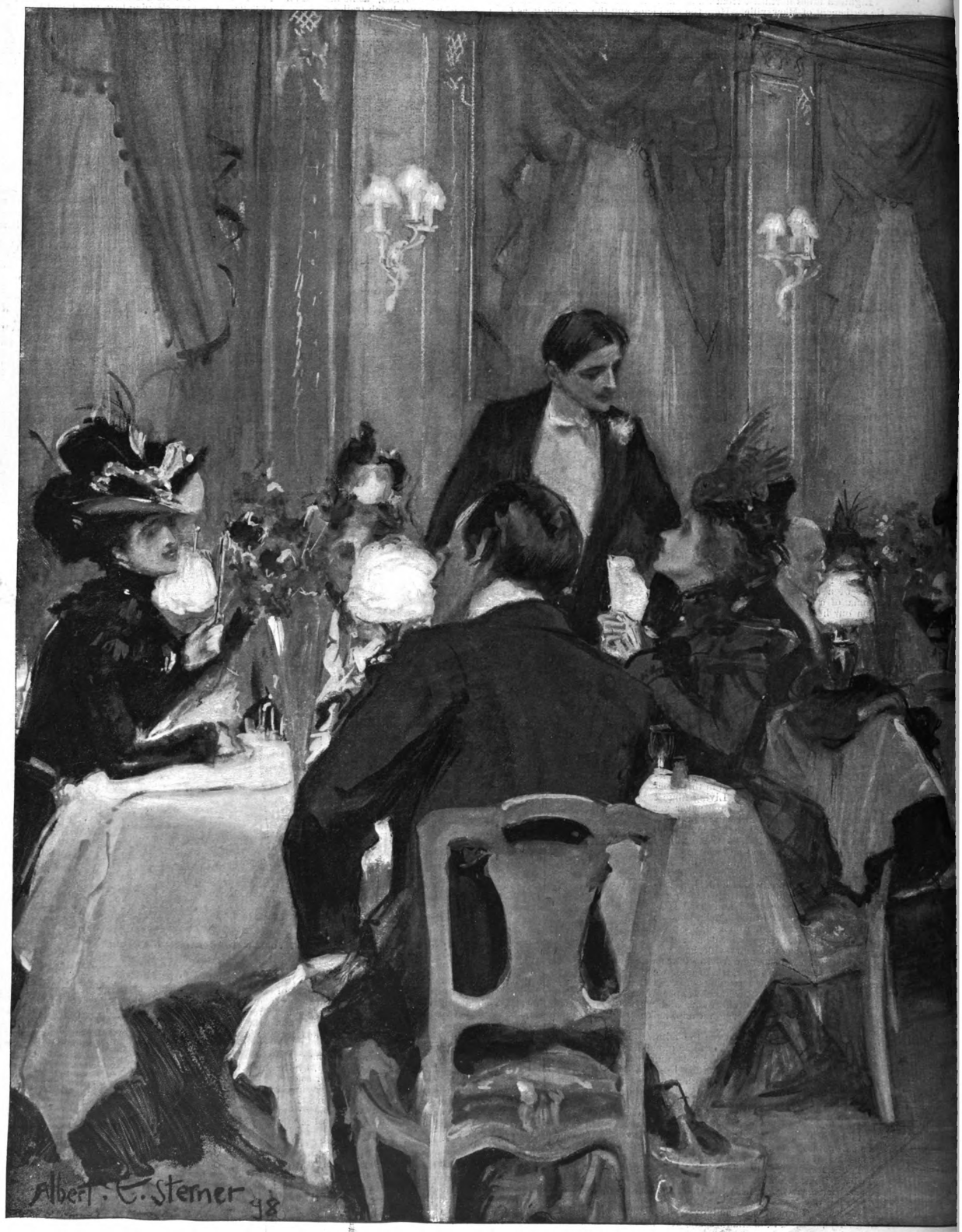
After a half-hour of trail-breaking I would fall back, winded, and dripping with perspiration, then Bob would break trail for a half-hour. We were unable to follow the road, though both Bob and Shepherd had been over it many times in summer. The air was so full of snow we could not see the mountain-peaks ahead, so we had to travel by compass. About four o'clock we struck Rock Creek, and Shepherd knew "where he was at." We were at least five miles from the cached cabin, and about twelve from the one we had left in the morning. A brief council of war revealed a unanimity of opinion that we could not reach the cabin before dark, and could not find it after dark. We were very tired, and old Don's tongue was dragging in the snow. So we concluded to make camp while it was yet light. The little creek was entirely frozen up, but there was plenty of snow for tea. We selected a big tree near a grove of dry pine poles, and hanging our packs in the lower limbs, we unharnessed Donald and proceeded to make ourselves at home. After some difficulty we started a fire in the snow, and while the old man tried to cook supper, Bob and I busied ourselves in felling the dry poles with the hatchet and packing them in on our snow-shoes. Mr. Don coiled himself up on a bit of canvas as close to the fire as he could get, and never stirred till supper was ready.

Here we realized the mistake we had made in not bringing an axe, though it is much heavier and more awkward to pack; for felling dry trees with a hatchet is slow and dangerous, and I narrowly missed cutting my knee by a glancing blow. Yet the old man seemed to have the worst end of the bargain. Even a Chinaman would have been puzzled to cook supper under those conditions. First he melted snow in the frying-pan and filled the tin cup and tomato-can with water. Then he fried some bacon, and stacked it on the end of one of the dry poles which we had brought in. Then, setting the frying pan in the snow to cool, he unpacked the sack of flour, set it on a pine bough to keep it out of the snow, and scooped out a hollow in the flour, into which he put yeast-powder



CAVALRY OFFICERS INSPECTING THE YELLOWSTONE PARK IN WINTER.

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SUPPER AFTER THE PLAY, AT THE NEW

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DELMONICO'S.—Drawn by Albert E. Sterner.

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and salt, then poured in the water, and proceeding in a very knowing way, he soon had a big lump of dough. Scraping the grease out of the frying-pan, he saved it carefully on a chip, and was then ready to bake his bread in the frying-pan. This was the hardest part, for the fire had settled some four or five feet into the soft snow, and he had to keep stamping snow to keep down to a level with it, and it was out of the question to get a bed of live coals in a snow bank. By dark we had enough dry wood to last all night. Then we dug little trenches, leading back from the big and constantly deepening hole which the fire had made, and sat down on heaps of fir boughs to eat supper. We alternately ate baked flapjacks, and melted snow to replenish the "teapot," and it was nearly nine o'clock when our hunger and thirst were finally appeased; and from then until four in the morning we smoked our pipes, cut wood, and punched the fire. When not at work I sat in my sleeping-bag, for I had no other wrap, and my clothes were so wet with perspiration that I felt chilly on the "off side," no matter how often I turned about. I fell asleep several times, and must have slept in all nearly an hour. We did not dare let one another sleep more than fifteen minutes at a time, for fear of any of them freezing to death.

At four o'clock we began getting breakfast (the menu was the same as for supper), and by daylight were ready to pack up and leave this inhospitable camp. Our fire had gotten to the ground by this time, so the bread-baking was easier, but the hole was so deep that we could not see out.

During the night it had ceased snowing, but shortly after daylight it began again, and soon the air was literally full of fine soft snow.

At eleven o'clock we struck a little park, and a big tree that old Shepherd recognized, and for the first time since leaving camp he knew exactly where we were. Pointing into the timber, he said, "The cabin is right in there, and not over three-quarters of a mile away." We travelled a mile, then changed the course, and came out at the river. The old man was stampeded, tired out, and disgusted. He swore heartily, "couldn't see how he came to miss it," and finally declared that he would not attempt to guide us anywhere in such a storm.

The river ran black, but entirely open, and about forty yards wide, between overhanging banks of snow from ten to fifteen feet high. It was nearly waist-deep, and the prospect of undressing and wading it, and trying to climb out into the snow bank opposite, was anything but inviting.

The first thing, however, was to find the cabin, where the rest of the party were to join us that night. As they had a good trail to follow, we judged they would get in all right. So, after some lunch, we circled back, and this time, by good luck, we struck the little lake, on the bank of which the cabin was located. Even then Shepherd was so bewildered by the storm that he was uncertain which way the cabin lay. So, skirting the edge of the lake, we finally discovered it, and thought our troubles were over for one night at least. We soon learned our mistake.

The cabin was simply a big crib of logs with a roof over it, and a hole about three by four feet where a door should have been. The snow bank on which we stood was level with the eaves, and we took off our skis and slid into the cabin like so many beavers—only in the reverse position. The ground inside was covered with snow. There was no fireplace, but a square hole in the roof through which the smoke was supposed to escape. With a ski-pole we pushed a hole through the snow-drift that covered it to a depth of six feet, then cleared the snow from the door as well as we could, and while Bob went back to cut the trail and prevent the Captain from following our wanderings, we busied ourselves with felling dry trees for wood and bringing in boughs to sleep on, and before this was completed the other party came in with another dog and toboggan. Cooking supper was even more difficult than it was the night before, for as soon as the fire was started under the hole the snow melted and ran down in big streams that sizzled with the bacon in the frying-pan and threatened to extinguish the fire. Soon we were obliged to move the fire to one side, and then the smoke would not go through the hole, but filled the cabin so thick that one could shoot a hole in it. It seemed as though we could never get enough tea and flapjacks to go around, and as soon as our hunger and thirst were satisfied we crawled into the sleeping-bags, and I was asleep almost before my first pipe was finished. Our beds were quite comfortable, and by taking turns in keeping fire we each got considerable sleep.

In the morning it was still snowing big feathery flakes, which filled all the air. We held a council of war, and the guides refused to go any further. In the first place, there was the river to cross, with its high banks of snow on either side. To build a raft with only our hatchet would take a whole day; to take off our clothes and wade would be a little dangerous, and a great deal disagreeable, since one would have to stand in the water waist-deep and break down with a ski-pole a place to get out on the opposite side. Once across the river, and we had thirty miles of trackless country to cross before reaching the station. This would take us three days at best in this storm of soft snow, with a good chance of getting lost. We had scant one day's rations left, so we were reluctantly forced to admit the wisdom of the guides' view. It was absolutely useless to look for game in such a snow-storm, so we decided to return as rapidly as possible, before the trail we had broken coming up should be obliterated.

By a forced march we reached the Reising cabin that night. The last bit of bacon disappeared for supper, and, as Shepherd's friend, who came up the day we left, had hauled the remainder of the elk meat home, we breakfasted the next morning on tea and flapjacks. We made the return trip to Marysville in a day, and returned to the fort the same way we had come.

We had been unable to carry out our orders to inspect the winter stations, but had gained a lot of experience which falls to the lot of but few cavalry officers, and had secured much valuable information, besides frightening our poacher friends by appearing when least expected, and from a new direction.

We found upon arriving home that two of the men from Snake River station had been caught out in the blizzard at the same time that we were trying to reach their station. They got lost, and staid out all night, suffering horribly. One of them froze his feet so badly that he had to come into the fort, being hauled part of the way on a toboggan. He was in the hospital for several weeks as a result of this blizzard, and nearly lost the toes of one foot.

We had scouted in the Park on foot and on horseback, had fought forest fires and swam rivers, hunted poachers and been hunted by poachers, and while this was not our first trip on snow-shoes, yet without this particular trip our experience would have been very incomplete.

We are waiting now for a flying-machine agent to come our way.



UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN AT ONE OF THE SOLDIER STATIONS IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE GREAT YALE-HARVARD GAME OF 1902.

A Football Forecast.

I.

"This is no ordinary crisis," said the president. "The university is being swamped. Students from all parts of the country have crowded in on us year after year in numbers so rapidly increasing that, already greatly embarrassed, we are threatened with the gravest complications. No student, as you know, pays the university more than half the cost of his training. Our resources, strained five years ago to the extreme limit of their capacity, have each year since fallen more and more short of the demands made on them. Another defeat in football will bring down upon us further hordes of youth hungry for culture. As you know, two years ago I withdrew my objections to legislative interference, and suffered the Massachusetts General Court to pass an anti-football bill. When the Governor vetoed it on the ground that there were too many enthusiasts in the world anyhow, and that football didn't dispose of half enough of them, my last hope of legislative relief was killed. Unless the eleven can win the game with Yale this year, and divert some part of our annual increase to New Haven, measures will have to be taken which it is most repulsive to me to contemplate. Do your best, Duval. Do a great deal better than your best. You must win this year—you really must!"

"Dr. Eliot," replied the football captain, shifting the bandage on his head so that one eye was partly uncovered, "you know the situation. You know what sort of football material we are getting. What good are all those platoons of grinds to football? Since the broken pieces of Keene's spectacles were driven into his eyes two years ago the near-sighted men have refused to play. Out of the remaining rump I have gathered what I could. The repairs on last year's team have gone on so slowly, and are still so far from complete, that our reliance must be almost wholly on raw players. Melledge is left, but the eight ribs he broke last year compel him to wear a steel jacket, which is stiff and heavy, and handicaps him. Still, the utmost has been done, and the coachers have a new stratagem that they seem to think well of, and which is now being perfected in the laboratory."

"I am sure, Duval, you will do your best."

"Thank you, doctor."

"And if you fall, your name shall go on the new football tablet in Memorial Hall."

II.

It was a great spectacle. The Soldiers' Field had never seen a throng quite so mighty. On the seats around the gridiron tumultuous myriads ranged. Close by, the long row of waiting hearses and ambulances lent intensity to the landscape. In the permanent field-hospital, lately given to the college by Congressman Roosevelt, the surgeons were arranging their instruments and laying bandages out. In the Carey Athletic House the eleven were parting from friends and relatives, not all of whom could keep back their tears. The parents of Duval and his aged grandmother had come from Dubuque to bid him farewell. They were a Spartan group. "Do your duty, Harry," cried the brave father. His mother kissed him, but she could not speak. The grandmother patted his cheek with a wrinkled hand. Age has few tears, but they are costly.

Yale was strong on the benches. Her continuous athletic triumphs had kept down her registration to a number well within her means. She was very prosperous. Her professors' salaries had all been raised. Her students, now largely drawn from the leisure and sporting classes, were for the most part in easy circumstances, and had come on in considerable force to back their team. A great roar greeted the players as they came on the field, and as the ball rolled out upon the gridiron and the whistle of the referee shrilled on the air, the drivers of the hearses and ambulances stood all alert and ready to draw the blankets from their horses.

It was nearing the end of the second half. In the first half neither side had scored, but the execution had been terrific. The Harvard group of substitutes, which had numbered thirty at the start, had dwindled down to three. Weeping players had been led off the field by dozens, the ambulance horses were dripping with sweat, and only one of the hearses was left. Yale had made one touch-down in the second half, and the score was 4 to 0 in her favor. A group of Harvard assistant professors and instructors sat together watching the game with pitiable anxiety. Many sympathetic glances were directed toward them, for it was well known that if Yale won, the necessity of increasing the teaching force at Harvard would compel a sweeping reduction in all salaries not provided by specific funds. Of the eleven with which Harvard had begun the game only the veterans Duval and Melledge were left. Ten times the rest of the team had been replaced with fresh men. Ten fleeting minutes were left. Suddenly a signal from Duval was followed by quick and curious movements by four players. In an instant a dark, clinging, vapor enveloped the referee and his assistant spotters, obscuring their view, and causing them to gasp and cough. It lasted but the fraction of a minute, but in that instant a well-directed kick from Duval had caught the mighty Higginbotham, the great Yale half-back, just below the ribs, and stretched his huge form inanimate upon the earth. Simultaneously and by analogous means four other Yale players had been instantly disabled, and Melledge, the ball hugged against his glittering corselet, was speeding, with Duval at his elbow, across an almost open field toward the Yale goal-posts. Thompson, who tried to stop him, was struck full amidships by the head of Duval travelling with immense velocity, thrown sixteen feet, and left a palpitating mass incapable of sense or motion. Duval himself went down, but the touch-down was made directly behind the goal-posts. The enthusiasm of the crowd was stupendous, and when one of the surviving Cabots kicked an easy goal, the firmament was rent with shouting, and nearly half an acre of Harvard benches dripped with unrestrainable tears.

There were but three minutes left, and the Yale team, groggy and demoralized, could barely hold its own, and almost immediately were led weeping from the field. Duval's neck was found to have been broken by his impassioned meeting with Thompson, but his funeral was the largest and most enthusiastic that Cambridge ever saw, and the statue of him by St. Gaudens promises to keep fresh in the minds of future generations the precious memory of the devoted soul who checked the stampede of learners towards Harvard, and saved that good old nursery of learning and true sport from being overwhelmed.

E. S. M.

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER IX.

A HERO CARRIES WATER IN THE SUN.

WITH all which adventuring and bepraisement back and forth, as those who know nineteen will readily be assured, I went home no little elated. For had I not come without dishonor through a new and remarkable experience, and even defied the Mystery of the White Wolf, at perhaps more risk to myself than at the time I had imagined? For, as I found afterwards, there were those among the company at the Swan that night of sterner mould and more serious make than Michael Texel.

But, at all events, home to the Red Tower I strode, whistling, and in a very cocksure humor.

The little Helene was going about her house duties silently and distantly when I came down from my turret room on the forenoon of the morrow. She did not come forward to be kissed, as had been her wont every morning ever since I carried her, a little forlorn maid, up to mine own bed that chill winter's night.

"A good-morrow, Little Playmate!" I bade her, gayly. For my heart was singing a good tune, well pleased with itself, and willing to be at amity with every one else—counting, indeed, as is the wont of brisk hearts, a gloomy face little less than a personal insult.

But the maid did not answer; neither, indeed, did she seem to have heard me.

"I bade you fair good-morning, Helene," said I again, stopping in my walk across to my breakfast platter.

But still she was silent, casting sand upon the tiled floor, and sweeping it up with great vigor, all her fair body swaying and yielding to the grace of movement at every stroke. Strange, it seemed she was now just about the age when I developed those nodosities of knee and elbow which troubled me so sore, but yet there was nothing of the kind about her, only delicate slimness and featly rounded grace.

I went over to her, and would have set my palm affectionately on her shoulder. But she escaped, just as a bird does when you try to put your hand upon it. It does not seem to fly off. It simply is not there when your hand reaches the place.

"Let be," she said, looking upon me haughtily. "By what right do you seek to touch me, sir?"

"Sweetheart," said I, following her, and much astonished, "because I have always done it, and you never objected before."

"When I was a child, and when you loved me as a child, it was well. But now, when I am neither a child nor yet do you love me, I would have you cease to treat me as you have done."

"You are indeed no longer a child, but the fairest of sweet maids," I made answer. "I will do nothing you do not wish me to do. For, hearken to me, Helene, my heart is bound up in you, as indeed you know. But as to the second word of accusation—that I do not love you any more—"

"You do not—you cannot!" she interrupted; "*or* you would not go out with Michael Texel all night to drinking-places and worse, keeping your father and those that *do* love awake, hurting their hearts here" (she put her hand on her side); "and all for what?—that you may drink and revel and run into danger with your true friends."

"Sweetheart—" I began, penitently.

The Little Playmate made a gesture of infinite impatience.

"Do not call me that," she said; "you have no right. I am not your sweetheart. You have no heart at all to love any one with, or you would not behave as you have done lately. You are naught but a silly, selfish boy, that cares for nothing but his own applause, and thinks that he has nothing to do but to come home when his high mightiness is ready and find us all on our knees before him, saying, 'Put your foot, great sir, on our necks—so shall we be happy and honored.'"

Now this was so perilously near the truth that I was mightily incensed, and I felt that I did well to be angry.

"Girl," I said, grandly, "you do not know what you say. I have been abroad all night on the service of the State, and I have discovered a most dangerous conspiracy at the peril of my life!"

For I thought it was as well to put the best face on the matter; and, besides, I have never been able, all the days of me, to hide my light under a bushel, as the clerks prate about.

But I was not yet done with my adventuring of this eventful day. And in spite of my father setting me like a misbehaving bairn to the drudgery of the water-carrying, there was more in life for me that day than merely hauling upon a handle. For that is a thing which galls an aspiring youth worse than any other labor, being so terribly monotonous.

As for me, I did not take kindly to it at all—not even though I could see mine own image deep in the pails of water as they came up brimming and cool out of the fern-grown dripping darkness of the well. Aye, and though the image given back to me was (I say it only of that time) a likely enough picture of a lad, with short, crisped locks that curled whenever they were wet, cheeks like apples, and skin that hath always been a trouble to me. For I thought it unmanly and like a girl's. And that same skin of mine is perhaps the reason why all my days I never could abide your buttermilk-and-roses girls, having a supply about me enough to serve a dozen, and therefore thinking but little of their stock in trade.

Now in the Wolfmark this is the common kind of beauty—not that beauty of any kind is over-common. For our maids—especially those of the country—look too much as if they had been made out of wooden pillows, such as laborers use to lay their heads on of nights—one large bolster set on the top of two other little ones, and all three well wadded with ticking and feathers. But I hope no one will go back to the Wolfmark and tell the maids that Hugo Gottfried said this of them, or of a surety my left ear will tingle with the running of their tongues, if there be any truth in the old saw.

It was three of the clock, and the sun was very fierce on the dusty unslaked yard of the Wolfsberg, glaring down upon us like the mouth of a wide smelter's oven. Fat Fritz, the porter, in his arm-chair of a cell, was wellnigh dissolved into lard and running out at his own door. The Playmate's window was open, and I caught the waft of a fan to and fro. I judged therefore that my lady knew well that I was working out there in the heat, and was glad of it—being a spiteful pretty minx.

Then I began to wonder who had given her that fan, for it was not like my father to do it, and she knew no other. "Ah!" I said to myself, as a thought struck me, "could it possibly be Michael Texel? He is rich, and Helene may have known him before. The cunning, dark-eyed little vagabond, to take my introduction yesterevening as if she had never set eyes on the fellow before, while here it is as clear as daylight that he had all the time been giving her presents—fans and such like!"

So I raved within me, half because I believed it, and half because she seemed so comfortable up there, with her feet on a stool, and a cool jug of curds at her elbow, while I sweated and labored in the sun.

Very decidedly it must be Texel; devil fly up with him and scratch him among the gargoyles of the minster!

The fan wagged on. It looked distractingly cool within. But then my father—filial obedience was very distinctly a duty; and also Gottfried Gottfried, though kind, was a man not to be disobeyed—even at nineteen, and after defying the White Wolf.

It was, as I have said, about three by the sun-dial on the wall, the arch of which cast a shadow like jet on the scale, that my father came out through the narrow door from the Judgment Hall, opening it with his own key. For he had the right of entrance and outgoing of every

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door in the palace, not even excepting the bedchamber of Duke Casimir.

"Hugo," he said, "come hither, lad. I did not mean to keep you so long at work in the sun. You must have filled all the cisterns in the place by this time!"

I thanked him sincerely, but did not pursue the subject. For, indeed, I had not worked quite so hard as in his haste my father had supposed from my appearance.

"Go within," he said; "don quickly your saint's-day dress, and betake yourself down to the house of Master Gerard von Sturm, the city chamberlain, and tell him all that he asks of you—readily and truly."

"But, father," said I, "suppose he asks of me that which might condemn one who has trusted me, what am I to say?"

"Tut, boy!" said the father, impatiently; "you mean young Michael Texel. Fear not for him. He was the first to inform. He was at Master von Sturm's by eight this morning, elbowing half a dozen others, all burning and shining lights of the famous Society of the White Wolf. You are the hero of the day down there, it seems."

"And, lo! here I am flouted by a stripling girl, and set to carry water by the hour in the broiling sun!" I said within myself. I possessed, however, though without doubt a manifest hero, far too much of the unheroic quality of discretion to say this aloud to my father.

"I thank you, sir," I said, respectfully. "I will go at once and put on my finest coat and my shoes of silk."

My father smiled.

"You need not be particular as to the silk shoes. 'Tis to see Master von Sturm, not to court pretty Mistress Ysolinde, that I asked you to visit the lawyer's house by the Weiss Thor."

But I was not sorry to be able to proclaim my destination as loud as I dared without causing suspicion.

"Hanne," I cried down the turret stairs, "I pray you bring me the silken shoes with the ribbon bows of silk. I am going down to Master von Sturm's house. Also my gold chain, and bonnet of blue velvet with the golden feather in it which I won at the last arrow-shooting."

I saw the fluttering of the fan falter and stop. A light foot went pattering up the stairway and a door slammed in the tower.

Then I laughed, like the vain, silly boy I was.

"Mistress Helene," I said to myself, "you will find poor Hugo, whom you flouted and despised, can yet pay his debts."

So I put on the fine clothes which I wore on festal days and sallied forth. Now, though the lower orders still hated my father and all that came out of the Red Tower—or indeed, for the matter of that, out of the Wolfsberg—with hardly concealed malice, yet there were many in the city, specially among those of the upper classes, who began to think well of my determination to try another way of life than that to which I had been born. For I made no secret of them after to Michael Texel and such of his comrades as joined us in our gatherings.

Indeed, now, when I come to think of it, it seems to me that my father was the only person of my acquaintance who did not suspect that I was resolved never to wear either the black robe of Inquisition or the crimson of Final Judgment.

Yet it wore round to within two years, and indeed rather less, of the time for my initiation into the mysteries of the Red Axe, and still I remained at home, an idle boy, playing at single-stick and fence with the men-at-arms, drinking beer in the evening with my bosom cronies, and, in the well-grounded opinion of all honest people, likely enough to come to no good.

But I, Hugo Gottfried, had my eyes and my books open, and knew that I was but biding my time.

So it came about that I carried no taint of the dread associations of the Wolfsberg about me as I went down the bustling street to the Weiss Thor to call on that learned and well-reputed lawyer Master Gerard von Sturm. So great was the fame of Master Gerard that he was often called in to settle the mercantile quarrels of the burghers among themselves, and was even chosen as arbiter between those of other towns. For, though accounted severe, he had universally the name of a just and wise man, who would not rob the litigants of all their valuables and then decide in favor of neither, as was too often the way with the "justice" of the great nobles.

As for Duke Casimir of the Wolfmark, no man or woman went near him on any plea whatsoever, save that of asking mercy or favor. And unless my father chanced to be at hand, mostly they asked in vain. For, as I now knew, he had to keep up the common bruit of himself throughout the country as a cruel, fearless, and implacable tyrant. Besides, his fears were so constant and so great, perhaps so well founded, that often he dared not be merciful.

CHAPTER X.

THE LUBBER FIEND.

At five of the clock I lifted the great wolf's-head knocker of shining brass which frowned above the door of Master Gerard von Sturm in the port of the Weiss Thor. Hardly had I let it fall again, when a small wicket, apparently about two feet above my head, opened, and a huge round head with enormous ears at either side peeped out. So vast was the head and so small the aperture that one of the lateral wings of the chubby face caught on the sill, and the owner brought it away successfully with a jerk and a perfectly good-humored and audible "flip."

"Who are you and what do you want?" said a wide-gashed mouth, which, with a squat, flattened-out nose and two merry little twinkling eyes, completed this wonderful apparition.

The words were in themselves somewhat rude. On paper I observe that they have an appearance almost truculent. But spoken as the thing framed in the window-sill said them, they were equal to a song of Brudershaft and an episcopal benediction rolled in one.

"I am Hugo Gottfried, of the Red Tower, come to see Master Gerard," I replied. "Who may you be that asks so boldly?"

"I'll give you a stalk of rhubarb to suck if you can guess," was the unexpected answer.

As I had never in my life seen anything in the least like the prodigy it was clearly impossible for me to earn the tart succulence of the summer vegetable on such easy terms.

"I should say," I replied, "if the guess savor not of insolence, that one might be forgiven for mistaking you for the Fool of the Family!"

The grin expanded till it wellnigh circumnavigated the vast head. It seemed first of all to make straight for the ears on either side. Then, quite suddenly, finding these obstacles insurmountable, it dodged underneath them, and the scared observer could almost imagine its two ends meeting with a click somewhere in the wilderness at the back of that unseen hemisphere of hairy thatch.

"Pinked in the white first time—no trial shot!" cried the object in the doorway, cheerily. "I am the Fool of the Family. But not the only one."

At this moment something happened behind—what I could not make out for some time. The head abruptly disappeared. There was a noise as of floor-rugs being vigorously beaten, the door opened, and the most extraordinary figure was shot out into the street. The head which I had seen certainly came first, but so lengthy a body followed that it seemed a vain thing to expect legs in addition. Yet, finally, two appeared, each of which would have made a decent body of itself, and went whirling across the street, till the whole monstrosity came violently into collision with the walls of the house stoop opposite, which seemed to rock to its very foundations under the assault.

A decent serving-man, in a semi-doctorial livery of black cloth, with a large white collar laid far over his shoulders, and cuffs of the same upon his wrists, stood in the open doorway and smiled apologetically at the visitor. He was rather red in the face, and panted with his exertions.

"I ask your pardon, young sir," he said. "That fool, Jan Lubber Fiend, will ever be at his tricks. 'Tis my young mistress that encourages him, more is the pity! For poor serving-men are held responsible for his knavish on-goings. Why, I had just set him cross-legged in the yard, with a basket of pease to shell, seeing how he grows as much as a foot in the night—or near by. But so soon as my back is turned he will be forever answering the door and peeping out into the street to gather the mongrel boys about him. 'Tis a most foul Lubber Fiend to keep about an honest house plaguing decent folks withal!"

By this time the great oaf had come back to the door of the house, and now stood alternately rubbing his elbow and rear, with an expression ludicrously penitent, at once puzzled and kindly.

"Ah, come in with you, will you?" said the man. "Certes, were it not for Mistress Ysolinde I would set on the little imps of the street to nip you to pieces and eat you raw."

The angry serving-man held the door as wide as possible and stood aside, whereat the Lubber Fiend tucked his head so far down that it seemed to disappear into the cavity of his chest, and scurried along the passage bent almost double. As he passed the door he drew all the latter part of his body together, exactly like a dog that fears a kick in the by-going. The respectable man-servant stirred not a muscle, but the gesture told a tale of the discipline of the house by the White Gate, at times when visitors were not being admitted by the main door, and when Mistress Ysolinde, favorer of the Fool Lubber Fiend, was not so closely at hand.

It was a grand house, too, the finest I had ever seen, with hangings of arras everywhere, many and parti-colored—red hunters who hunted, green foresters who shot, puff-cheeked boys blowing on hunting-horns; a house with mysterious vistas, glimpses into dim-lit rooms, wafts of perfume, lamps that were not extinguished even in the daytime, burning far within. All in mighty striking contrast to the bare stark strength of our Red Tower on the Wolfsberg, with its walls fourteen feet thick.

As I followed the serving-man through the halls and stairways my feet fell without noise on carpets never woven in our bare-floored Germany, nor yet in England, where they still strew rushes, even (so they say) in the very dining-rooms of the great—surely a most barbarous and unwholesome country. Nevertheless, carpets of wondrous hue were here in the house of Master Gerard, scarlet and blue, and so thick of ply that the foot sank into them as if reluctant ever to rise again.

As I came to the landing-place at the head of the stairway, one passed hastily before me and above me, with a sough and a rustle like the wind among tall poplar-trees on the canal edges.

I looked up, and, lo! a girl, not beautiful, but, as it were, rather strange and fascinating. She was lithe like a serpent, and undulated in her walk. Her dress was sea-green silk of a rare loom, and clung closely about her. It had scales upon it of dull gold, which gave back a lustrous under-gleam of coppery red as she moved. She had a pale eager face, lined with precision enough, but filled more with passion than womanly charm. Her eyes were emerald and beautiful, as the sea is when you look down upon it from a height and the white sand shines up through the clear depths.

Such was Ysolinde, daughter of Gerard von Sturm, favorer of Lubber Fiends, and creator of this strange Paradise, through which she glided like a spangled Orient serpent.

As I made my way humbly enough across to Master Gerard's room his daughter did not speak to me, only followed me boldly, and yet, as it seemed to me, somewhat wistfully too, with her sea-green eyes. And as the door was closing upon me I saw her beckon the serving-man.

But I, on the inner side of the door and with Master Gerard von Sturm before me, had enough to do to tell my tale and answer his questions without troubling my head about green-eyed girls.

Master Gerard was as remarkable-looking to the full as his daughter, with the same luminously green eyes. But the orbs which in the maid shone as steadily clear as the depths of the sea, in the father glittered opalescent where he sat in the dusk, like the eyes of Grimalkin cornered by dogs in some gloomy angle of the Wolfsberg wall.

As soon as I had set eyes on him I knew that I had to do with a man—not with a walking show like my Lord Duke Casimir. It struck me that for good or evil Master Gerard could carry through his intent to the bitter end, and that in council he would smile when he saw my father change his black vesture of trial for the red of beheading.

The Doctor Gerard was little seen in the streets of Thorn. Many citizens had never so much as set eyes on him. Nevertheless, his hand was in everything. Some said he was a Jew, chiefly because none knew rightly what he was, or whence he had come. Thirty years had gone by since he had suddenly appeared one day in the noble old house by the Weiss Thor, from which Grätz the wizard and his wife had been burnt out by the fury of the populace. Twenty years of artistic labor had made this place what it now was. And the little impish maid who used to break unexpectedly upon the workmen of Thorn from behind doors, or who clapped hands upon their shoulders in dusky recesses, scaring them out of their wits with suggestions of witchmasters long dead and damned, had grown into this maid of the sea-green eyes and silken draperies.

"A good-day to you, Hugo Gottfried!" said Master Gerard, quietly, looking at me keenly across the table. He wore a skull-cap on his closely cropped head. One or two betraying locks of gray appeared under it in front, but did not conceal a flat forehead, which ran back at such an angle that, with the luminous eyes beneath it, it gave him the look of a serpent rearing his yellow head a little back in the act to strike. This was a look his daughter had also. But in her the gesture was tempered by the free-playing curves of a beautiful throat and the forward thrust of a rounded chin—advantages not possessed by the angular anatomy and bony jaw of the famous doctor of law.

Master Gerard, clad in a long robe of black velvet from head to heel, sat bending his fingers gracefully together and looking at me. His head was thrown back, I have said, and the lights of the colored windows striking on his gray hair and black skull-cap caused him to look more like some lean ascetic ecclesiastic and prince of the Church than the chief lawyer of the ancient capital of the Wolfmark.

"You were present at this child's play yester-eve in the hostel of the White Swan?" he asked, boring into me with his uncomfortable triangular eyes.

"Ay, truly," said I, "and much they made of me!"

For since my father said that I was accounted a hero in this house, I had determined not to hide away my deeds in my leathern scrip. I had had enough practice in playing at modesty in the Tower of the Red Axe.

Master Gerard shook his shoulders as though he would have made me believe that he laughed.

"You were over many for them, I hear; great silly fellows, children playing with fire, yet afraid to burn themselves. Why, since ten this morning I have had them all here—stout burgomeisters' sons, slim scions of the Burghershaft, moist-eyed corporation children, each more anxious than another to prove that he had nothing to do with any treason. He had but called in at the White Swan for a draught of Frederika's famous stone ale, and so—well, he found himself somehow in the rear, and, all against his will, was dragged into the Lair of the White Wolf!"

He looked at me quietly, without speaking, for a while.

"And you, Master Hugo, did you go thither to distinguish yourself by breaking up their child's folly, or, like the others, to taste the stone ale?"

It was a question I had not expected. But it was best to be very plain with Master Gerard.

"I went," I replied, "along with Michael Texel, because he asked me. I knew not in the least what I was to see, but I was ready for anything."

"And you acquitted yourself on the whole extremely well," he nodded; "so at least they are all very ready to say, hoping, I doubt not, for your good offices with the Duke when it comes to their turn. You flouted them right manfully and defied their mystery, they told me."

At this moment I became conscious that a door opposite me was open and the curtain drawn a little way back. There, in the half-light, I saw Mistress Ysolinde listening. She leaned her head aside as though it had been heavy with its weight of locks of burned gold, pillowing her cheek against the door-post, and let her dreamy sea-green eyes rest upon me. And the look that was in them gave me a sense of pleasure strange and acute, as well as a restless uneasiness and vague desire to escape out under the blue sky, and mingle with the throng of every-day men on the streets of the city.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHERE SLEEP THE GUARDS?

THE Czar has got Port Arthur,
The Kaiser holds Foo-Ching,
The French have gobbled up Hai-Nan,
The Queen holds Ting-a-Ling.

The Cossack's on the Yangtse,
The Teuton's at Wing-Hi,
The Gaul's eloped with Pitti-Sing.
The Briton holds Choo-Fli.

Wilhelm becomes King Bill-Hee,
The Queen's the Empress Yum,
The Czar's the Chung of Dit-To;
But what do *we* become?

Where is great Wilhelm Chandler?
And where is Morgan true?
Where sleeps our gallant Cabot Lodge,
And all his fighting crew?

Why are they not at Teeville?
Why not at Hinki-Pank?
Why storm they not the heights of Ping
On Wun-Lung's flowered bank?

Why are they not at Oolong?
At Huhl-Lee-Gee? at Li?
Is dear old Glory's finger not
In this Mongolian pie?

Alas! It looks so, truly.
And can the reason be
We've cane and whiskey generals,
With none to care for Tea?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



I.—KANSAS DEBTS AND DEBT-PAYERS.

IN the spirit of humorous hyperbole which made him known from one end of the land to the other during the campaign of 1896, William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, closed a speech which he made at the Commercial Club's annual dinner, in Kansas City, on December 17, 1897, with these words:

"And God said 'Let there be light,' and there was—Kansas."

The boldness of this figure of speech may be startling when set out by itself, but one should remember that the public men of Kansas are still in what may be called the oratorical stage—the stage of astonishing metaphors. Within two years John J. Ingalls wrote, apparently in sober earnest:

Other States could be spared without irreparable bereavement, but Kansas is indispensable to the joy, the inspiration, and the improvement of the world. . . . Its arithmetic is more dazzling and bewildering than poetry, and the historian is compelled to be economical of truth and parsimonious in his recital of facts in order not to impose too great a strain upon the capacity of human credulity.

The Eastern investor whose money was lost in the riot of speculation that swept over Kansas in the early nineties, or sunk in the successive waves of hard times that followed the speculation, may be inclined to invert Mr. White's figure, and say that at last the light which a kind Providence intended should shine in the remotest parts of the universe has reached Kansas. This same investor, remembering only the loss of his money, would be likely to agree with Mr. Ingalls in declaring the arithmetic of Kansas more dazzling and bewildering than poetry. The truth is there is light in Kansas, and it has been shining like a beacon in the Middle West ever since the enormous crops of 1897 were harvested, and it is also true that Kansas arithmetic has become more bewildering than poetry since that time, for the prosperity that those crops brought to the farmers reads like fairy tales, and in many cases is dazzling. One can form a correct opinion of Kansas and its people better by going to the State, and by speaking with its farmers, its storekeepers, its business men, its officials, and its professional men, than in any other way. It was for this purpose that in December last I visited the State, and, in this and other articles to follow, the exact truth about Kansas and other Western States is to be told as it was learned after diligent investigation.

One needs to be in Kansas only a few days to learn that the East has misunderstood the people of the Sunflower State as much as the people of that State have misunderstood the East. The real people of Kansas are no more repudiators and cranks than the real people of the East are shylocks and fanatics. There is no patent process of arithmetic whereby the Eastern investor must pay losses and the Western investor must not. And despite all that has been said to the contrary, it is easy to show that Kansas people, notwithstanding the fact that millions of Eastern dollars have been lost and swallowed up forever through reckless money-lending as much as through reckless money-borrowing, are not only debt-payers, but among the best debt-payers in the country.

Before producing figures to prove this assertion, a little recapitulation of recent events is necessary. It was late in the eighties that the boom fever struck Kansas. The get-rich-quick bacteria superheated its blood, and the State was soon in a delirium. To account for this condition Editor White has said recently that Kansas is so highly educated that she is more responsive to psychological currents and conditions than her sister States, and therefore has done more queer things than they. During the boom times it became known that many investors in the East had been quietly making enormous profits in the State by lending money at high rates of interest. Forthwith there was a rush of capital from the East to share in this prosperity. A regiment of loan companies was formed. At one time there were no less than 400 of these companies. Adventurers in the East and in Kansas formed many of them; it was so easy for a time to make money by the mere signing of notes and putting them up as collateral in your own loan company. The people of the East showered money over the State. It couldn't be kept out. Bonds of electric-light companies, of water-works and sewer enterprises, of street-car companies, stock in banks, investment companies, and what not, in places that were mere cross-roads, and in places that did not exist at all, were subscribed for.

It soon became necessary to use part of the principal to pay the alleged high interest. The era of swindling began. Nearly all the loan companies had guaranteed—that was an easy matter—both interest and principal. Companies with a capital of $50,000—perhaps $10,000 of which was paid up—had guarantees for millions out. Thousands upon thousands of dollars which the Kansas farmers paid on their loans were stolen deliberately, and hundreds of lawsuits over such cases are yet pending. One company, according to the report of the State Bank Commissioner in 1895, collected more than $375,000 from the Kansas people, and deliberately stole it all. Forged satisfactions of mortgages were made out, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were borrowed on them under false pretences. One company did $100,000 of such business. Then there were bogus banks. The McPherson County Bank was one of these. There was no such institution, and yet hundreds of Eastern investors sent their money to buy its stocks and bonds without investigating the matter. The famous Citizens' Bank of Wichita was a veritable quicksand for Eastern money. It was supposed to have a capital of $500,000, and a surplus of $200,000. It all vanished like a mist. Wichita's town lots and tremendous office buildings out in the corn-fields still remain, but the money is gone. No investors apparently were more reckless than the savings-banks of New Hampshire, most of which have since been wrecked because of their Western investments. The variety and scope of the swindling that grew out of this unbusinesslike way of doing business were such that the Bank Commissioner, in his report for 1895, said:

"The list of those who have been robbed by these rotten institutions is augmented, until to-day there is a small army of Eastern people who believe that our State is populated with a class of conscienceless rascals whose sole business is to prey upon the people of the East."

The crash of the boom came, with its awful wreckage in Kansas and other States. The crops were fair in Kansas up to that time, and even unusual as late as the year 1892. Then the hard times set in. Crops were light, the farmers had little money to spare for debts, and Eastern investors were called upon, under the double liability act, to put more money into the State. Some of them did so, in the hope of saving part of what they had invested. Most of them let their investments go at once, and took what satisfaction they could by denouncing the people of the State indiscriminately as swindlers. Few denounced themselves publicly for lending money foolishly, and fairly forcing other people to take it. Of the nearly 400 loan companies only seven survived. They were those that had refused to guarantee interest and principal. They paid lower interest than the companies which went down. Instead of paying ten and twelve per cent., they paid only eight and ten. They received only two per cent. commission for placing loans, instead of four per cent. One of these surviving companies actually kept $50,000 belonging to a Philadelphia clergyman—money that he insisted on investing at high rates in Kansas—from April to August, and then sent it back to him. One easily understands now how those seven companies survived. They did business on business principles.

All business was prostrated. Money stopped coming in. Some of the swindlers sent forged papers East, and then pleaded for time in liquidation, hoping to escape prosecution through the statute of limitations, which provided that two years was the limit of time in which action in such cases could be taken. Thousands upon thousands of farmers had paid their just debts, but the money had never reached the East. Eastern investors were called upon to pay a double liability, and Western farmers were called upon to pay a second time debt-money, and then each side began to call the other names. The Eastern men called the Western men "repudiators," and the Western men called the Eastern men "shylocks," "heartless money barons," and other things, and meanwhile a small army of swindlers and adventurers, some



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of whom had sprung up in Kansas itself, and some of whom had hurried to the State to play their game, went scurrying here and there, to make away with their ill-gotten spoils, or to escape the wrath of the raging Eastern investor or the swindled Western farmer.

The political demagogue then grew and flourished as a natural outcome of all this. He went up and down the country telling the farmers that the people of the East were not as other men; that there was no patriotic middle class in the East; that we were all millionaires or paupers; that a man who had money was the natural enemy of those who had been unfortunate; that the way to remedy the evils was to elect him to office. And the people of the East read these appeals and began to believe assertions that were also unjust, to the effect that the people of Kansas were dishonest in spirit; that they were practically all cranks; that they did not believe in debt-paying; that they were volatile, and followers after every new bauble and foible that came up; that they were a disgrace to American principles and American spirit.

Men in the East raised their hands and cried, "Can any good thing come out of Kansas?"

Men in Kansas lifted their voices in reply, and shouted, "Have the men of the East any god but money?"

So the misunderstandings continued until the great crops of 1897 came along and spread a blanket of prosperity all over the State. The effect has been like a refreshing sleep to a strong but physically exhausted man. The State has awakened in good humor. It has ceased to rail at the East. It is eager to pay its debts. It even has money of its own to loan. It wants the East to change its views to some extent also. It wants a hearing to show that it is not a community of cranks and repudiators, and it has some figures, such as have never been printed before, to prove it.

In my investigations as to the increase of business in Kansas I had occasion to visit Bank Commissioner Breidenthal. I asked him if there was any public data regarding Eastern investments and the amount of money that had been lost and paid on them. He said that there was no official compilation of such matters, and that the matter of mortgage indebtedness could only be secured by a laborious correspondence with county officials. The United States census for 1890 had given the total amount of mortgage indebtedness, but exact figures since that time could not be secured. Mr. Breidenthal's entire business and official life has been taken up with such matters, and he volunteered some data from his own information and experience, which he said could not be disputed by any well-informed person.

Before giving this data it would be well to recall that Mr. Breidenthal is the man who, although the head of the Populist party in Kansas at the time, proclaimed, to the surprise of all, early last summer, that prosperity had come to the State, and thus confounded calamity-howlers. It was the first authentic news regarding the matter from the State. Mr. Breidenthal was broad-minded and fair-minded enough not only to tell the whole truth about the matter, regardless of politics and political effect, but to spread the matter broadcast throughout the land. He simply wanted the truth about Kansas known. It is also only fair to say that before going to see Mr. Breidenthal I had the opinion of him that has been prevalent somewhat in the East, that he was a smart political manipulator and intriguer. After less than half an hour's conversation with him I began to change my mind, and to believe that in many things he had been misrepresented. Before leaving him I became convinced that he had neither hoofs nor horns, and that although we disagreed politically, he was honest, capable, and straightforward in thought and action. To make sure that my impression of him was correct I went to the political leaders opposed to him, to the best-known members of the bar in Topeka, to editors in various cities and towns, to merchants, bankers, and farmers, and it is a pleasure to give the invariable answer to my inquiries as to Mr. Breidenthal's character and trustworthiness. Summed up it was:

"There is no more honorable man, no fairer political antagonist, no more patriotic citizen, in Kansas than John W. Breidenthal. You may depend on any figures he gives you absolutely."

Some persons may regard this as exaggeration, and it may be something of a surprise to Mr. Breidenthal himself, who has had to bear his share of attack in politics, to know what his fellow-citizens really think of him, but I challenge any contradiction of my assertion that his reputation at home is as I have given it. There is a very simple reason for this. It is because the point I wish to make about Kansas debt-paying depends upon figures that Mr. Breidenthal gave me. It is his business to visit every State bank in the commonwealth. His own loan company was one of the seven that did not go down in the wreck following the boom. He has spent all his life in the atmosphere of loans and investments, and his friends and political enemies assert that no man in Kansas is more competent, by reason of his official place and personal experience, to talk of mortgage indebtedness in the State.

Mr. Breidenthal's figures go back twenty years, and are divided into periods of five years each, the average time of Kansas loans. From 1878 to 1882 inclusive he estimates the average Kansas mortgage indebtedness at $50,000,000, and the average interest from 8 to 10 per cent.; from 1883 to 1887, average indebtedness $100,000,000, with the interest from 7 to 8 per cent.; from 1888 to 1892, indebtedness $200,000,000, with interest from 6 to 8 per cent.; from 1893 to 1897, indebtedness $150,000,000, with interest from 6 to 8 per cent. The average indebtedness for all these twenty years was $125,000,000 a year, and the average interest during these twenty years was 7 per cent. Mr. Breidenthal estimates that the total losses to Eastern investors during these twenty years was $25,000,000, but says that there was paid on the average indebtedness of $125,000,000 a year interest that averaged 7 per cent. In other words, Kansas paid to Eastern investors an annual average interest on all investments for twenty years of $8,750,000, and the total amount of interest paid in twenty years was the enormous sum of $175,000,000 on a principal that aggregated in that time $500,000,000. The average population at this time was 1,200,000, and the yearly interest actually paid to Eastern investors was a little more than $7 for every man, woman, and child, while the total interest paid for the twenty years amounted to nearly $146 for every inhabitant. The United States census for 1890 gave the entire mortgage indebtedness of Kansas for that year as $240,000,000, but that included all kinds of mortgages, and made no distinctions between those from the East and those of the West's own making. Mr. Breidenthal says that reports and figures sent to him show that since 1890 Kansas has paid no less than $150,000,000 of her mortgage debt, leaving $90,000,000 to be accounted for, according to the figures of the Federal census. He says that since 1890 there have been foreclosures amounting to $40,000,000, and that on April 1, 1898, the mortgage indebtedness of the State will be only $50,000,000, although the average indebtedness for twenty years up to the same date has been $125,000,000.

Here is the summary which Mr. Breidenthal makes of his figures: Total foreclosures in the twenty years, $50,000,000; estimated absolute loss in twenty years, $25,000,000; total interest paid in twenty years, $175,000,000; net interest paid, deducting the total loss of $25,000,000, $150,000,000. The net sum paid despite losses, therefore, is 6 per cent. of the entire investment.

In other words, although no less than $25,000,000 have been lost outright to Eastern investors in Kansas mortgages, the aggregate of such indebtedness has been reduced from $125,000,000 to $50,000,000, and throughout all the hard times the State has paid, actually paid, upon its mortgages—good, bad, and indifferent—the average interest of 6 per cent. Of course these figures apply only to the mortgages of the State involving Eastern money. They cannot apply to the wild-cat investments in municipal securities that secured nothing except an easy way of making money for the "promoters."

To the Eastern investor who lost all he sent to Kansas these figures of thrift and of evident desire to pay one's debts may have a mocking sound, but, taken as a whole, they make a showing that is not to the discredit of Kansas, considering the temptations to which she was subjected in the matter of reckless money-borrowing. As illustrating the feeling of bitterness and the misunderstandings on both sides in this matter of Kansas investments, I print here, omitting names, the letter of a clerk in Connecticut to the cashier of a Kansas bank, and forwarded by the cashier to Bank Commissioner Breidenthal:

——, Connecticut, *July 7, 1897.*

Dear Sir,—I have your letter of June 23 ultimo, and am not at all surprised at the appearance of the new page turned in the history of your bank. It is like all the rest that has gone before—a shameless history, carried on by shameless men. It is like the inception of the bank, like the acts of its promoters, like the acts of those who foisted the stock upon the East, like Kansas and Kansas people. It is a unique history, too, in that it shows a keen foresight in the selection of those who pay and those who have gone free. In Kansas, I suppose, it is called "financiering." Here we give a thing that is founded upon deceit in the beginning and repudiation in the end another name. However, I suppose you cannot help it. There must be something in the air that you breathe in your God-forsaken State that fosters and nurtures the freebooter spirit.

If it is not asking too much, I would like to know who secured the passage of this act of your Legislature by which you have the power given to you to further pluck your stockholders? Did the "statesmen" of Kansas, the members of the Legislature themselves, create and carry to completion this act, or did the banks themselves see one more way in which they could get at the pockets already depleted but perhaps not entirely empty? What part did the —— Bank take in this feat of Western engineering?

I cannot attend your meeting, and would not if I could. I have no desire to see a poor farce poorly played, and as for sending a proxy, I would see you and all the other members of the management of the bank in the lowest depths of hell before I would put my name to any paper that would aid you in your nefarious schemes, and I would certainly prevent any member of my family from signing such a paper.

I was through your State recently, and was disappointed in seeing it looking so well. I had hoped to see nothing but desolation. However, it is early yet, and there is still time for the hot winds to blast and destroy. I wish for your whole State and people nothing but distress, but failure, but utter bankruptcy. When that blessed time and condition comes to you I shall feel that we are getting even with you, and when you are blotted out altogether, so that nothing remains but the unsavory name of your foul State, I shall feel that the mill that has ground slowly has at last ground not only fine but well.

Very truly yours,

——.

This letter was written by a man who probably had put his entire savings and also some of his wife's money into bank stock in a little town. He was called upon to pay, like all other stockholders East or West, an assessment on his stock under the double liability act. It probably became necessary to scale down some of the debts of the bank under the new law which has put Kansas banks upon a businesslike and safe basis. The letter, although of exaggerated type, is illustrative of the brands that have been flying back and forth from East to West, inflaming the angry feelings between the two regions, and showing the extent to which men will go—men of intelligence, too—when their money has been lost in such financiering as swept over Kansas. There is another side to this Eastern feeling, and it is one that Mr. Breidenthal, with some show of pride, placed opposite to this letter from the Connecticut man. He quoted from the report for 1895 of the Bank Commissioner of New Hampshire, the State that was almost as sorely chastened as Kansas in the riotous speculation. That report said, under the head of "Western Investments," and speaking particularly of Kansas investments,

The losses thus far have been largely from classes of investments that *would have proved disastrous whatever might have been the condition of the West.* (Italics do not occur in the report.)

In other words, there is the testimony of the representative of the chief sufferers of the East, the New Hampshire farmers and wage-earners, that it was the speculative spirit and not the condition of Kansas and its agriculture that brought ruin in its wake.

There may be inquiry as to how Kansas could pay off so much of her mortgage indebtedness since 1890. One reason is that a change in the law in that year gave the mortgagee the privilege of paying off a mortgage in instalments of $100, or multiples of that sum, and thousands of farmers availed themselves of that privilege, and this year will see their farms clear despite the hard times. But how did they get the money, even the small sums? The answer is found in the amazing productiveness of Kansas since 1890, notwithstanding the crop failures. The State Agricultural Department's figures show that since 1890 the farmers of the State have raised in crops and live stock nearly $2,000,000,000 worth of produce. The value of those seven years of produce is more than the national debt of the United States. The grand total for 1897 is put at $230,000,000. In 1890 it was $325,000,000; 1891, $287,000,000; 1892, $273,000,000; 1893, $220,000,000; 1894, $192,000,000; 1895, $201,000,000; 1896, $189,000,000; total, omitting all but general figures, $1,917,000,000. The product of Kansas farms for 1897 was $41,000,000 more than in 1896, and of this increase $15,000,000 was in corn, wheat, and oats. Another article will deal with this increase in wealth and what it has meant to Kansas.

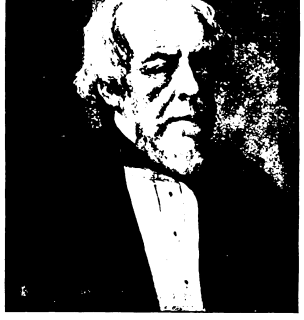
To show that Kansas people are not repudiators, her partisans point to the fact that at one time, owing to legislation intended to give encouragement to farmers, nearly fifty per cent. of the people of the State were exempt from the payment of obligations. These exemptions included farm utensils and other things of necessity on the farm, and in cases where judgments were taken there was little or nothing that could be attached in payment. Despite these exemptions, Kansas people say that not ten per cent. of those legally exempt from obligations availed themselves of their lawful rights. Mr. Breidenthal says that as Bank Commissioner he finds in every part of the State men who prefer to pay their debts outright rather than extend their mortgages and buy more land or make improvements on their holdings. Supplementing Mr. Breidenthal's statements, I am at liberty to quote what Major Hood, president of the leading bank in Emporia, one of the men most prominently mentioned for the Republican nomination for Governor at the next election, when the Republicans expect to win, said to me of Kansas debts and debt-paying:

"I have lived here," said Major Hood, "twenty-six years, and have been in the banking business most of that time, and in all my experience I have never seen such a desire to pay debts and such a result in debt-paying in this State as we have had in 1897."

Further testimony as to Kansas debt-paying lies in the fact that in Kansas, as in Nebraska and other States of the Middle West, the loan business, as it was formerly conducted, is over. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of Eastern money have been sent back since last fall because there was no market for it. Only recently a bank official in central New York received letters of inquiry from Kansas asking as to the value of certain investments. Some persons in Kansas had money to lend in the East. It is a fact beyond dispute that Western mortgages are being paid off far in advance of maturity. One agent of a loan company told me that from the West alone returns on unmatured loans were coming in at his office at the rate of $50,000 a week faster than he could put out the money again. He said he was simply sending back all the Eastern money that was coming to him. He could not find a market even for his Western money.

In view of these facts, I think it is fair to say that the present aim of Kansas is to get out of debt, and that she is getting out of debt marvellously fast, considering what she has had to contend against in the matter of bad reputation and hard times. When we analyze the extent of the prosperity that came to the State in 1897, as we shall in another article, I think it will be agreed by all reasonable persons that it is not a case of special pleading to argue that Kansas people are not only excellent debt-payers, but among the best debt-payers in the country, and especially so when we remember the temptation she had to borrow recklessly.

Truly there is light in Kansas now, and when one considers what she has done in twenty years, he may say that Mr. Ingalls, for once in his life, did not exaggerate when he said that her arithmetic was bewildering.



RIGHT HONORABLE C. P. VILLIERS.

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The fame of Mr. Villiers will always be inseparable in English history from the Repeal of the Corn Laws and the propagation of Free Trade; though even in that connection it is probable that he will have to take a third place behind his two mighty lieutenants, Richard Cobden and John Bright. Nevertheless, it was Mr. Villiers who first dared to attack the stronghold of protection in Parliament. Years before John Bright was ever heard of as a politician, and while Richard Cobden was still busy in the civic and commercial life of Manchester, Mr. Villiers was bringing forward his annual motion in favor of the Repeal of the Corn Law of 1815. When he entered Parliament, in 1835, the cause for which he was fighting must have seemed hopeless. Nine-tenths of the House was filled by the very men whose interests he was attacking. Every consideration of prestige, of dignity and tradition, was arrayed against the new movement. The agriculturists were openly opposed to it; the manufacturers were only lukewarm in its support. "Overturn protection!" said a complacent Tory to Mr. Cobden. "Why, you'll overturn the monarchy before you do that!" Mr. Villiers was not discouraged. He was young, only thirty-two or thirty-three, when he first took his seat for Wolverhampton—

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the city he was to represent uninterruptedly for sixty-three years. He had studied law and political economy; he had been animated in his early days by the eloquence of Canning and Huskisson, as they declaimed against commercial monopolies; he had the friendship and backing of men like James Mill and Grote and Bentham; he had been a Poor-Law Commissioner, and knew the needs and privations of the working classes; and he was confident that he had hold of a great scientific truth. What chiefly separated him from his fellow-leaders in the free-trade agitation was his aristocratic birth. He was a member of one of the oldest English families, a brother of the Earl of Clarendon, and connected by the closest ties of relationship with many noble houses. And the movement he led was a movement of the middle classes, of the despised manufacturers of Manchester and Birmingham, wholly businesslike and prosaic, and apparently directly opposed to the interests of his class. Not for one moment did he falter in his fidelity. Year after year he brought forward his bill, and year after year the House listened to him, outvoted him, and went to bed. But his advocacy served the great purpose of drawing the attention of the country to the whole question. "A solitary Robinson Crusoe, standing on the barren rock of Corn Law Repeal," as one of his opponents called him, he still made many converts. Without being a great orator he was a speaker of singular clearness and argumentative power, very ready in debate, very exact and thorough both in manner and matter, and with a facility of sarcasm it was dangerous to provoke. He relied always upon reason and argument. The same glacial impartiality marked his leadership of the Anti-Corn-Law League. In a time of great passion he counselled moderation and coolness, refused to set class against class or town against country, and won his way and finally carried his point by resistless appeals to the intelligence of his adversaries. Cobden and Bright have naturally overshadowed the part he played in repealing the Corn Laws, but to him must be given the credit of having set on foot the movement which revolutionized Great Britain's fiscal system, unshackled British commerce, and has made its influence felt in every quarter of the world. Mr. Villiers was no less deservedly fortunate in seeing the acceptance of many another reform which he advocated. The introduction of the ballot, Irish disestablishment, national education, extension of the franchise, and municipal reform, all received the aid of his vigorous and patient support; while in his own special domain, that of poor-law administration, he introduced himself many valuable and important changes. He was a man of exceptional vivacity and sweetness of temper, modest and ungrudging, and absolutely devoid of personal ambition. His seventy years of public life were given wholeheartedly to the cause of liberty and the poor.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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THE universal article of diet in that country, depended upon and indispensable, is bread or biscuit. And to make the bread and biscuit, either in the camp or upon the trail, yeast cannot be used—it must be baking powder—and the powder manufactured by the processes of the Royal Baking Powder Company, miners and prospectors have learned, is the only one which will stand in that peculiar climate of cold and dampness and raise the bread and biscuit satisfactorily.

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There is no better guide to follow in these matters than the advice of those who have gone through similar experience. Mr. McQuesten, who is called "the father of Alaska," after an experience of years upon the trail, in the camp, and in the use of every kind of supply, says: "We find in Alaska that the importance of a proper kind of baking powder cannot be overestimated. A miner with a can of bad baking powder is almost helpless in Alaska. We have tried all sorts, and have been obliged to settle down to use nothing but the Royal. It is stronger and carries further at first, but, above all things, it is the only powder that will endure the severe climatic changes of the arctic region."

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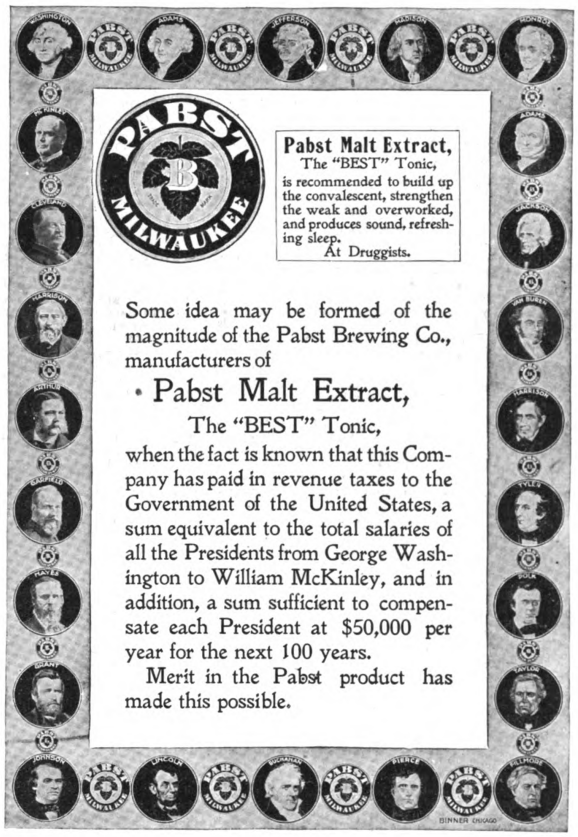


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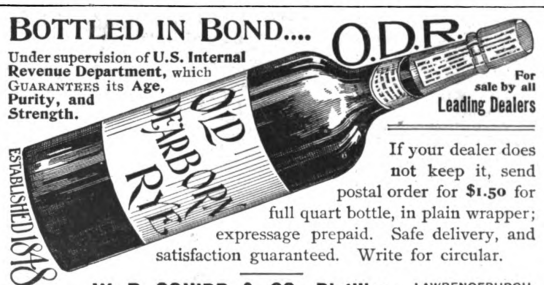
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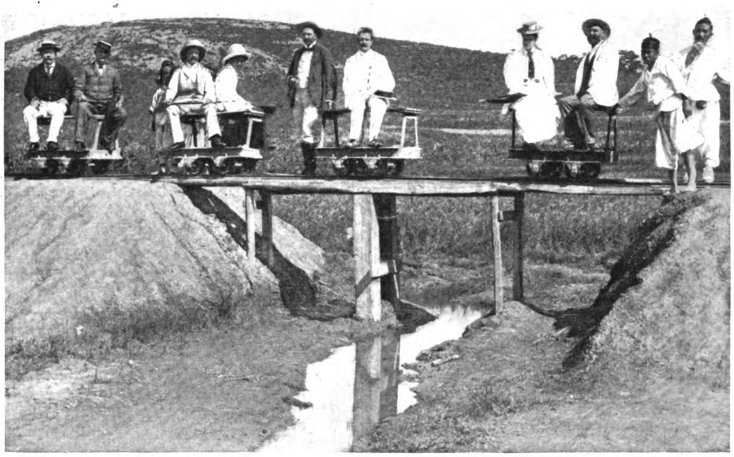
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AMERICAN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION IN KOREA.—FIRST EXCURSION PARTY OVER THE TEMPORARY RAIL LINE BETWEEN SEOUL AND CHEMULPO.

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN KOREA.

KOREA, so weak as a political structure, is for scenery one of the most beautiful countries in the world. Its eight provinces are substantially so many river basins. The land is well drained, and in the southern provinces warm and fertile, while the mineral riches are certainly abundant. Korea's total area is about ninety thousand square miles, and its splendid coast-line of over eighteen hundred miles insures for it a commercial future. Roughly speaking, it is an island, for out of the Dragon Prince's Pool, upon the summit of the Long White Mountain, on the extreme northern frontier, flow the two streams, the Yalu and the Tumen, which give Korea a water boundary on the north. In physical configuration the country on its eastern side is a long backbone of mountains, with a precipitous wall of rock fronting the Sea of Japan, all the rest of the country being a long slope towards the Yellow Sea. The chief river, Han, rises among the Diamond Mountains. Its strong current during the ages has deposited the Kang-wa and other islands and groups of islands in front of its mouth, which make navigation so difficult, and which, until a generation ago, hid the way to the Seoul from foreign navigators. Seoul, the capital, is a league north of this river, and Chemulpo is over twenty miles south of it. At the latter place, the treaty port of the capital, is now a bustling foreign settlement, where are gathered many nationalities. Hence the necessities of a railway are patent.

The beasts of burden in all the eight provinces are either the patient and handsome bulls, reared in the native families among the children; the biting, kicking, screaming, and thoroughly unlovely ponies; or, most numerously, men or women. Among the men, paradoxical as it may seem, are "the only pretty girls in Korea," for until marriage a man is nothing. With his hair parted in the middle and made into a braid hanging down his back, an unmarried Korean lad is often as handsome as he is good-natured.

Now the days of bulls, ponies, and human burden-bearers, between seaport and capital at least, are numbered. Some months ago the royal government gave to an American firm a concession to build a railway. Two Americans, Messrs. Collbran & James, have undertaken the contract to construct the road-bed and road for the Seoul-Chemulpo Railroad Company. This firm has its headquarters in Denver and Chattanooga. Besides Mr. H. Collbran, who is on the ground, their official representatives in Korea are Messrs. W. C. Carley, engineer in charge, H. R. Bostwick, auditor, and S. F. Philips, superintendent of construction. These three gentlemen are in the employ of the American-Oriental Construction Company.

The contract calls for a completely equipped railway, including road-bed, rails, stations, repair-shops, car and engine houses, turn-tables, telegraph lines, and all necessary equipments. An accompanying photograph shows the contractors' hastily laid temporary road for grading and construction purposes, and the party taking their first trip for amusement over the embankment. The other photograph shows the thousand or more native laborers engaged in the labor of excavating one of the many deep rock cuts. The hills and mountains for many miles around the capital have been denuded for the purposes of fuel, and the justly famed forests of the peninsula can be best seen and enjoyed further in the interior. The road will be of standard gauge, 4 feet 8 inches in width, and 25 miles in length, following closely the old public road—or apology for one—between seaport and capital. In the latter the station will be outside the city wall, near the Little West Gate. The station building, from plans made at Chattanooga, is now on its way. The chief difficulty will be at the river Han, over which an eight-span steel-truss bridge, now in course of construction in the United States, will be thrown. The approaches at either end will consist of lines of wooden trestles 800 feet in length. The steel bridge will be 1650 feet long, and its northern terminus will be close to the King's Ferry, nearly four miles from the capital, and will have a total length of 2450 feet, or nearly half a mile.

The native laborer works cheerfully and faithfully for thirty-five cents a day, paid in silver. The bosses of the gangs are Korean and Japanese. Ten miles of nine-inch rail have already been laid, and one hundred trip-cars are in use. Probably by this time the steam-locomotives and bridge material have arrived. The road-bed is graded, sloped out, and ditched out from Chemulpo to the Pu-Pion Pass, and grading-gangs are at work from that point onward. The cut through Wonti Pass, near Pu-Pion, is the heaviest piece of grading on the road, being 1200 feet long and over 40 feet deep. Here is a large and finely equipped forge, but the carpenter shop is at Chemulpo.

In the picture one may recognize one of the new corps of native policemen in his smart modern uniform, and the royal officers in their curious hats and baggy garments. The laborers also still wear the ancient, uninteresting, and unserviceable dress, which is bound to disappear as soon as the average Korean gets to work. So far, instead of being a benefit, it has been a positive disadvantage for a native to save money or accumulate any property, since he is sure to be swooped upon by the "Yang-Ban," or gentlemen of leisure, privilege, and office, who call on him for a forced loan of money, neither principal nor interest of which he is ever likely to see again. The railway in Korea will be a powerful civilizing force, breaking up the old order based on despotism and ignorance.

Routes for other railways have been surveyed and exploited by the Japanese. It is therefore highly probable that, should peace continue, or should Korea come under the assured control of some stronger power, the steel highways will run northwestwardly to the frontiers of China, northeastwardly to Primorsk in Russia, southwestwardly to Fusan, in touch with Japanese commerce, and southwardly through the warm and rich plains of Chung-Chong and Chulla. Very few countries on earth, and none with so long a history and so ancient possession of writing (with one of the best alphabets in the world), are so rich by nature and so neglected and even ruined by man as this peninsula. Korea's first necessity is good government.



AMERICAN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION IN KOREA.—DEEP ROCK CUT BETWEEN SEOUL AND CHEMULPO.

WINTER EVENING ON THE HUDSON.

PALE blue that marks departed daylight's track—
Walled shores, like night's grim battlements, below.
A frozen river ridged with crusted snow.
An icy breath that gossips with the trees
Where one who hurries, looks across and sees
A single star above a wall of black.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

DEATH OF DEAN LIDDELL.

ON Wednesday, January 19, Henry George Liddell, late Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, died in London, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. For two generations he had been one of the most influential and eminent of the great scholars who gave character to the oldest English university, and upheld its traditions and its fame. The list of offices and dignities held by him during a long career of usefulness is remarkable as indicating the variety of his powers, the immense range of his knowledge, and his unwearying industry. Graduated with the highest honors both in the literary and in the mathematical branches, he became at once a tutor in Christ Church College, and soon took high rank as a preacher, while devoting his energies chiefly, and with brilliant success, to the promotion of classical learning in the university. He was made Chaplain to the Prince Consort in 1845, and about the same time was chosen Professor of Moral Philosophy; but he seems to have found both the pulpit and the chair too narrow for his active energies, and in the following year he accepted the head-mastership of Westminster School, where for nine years he impressed his strong personality no less upon the organization and discipline of the institution than upon its scholarly tendencies and standards. His predecessor in this office, Dr. Gaisford, who had been promoted to be Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, died in 1855, and Dr. Liddell again succeeded him, becoming the highest resident officer of the Church in the university. For thirty-two years as Dean, during the last twenty-one of which he was also Vice-Chancellor of the university, he was one of the two or three most conspicuous figures in the social and intellectual life of this great centre of learning. In 1891, at the age of eighty, he resigned all his offices, and retired to the enjoyment of intellectual leisure in a quiet home at Ascot.

Among his own countrymen Dean Liddell will long be remembered as a man of marked and powerful character, always the centre and dominant spirit in a group of richly cultivated minds, and as one who has contributed vastly to shape the methods and tendencies of the higher education. But his place in the intellectual history of his times will mainly depend on the books he has left. Of these, his *History of Rome*, published forty years ago, was at the time welcomed as an important advance upon its predecessors, but has since been so far surpassed in research and completeness, especially by the incomparable work of Mommsen, that its substantial merits as an independent, impartial, and readable narrative are, perhaps temporarily, obscured. But his supreme achievement is the great lexicon of the Greek language which he planned while yet a young man, in association with Dr. Scott of Balliol College, and published in 1843. It was at once hailed by the world of scholarship as the most perfect explanation of a literary language then in existence. But, not content with this splendid success, the authors continued their labors upon successive editions, each making distinct progress in completeness and accuracy, so that the seventh edition, published forty years later, is everywhere known as the standard of classical lexicography, and has made his name a household word wherever the tongue of Homer and Demosthenes is studied.

CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

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AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

On his trip across the Continent he collected data for a series of articles on amateur athletics in the West.

ATHLETIC SALVATION FOR THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

IT is some half-dozen years at least since organized athletic endeavor may be said to have become an established feature of amateur sport in the Pacific Northwest—by which geographical description are meant particularly the States of Oregon and Washington, but for athletic purposes usually includes also British Columbia. In Oregon the impetus sprung from the rowing interests, which, at Portland, and especially under the auspices of the Willamette Boat Club, had been of considerable duration and activity. In Washington the stirring commercial life at the rival towns, Seattle and Tacoma, attracted many Eastern young men, most of them recent college graduates, and a large percentage athletically inclined. At Victoria lacrosse and boating had long provided good sport for the residents of this very attractive English settlement.

For a time the early sponsors of football and baseball at the American towns in this district, out of their own numbers, abundantly supplied the teams with candidates. There was no thought of whence future candidates were to come. The people revelled in the excitement of the contests, with no conception whatever of the significance of the game to their own or their sons' physical well-being. A happy optimism ruled the athletic day, and the future was believed capable of caring for itself; and so it did, most admirably, for a short while. But no interest



PORTLAND BOAT CLUB HOUSE.

for the athletic investment was forth-coming, and meantime the principal supplying the needed stimulus was being exhausted. The original players were scattering or retiring for one reason and another, and no local material had been developed to replace them.

Thus the necessity of going away from home for players, and hence the beginning of that decidedly unwholesome practice of "attaching" to the club's playing list one of those wandering athletic stars, who is ever ready to barter his skill for board and lodging, or a position, or anything promising an easy living. So, shortly after the very first introduction of these games, clubs lacking material sought it in foreign markets, and usually paid pretty dearly for it in one way and another.

To within two years ago this was the usual means of strengthening teams, and though considerable improvement was apparent in the method, yet the ethics of amateur sport were offended indiscriminately and repeatedly. There is always a lesson in unwholesome athletics to be learned by those who sin perhaps from habit or necessity rather than from first intention or viciousness. It is to the credit of the Pacific Northwest, and the salvation of their amateur sport, that they learned their lesson before it was too late to be of advantage. The situation in the Pacific Northwest is entirely similar to that in the Rocky Mountain district, and their needs are identical—*i. e.*, athletic development and re-enforcement from the schools.

In a measure—to a large measure most frequently—this is equally true of almost every section of the United States. Generally speaking, the very life, and certainly the healthful activity, of amateur sport, depend upon the development of skill and the implanting of a wholesome competitive sentiment at the schools. This is applicable to the far East just as it is to the far West of North America—or to the world, for that matter. But the present need of Denver, as the centre of the Rocky Mountain section, and of Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma, as the most important rallying-points in the Pacific Northwest, is greater than we find elsewhere in the country.

If club athletics are to be maintained healthfully and prosperously in these sections, it must be through the development of the schools. Indeed, I can go even further, and state, without fear of refutation, that the only way in which club athletics in these sections can attain a permanent healthful success is through relying upon the schools as athletic feeders. To this end school athletics must, of course, be not only developed carefully, but they must progress on lines that are absolutely wholesome.

To write of these things, and in such a strain, seems like singing A B C lessons; and yet, simple as they are, and forceful as they must be, they are the very ones most generally and oftenest ignored. Somehow it seems characteristic of human nature to disregard the simpler truths, and if they happen to be fundamentals, as quite frequently they are, it serves not a bit to awaken indifference.

That the life and health of athletics depend on their being nourished at the schools is a simple truth, and a fundamental principle of amateur sport.

To within about the last couple of years there was practically no organized school sport in the Pacific Northwest, although desultory play at one or more games had been seen two years earlier. This is to be accounted for, first, by the newness of any kind of sport for that section of the country, and by the general lack of time and money for recreation of all kinds. The average Washington schoolboy, for instance, had (and has even to this very day) nothing like the inclination for athletic relaxation we see elsewhere. Oftentimes his attendance at school has been purchased through denials of perhaps some of the things which go to make life comfortable. Maybe he is one of the bread-winners of his family, and must hurry from school to other duties, more arduous, if no less serious. As a rule, his life is too full of grave effort to permit of thought for play, and too often he wears that serious, sometimes hopeless, expression we find on the faces of the pioneers who have battled for very existence in a new and joyless land. Western Washington, just back from the coast, presents a stretch of heavily wooded country, as dreary and as joyless as any I have yet seen, and the countenances of its inhabitants reflect their surroundings.

Times have been hard in this part of the land in the last few years, and school athletics have naturally been affected. Yet, despite many handicaps, I find undoubted establishment on wholesome lines where, as on my last visit to this region, a few small colleges and half a dozen clubs comprised all there was of sport, amateur and otherwise. In my judgment, the most gratifying, not to say most hopeful, sign of the athletic times in this part is the activity of the public schools. And in this direction is surely to be found the salvation of Northwest Pacific athletics. There is even a dual arrangement between the high-schools of Seattle and Tacoma for annual games in baseball and football, while in Portland the city school teams afford excellent practice for the Multnomah Athletic Club teams, and often make an interesting game with the teams of the Portland Athletic Club.

It is as well, however, to sound a note of warning to the principals of these schools, lest some untoward scandal arise through a lack of close faculty supervision. At present the boys have entirely too much license. They manage things pretty much as they like, and it speaks highly of their sportsmanship that so comparatively excellent an ethical standard has been upheld. Still, it is not fair to the schools, or even to the boys themselves, that their athletics should be denied the safety that goes with maturer guidance. And these schoolboys play a really creditable game of football, often as good as and sometimes better than that seen at the colleges. The Tacoma High-School, for example, although physically much lighter, yesterday very easily defeated the Puget Sound University eleven, by the score of 12 to 0.

The athletic organization of the colleges is more thorough than that of the schools, as somewhat naturally it should be. There are quite a number of colleges in western Washington, all small, and comparatively new to amateur sport. They do not as yet reap much benefit from what little athletic activity there is in the local schools, because too often the boy goes direct from school into business. The percentage that can afford time for both school and college is still rather small.

So, too, the class of men found at these colleges have not usually had the advantage of preparatory-school drilling, either in scholarship or in sport. But it is a class of very earnest young men; and although advance in athletics has been slow, from lack of time to give it, that advance has been along the proper lines. This commendation, however, applies only to the work of the last couple of years, for previous to that there was a great deal of disregard for the accepted standards of college sport.

To the Eastern mind the word college, with reference to sport, conveys an impression of athletic fields, gymnasia, and students to the number of not less than five hundred. In Washington there are six colleges, none of which has such facilities for athletics as the poorest and smallest of our Eastern institutions, and I doubt if there are over one thousand undergraduates divided among the six Washington colleges.

The six—Walla Walla, University of Washington (Seattle), Whitworth College (Sumner), Puget Sound University (Tacoma), Vashon College (Vashon Island, Puget Sound), and Pullman Agricultural College (Pullman)—are organized into the Western Washington Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, which annually holds a series of contests in football, baseball, and track athletics. All these colleges pretend to athletic activity to a greater or



WILLAMETTE BOAT CLUB HOUSE, PORTLAND.

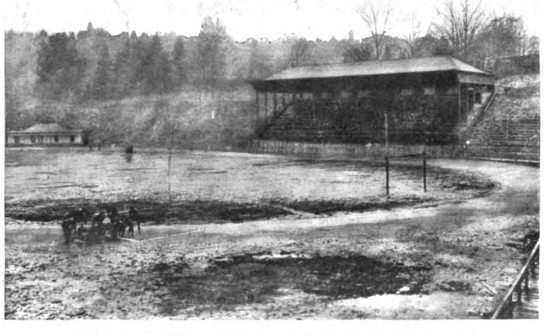
less degree, but those at Tacoma and at Seattle are, in fact, most often in the field.

Whatever may be the quality of athletic performance, there is no question of the Association's rules being first class. Among others is one limiting play to four years—as yet somewhat unnecessary, since the present question is not so much to stop men playing as to get them playing at all. A scholarship standard is not demanded by the Association, but is exacted by one or two of the colleges—notably by Washington University. The Athletic Committee of this Association is composed of undergraduates, but its work is supervised by the faculty, whose approval is necessary to every legislative act. The result is a very healthful state of affairs, not yet beyond occasional lapses, but nevertheless an exceedingly creditable condition. Besides these colleges are two in Oregon—the State University and the Agricultural Institution—both of which are also in the athletic movement, though, as yet, not to any notable extent.

The athletic pioneers of the Pacific Northwest were the clubs of Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma, and, take it all in all, it must be acknowledged they have done a great deal for the amateur sport of that section. Their methods of building up teams have not always been wholesome, or even efficacious, but we confess there has been more excuse for their subscribing to the doctrine of athletic transmigration than any other clubs we have known. I do not wish to be understood as excusing their practice of "attracting" foreign and wandering football or baseball stars to their teams, but I do say the temptation has been greater here than elsewhere, and that the disease has been intermittent in its violence. It really is true that the employment of outside material has been at times a necessary evil. But the necessity is now happily passed, and the evil very nearly eradicated. The pace of two years ago has been abandoned, and the sport is much more healthful in consequence. It was the "pace that kills," so far as Tacoma was concerned, for its athletic club, since it dropped out of the unhealthful running of that time, has put forth neither a football nor a baseball team.

That, however, is not to say that the Tacoma Club is no longer a factor in Pacific Northwest sport. On the contrary, next to the Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland, Tacoma is the strongest in track athletics of any club on the Pacific coast. And, what is still more commendable, since the unhappy experience in football and baseball, Tacoma has learned the lesson administered to all clubs which pursue unwholesome tactics, and is keeping its track athletics clean. With so strong an athletic sentiment manifest in the Tacoma High-School, and such promising material in various stages of development, I look for the Tacoma Athletic Club's speedy return to baseball and football, and on healthful lines.

Although the Seattle Athletic Club has not been above reproach, yet it has suffered less than others from the unwholesome athletic atmosphere which enveloped all the Puget Sound clubs several years ago. And its immunity from injury results from two prime reasons—(1) because the sentiment of the active men in the club, and of the club at large, has, from the very beginning, been wholesome, unhealthful measures being adopted only as a last expedient to keep the very life in a game that was near perishing on account of the dire athletic poverty of the local country; (2) because it has been singularly blessed by having a president of commendable sportsmanship and sound business judgment, who has guided the club skilfully through difficulties to which other clubs have succumbed. This club has transgressed the ethics of amateur



MULTNOMAH ATHLETIC CLUB GROUNDS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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sport on more than one occasion, but, I think, rather because of real (as opposed to fancied) necessity than because of viciousness. Its chief athletic indulgence is football, although it makes occasional spurts in rowing. Track-athletic material has always been wanting at Seattle—or perhaps undeveloped—but the recently bestirred interest in the schools and colleges is certain to bring candidates to the club. Indeed, already there is a beginning, brought about by President Goldsmith's offer of cups for competition by the schoolboy athletes, and the club's wisdom in bidding for a junior membership by throwing its gymnasium and bowling-alleys and baths open (gratis) to the boys of the High-school. Temporarily the club has abandoned baseball because of the professional spirit with which the Puget Sound game seems infested. This, too, I am convinced, the budding athletic spirit in the schools will shortly rectify.

The Multnomah Club of Portland is easily the leading athletic club not only of the Pacific Northwest, but of the Pacific coast. And what is more, its athletics are and have always been the cleanest on the coast. In fact, the Multnomah maintains an ethical standard second only to that of the Boston Athletic Association, and the latter, in my judgment, is, from an amateur point of view, the leading club in the United States. Portland differs from the other towns of the Pacific Northwest in being older, more settled, and consequently has fewer of those fortune-seekers who drift from one new town to another in the wake of booms and other symptoms suggestive of employment.

Thus the Multnomah Club has profited by the stability of its surroundings, and has had less difficulty than the Puget Sound clubs in acquiring likely athletic material. It supports baseball, football, and track athletics, shining especially in the last, and has a comfortable club-house where handball rules as the absorbing in-door occupation. The Portland Athletic Club affords the Multnomah teams practice, and the Y. M. C. A. does likewise for the Seattle Club.

Nor is this all there is of sport in the Pacific Northwest; there is golf at Tacoma, Victoria, Portland, and Seattle, the last two being recent converts; rowing at all of these towns, and also at Vancouver; while at Seattle a yacht club, with a fleet of perhaps a dozen small sloops—thirty feet, or thereabouts; and a country club which provides abundant healthful out-of-door entertainment. The most popular game at Vancouver and Victoria is that greatest of all games, lacrosse, which we in the United States neglect so shamefully. It is a sad reflection on our sporting acumen that we do. Seattle, however, is preparing to prove the exception, and hopes to introduce the lacrosse through the schools within a year.

First and last, the Pacific Northwest athletic outlook is cheering.

Seattle, Washington, *October 10, 1897.*

THE CONTEST FOR THE UPPER NILE.

The contest now going on for the control of the Upper Nile involves a great variety of interests, commercial, political, and racial. These, too, are so mixed, intertwined, and mutually dependent that it is not easy to separate one from another.

The commercial interests are twofold—the development of Egypt, and the furnishing of an outlet to the markets of Europe for the produce of eastern central Africa. The political interests are connected with the predominance of European influence in Africa, and its consequent effect on other sections. Any government that can control such an extent of territory, and especially of waterway, as that from Victoria Nyanza to the Mediterranean, will have not merely a prestige, but an actual power that can scarcely be measured. The racial interests involved are those of Abyssinia, just waking from its long sleep of centuries, and of the Arab Dervishes, who see their power slipping from their hands, and are making what they must feel to be their final fight for the predominance of their race. Inseparably connected with their fate is that of their religion. Islam has lost its rule of Asia; must it also give up Africa?

The commercial questions involved are so patent as scarcely to need mention. The entire Egyptian plain is absolutely dependent on the Nile overflow. A rise of less than twenty feet at Cairo means scarcity; of more than twenty-seven feet, a flood. Prosperity lies between these extremes, and it becomes therefore of great importance to secure if possible a somewhat even flow. With the advance of modern science it has been held that by proper management at the sources of the river, or rather below the confluence of its more important branches, this evenness of flow could be secured. If so, the converse holds true, and a hostile power in control of that section would have Egypt at its mercy. The value of such a waterway for the development of the trade of the Sudan, and even of the eastern Congo, is evident. Once at the mouth of the Nile, and European markets are open, whereas from the Congo to Europe is a long voyage.

The political interests are closely connected with the commercial. England has secured control of Egypt. She also holds the Nyanzas. To develop both she needs the whole Nile Valley. With that secure, she would have a degree of trade and military power upon which her rivals could scarcely look without concern. France has for years felt aggrieved at being ousted, even through her own fault, from Egypt, and has sought in every way to regain her hold, or at least to weaken that of England. With keen vision for anything that might help her, she secured possession in 1884 of Obok, on the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and gradually enlarged her borders, until she secured quite a province, including the whole bay to the south. With the collapse of aggressive Italian colonization and the rise of Abyssinian pretensions she began negotiations for extending her influence to the southern provinces, especially Harrar. England blocked her in her effort to secure possession of that fertile province, but she has pressed on and is rapidly completing a railway from Jibutil, opposite Obok, to the capital of Harrar, opening up thus southern Abyssinia, including Menelek's own province of Shoa. At the same time adventurous officials in the French Congo started expeditions north and east. One of them, under Captain Marchand, worked its way through Wadai, Darfur, and Kordofan, keeping to the south and avoiding the fierce tribes to the north, and recently reached Fashoda, on the Nile. From Fashoda to Harrar the country is friendly, and a continuous line of outposts from Jibutil to Gaboon would be no impossibility. If England seeks connection from the Cape to Alexandria, why should not France seek the same from the Atlantic to the Arabian Sea? And if in securing that she can block England in Egypt, that will be no disadvantage.

Italy's interest is quiescent. The defeat at Adowa convinced her that East African colonization was not her forte, but she holds Eritrea and the Somali coast, and has by no means given up her claim to the territory south of Abyssinia, conterminous with England's sphere of influence. Germany has as yet kept aloof, but, to the surprise of many, Russian political influence is evident in many ways, chiefly in the furnishing to Abyssinia of skilled men to direct her efforts toward self-elevation.

To these movements England is offering a rather tardy resistance. Her expedition against Khartum, for the purpose of retrieving the costly mistake of 1885, when she left Gordon to die at the hands of the Mahdi, is progressing steadily, if rather slowly—so slowly as to allow Menelek, with his French allies and Russian sponsors, plenty of time to intrench himself in his so-called Equatorial Provinces. Captain Macdonald's expedition north of Victoria Nyanza, directed apparently across Captain Marchand's path, has met with serious difficulty, and there is a wide gap between Berber and Uganda. Whether it can be covered is uncertain.

The rise of the Abyssinians is one of the most interesting events of the past decade. When England, in 1868, defeated and overthrew the tyrant Theodore, it seemed scarcely possible that his country could ever assume any position of influence. His successor, Johannes II., attracted little notice, except for his defeat by Italy, which claimed suzerainty over the whole empire of Ethiopia. The death of Johannes II. gave opportunity for a change. Thitherto the princes of Tigre, the northern province, had held the first place. Now appeared a rival in Menelek of Shoa, the southern province. He was supported by the Italians, and helped their cause, until he felt himself strong enough to denounce the treaty which recognized their suzerainty, and to undertake a campaign for independence. The victory of Adowa placed him in a position to claim recognition, and forthwith commenced a series of embassies. England sent the ponderous Sir Rennel Rodd; France, the vivacious Henry of Orleans; and Russia, in the person of Count Leontieff, one of those representatives who can be adopted or dismissed with perfect ease according to the circumstances of the hour. More potent perhaps even than these was the advent of a company of Russian ecclesiastics, with full canonicals, to welcome the old heretical branch of the Great Eastern Church back into the Orthodox fold. In any case these were the only ones whose visit was returned, and an Abyssinian expedition, from the equator to near the pole returned with exuberant praise of the gorgeous ceremonies of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Then came reports of treaties and *ententes* of various kinds and curiously inconsistent character, all cast into the shade by a proclamation claiming for Abyssinia the entire section west to the Nile, and extending from a little below Khartum south to Wadelai, on the very borders of Uganda. This, it was said, was secured by treaty with England, but needed the endorsement of France and Russia! Of such endorsement nothing has been heard, although the Russian Leontieff has been announced as governor of the whole region, under the name of the Equatorial Provinces of Abyssinia. At the same time there is no question of Menelek's favor for the French railway to Harrar, and Captain Marchand apparently counts on his friendship rather than his hostility. What the ambitious Negus will plan next is not evident. That his ambition is great is undoubted, as is also his genuinely Oriental skill in playing off one political influence against another.

The Dervishes remain the only element that has no future. Whether England or France secure the upper hand on the Nile, their doom is sealed. The tyranny of the Mahdi, followed by the atrocious cruelties of the Khalifa, have told heavily on their strength. So far as appears, there is little loyalty, and the crowds of suppliant refugees in the British camp at Berber are witnesses to the devastation that Moslem arrogance and terror have wrought. That Wadai, Darfur, and Kordofan will collapse at once is not to be expected. There will be many a hard fight, and Khartum may not be entered with ease. The resistance cannot, however, be long. There is talk of an alliance between Menelek and the Khalifa to unite in resistance to European encroachments. It is difficult, however, to believe that the canny Abyssinian will put himself into the hands of so dangerous an enemy. He may temporize for a time, but he must ally himself with progress rather than with reaction. The next few months can scarcely fail to bring events of great interest to all who desire to see the fairest countries of Africa brought into close relation to civilization.

Edwin Munsell Bliss.

THE AVERY ARCHITECTURAL LIBRARY.

A few days ago the Avery Architectural Library was formally installed in the east wing of the new Library of Columbia University. It was an event of much more than local interest, confined either to the university or to the city of New York; for this library has already established an international reputation, and by the bibliography of the subject which its splendid catalogue affords will benefit the cause of art all over the world. And yet the collecting of this noble array of books is the work of only a few years.

In 1890 died the brilliant young architect Henry O. Avery, and to his memory his father and mother united in forming this library. The son's own library of some two hundred volumes formed the nucleus; and Mr. S. P. Avery, the father, a gentleman recognized not only for his judgment and success as a dealer in pictures, but for his general culture, added many books from his own library, and supplied the funds for purchasing the rest and maintaining the collection. In its formation Mr. George H. Baker, librarian of Columbia University, received the assistance of Professor Ware and Mr. Russell Sturgis, as well as advice from Mr. Avery himself and other persons.

The principle of selection adopted was to collect material out of which any question concerning the development of any form of architecture, and the architecture of any land or period, could be studied; and, further, to provide material for the study of the architectural development of individual buildings of importance. The parent trunk, in a word, is the comprehensive growth and specific adaptation of the principles of architecture. The ramifications from this, both great and small, include a mass of collateral matter, valuable not only to architects, but to sculptors, painters, and engravers, as well as to designers in all the applied arts. To illustrate its manifold comprehensiveness one may quote at random from the catalogue. There are all the great works on architecture from Vitruvius to the present day. The monographs on cathedrals alone would form a fair-sized library; there is a complete edition of Piranesi's engravings; books upon mosaics, stained glass, tapestry, furniture, iron construction, Pompeii, goldsmith's work, and ornament of every kind.

To say that the library consists of 15,000 volumes inadequately suggests its value, unless one adds that the books are all of recognized merit, are accessible to any one at all hours of the day, and have been so admirably classified and catalogued that reference to them is easy and immediate. In the compiling of this catalogue alone an international service has been done, for it presents in all probability the most complete bibliography of the subject in existence. The library, also, need not fear comparison with any other of its kind in the world. The Architectural Library of the British Museum is probably the only one which contains more volumes, but in the accessibility of its books for reference the Avery Library is *facile princeps.*

At one end of the room in which this library is installed is a bronze memorial in low relief, presented by the father and mother in memory of their son, and at the other end a tablet, erected "In Memory of Our Beloved Associate," by the members of the Architectural League of New York.

This association of memorials of ancient and still living art with these touching tributes to the young fellow-worker who is gone gives a solemn point to the old truth, "Ars longa, vita brevis."

THE FIRST AMERICAN TORPEDO.

Our peaceful Puritan New England has done strangely much to make war terrible. To-day Connecticut astonishes the world by the variety of weapons she makes and exports to every corner of the world. Not long ago, I was visiting the collection belonging to the Royal Artillery Institution of Woolwich, and Major Abdy called my attention, amongst other things, to a letter written in 1777 by the captain of the British man-of-war *Cerberus*, addressed to Rear-Admiral Sir Peter Parker. This interesting communication gives the first historic account of the torpedo as an engine of maritime warfare. We know now what at that time was a mystery to the British, that this torpedo was the creation of David Bushnell, a captain of engineers in the United States Army. Through the courtesy of Major Abdy, I have been permitted to copy this letter from the original; it is of such widespread interest that I make no apologies for sending it unabridged.

Poultney Bigelow.

[Extract from a Letter to Rear-Admiral Sir Peter Parker.]

"Cerberus," Rhode Island, *August* 15, 1777.

Sir,—Wednesday night being at Anchor to the Westward of New London in Black Point Bay, the Schooner I had taken at Anchor close by me a-stern; about Eleven o'Clock at Night we discovered a line towing astern that came from the Bows; we immediately conjectured it was somebody that had veered himself away by it, and began to haul in, we then found that the Schooner had got hold of it, who had (taking it for a fishing-line) gathered in near 150 Fathome, which was buoyed by little bits of Sticks at stated Distances until he came to the end, at which was fastened a Machine, which was too heavy for one man to haul up, being upwards of one hundred weight; the other People of the Boat turning out, assisted him, got it in upon Deck, and were unfortunately examining it too curiously when it went off like the sound of a Gun, blew the Boat all to Pieces and set her in a flame, killed the three Men that were in the stern, the fourth who was standing forward was blown into the water. I hoisted the Boat out and picked him up much hurt; as soon as he could recollect himself, he gave me the following Description as near as he could remember. It was two Vessels shaped like a Boat, about 20 Inches long and a foot broad, secured together at the distance of four feet by two Iron Bars, one at each end, and an Iron Tube or Gun Barrel in the Centre which was loose (as he had himself turned it round with his hand); they swam one over the other, the upper one keel upwards, the lower swam properly, but was so deep under Water as just to keep the upper one a few Inches above the Surface. To the after Iron Bar hung a flat Board, moving on Pintles, which seemed to serve as a Rudder. On the inside of the upper one was a large Iron Wheel, about Six Inches Diameter, with Cogs, which turned upon Axis and communicated itself to one on the upper side of the Boat of a lesser Diameter; opposite to these was another Wheel on the flat of the under One or loaded Vessel, which had likewise Communication with the Wheels of the upper Boat; it was covered with Lead and the Keel heavy loaded in order to keep it down in the Water.

The fatal Curiosity of the Seaman (who unfortunately was bred to working on Iron) set this Wheel agoing, which it did with great ease backwards and forwards; and during their looking at it, which was about five Minutes from the time of its being first put in Motion, it burst. Upon examining round the Ship after this Accident we found the other part of the line on the Larboard Side buoyed in the same manner, which I ordered to be cut away immediately for fear of hauling up another Machine, which I concluded was fast at the end and might burst when too nigh the Ship.

The mode these Villains must have taken to have swifted the Ship must have been to have rowed off into the Stream a considerable Distance ahead of the Ship, leaving one of their Infernals in Shore and floating the other at the Distance of the Line, which from the Quantity we have got on board (nearly 70 fathoms) and what the Man tells me they saved in the Schooner, upwards of 150 Fathoms more, must have been near 300 Fathom. They at the length of this Line put the other in the Water and left it for the Tide to float down, which in this place runs very strong.

As the Ingenuity of these People is singular in their secret modes of Mischief, and as I presume this is their first Essay, I have thought it indispensably my Duty to return and give you the earliest Information of the Circumstances, to prevent the like fatal Accident happening to any of the Advance Ships that may possibly be swifted in the same manner, and to forbid all Seamen from attempting hauling the Line or bringing the Vessel near the Ship, as it is filled with that kind of Combustible that burns though in the Water.

I am, Sir, etc.,

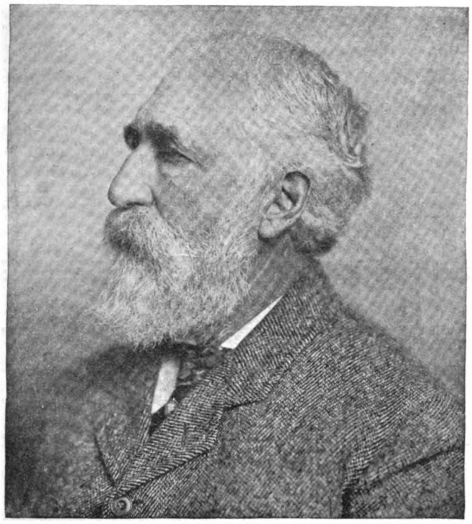
Jno Symons.

To Rear Admiral Parker:

P.S.—Upon showing the Man I saved a Model I had made as near to this Description as possible, to enquire if it was like the thing he saw, I find that the Wheel in the Middle of the fore end of the upper Boat was made of Wood with Iron Teeth sharp and projected about an Inch without side the Gunwhale of the Boat of each side, in order, as I suppose, to stick to the side when hauling up and to set the Wheels in Motion which we found in 5 Minutes after being turned, the Explosition took place; from this Circumstance it was fortunate I ordered the other to be cut away, for, had it taken under the Counter in hauling alongside, there is no answering what the effect might have been.

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—With Drawings by Remington.—8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Harper & Brothers.

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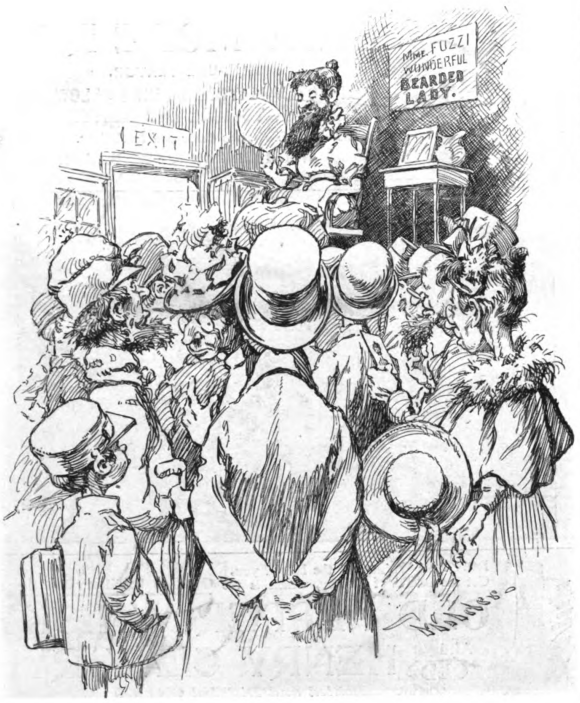
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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CHICAGO'S EYES "WIDE OPEN."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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DURING the recent municipal campaign in New York the WEEKLY declared, with others, that an issue of the campaign was between the people and rapid transit on one side, and the Manhattan elevated and the street railroads, in conjunction with CROKER and PLATT, on the other. This position is now being speedily vindicated. Rapid transit is probably dead, and the street-railroad companies and the Manhattan seem to have agreed that in place of real rapid transit the city shall be further disfigured by the elevated trestle-work.

MR. GORMAN'S successor as Senator from Maryland has finally been decided upon. He is Judge LOUIS EMORY MCCOMAS, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Judge MCCOMAS will be a great improvement upon Senator GORMAN. He will not be so much of a leader, nor so much in the public eye, but he will not vote for free silver, nor encourage the free-coinage men while pretending to be a friend of the gold standard, nor will he be the arch-corruptionist of his State and his party. His selection is, on the whole, a happy solution of Maryland's problem.

PRESIDENT DOLE, having reached Washington, is properly treated as the head of an independent government [illegible] character, and fully deserves the respect in which he is held by all the people of the Hawaiian Islands. At the same time, we hope it is true that the government of which he is at the head will remain an independent republic, and that he will continue to be its chief magistrate. We have no doubt that Mr. DOLE's failure to obtain annexation will be for the best interests both of the United States and of his own country; and, furthermore, we have no doubt that if the United States, in refusing annexation, declares its purpose to prevent the absorption of the islands by any other power, its ultimatum will be absolutely respected.

THE debate in the Senate on the TELLER resolution was marked by a good many asperities of manner and other evidences of bitterness of heart. Mr. TELLER himself is evidently smarting under the accusation that his resolution is an attack upon the credit of the country, and he asserts that he and the other silver men are quite as honorable as Senators from the East. We have no doubt that some of them are, but we have very grave doubts if Mr. TELLER is correct in the comparison which he makes between himself and most sound-money men. Mr. ALLISON, we are glad to say, has finally come out in favor of the gold standard, and he and Mr. HOAR, Mr. HALE, and Mr. LODGE were able to emphasize the fact that the free-coinage men are really seeking to establish silver monometallism in this country. The issue should be kept right there. The question is now, as it was in 1896, between gold monometallism and silver monometallism — whether to establish in this country the money system of Mexico or to retain the system of commercial Europe.

RUSSIA has offered to China a loan at the same rate as that offered by Great Britain. At least this is the rumor. This means, of course, that Russia is interested in maintaining her influence over China. It does not follow, if the rumor be true, or if China should accept the Russian instead of the English loan, that Russia will close any Chinese ports. Great Britain will doubtless back up Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S inspiriting remark, and will insist upon open ports in China even at the cost of war. England in this instance is for free trade and civilization, and while our own domestic policy is that of barbarism, we are enlightened enough to sympathize with the English position towards China. Germany was very quick to show how strong an influence England's great navy is, when England has declared her resolute purpose to employ it, by notifying the world that the port of Kiao-chou would be open to commerce. At the present writing it appears as though the movements of Europe in China, greedy and selfish though their inspiration may have been, will result in extending the sphere of influence not of any particular European nation, but of civilization itself.

WE have every reason to believe that the sending of the second-rate battle-ship *Maine* to Cuba was a wise and friendly movement on the part of this government. On the other hand, the attempt of the Democrats in the House of Representatives to pass a resolution recognizing Cuban belligerency was directly in the interest of the WEYLER party, that party being opposed to the effort to end the insurrection by granting autonomy to the Cubans. The situation was precisely this: Captain-General BLANCO, seeking to secure the acceptance of autonomy, is opposed and set upon by the extreme Spanish party, and a riot breaks forth in Havana against autonomy and the United States, whereupon the House of Representatives seeks to further embarrass General BLANCO by declaring the Cubans belligerents. What everybody wants in Cuba is peace, and the people who can prevent peace most effectively are the friends of General WEYLER—the result of whose machinations, if they were successful, would be war between Spain and the United States and the loss of Cuba by Spain. Under all these circumstances, if the *Maine* can succeed in helping General BLANCO to maintain peace in Havana, it will be so much the better for all concerned.

THE situation in the French Chamber of Deputies is as strange and illogical as the attitude of our own Democratic Congressmen on the Cuban question. The socialist Deputies are attacking the government for its injustice toward DREYFUS, a Jew, while the socialists in the streets and in Algiers are hunting and killing Jews. What the outcome of it all will be may depend, like most crises in France, on the army itself. This much is apparent to a foreign mind, that everything that the government has done in this DREYFUS case, from the secret trial of the accused himself to its present trial of ZOLA on a side issue, strengthens the conviction that DREYFUS was not really proved guilty before the court martial, and that therefore the cruel and unusual punishment which he is suffering is not only barbarous, but grossly unjust. It seems as though the government were trying to vindicate the honor of the army, which has been seriously questioned, by avoiding the issue. It may be that DREYFUS is guilty and that the government is right, but minds that are accustomed to openness and frankness in judicial proceedings will continue to suspect the contrary, until the French government sees fit to justify itself to the French people.

No club of enlightened men could be employed to better purpose than in fostering the sense of beauty among the citizens of a great commonwealth, and striving to make a town agreeable as well as healthy to live in, but the Reform Club seems especially born and educated for such a function. Its dinner in honor of municipal art brought together some of the most earnest and disinterested workers in the field of municipal progress and well-being. The burden of the speeches, while these were often sharply critical of what exists to-day in New York, was not unhopeful of great improvements in municipal affairs so far as the fine arts are concerned, if only the public could be brought to regard the question with due seriousness, and give to larger views of the city's welfare the same attention that is now bestowed on the home. It is the aim of organizations like the Municipal Art Society to appeal to local patriotism, just as in Philadelphia, for example, the Fairmount Park Association asks of Philadelphians that they shall help to make their city more interesting and attractive to residents and visitors. The course of the Reform Club in directing the attention of its members to this fruitful field must win applause. Politics, with its irritations and rancors, absorbs far more than its rightful share of the energy of citizens. The fine arts provide a chance for action apart from politics, while the results of such action are permanent for good, and range the leaders among the men who are remembered, long after they have passed away, as citizens who sought neither personal glory nor wealth, but merely the welfare of their fellow-men, present and to come.

MR. REED'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE fact that the majority of the Senators believe that under existing laws the public debt is payable in silver does not prove that the Senate would not pass a moderate currency bill. Certainly it does not absolve the House of Representatives from the discharge of its duty. So far as the Senate is concerned, it may be admitted that the free-coinage men control, but if the Senate is ever to be convinced of the necessity of a change in our currency laws, not including the return to free coinage of silver, a beginning must be made, and some Senators must be convinced that the welfare of their constituents demands that our monetary system shall be improved, or their constituencies must be induced to change their Senators. Pennsylvania and New Hampshire, strong as the QUAY and CHANDLER machines may be in those States, do not favor the free coinage of silver, nor, according to the Presidential election returns, do Indiana, California, Kentucky, Maryland, North Dakota, and Oregon. Every vote cast for the free coinage of silver by Senators from these States is opposed to the most recently expressed opinion of the voters. In view of this, the task of passing a currency measure ought not to be considered hopeless. It is not many years since the country has witnessed the defeat of obstinate members of the Senate by means of the vigorous expression of public opinion. In 1893 the silver Senators might have definitely defeated the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act, but they yielded at last, and their surrender was compelled by an angry country. We believe that if an earnest movement for currency reform were made at the present time, if the President should support his Secretary of the Treasury with all the vigor of conviction, if he should display the righteous temper and firm determination that Mr. CLEVELAND showed in 1893, he could compel the passage of an act, as Mr. CLEVELAND compelled the passage of the repeal bill.

The initial difficulty in the matter is Mr. MCKINLEY'S attitude. He has not seemed to be *in earnest*. No one knows better than he that the avoidance of the money issue by the politicians has strengthened and stimulated the movement for the free coinage of silver. He was one of the chief actors in the policy of avoidance. He helped to dodge the question by supporting schemes for the purchase of silver. He has also seen the evil effect of the talk about international bimetallism. He knows that all such talk is now regarded by the free-silver men as a confession of fear, and they believe, and we think with justice, that the politicians who indulge in it, and who try to postpone the evil day in holding out the hope of an international agreement, must inevitably in the end come to them. Certainly they are apparently nearer to the free-silver men than to the frank and outspoken advocates of the retention of the gold standard. If any question was definitely settled at the election at which Mr. MCKINLEY was chosen President, it was that, in the absence of international bimetallism, this country should adhere to the gold standard, and if anything has been settled by contemporary history it is that an international agreement is impossible. The other day, in his speech in the Senate, Mr. WOLCOTT confessed that Great Britain could not be induced to enter into such an agreement, and that even France would not act without Great Britain. It was unnecessary to send Mr. WOLCOTT and his associates to Europe to discover this, for it was known to every reader of English and French newspapers; and yet, notwithstanding this — notwithstanding the fact that Mr. MCKINLEY was under obligations to do his utmost to maintain the gold standard in this country, and notwithstanding the fact that an international agreement was impossible, and the further fact that therefore all pretended effort for international bimetallism would be considered by the free-coinage men as a certain restorative of their issue, at least—Mr. MCKINLEY not only appointed the idle WOLCOTT commission, but has already permitted Mr. WOLCOTT, without contradiction, to say on the floor of the Senate that the President was opposed to the gold-standard policy of the Secretary of the Treasury. Now the answer to all this is that if Mr. WOLCOTT'S assertion is true, Mr. MCKINLEY has been guilty of double dealing with the men who made him President, and has thereby encouraged the free-coinage men to hope that they will be able to carry the Congressional elections this year, and the Presidential election in 1900. Mainly on this account, it must be admitted that the Democrats are most likely to succeed in the Congressional elections this year. Democrats who voted for Mr. MCKINLEY on the currency issue will justify themselves in refusing to vote for Republican candidates for Congress on the ground

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that the Republican party is not to be trusted. Mr. McKINLEY has broken his promise—why will not other Republicans break their promises? What guarantee have we that a promise made by a Republican candidate will be fulfilled by the same man after he is elected to office? The DINGLEY tariff bill will also have its influence. The disappointed office-seekers will try to get their revenge; the Southern Republicans who have been outraged by the appointment of corrupt men will stay at home or vote the Democratic ticket; the various factions whose enmities have grown more intense through the distribution of patronage will do their knifing. Many of the gold Democrats will do their duty and support the sound-money candidate in each district, but many more of them will decline to vote. Under the circumstances, we are not asking too much in urging that the President shall make the declaration that, since the attempt to secure an international agreement for bimetallism has failed, it is his policy, and the policy of his administration, and, so far as he can control it, the policy of his party, to maintain the gold standard.

This will do much to aid the sound-money men in the coming campaign; but Speaker REED can do even more. We are not strongly impressed with the justice and the wisdom of Mr. REED'S method of governing the House of Representatives. We do not agree with what is evidently his opinion, that representative government is demonstrated to be a failure, and that the House is incapable of conducting its own affairs. We are inclined to the opinion that it would be better to endure a little longer the folly and ignorance and inefficiency of the representatives of the people than to replace them with an autocrat. But the fact is that Mr. REED is the autocrat of the House of Representatives, and that he can make it carry out his will. It is also true, we regret to say, that Mr. REED has not been so definite on the currency question as we should like him to have been. We are quite sure that on one occasion at least he might have helped Mr. CLEVELAND to carry an important monetary bill, if his partisanship had not led him to regard the triumph of his political opponent, in an effort to serve the public welfare, as possibly injurious to his own party. We believe that if Mr. REED had been a bolder advocate of the gold standard in 1895 and early in 1896 he would have been the inevitable candidate of the gold men of the Republican party for the Presidential nomination, and therefore the most likely candidate of the party's convention. Mr. REED has now another opportunity. He may do more than any other man in aid of the sound-currency cause in the coming Congressional campaign. The President, as we have pointed out, may do much, but Mr. REED may do much more. He may compel the introduction of a bill which will provide for some currency reform in the right direction; he may permit, and even compel, a thorough debate on the currency question on the consideration of that bill, and he may force his party majority of the House of Representatives to pass the measure. If he should do all that lies in his power in this behalf, we should at least have a thorough debate of the subject in Congress, and that debate might gather so much energy behind the bill as to push it through the Senate. It would at least greatly enlighten the country. Mr. REED will remember the debates on the money question in the early seventies, when the inflation movement, within his own party, which was led by the then Republican President of the Senate, was routed entirely by a thorough and intelligent debate of the question in the Senate. Senator FERRY and his friends went down at that time, and General GRANT became enlightened because the Senate contained men capable of grappling with the question, and discussing it with a clearness and force which convinced the country of the unsoundness of the inflation view. The result of that debate was that for the moment the Republican party became a sound-money party; and Mr. HAYES was nominated for the Presidency in 1876 because he had been the successful champion of sound money in Ohio, then and now a dangerous State. Not only is it true that the Republican party then became a sound-money organization, but it has remained so, on the whole, although its recent history has been tarnished by the weakness of its politicians, who have sought to retain power through coquetting with the silver men of the far Western States. Mr. REED has a better opportunity to unite to his party the sound-money strength of the country than had the anti-inflation Republican Senators to drive greenbackers from their party in the years just preceding 1876. It seems to us that the task before him is easy, and that the rewards promised to him and his party from his fulfilment of it would be abundant. Even if Mr. McKINLEY neglects or refuses to do the duty which we think is his, Mr. REED has it in his power to reawaken confidence in the Republican party, to make it definitely and distinctly the gold-standard party of the country.

REFORM OF THE PRIMARIES.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THERE is a widespread demand for legislative measures to correct the abuses which have crept into the current methods of nominating candidates for public office. A National Primary Election League has been organized for this purpose, which appears to consist, in the main, of patriotic and public-spirited citizens. But the cry has also been taken up by "practical politicians," known for the part they have played in the development of the very abuses which are to be corrected. A great many of them are to-day bubbling over with zeal for an "honest primary law," on the basis of which they expect all good citizens who are dissatisfied with present party management to join them and be good party men again. It may well be said that the woods are full of "primary reformers" of all sorts who wish to have a hand in shaping the required legislation, and the National Primary Election League will have to keep its eyes wide open lest the old primary fixers run away with its cause. To prevent this the first thing needful is a candid inquiry into the nature of the evils to be remedied.

What is the complaint? That the nominating machinery of our political parties, consisting of enrolments, caucuses, and conventions, has largely fallen under the exclusive control of little rings of politicians, called machines, or even of single machine chiefs, called bosses. How has this come about? There are many persons who occupy themselves with "politics" constantly. Some of them do so from a laudable ambition to serve the public good; others because they like power or the excitement of political strife; and a larger number because they find in politics a livelihood in the way of salaried office or other spoil of party victory. These are commonly called "professional politicians." Being governed by more or less mercenary motives, they are always on hand, and are easily organized and drilled by leaders who are skilled in the art of securing and distributing "patronage." On the other hand, a large majority of the citizens are politically active only on occasion. They will register and vote, but they are not inclined to spend much time and take much trouble in attending primaries and caucuses. With a great many of them this disinclination is increased by the belief—in most cases well founded—that they would have no real influence upon the proceedings anyhow, because the machine or the boss had determined everything beforehand. The result is that the primaries and caucuses are usually altogether in the hands of the "professionals," who simply execute the orders of the occult power ruling them. And in order to keep the nominations securely in the control of that occult power, all sorts of trickery are resorted to in order to ensure a safe working majority in the primaries and caucuses to the mercenary band. Hence the nominations in which the people at large have no part, and when, as is frequently the case, the same practices prevail in both parties alike, the substantial nullification of the freedom of the suffrage by its limitation to a choice between two evils.

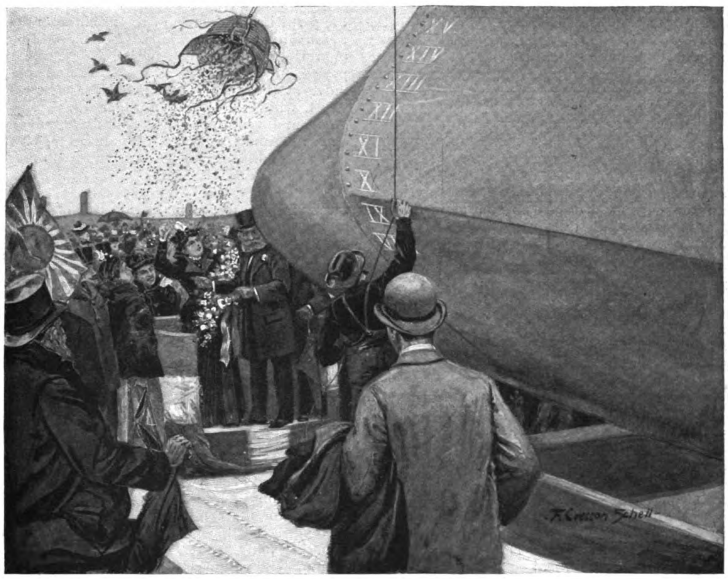
How is this to be cured? Many sincere friends of reform propose as a remedy such legislation as will put the conduct of party enrolments, primaries, and caucuses under the supervision of trustworthy persons, and as will make them easily accessible to all members of the respective party under certain conditions. If the judges and clerks at primary elections were selected from the reputable citizens of the community, irrespective of party, by some method akin to the competitive rule in our reformed civil service, and if the party primaries were opened to all who, at the regular registration of voters, declared their general intention to act at the coming election with the party in question, according to the Kentucky system—which implies, of course, that the voter making that declaration cannot participate in the primaries of any other party—many of those citizens who now refuse to attend primaries, for the reason that they will find there everything "cut and dried" beforehand, would consider their principal objections removed. The participation in primaries and caucuses would become more general again, and the controlling sway of the machine or the boss through the drilled force of mercenaries more difficult.

But we should not be sanguine enough to expect that even a system so liberal—most of the practical politicians now posing as primary reformers will scout it as a system altogether too liberal to be thought of—would entirely neutralize the pernicious influence of the machine or boss in the making of nominations. For the well-drilled organization of the mercenaries, with patronage in possession or in sight, always alert and ready to move at the word of command for concentrated effort, will, even when in the minority, have a great, and very frequently a decisive, advantage over the undrilled mass of volunteers, who are far more difficult to gather and to unite for effective concert of action. Even the most radical reform of this kind would therefore by no means be sure to accomplish its true object. The real source of the trouble consists in the *existence* of that mercenary force which lends itself so readily to the schemes of the selfish politician, which is his most efficacious tool, and the destruction of which would strip machine and boss of most of their power, if not of the very element of life. If we wish to reform the primaries thoroughly, and to put that reform upon an entirely safe basis, our first effort should therefore be to deprive that mercenary force of its principal reason of being—that is to say, of that patronage which furnishes its members the means of subsistence, and with them the strongest, if not the only, motive of political activity. And this can be done only by taking, to the greatest possible extent, the public offices out of party politics through the general introduction of a thorough civil service system based upon the competitive principle. It is not pretended that this elimination of what the picturesque old phrase calls "the cohesive power of public plunder" will cure all the evils complained of, but it will go far to render the cure of some of the worst of them possible and even easy.

While this is an objective point to be kept steadily in view, it should at the same time never be forgotten that the meddling with political parties as such by legislative regulation is a very dangerous thing as soon as it goes beyond the mere prevention or punishment of fraud or of other practices encroaching upon the rights of the citizen. Any law limiting the citizen's right to become a recognized member of a political party by subjecting that right to certain conditions will be of evil. The machine politician insists that no man shall have regular party standing, with corresponding rights, unless he has voted the straight party ticket at the last election, and pledges himself to vote the straight party ticket, whatever it may be, at the next; and nothing would delight the machine man more than the embodiment of such a rule, or of similar restrictions, in a primary reform law. What he wants is to make the ruling body inside of his political party as close a corporation as possible, and he will welcome any law furthering that end. The friends of primary reform cannot too carefully avoid playing into his hands in that respect. Indeed, in this case as in many others, the sincere reformer can follow no safer rule than that of doing the contrary of what the enemy wishes.

The machine politicians tell us that parties are necessary for the conduct of the government, and that strict organization and rigorous discipline are necessary for the preservation of parties. But every day's experience shows us that the stricter the organization and the more rigorous the discipline in the machine sense becomes, the greater grows the number of citizens who throw off party allegiance and follow an independent course. There were 150,000 of them in our late municipal election; and there are, as estimated by competent authority, more than 200,000 citizens in this State who, without regard to party, vote according to the dictates of their consciences, largely owing to their disgust of machine rule, which is thus, in fact, the disintegrating agency in party life. They tell us that only party government, as they understand it, is truly responsible, meaning that if the people dislike the conduct of one—for instance, the PLATT party—they can enforce its responsibility by putting in power the other, the CROKER party, the victor then to treat the vanquished with distinguished consideration, and *vice versa*. The only responsibility they both stand really in awe of is their responsibility to those whom they do not consider true party men. The more there are of such men, the keener the sense of party responsibility. And the primary reformers who aim at lifting our politics to a higher plane will finally have to admit that still more important than an improvement of the mechanism of primary elections and caucuses will be the following three things: the restriction of the patronage to the narrowest limits, an amendment to our election laws making independent nominations as easy as possible, and another banishing the party column from our official ballot, arranging the nominees for each office in alphabetical order, and thus obliging the voter individually to identify each candidate he wishes to vote for.

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THE LAUNCH OF THE JAPANESE CRUISER "KASAGI," AT PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.

LAUNCH OF THE "KASAGI."

To those who regard the "christening" of a ship, especially of a war-ship, as something bordering on blasphemy, or to those who object to the use of wine in the naming of a vessel at its launch, the ceremony at the launch of the Japanese protected cruiser *Kasagi*, at the Cramps' ship-yard at Philadelphia, on January 20, must have been especially pleasing. The *Kasagi* was not christened nor baptized. She was "named" by Miss Helen Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy. In place of breaking a bottle of wine at the bow or forefoot, six pigeons were released, and flowers fell from a globe that swung from a pole which served in place of the bowsprit.

The *Kasagi* was named after a mountain in Japan where noted fights in battle have occurred. The custom of releasing pigeons or doves is at least five hundred years old in Japan, and is used when something joyful is to be celebrated. It arose from a legend about an eloping couple. To elude parental wrath they hid in a tomb, and just as they were about to be seized and taken out, two white doves, supposed to be the embodiments of ancestors buried in the tomb, flew out of it, thus saving the lives of the elopers. It typifies joy and happiness, therefore, when doves are set free at any celebration in Japan.

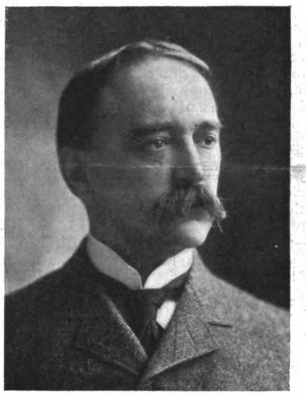
It was a rainy day at the launch of the *Kasagi*. There were many noted guests present. The Emperor of Japan was represented by the Japanese minister, Toru Hoshi, and the President of this country by Secretary Long of the Navy Department. The rain ceased just before the launching, but the moisture had so swollen the cords to the basket containing the pigeons that Miss Long failed to release them as the ship glided down the ways. A workman seized the cords, however, and the birds fluttered away in joy as the vessel plunged into the water.

The *Kasagi* is a fast commerce-destroyer. She is to have a speed of 22½ knots an hour. She has no armor, depending upon her coal-bunkers and a protective deck. Her dimensions are—length, 374 feet 6 inches; breadth, 48 feet 9 inches; depth, 30 feet 6 inches; draught, 17 feet 9 inches. Her engines will have 17,000 horse-power, and her displacement will be 4900 tons. She will have twin screws. Her armament will consist of two 8-inch and ten 4.7-inch rifled guns in her main battery, and twelve 12-pounders and six 2½-pounder rapid-fire guns in her secondary battery, besides five torpedo-tubes. She is comparatively a small vessel.

The *Kasagi* is the first foreign war-ship constructed in this country since the Russian war-ship *Zobica*, in 1878.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM MARYLAND.

After a bitter contest, marked by considerable political activity, Judge Louis E. McComas, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, was elected by the Maryland Legislature, on the 25th ult., to be United States Senator in place of Arthur Pue Gorman. This Republican victory was the result of a bolt on the part of the Democrats, to offset a similar Republican revolt, the successful candidate having received only four more than the number necessary for a choice. Judge McComas was born in Washington County, Maryland, on October 28, 1846. He studied at St. James College, and was finally graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He at once studied law with Judge R. H. Alvey, now Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, and was entered at the bar in 1868. He soon assumed a prominent place in professional circles, and in 1876 was the Republican candidate for the XLVth Congress from the Sixth District, coming within fourteen votes of election. Six years later he was again the party nominee, and served for three successive terms. In 1890 he was defeated for re-election, but was further honored with the confidence of his party, in 1892, by his selection for secretary of the Republican National Committee. A warm personal friend of President Harrison, the latter appointed him to the Supreme Court of the District. At the bar, on the bench, and in his legislative function Judge McComas has won a reputation for ability and unswerving integrity. The contest was watched with the keenest interest at Washington, and the active influence of the administration is supposed to have been a useful factor in determining the outcome.



LOUIS EMORY McCOMAS.

THE CULLUM GEOGRAPHICAL MEDAL.

Fridtjof Nansen, on his arrival in this country, was presented by the American Geographical Society with the Cullum Geographical Medal. The only other recipient had been Civil-Engineer R. E. Peary, U.S.N., for his expedition of the year 1892, which determined the insularity of Greenland. These awards were made in accordance with the will of the late General George W. Cullum, U.S.A., which, after reciting the sum bequeathed to the society for this purpose, directs that gold medals shall be presented from time to time by the society "to those who distinguish themselves by geographical discoveries, or in the advancement of geographical science, particularly citizens of the United States of America."



MEDALLION IN CAMEO.
Designed and Engraved by Victor D. Brenner.



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

THE CULLUM GEOGRAPHICAL MEDAL.
Designed by Miss Lydia Field Emmett.—Engraved by Victor D. Brenner.

The design for the permanent die from which the medals are struck was made by Miss Lydia Field Emmett. The accompanying illustrations are reproduced from a copper replica in the possession of Mr. Victor D. Brenner, to whom was intrusted the sinking of the die. Especially beautiful is the obverse, so strong and dignified in composition, with a most decorative distribution of lines and masses, and a fine graduation in the depth of the relief. The full size is 2 1/16 inches in diameter. Miss Emmett was very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Brenner, whose technical skill in the handling of his chisels is very marked, while his true artistic feeling enabled him, working under the artist's supervision, to reproduce faithfully her intention. For Mr. Brenner at present is an undeveloped artist. Born near the little town of Shavly in the northwest of Russia, he worked, when quite a child, with his father as a stone-cutter. Then he became apprenticed to a goldsmith, engraving jewelry and shrines for ecclesiastical purposes. He reached New York eight years ago, and in the Metropolitan Museum learnt for the first time the beauty and fascination of ancient coins and medals. Henceforth it became his ambition to design and execute such work himself; and all his labors have been directed to saving the money to prosecute a course of art study in Paris, whither he hopes to go this summer. By the time he returns to us, it is safe to predict that, with art knowledge added to his technical proficiency, he will be a medailleur of the first rank; and in the mean while it is to be hoped that we ourselves shall learn a little more what medals ought to be, for at present the greater number produced in this country are sadly lacking in artistic merit. The Nansen medallion, cut in cameo or raised relief, is the unassisted work of Mr. Brenner. It illustrates the force and freedom of his method, and the feeling he has for the color effects of light and shade. It fully justifies his ambition to raise himself to the top of his profession.

Charles H. Caffin.

LONDON.

January 15, 1896.

To understand Great Britain's policy in the China seas it is necessary to penetrate below the surface. This is just what the average party man appears to be unable or unwilling to do, and hence arises the public bewilderment, almost without parallel, which reigned until Mr. Balfour's recent speech. In the first place, the interests of the nations concerned and their power to enforce those interests must be weighed before any intelligent conclusion as to British policy can be formed. Among rival nations in the far East, Russia stands first. With an empire stretching from Germany to the Pacific, a people homogeneous in blood and faith, an army capable of all that any army can accomplish, and with the third strongest navy in the world, Russian ports, for four months in the year, are shut off from the outer world. Winter closes St. Petersburg, Revel, Vladivostok, to vessels of commerce and war as completely as if the sea had dried up.

Under these circumstances warm-water ports in Europe and Asia form the secular aim of Russian policy. For 200 years expansion southward has formed the key-note of Russian diplomacy. Since the Crimean war expansion eastward has replaced the efforts to find a southern exit. With 116,000,000 of inhabitants, an ice-free port in Asia is less a luxury than a necessity to the Slavs, and whether by patient diplomacy or by force, an ice-free port they will certainly obtain. If the Anglo-Saxon race had inhabited Russia, how long would either English or Americans have waited before laying hands on a warm-water port? Not 200 years. Still, Tory scribes denounce the government in scathing terms for not continuing Lord Beaconsfield's policy of immuring Russia in her winter prison. Happily Lord Salisbury is no rebel against facts. Common-sense prevails in the cabinet, and there is no intention, so far as Britain is concerned, of pursuing a dog-in-the-manger policy in the far East. On the other hand, no rival powers will be allowed to close Chinese trade to the world by monopolist occupation of Chinese ports. Russia, however, is laying out $30,000,000 on her Siberian railway, and no child in the second class of a village Sunday-school can suppose that the Tsar is content that the Pacific terminus of that railway should be closed to sea traffic for a third of the year. The Russians are not fools.

From my last sojourn in Russia, during M. Félix Faure's meteoric visit, I gathered that to no nation, not to England herself, is peace more necessary than to Russia. The young Tsar has displayed keen interest in two matters of state. He is resolved to maintain the pacific policy of Alexander III., and he is deeply interested in every detail relating to the development of his Eastern Asiatic dominions.

In a word, his policy is to obtain the results of war without drawing the sword. To accomplish his purpose in the far East he has excluded from the inner councils of the court the reactionary Procureur of the Holy Synod, Monsieur Pobedonostzeff, who established complete ascendency over the superstitious and obstinate character of

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THE DREYFUS SCANDAL IN FRANCE.

The Attack on the Socialist Leader Jaures by the Conservative De Bernis, in the Chamber of Deputies, January 23.—[See Page 126.]

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Alexander III.; and furthermore, Nicholas II. has dispensed with the services of General Vannofski, who was Minister of War for many years under his father and grandfather. These acts mean that the acquisition of Constantinople, active menace to India, and other ambitious schemes freely attributed to Russia are to wait until the Siberian railway with an ice-free Pacific terminus is completed. Russia is patient. She does not pursue incongruous advantages.

Russian projects in the far East find their deadliest opponent in Japan. War between the two powers at no very distant date seems inevitable if both maintain pretentions to predominance in the Pacific to which they are committed. Upon Japan fell the costly burden of rousing China from her long sleep, but from Japan the fruits of victory were snatched by Russia and her henchman France in the very hour of triumph. Collision between Japan and Russia, accordingly, then became a certainty, unless adequate compensation could be provided for the latter power. The only question was whether Russia or Japan would first be ready for the struggle. The result of a race between the creation of a new Japanese navy and the completion of the Siberian railway was, until lately, the determining factor in the problem. I am now informed that the Russian hand has been forced by the discovery that the Siberian railway will not be available for the transport of troops until after the Japanese navy has been so strengthened that single-handed Japan could easily defeat any force Russia could bring to bear against her in the China seas. To this central fact may be attributed the German occupation of Kiau-chou, the Russian attempt at the seizure of Port Arthur, and the rumored French annexation of Hainau. If Russia considers a struggle with Japan inevitable, it is obviously prudent to force it on while her foe is weak rather than wait until she is strong. Prince Henry's "mailed fist" against Japan, in certain eventualities, is probably the equivalent for Kiau-chou. In short, Germany's benevolent neutrality or active help in the coming struggle is astutely bought by Russia as a set-off against a possible combination of England and Japan, or the not impossible defection of France, whose subservience to Russia has already led to a reaction against an alliance which gives all the advantage to one of the allies, and all the humiliations to the other. Besides, a new upheaval in France is by no means out of the question.

Germany's motives for putting her finger in the pie are sufficiently clear. Whether they are wise in her own interests is another question. Headed off in South Africa with a few valueless and costly tropical territories—colonies only in name—attracting no German immigration, with a population at home most of whom are indigent, the chance of standing in with Russia (which was the old Bismarckian policy), while at the same time bidding for a slice of China, a stronger navy, and more trade, is not to be missed. Whether the German government can colonize more successfully in China than in Africa or New Guinea remains to be seen. The drill-sergeant is no colonizer. The fact remains that although our Foreign Office knows of no formal alliance, Russia and Germany, with a docile France, are united in the far East, and if not openly hostile, are as unfriendly to England as they dare. They are fully prepared to snatch every dollar of trade and acre of territory which British apathy or American indifference may surrender to them. The scheme is a monument of Russian brainecraft, and, but for misapprehension as to the real character of the English people and the alertness of our government, fostered by the misrepresentations of the subsidized and servile press of Germany, France, and Russia, it is a scheme that might have had some prospect of success. As it is, England has good cards, and Lord Salisbury knows how to play them.

And what of England? I cannot affect indifference to the issue of the most tremendous problem in foreign affairs which has confronted our rulers since Waterloo, but I will try to describe the situation without conscious bias. It is easier to do so because in this matter Britain is fighting for American interests as much as for her own. In the first place, British trade interests in China are four times as great as the interests of all the rest of the world. According to the last returns available, we alone did sixty-seven per cent. of the whole foreign trade of China.* The tonnage of British shipping entered and cleared in Chinese ports was 20,525,798 tons; that of the United States, Germany, France, Denmark, and Russia together was 3,224,271 tons—less than a sixth.

Taking a general percentage of total trade, shipping, and revenue, the British figure is 64.81 per cent., the German figure 7.17 per cent., the French 2.7 per cent., and the Russian 1.66 per cent. Record of these figures is sufficient to show that the policy of the cabinet is dictated by the bread-and-butter requirements of tens of thousands of British homes, and that apathy, ignorance, or neglect on the part of the Foreign Minister would kill the government. It is thus evident that if Lord Salisbury has hitherto made no sign, and has turned a deaf ear to frantic amateurs who pester him with entreaties to "do something," the reason is not indifference or apathy, but because England is immensely strong and there is no hurry. I will show why there is no hurry.

The command of the sea now depends on the control of fortified coal-stations. Coal is the breath of the empire. Prince Henry of Prussia and his mailed fist on board the *Deutschland* would be drifting helpless and impotent if it were not for English coal supplied at seven English coal-stations. To reach China, he and his mailed fist are absolutely dependent on the good will of the British. To carry out the Kaiser's orders, he requires English coal. To stop him, England would not require to declare war. The gospel of the Kaiser's anointed person cannot be spread beyond the German Ocean if England refuses the coal necessary to the propaganda. German coal-stations cannot be improvised. The British fleet in China is probably strong enough single-handed to cut off the coal-supply of Russian, German, and French men-of-war. With Japan, England commands the sea; and Japan is heart and soul with England. Swift colliers (convoyed in the event of war) would sustain the fighting power of the British China Squadron. What about Russia and Germany? They have no coal-stations, except the French stores at Dakar and Madagascar. France has few colliers, and no means of maintaining the coal-supply of her fleet in the Gulf of Pechili. No coal is available for the three powers should England and Japan agree to refuse them entrance to the coaling-stations. If the fumes of the Jubilee have disappeared, the memory of the fleet at Spithead on June 26, with all its defects, keeps up the price of consols and enables level-headed Englishmen to sleep o' nights even while Germany, France, and Russia are nosing at the stranded carcass of China.

So long as British interests (which are equally the interests of the world) are not attacked, there is no reason for grudging the use of Chinese ports to Germany and Russia, so long as the rest of the world share the concession. Between the Canton River in the south and the boundary of the province of Shan-tung in the north, British and American interests lie. There dwell the Chinese population who give us our trade. With that trade no foreign interference will be brooked. To protect that trade it is possible that the Chinese islands at the mouth of the Yang-tse may some day be occupied by Britain. England has already occupied Chusan—in 1841—and a treaty with China exists establishing a British protectorate over Chusan and its dependencies, and debarring China from ever ceding the said island to any foreign power. To-day we have no territorial ambitions in the far East. But, whatever England may do or leave undone, she will maintain at all costs the rights of humanity against the protectionist powers who selfishly seek to exclude all nations from sharing in the opening up of China. If only the government of the United States would join the elder branch of the race in the championship of equal rights, despotism would be foiled. Englishmen are watching the attitude of America with intense interest, and her diplomatic support is welcome as the flowers in spring. Whether with or without support, England will champion at all costs the principle of liberty of trade and equal rights for all nations trading with China. By the stroke of a young man in a hurry, Germany seeks to accomplish that which is only attainable by a long process through many generations. Conquest is often the preliminary of colonization, but is no criterion of ability to rule wisely or to colonize with success. Germany must alter her ways before she can become a great colonial power.

Statesmen with whom I have conversed on the Chinese question consider the indirect influence of an accessible China upon Anglo-American relations as among the most important consequences. Increased trade between the United States and the far East will inevitably stimulate the desire of the Atlantic cities for the Isthmian Canal, and intensify American conviction that national interests require the military control of the strait to be under the government of Washington. Under the conditions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty the advantages to America of larger trade with China and Japan will be annulled by exposing the Pacific coast to possible attack by the navies of Europe. Denunciation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty will not be accepted here with the compliance that characterized the British reception of the Venezuelan demand. It seems therefore desirable, no less in the interests of the United States than in those of Great Britain, that Englishmen should be prepared for the revision of a treaty too hastily negotiated forty-seven years ago by the United States. John Bull is amenable to reason, but is perhaps less unwilling to resent brusque or dictatorial demands when they touch his material interests than is generally supposed. I venture to throw out the suggestion, therefore, for what it is worth, that the case for the military control of the isthmus by the United States should be continuously and frankly presented by American writers to the British people, until public opinion on this side has been educated on the subject. The danger ahead is that busy Englishmen will be surprised by a peremptory request for the ending of a treaty which might become dangerous to the welfare and perhaps menacing to the existence of the American nation when the Nicaragua Canal is complete. It is unwise to leave this matter entirely in the hands of the professional politicians. England has deserved well of the United States in the stand she has made in the China seas, and a sober, courteous, but unofficial presentation to the British public of facts relating to the Nicaragua Canal as they affect American interests may avert future friction between the two nations, that is inevitable if English ignorance is not enlightened by timely and sympathetic explanations. Statesmen and journalists alike live too much with no horizon more distant than to-morrow. Here is a case in which American writers may dispel a cloud that to-day is the size of a man's hand, but is fraught with nameless potentialities of evil.

A prospect of the effects of the late Duchess of Teck being sold by public auction, in order to liquefy debts amounting to $150,000, is making some stir. It seems that for some time past the family budget has shown a balance of $10,000 per annum on the wrong side. Philanthropy occupied the time of Princess Mary to such an extent that financial disorganization in her private affairs ensued. A cry is now raised by the friends of the Duke of Teck for a Parliamentary grant. No government in its senses would consent to introduce a bill to indemnify the creditors of a junior and collateral connection of the royal family. Accordingly the Queen has been invited, and has refused, to come to the rescue. In thus declining assistance her Majesty shows her usual good sense. Cadets of the royal house are now so numerous that they are rightly expected to manage their affairs with the same prudence and integrity looked for elsewhere. Unless some god from a machine intervenes, the old home of England's future queen will shortly be sold up to satisfy the claims of her mother's creditors.

Parliament will have met by the time that this letter is in print. Lord Charles Beresford's election for York by a plurality of eleven votes over Sir C. Furness, a great engineering employer, is an indication of the even balance of public attention between the questions of imperial defence and the industrial war. Both these subjects will occupy Parliament during the coming session. With the view of learning how far socialistic principles admittedly govern the strategy of the labor leaders, I took an opportunity of interrogating Mr. Barnes, the secretary of the Associated Engineers' Union. He tells me in effect that the men do claim divided management, and that they have acquired "a vested interest in the machinery by right of servitude." Only a short time back Mr. Barnes was working at the bench in Woolwich Arsenal, and is now the overworked, embittered leader of a collectivist movement, which has already injured, and may destroy, his country's industrial supremacy. Mr. Barnes in his private capacity is an honest, hard-working, and self-sacrificing man, and it is unjust to attack him, as he is being attacked, for being a highly paid black-coated agitator. Mr. Barnes's salary is twenty-five dollars a week. The fact is that he and his colleagues are ignorant of elementary economics, and of the industrial conditions prevailing in other countries. Study and travel may enlighten them. Abuse merely confirms them in error. Still, I am not sure that the revolutionary forces of socialism will not emerge from this struggle re-enforced by a class bitterness new to English life, which the men's leaders, to say the least, do not seem inclined to discourage. Rioting is reported from Leeds, and may be looked for in other counties. But the strike is on the eve of collapse.

Imperial defence assumes many phases. As a rule, effective defence is offensive. The advance on the Nile, at which I hinted in November, has begun. French action on the Upper Nile requires energetic measures on our part to solve the Sudan question, unless the warnings given to France by two successive governments were idle words. By a stroke of luck, Abdulahi seems to be leading a large Dervish force northwards. If so, the Lord has delivered him into our hands. Abdulahi once crushed, Khartum, or rather Omdurman, is open. England will make her effort forthwith, and if it succeed, a fresh market will be thrown open to American trade. Lord Salisbury has personally intervened to override Sir Herbert Kitchener's ukase forbidding war correspondents to come within fifty miles of the front, and thus many reputations will now be made that otherwise would have remained unformed. War Office experts tell me that Kitchener is right, since the Dervishes quickly learn everything that is published in London. Still, the curiosity of the public exceeds their patriotism; and since the press, when unanimous, governs the country military considerations have yielded to the exigencies of party politics, and strategy is subordinated to an interesting breakfast table.

A *première* at the Lyceum Theatre is one of the interesting events of the London season. The first night of "Peter the Great" was no exception. Audience and actors alike are entertaining. Many elements of society are represented. Pit and gallery were filled with enthusiasts on New-Year's night, many of them having waited ten hours on the sidewalk. Stalls, boxes, and dress circle were peopled with "first-nighters," a microcosm of English society.

Dramatic critics, of course, are present in their professional capacity. Mr. Clement Scott, who thinks ill of the profession, was a notable absentee. Fashionable society is largely represented, as a stall or box-seat is coveted by everybody. Further, it is Sir Henry Irving's custom on the first night of a new play to invite his friends to a supper on the stage, when brilliant conversation may be shared by those who can contribute to it. Invitations to this function are eagerly sought, and uninvited guests are only excluded by Mr. Bram Stoker's genial assumption of the rôle of Cerberus. On the 1st of January "Peter the Great" was introduced by Sir Henry Irving to a house crammed from floor to ceiling with notables and others. Among the latter I watched for three and a half hours the effort of England's greatest actor to interest his countrymen in the sanguinary gloom that shrouds the birth throes of modern Russia. The audience were more than interested. They were frightened.

With the whole constellation of dramatic genius available, Sir Henry Irving sought and found in his younger son, Mr. Lawrence Irving, an author capable of presenting to the English-speaking people the tragedy of "Peter the Great," and of bringing within the domain of actuality the character and personality of the half-mythical monster who, ankle deep in blood, drank and tortured, slew, fought, and hustled his way from barbarianism to imperial power, and founded the bureaucratic despotism now stretching from Germany to the same waters that wash the sand hills of California. That the *doyen* of English actors should attempt this feat is remarkable, because there is more convention about the stage than in other arts. The stage Russian is well known. He generally is a mysterious count, clad in a *shuba*, or fur coat, who moves in an atmosphere of dungeons, dynamite, and disaster, and ruins every one who snaps a finger at the Tsar. Lawrence Irving's "Peter the Great" is a majestic conception. It renders with skill—I would even say with genius—the spiritual side of Russian character. Debauched with uncleanly problem plays and musical comedies, the English play-going public are perhaps antipathetic to serious drama, especially one that shuns frivolity and faces eternal verities. Prejudice against Russia is deeply rooted in our national character, and the glorification of the greatest of all Russians is therefore calculated to inspire but limited enthusiasm in the breasts of British play-goers. The critics for the most part are none too friendly to the play, with one or two conspicuous exceptions. Few of them know anything about Russia. Nevertheless, Sir Henry Irving and his gifted son have successfully personified for the first time on the stage the real Russia, and whether or not the play continues to attract large audiences to the Lyceum, it may live in history as one of the greatest dramatic achievements of the Victorian era. American audiences, exempt from the Russophobia of the English, will be quicker to recognize the majestic proportions of Irving's *Peter*, whilst Jews all over the world may learn from this tragedy that side of the imperial Russian character that still inflicts on their coreligionists in the pale of Russia mediæval penalties of a cruel and ghastly kind. The reception of "Peter the Great" was what the reception of "Measure for Measure" would probably have been if it were played for the first time in 1898. Sir Henry Irving was nervous, but acted magnificently as he warmed to his work. Miss Barrymore, Miss Rockman, and Mr. Taber have effectively established their position as worthy representatives of the American stage. Miss Barrymore is appropriately to marry the author of the play.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

ON January 25 the New York *Herald* preached an editorial sermon on "the sin of despising others." There is a vast deal of room among the newspapers of New York for the cultivation of the tolerant spirit which this discourse doubtless recommended. Most of them despise one another cordially, fervently, and with occasional outbursts of vociferous candor. Some time or other, when the newspaper business in New York has availed itself of the advantages of a newspaper trust, it may seem expedient to the journals of Gotham to treat one another with courtesy, for its effect on the public estimation of newspapers in general. At present it is hard to read the frequent revilings that New York journals exchange without receiving impressions that are prejudicial to a good opinion of the newspaper genus.

The recent death of Dean Liddell, following closely on that of Dr. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"), seemed to release for publication the story that the Alice for whom the "Alice" stories were written was Dean Liddell's daughter, and that Dr. Dodgson, who had loved her as a child, loved her also as a woman, and wished to marry her. It was the Dean, it seems, who prevented the match, on the ground that Dr. Dodgson was too old to marry his daughter, but the paragraphers tell us that the decision broke two hearts. When Alice Liddell was twenty-one years old Dr. Dodgson was forty-five. If there was nothing but disparity of years to hinder their marriage the learned Dean should not have meddled. *Sylvie and Bruno*, a book that Dr. Dodgson wrote after his disappointment, had not the inspiration of the "Alice" books, and was not successful.

We may never know the true inwardness of Dr. Nansen's falling out with his managers, and of the abrupt termination of his lecture tour in the West, but it looks as if the bold explorer was tired out. Before he stopped and came back to New York he had delivered sixty-seven lectures, and his contract called for about a dozen more. His first agreement was to deliver fifty lectures on certain conditions as to receipts and guarantees. Before that engagement ended he made another for fifty lectures more, but that number was subsequently cut down. The explanation given by the gossips for the sudden ending of this second contract was a disagreement between the lecturer and his managers as to whether the guarantee ($500 for each lecture) which applied to the first contract applied also to the second. What other grounds of dissatisfaction there may have been is best known to the parties concerned, but does not signify now, for it seems that Dr. Nansen settled all differences by the payment of a small sum of money before he sailed for home last Saturday.

The strain of continuous lecturing seems to be very great, and a trial to the temper. Mark Twain and Mr. Cable once undertook a combination lecture tour, which ended somewhat sadly, and James Whitcomb Riley and William Nye also made a trial, which left them not unacquainted with grief. It was never disclosed that Mr. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page ever grew morose or took sadder views of life as the result of their association on the platform, but then they never attempted to cover quite as much ground or to discourse quite so continuously as the other gentlemen; and, besides, it is notorious that they are very good-natured men, and it is probable that they are both equipped with duplex livers. One liver is enough for ordinary occupations, and will even serve for an explorer, provided he keeps out of the tropics, but lecturers need at least two—one for use, and one for social purposes.

It is easy to imagine what Dr. Nansen's relief will be at getting back from money-making and itinerant exhibition, to science and life. It is known that he has thought much and talked not a little about the south pole and its continent, and what there may be there to repay exploration. Among other possibilities of the antarctic continent are mineral discoveries—gold, perhaps, meteorites, and curious ores. Queer varieties of seals and whales are known to flourish there, and there are some reasons for expecting to find there some creatures of new species. Borchgrevink, who is at present the best authority on the possibilities of south-polar exploration, was greatly interested in the scars upon many seals that he saw, and could not imagine what sort of creature made them. It is only three years since this same Borchgrevink landed (February 22, 1895) on Cape Adair, and was the first man, so far as known, to set foot on the antarctic continent. It is a big continent, twice as big as Europe, and many, many times more inhospitable and unpleasant.

Mr. F. G. Jackson, who lately got back from a three years' stay in Franz-Josef Land, is writing out the results of his investigations, and intends, when his book is finished, to go back to the far north and explore further. His original plans for his next trip turned out to be almost identical with those of Lieutenant Peary. So he has changed his purposes, and he intends now to go, *viâ* Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay, through Jones Sound, up the undiscovered west coast of Elsmere and Grinnell Land. When he gets ready he will buy a whaler, go as far as possible by ship, establish a base depot, and then push on by sledge with a single companion. Mr. Jackson's forthcoming book will be published in this country by the Harpers.

There used to be a hymn, based on a story, the gist of which was, "There's a light in the window for thee, brother!" A newspaper paragraph, dated "Springfield, Massachusetts, November 26" (1897), told of the death at West Springfield, at the age of ninety, of Miss Lucinda Day. Seventy years ago she had a lover who went to sea and was never after heard from. She had promised to place every night a candle in the window to greet him when he returned, and the story is that she never gave him up, but that the candle burned nightly for all those seventy years. There must be many middle-aged persons who remember the hymn, and will wonder whether Miss Day's candle was the basis of it. It is recorded that the faithful lady's sister is the widow of Israel Bliss, for forty years a missionary in Turkey, and that seems to make the connection between the candle and the hymn more probable.

It has not been disclosed whether Ernest Bazin, who died in Paris on January 21, died of disappointment or from more familiar causes. It will be remembered that he was the inventor of the roller-ship, which was to revolutionize ocean navigation by rolling over the waves instead of cutting through them. His experimental ship was launched August 19, 1896, and did not go as fast as was expected. If any further trials were made, the result of them was not noised abroad, nor has it transpired that anything came of the experiment except notoriety to the experimenter.

Ann Arbor advices do not confirm the recent reports that President Angell is not expected to resume his duties at the head of the University of Michigan. On the contrary, a despatch dated January 12 declares that it may be announced officially that Dr. Angell intends to return to Ann Arbor and to his former duties next fall.

It appears that, though physiology is a popular study in the public schools, there is a line beyond which it seems inexpedient to initiate school-children into the mysteries of animal life. On January 18 a cat was dissected in the public school of Matteawan, New York, and its inwards exhibited to all the scholars. It made some of the children sick, and seems to have scandalized a good many of the grown-ups of Matteawan, for lively remonstrances followed, the Board of Education met and passed a resolution prohibiting dissections in school, and the principal of the school is reported to have resigned. It seems safe to infer that public opinion does not favor at present the cutting up of cats in the public schools. Children who have exceptionally strong curiosity about the insides of animals can pursue their investigations to better advantage at home. A small boy who was recently found in the kitchen of his parents' flat separating the viscera of a fowl with a dull dinner-knife explained his occupation by saying that he was performing an operation on the liver of a dead chicken. That is almost as instructive as dissecting a cat, and a good deal less apt to make scandal.

For some months a good many worthy people have found a convenient measure of the intelligence of their fellows in that very popular story *Quo Vadis*. Not to have read *Quo Vadis* has been to confess one's self indifferent to letters; not to admire it beyond all the books of its year has been to admit incapacity to recognize merit. No opinion is here offered as to whether or not the book is a masterpiece, but it is noted that the worm that the *Quo Vadis* folks have trod on shows signs of beginning to turn. The New York *Times*, in a recent editorial paragraph, alludes to a reference to the book by Mr. John S. Wise, at the Princeton dinner in New York, and finds an opportunity to declare that the popularity of Mr. Sienkiewicz's deliverance is due to the fact that "it has enabled the large class of readers who admire E. P. Roe to get from a tale nominally religious minute descriptions of certain kinds of wickedness about which their curiosity is very great. The *Times* recklessly adds: "A more conscienceless 'pot-boiler' was never written by a man of talent." When we consider how large a share of the capital of the country is locked up in copies of *Quo Vadis*, and how enormous an amount of time has been spent by the people of this country in reading it, it is apparent that the dissemination of such views as the *Times* has expressed amounts to an assault on public confidence. It is a question how far such views may be extenuated on the ground that they make it easier for persons who have not read *Quo Vadis*, and don't intend to, to stay on the earth.

A Boston contemporary, in speaking of the demise of Linus M. Child, the distinguished Boston lawyer, observes that "although in his sixty-third year, up to the time of his death he was possessed of a rugged physique, and an energy that was extraordinary in a man of his years." The inference seems justified that at sixty-two a Boston man's energies are expected to have become pretty seriously impaired. Life must be more intense in Boston than has been surmised. In New York, at least, it is not the fashion to regard men still under sixty-five as persons who should be expected to show the ravages of time. To a man who has lived wisely the decade between sixty and seventy should be an enviable period, in which maturity of judgment is felicitously combined with intellectual vigor. To speak of sixty-two as an age for which allowances ought to be made is to favor too much the disposition, of current prevalence (of which so much complaint is made), to consider that the condition of inactivity known as "on the shelf" is that which best suits men over fifty. That way of thinking is fostered by the extraordinary forwardness of some young men. If Mr. Joseph Leiter, for example, is as successful in his wheat deal as he seems just now to expect, he will owe it to society to admit age and impaired faculties at thirty and retire from active business. So as to another young man. It was stated, under date of January 14, in the New York *Sun*, that Mr. A. C. Burrage, of Boston, a graduate of Harvard of the class of '83, and now thirty-eight years old, had just received from the Standard Oil Company the largest fee ever paid to a Boston lawyer. It was $200,000, and the same authority reported that Mr. Burrage had received $450,000 besides for services other than legal. Mr. Burrage, since he left college, has been, it seems, a corporation lawyer, a Councilman, and a State Transit Commissioner. He is now president of the Bay State Gas Company. Cases such as his, where professional efficiency meets with early and substantial recognition, suggest the propriety of appealing to successful young fellows to retire early and give the old men a chance. Perhaps it was by comparison with such Titans as Mr. Burrage and Mr. Leiter that Mr. Linus Child at sixty-two seemed energetic "for a man of his years."

It was pleasant to read Ambassador White's denial of the report that he and Mrs. White had been slighted by the nobility and gentry of Berlin. His cabled assurances are conclusive: "Emperor and all others have been most kind to us. I have never needed to call the attention of any person to any slight whatever. The notice regarding my reception was identical with that always issued after the presentation of an ambassador." This entirely sets at rest the rumor that Mr. White had been denied a second helping to pie at the imperial board. If it had turned out to be true that Mr. White had thought himself slighted, we should all have been sure he was right. Uncle Sam has no representative abroad whose judgment about the duties and privileges of ambassadors would carry more weight than Mr. White's.

The supposed discoveries of a European professor as to the determination of sex seem, on the whole, to make more for the increase of newspaper reading than for knowledge. His theory seems to be that where nourishment is abundant more females are born; where it is scarce, more males. The theory seems to excite very little confidence. If it were true, however, it would tally well with the economy of nature. More food, more females—more births, more mouths. Less food, more males—fewer births, more bread-winners. These deductions do not apply very closely to the *genus homo* in a state of civilization, but nature doesn't make allowances for civilization. Civilization is expected to know enough to take care of itself.

Boston is seriously engaged in saving Copley Square from being disfigured by tall buildings. The proposal is to have the Legislature fix a special limit of seventy or eighty feet to the height of buildings within five hundred feet of the square. Copley Square is very near to the heart of Boston culture. Dr. E. W. Cheever, one of the gentlemen who appeared the other day at the first hearing in the matter before a legislative committee, declared that, outside of Harvard, the square was the educational centre of New England. The immediate peril is the Hotel Westminster, which it is proposed to build on a lot adjoining Trinity Church, to a height overlooking the church towers. The Boston Library is sixty feet high to the eaves, and ninety to the top of the roof. The estimated value of public property on Copley Square is $6,800,000; of private property, $1,700,000.

There is a great deal more stir and discussion over the annexation of Hawaii than about the supposed discovery of the bacillus of whooping-cough, yet it can safely be left to any team of inter-collegiate debaters to settle whether the bacillus of whooping-cough is not really more mischievous, and so of greater consequence to the American people, than the bacillus of Hawaiian annexation. The news about the bacillus of whooping-cough takes the form of advices from Europe, published in the New York papers of January 20, to the effect that Dr. Czapelewski of Cologne confirms the discovery of the bacillus by Dr. Henry Koplik of New York. We are invited to believe that these two learned bacteriologists, working independently, have spread snares for this bacillus and have both caught the same creature. The next step, which may be expected soon to follow, will be the composition of a remedy for whooping-cough.

Meanwhile the bacillus of annexation continues at large.

The unanimous objection of the congregation of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church to the retirement of Dr. John Hall from its pastorate has led Dr. Hall to withdraw his resignation. The congregation, a thousand strong, were unquestionably averse to parting with their pastor, though the session—the body immediately responsible for the church's pecuniary welfare—were willing to accept his resignation. The result is very satisfactory to the congregation, gratifying doubtless to Dr. Hall, and possibly conducive to the advancement of the session in philosophy. If there has been anything like a disagreement in this church as to the questions of policy, it has certainly been a disagreement between gentlemen, and has been conducted with remarkable politeness and discretion, and has raised remarkably few echoes.

A friend of the WEEKLY in Philadelphia feels called upon to make a few comments on a recent paragraph in this department about the liquor question in colleges. He says:

> While sympathizing with the statement as to the frequent intemperance (of speech) of those who have the subject much at heart, I can go with you no further. That abstinence is *not* intemperance is a truism that to the logical mind needs no demonstration. But where, I would ask, does intemperance begin? The effects of liquor are apparent long before the subject becomes intoxicated, and many a man who would scorn the accusation of drunkenness allows himself to enter that blissful state which, though it may be the admiration of the thoughtless, "cannot but make the judicious grieve." That it is the ambition of the average American parents that their sons shall tread this delicate balance-line may be true. But if so, alas for the nation of tight-rope walkers!

Intemperance begins at different points with different persons. Temperance by no means consists in merely avoiding drunkenness, but in avoiding such a use of wine or liquor as does you harm. There is no fault to be found with any one who says, "Since intoxicants are so dangerous and true temperance so difficult, I prefer not to drink at all." Such a person doubtless makes a wise choice. The man with whom fault may reasonably be found is he who says, "Since temperance is difficult, *you* shall not drink at all." And perhaps the chief fault to be found with this last person is that he undertakes what he cannot perform. He can keep liquor out of himself, but he cannot keep it out of you. That is a matter for you to settle, and your will must decide it. God did not choose to make us incapable of folly, but left us, apparently, to make our own choices and hoe our own rows. It seems to have been arranged in the beginning that folks who could take care of themselves should get along and others not. But since the creation government and other hinderances to the exclusive survival of the strong or wise have been invented, and have worked so well that there is always a tendency to overdo them. They ought not to be overdone. Free will is a great institution, and even our love for our neighbor does not excuse us for trying unduly to deprive him of the benefits of its action. Let your boys have as much free will as you dare trust them with; and as for college boys, you may be sure they will choose for themselves, and indeed one thing you send them to college for is to learn to make wise choices.

E. S. MARTIN.

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THE DRAMA.

MR. R. C. CARTON'S new play at the Lyceum Theatre, entitled "The Tree of Knowledge," might fairly be described as a "genteel" melodrama. Once more the familiar old characters present themselves—the dreadfully wicked adventuress, the young men of varying degrees of inexperience who come under her spell, the sad-eyed parents, and lastly and chiefly, the beautiful and innocent young girl, so simple, yet so wise, and so willing, at the close of the last act, to lead the crestfallen hero into the straight and narrow path of domesticity.

The hero of Mr. Carton's piece is introduced after he has had his "fling." So we find *Nigil Stanyon* an exceedingly embittered young man. The story of his life with *Belle*—a poor name for an adventuress, by-the-way—which he tells his friend *Loftus Roupell*, he makes so dramatic that you wonder why it was not turned into a prologue. What an effective scene that would be where the man and woman sit in silence before the dying fire, thinking of their burned-out love! The mere narration of a dramatic episode on the stage is nearly always weak; when designed to be explanatory, it is a confession of weakness. The aim of the playwright should be, of course, to explain nothing, but to make his episodes convey their significance through the action of the characters. *Nigil's* explanation, however, forms the background from which the piece develops dramatically. His former mistress suddenly appears as the wife of his old comrade *Brian Hollingworth*. *Nigil* naturally holds his tongue, and *Roupell* looks so pleased and interested that we begin to suspect that he is the villain. Such, indeed, he proves to be as soon as *Belle* learns that her husband's father has been ruined, and she looks about for the fortune that she had hoped to secure through marriage. Her proposed elopement with *Roupell* is discovered by *Nigil*, who takes upon himself the task of saving his friend's "honor." This makes the much-exploited sensation in the fourth act, where *Nigil* uses physical violence to keep another man's wife from leaving her home! At this juncture the husband returns, and *Belle*, being expert at lying, offers an explanation that puts poor *Nigil* at a hideous disadvantage. Then the whole truth about the past breaks from *Nigil's* lips; and a very stirring outburst it is, too. The husband, however, does not discover how grossly he has been deceived till, a few hours later, when *Belle* takes her departure. As for *Nigil*, there is the angelic *ingénue* of melodrama waiting for him in the background.

By introducing this maiden, *Monica* by name, and a few other more or less angelic characters, Mr. Carton has tried to lighten his play, and to make effective his high "moral purpose." He evidently believes, or has persuaded himself to believe, that "The Tree of Knowledge" is a very moral play. A few silly people have tried to show that it is an immoral play. In reality, it is neither one thing nor the other. It is simply an ingenious piece of theatrical writing, having no more relation to genuine standards of morality than it has to real life. That scene in the fourth act may be rather bold, but it should be said, to give Mr. Carton his due, that the bias is always in favor of theatrical virtue. It would be hard to find any particular usefulness for a play like this; it interests for the time, but it never appeals to the intelligence, and such influence as it exerts is depressing. Even the humor is of the cheap kind, created by distortions of character. Mr. Carton has done much better work; he has shown a talent for writing comedies, built on a delightfully humorous observation of life. He would do well to return to efforts of this kind.

The drama had the advantage of a very good performance. Miss Julie Opp, her inexperience considered, showed remarkable facility and power as the adventuress. She gives promise of becoming one of the best of our actresses. In the rôle of *Monica*, Miss Mannering fairly beamed throughout the piece, playing with the unerring skill that she has shown in every part in which she has appeared here. Mr. Morgan, as *Nigil*, had a good chance to prove his quality. In the scene in the fourth act he acted with remarkable vigor, but during the rest of the piece he was monotonous and heavy. Mr. Felix Morris gave a rare performance of a retired army officer.



JULIA MARLOWE AS THE *COUNTESS VALESKA*.
Copyright, 1898, by Aimé Dupont.

Mr. Daly's revival of "Twelfth Night" would be worth seeing for its pictorial and musical effects, if for no other reason. The arrangement of the piece is not by any means Shakespeare's arrangement; yet by the average playgoer this will not be considered a serious fault. As for the acting, it is an exasperating mixture of good and bad. Miss Rehan's performance is so fine in places that one follows it with delight in its grace, its spontaneity, its exquisite and infectious humor; then suddenly, in the midst of a scene, it will become so perverse in its misinterpretations and misreadings as to be almost painful. The sentimental side of *Viola's* character Miss Rehan makes absolutely mawkish, dragging out the love speeches with an absurd slowness, and with languishing attitudinizing.

Among the other performers, Mr. William F. Owen easily takes precedence by his brilliant impersonation of *Sir Toby Belch*. Mr. Owen is one of the very few Shakespearian comedians of ability that we now have. Mr. Clarke's style suits excellently the dry-as-dust character of *Malvolio*, and in the rôle of *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek* Mr. Herbert Gresham succeeds in being genuinely amusing. Several of Mr. Daly's actors make flagrant blunders in the reading of their lines. It would be useless to ask actors of the present day to suggest the music of Shakespeare's verse, but they might at least deliver the speeches with intelligence.

Mr. Robert Hilliard has lately been seen at Hoyt's Theatre in a new version of one of his old pieces, "Lost—Twenty-four Hours," which he now calls "A New-Yorker." This practice of changing the names of plays is reprehensible, and tends to mislead theatre-goers. Mr. Hilliard's farcical comedy gives him ample scope for his abilities as a light comedian, and enables Mrs. Louise Thorndike Boucicault, an actress whose cleverness would be more evident if she could free herself of certain annoying tricks of manners, to appear to some advantage.

It is a satisfaction to note that with "The Countess Valeska" Miss Julia Marlowe has won her first popular success in New York. Her performances are attracting large audiences to the Knickerbocker, and there has been talk of transferring the piece, at the close of her engagement there to some other New York theatre. Miss Marlowe has found the New York audiences very hard to win, but, now that she has made a place for herself in their regard, she is likely to keep it. The present success of her new play will probably insure for it a good reception throughout the country.

JOHN D. BARRY.



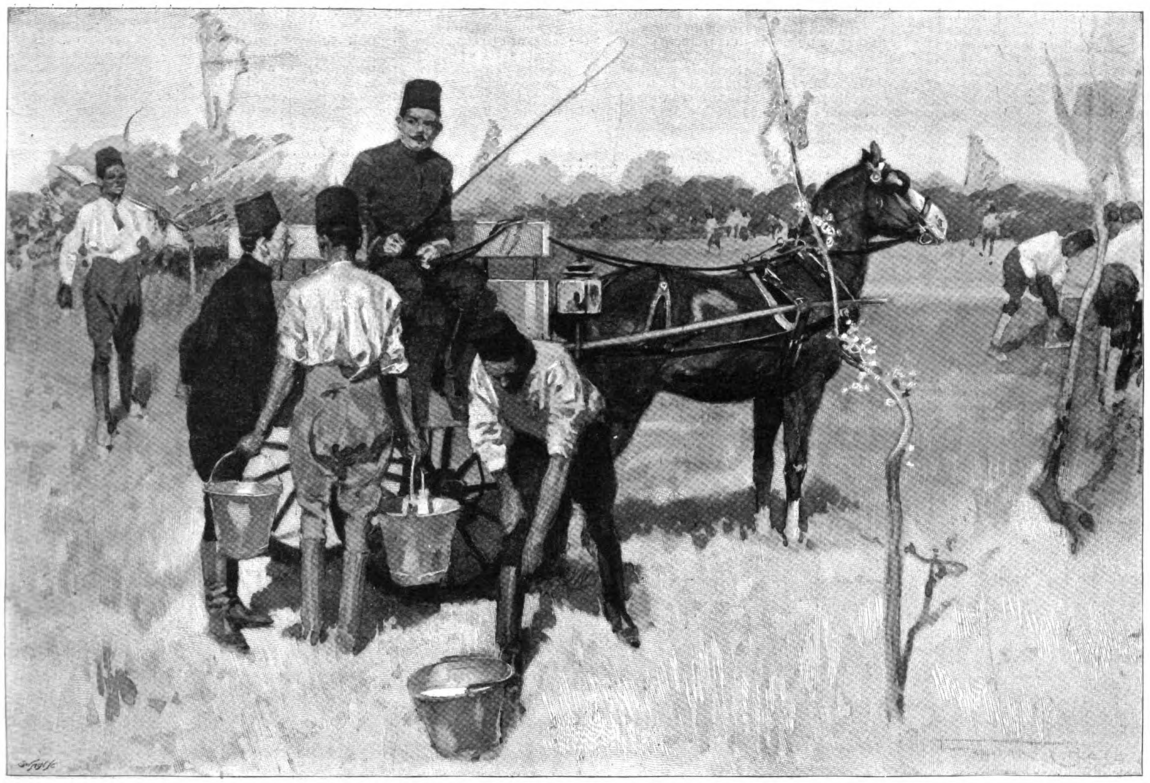
MONICA (MISS MANNERING) AND *BELLE HOLLINGWORTH* (MISS OPP).



BELLE HOLLINGWORTH AND *NIGIL STANYON* (MR. MORGAN).

FROM "THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE," AS PERFORMED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.

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THE KHEDIVE INSPECTING HIS FARM AT KOUBBEH IN HIS JAUNTING-CAR.

A VISIT TO THE KOUBBEH PALACE,

THE KHEDIVE'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK CRAIG, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY MAJOR J. FORTUNÉ NOTT.

IT is admitted, by every one conversant with the facts, that the young Khedive of Egypt has a very difficult position to fill. Few stay-at-home people realize fully the power of the Mohammedan religion upon its followers, how it moulds their characters, forms their opinions, and supplies the stand-point from which all their views are taken. Now that the benefits accruing from the British occupation have become evident to the dull minds of the fellaheen, whatever hostility exists against the English is largely due to the dictates of their religion. The Khedive is an Oriental ruler with Mohammedan subjects, and he is perpetually being forced to assent to transactions which are the outcome of Christian influence, and which consequently rouse the ire of the most fanatical of his subjects, who openly accuse him of pandering to English rule. On the other hand, the English residents say exactly the reverse, and quote chapter and verse to justify their opinions. Between these two stools he is perpetually falling. It would be impossible to do otherwise, for every action of any importance he takes must, of course, offend one side or the other. It is impossible, therefore, not to feel a certain amount of sympathy with a young ruler trying to fill a position which had been so surrounded with pitfalls that to steer clear of them all would tax to breaking-strain the powers of the most skilled and long-experienced diplomatists.

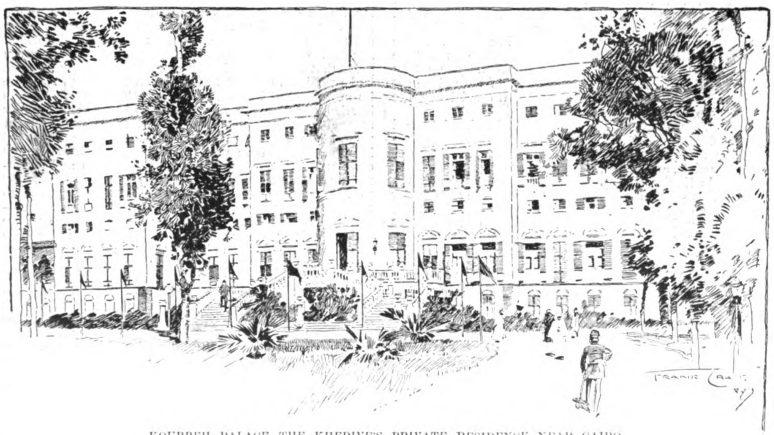
The Khedive may be said to lead two very distinct lives —the one in the pure gratification of natural tastes, the other being in conformity to that destiny which made him the heir to the position which his father and grandfather had occupied before him. The first he leads as a farmer and breeder in his fields and stables at Koubbeh; and the other when, in uniform, he transacts state business at his official residence, Abdeen Palace, in Cairo.

Koubbeh Palace was built by Tewfik Pasha, the present Khedive's father. It is situated some three or four miles outside Cairo, on the road to Heliopolis. It is called a palace, but in its appearance and surroundings it more nearly resembles a large English country house than any of the other residences in Egypt belonging to the Khedival family. And the life the Khedive leads at Koubbeh conforms to his environment there, for it is simply that of a hard-working country gentleman who farms his own land. In this way he finds relaxation from the worries that attend his life at Abdeen Palace, and, with a simplicity which is rare among Oriental rulers, by taste and inclination he is known to be prouder of being lord of the manor of Koubbeh than Khedive of Egypt.

The Khedive is often accused by writers in the newspapers of indolence, but no charge could possibly be made which would go wider of the mark. When the work he does at Abdeen, which is laborious in the extreme, is taken into consideration, the work he does at Koubbeh becomes surprising. He is a very early riser, and long before the European residents of Cairo are awake he is out superintending the work and issuing the necessary orders for the laborers on his lands. He has no bailiff, but does the work himself, for he has found from experience the benefits he derives from his own supervision, and the loss he sustains when that duty is entrusted to others. When thus engaged he drives about from one place to another in a small four-wheeled dog-cart, or now and again on an Irish jaunting-car. The thoroughness with which the Khedive does this work of supervision, and the results he attains by putting his heart and soul into it, are shown by the fact that the farm is made to pay—a result which is almost beyond belief when all things are taken into consideration, and it is remembered that this result has only been attained by the Khedive's doing the daily work required before he goes to Abdeen and after his return, or, in other words, before nine o'clock in the morning and after four in the afternoon. And the duty he has to perform between these hours is of the most harassing and wearing description.

A great deal of it is, of course, merely ceremonial, but large doses of the kind of work which can be classified under this head, and which are *de rigueur* in the palaces of Eastern countries, must be more trying and exhausting ordeals, as part and parcel of a day's duty, than many forms of manual labor. Besides the reports continually arriving from the various departments, which have to be read and their contents mastered, foreign consuls have to be seen; visitors from other countries who come properly vouched for by the representatives of their respective governments have to be given audiences, at which a few appropriate and courteous words must be exchanged; then come men who view things from a totally different stand-point; deputations from the mosques, from the bazars, or sheiks from some influential tribes of Bedouins, who call to pay their respects to the young ruler of the country. All these men have to be spoken to with tact and with a previously acquired knowledge of the subjects which interest them. A morning spent in the reception or ante room of Abdeen Palace would soon convince an intelligent observer that the Khedive, who has to attend to all the people who therein assemble daily, and in addition to give anxious consideration to the many political questions which crop up with mushroom growth in the Egypt of to-day, cannot correctly be described as an indolent man.

Apart from any other consideration, Abdeen Palace is a very pleasant place for a visitor to spend an idle morning in. It is the focal point for the representatives of nearly all the types of dress and nationality which go so far in making the picturesqueness of Cairo street scenes. Every grade, from the officers of the army of occupation in their gala uniforms to the dark-faced Bedouins in their flowing robes from the desert, seem to forgather in the place. Diplomatists, engineers, civil servants, English nobles, can be seen side by side with Egyptian pashas, cigarette-smoking Turks, turbaned Ulemas in gorgeous silks, and the dark-clad priests of Christian sects. To intelligently discuss, as the Khedive does, the bewildering variety of matters which bring these men to seek an in-



KOUBBEH PALACE, THE KHEDIVE'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE, NEAR CAIRO.

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terview with him proves that he has an intelligence of a very high order. But the mental labor involved and the anxiety resulting must, outside of every other trouble, make his position far from the bed of roses some people like to pronounce it.

The Khedive is a great lover of animals, especially of horses, and his stud-farm is by far the best in Egypt. There are about sixty mares, the majority of them being Arabs. The horses used for carriage purposes are Austrian, and a few are English bred. In one stall is the famous stallion Silverstreak, which the late Colonel North presented to his Highness; and in another is an Arab of the purest breed, one of a pair sent to Koubbeh by the Sultan. At the back of the stables there is a dairy farm modelled on English lines, and having all the necessary utensils and machinery of the latest designs. Everything is spick-and-span and scrupulously clean, and consequently in startling contrast with the majority of Egyptian dairies.

The Khedive has tried in every way to see if he can improve the breeds of Egyptian poultry—a consummation devoutly to be wished for, not only by the residents, but by every visitor to the country. His experiments have been varied and numerous, for his poultry-yards are well stocked with English and European birds.

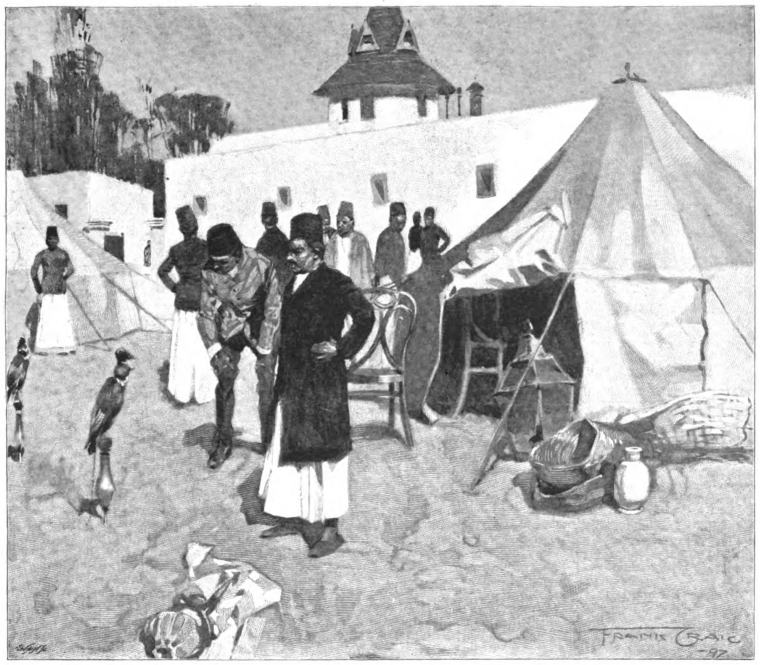
In the camel-stables there are 176 animals, and the Khedive is always trying to encourage his subjects to give attention to camel-breeding, for he quite appreciates the utility of these ungainly quadrupeds, and knows how materially they add to and create the prosperity of the fellahin portion of the population. The camels are under the charge of an old retainer of the Khedive's family, whose age no one knows; but he was head camelman to Said Pasha forty years ago, and therefore his experience must be very considerable. These camels are used by the Khedive on his excursions into the desert. His guards are mounted on them, and he keeps in his pay a camel band, which accompanies him on such occasions.

The land around Koubbeh is kept in a high state of cultivation, and the magnificent crops cultivated thereon are the very best samples of the products of various kinds which can be raised in Egypt, and in themselves are evidence of that wonderful fertility for which that portion of the country which is reached by the Nile overflow is renowned.

But perhaps the Khedive's private work is seen at its best when the village of Koubbeh is inspected. It is a perfect model of what an Egyptian village should be, and as an object-lesson should be seen and studied by every pasha and sheik in the country. The village is occupied almost entirely by the men and their families, who are employed by the Khedive, being for the most part the laborers on the estate. This village has been built by the Khedive, and while making the interior and exterior arrangements of the houses conform in every particular with those of the ordinary villages in Egypt, he has nevertheless shown the people that, despite the simple conditions of their houses, cleanliness and several degrees more comfort can be obtained with very little effort. He insists on everything in this village being kept as clean and wholesome as labor and direct supervision can make it. He often inspects the place himself, and the sheik of the village is held to be personally responsible if anything is found amiss. The village has a fire brigade, which is fairly well equipped with hose and buckets, and it owns a first-class Merryweather pump, which is kept bright and serviceable. The sergeant in charge is in the pay of the Khedive, and the workmen on the estate take it in turns to don the uniform of firemen and go on duty at the station. In this way all the men of the village get fire drill, and learn how to handle with efficiency the various appliances.

The children have not been forgotten, for they have had a school established for them which in brightness, cleanliness, and equipment with educational devices, such as maps, models, and books, is far above many small private schools in England. The results of making the children attend this school are writ large all over the village, for there is an air of contentment and happiness about the well-behaved and clean-looking children at Koubbeh which must, when the Khedive looks around at the other villages in the neighborhood, be in itself a reward for his efforts in trying to make his work-people contented and comfortable.

A close inspection of this village is all that is needed to convince any unprejudiced person that there must be a great deal of good in a man who, as young as the Khedive was when he returned to Egypt as its ruler in 1892—for he was then only eighteen—could at once start to make his private estate a model one; and this was not done by indolently giving orders, after the manner of his grandfather and the pashas of his period, but, figuratively speaking, by taking off his coat and doing the work himself, thereby ensuring its thoroughness and supplying a wholesome example. In trying to form an estimate of the Khedive's character it is better to have facts than fictions, which are often the outcome of mendacity and bias. In the long-run the truth, as shown by the facts, will be found to prevail. Koubbeh farm and village are facts which speak for themselves, and to the unprejudiced exhibit a side to the character of the Khedive which is the one that must enhance him in the opinion of those who know him best and speak well of him, for it is the one about which his detractors keep silence.



OUTSIDE THE TENTS OF THE PRIVATE CAMEL CORPS AT KOUBBEH.

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL.

The Grand Central Station, of which the transformation is now almost completed, has in its original state served the needs of New York since 1871. It has never served them well. When it was opened it was acclaimed as a wonder, and, in fact, it was remarkable for magnitude. The semicircular roof, carried upon arched trusses, was one of the largest, or the second largest, spans bridged anywhere by like means. This remains, and it is still an interesting piece of engineering. There were those who pretended to admire its architecture, but they were not of the critical classes. Indeed, the architecture was rather singularly bad. There was upon the south front an opportunity for a far-seen tower, at the point which stops the vista of Fourth Avenue looking northward. A tower here would have been visible and conspicuous all the way from Union Square. "Instead of which" the tallest feature of the south front was at its centre, and commanded a view only across the way, from where alone the clock-face which was relieved against its cupola was legible. It is unnecessary to remind New-Yorkers that the architecture consisted merely in the application of quoins, doubled pilasters, modillioned cornices, and other classic features, in cast iron painted white, to expanses of red pressed brick.

However, it was not the badness of its architecture that could have justified a practical railroad company in demolishing it, or even in surrounding and surmounting it with an envelope in which it disappears. It was the fact that it failed to accommodate the traffic. It never did really accommodate even the moderate traffic which sought it when it was opened. During the twenty-seven years that have since elapsed scarcely a traveller who has had occasion to use it has been too hurried to execrate its arrangement in passing. In truth, the more he was hurried, the more he was tempted to impatient wonder at the ingenious inconvenience of the provision that was made for failing to welcome him coming and speed him parting. If he was bound northeastward he was comparatively at ease, for his waiting-room and ticket-room were at the south entrance. But if he was going to Albany or the West, he found himself forced to take a considerable excursion—of two blocks, in fact—to the ticket-office, and then, after being admitted to the train-shed, to retrace his steps to the south end of the building, and then turn about once more to the north and walk up a platform to where his train happened to be in waiting. The exercise thus imposed upon him by an ingenious architect amounted, in the average, without exaggeration, to a quarter of a mile; and the effect of it upon a wayfaring man laden with a portmanteau was such an irritation as in the bosom of an Englishman would have discharged itself in multitudinous letters to the London *Times*. But we are a more patient race. If the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company had not of its own free will and good pleasure chosen to bestow upon us a new station, we should probably have waited for it another twenty-seven years.

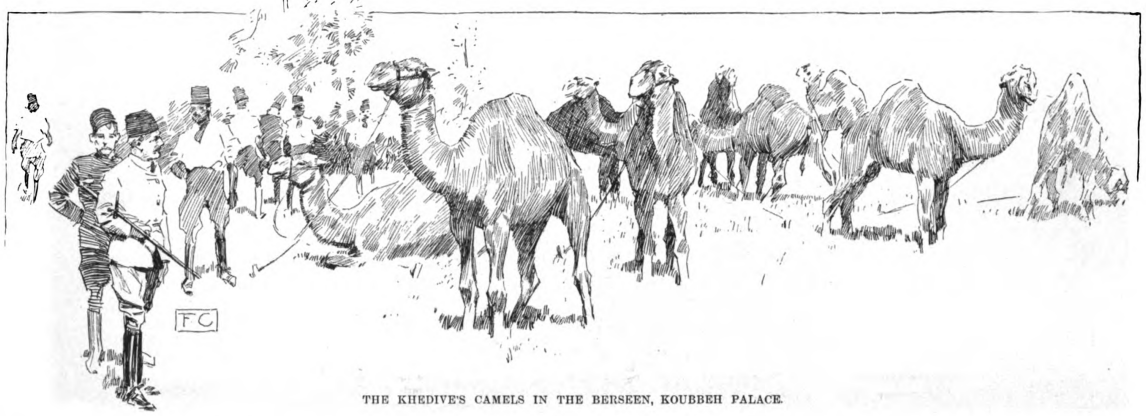
But really the Grand Central, which in the lengthening interval from its erection had belied and justified its name, and become Central while conspicuously ceasing to be Grand, reflected most disagreeably upon the metropolitan pretensions of the city. There is not a town in the country of a quarter the size of New York which is not better equipped in this respect, and such stations as that of the Boston and Maine in Boston, the Illinois Central (better known to New-Yorkers who know it at all as the Michigan Central) in Chicago, the Pennsylvania and the Reading in Philadelphia, and the magnificent Union Station in St. Louis have put New York to an open shame. Some ten years ago there was erected, by way of some relief to the congestion and some alleviation to the travelling public, an incoming station, just east of the Grand Central, and an annex to it. This is much more intelligently planned than the parent building, consisting of an unpretentious train-shed, and a vestibule which gives access to the street and to the station of the elevated road. But it was a makeshift, and could only postpone a more comprehensive provision. A traffic which had grown to a yearly aggregate of 11,476,000, being a daily average of over 31,000, had put a strain upon the original provision which it could no longer endure. And the offices of the companies, housed in the same building, had become equally inadequate with the expansion of the business, and many of them were "colonized" in the neighborhood.

No doubt the depot's enlargement and reconstruction would have taken place before the pressure became intolerable but for the great inconvenience of reconstructing the station while it was in use. This inconvenience, it is only fair to say, has been felt almost exclusively by the constructors, and scarcely at all by the public. Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, who was selected as the architect, makes a specialty of railroad work, and has designed more large stations than any other member of his profession. Among his works are the station at the south end of the Lake Park in Chicago, used by the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central, and the "Big Four"; the station at Concord, New Hampshire, the largest north of Boston; and the largest station in Mexico. He found a particularly trying problem, in architecture as well as in construction, seeing that it was necessary to make his additions conform to such of the old work as was to be retained, and this was by no means eligible as a model.

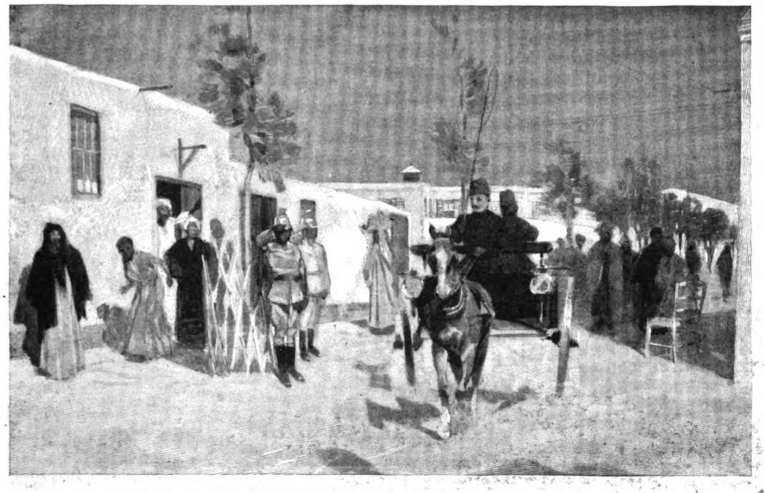
It will be agreed that he has come out of this ungrateful task as well as could have been expected. The differences of surface between the old and new work, which could not have been dissembled except by painting, have been concealed under a uniform envelope of artificial stone, the "features," as before, being of metal, also in the interest of uniformity. The offices have been raised from three stories to six. The central feature of the south front has been suppressed, or rather subdued; a lofty tower has been erected so as to close the vista of Fourth Avenue, and one still loftier at the southwest corner of the building, to which the architecture of each side converges. Other towers are placed in the axes of Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets. The result promises to be imposing by dint of the unusual magnitude of the building, and by the successful emphasis which has been laid upon the horizontal dimension by the design, the vertical lines and features being introduced mainly for the relief of what would otherwise be monotony.

But it is the interior which will attract most of the attention of a long-suffering travelling public, whose sufferings from avoidable delay and discomfort seem now to be near an end. The scene of their former sufferings will be converted into the baggage-rooms, which form a continuous fringe along the west front, with a connection by subway under the tracks to the incoming station. The south front is given to a common waiting-room for all the roads which use the station. To make this amply spacious, four bays of what has heretofore been included in the train-shed will be included in it, and the north end moved back correspondingly, and the total length of the station by so much increased. The dimensions of the apartment thus secured are 100 feet by 200, and it may be interesting to know that it will be "the largest in the world," the next largest in this country being that of the proposed South Terminal Station in Boston, 65 by 265 feet, and the largest now being that of the Illinois Central in Chicago, 100 by 150. What will convey a clearer notion to the users of the old Grand Central is the fact that of all the old waiting-rooms combined the area is 12,000 square feet, while the available floor space of the new room, with its dependencies, will be 28,000. Even if this does not stagger the credulity of the ex-wayfaring man, it will be staggered by the announcement that it is seriously proposed to put an elevator into the southeast pavillion to hoist him to the platform of the elevated road. As will be seen by the illustration, this great waiting-room will be a shapely and lofty apartment. It will be amply lighted from the ends, the sides, and the ceiling, which is of glazed panels in a structure of steel. The cost of the new work is over half a million.

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THE KHEDIVE'S CAMELS IN THE BERSEEN, KOUBBEH PALACE.



THE KHEDIVE DRIVING THROUGH A STREET OF THE VILLAGE OF KOUBBEH.

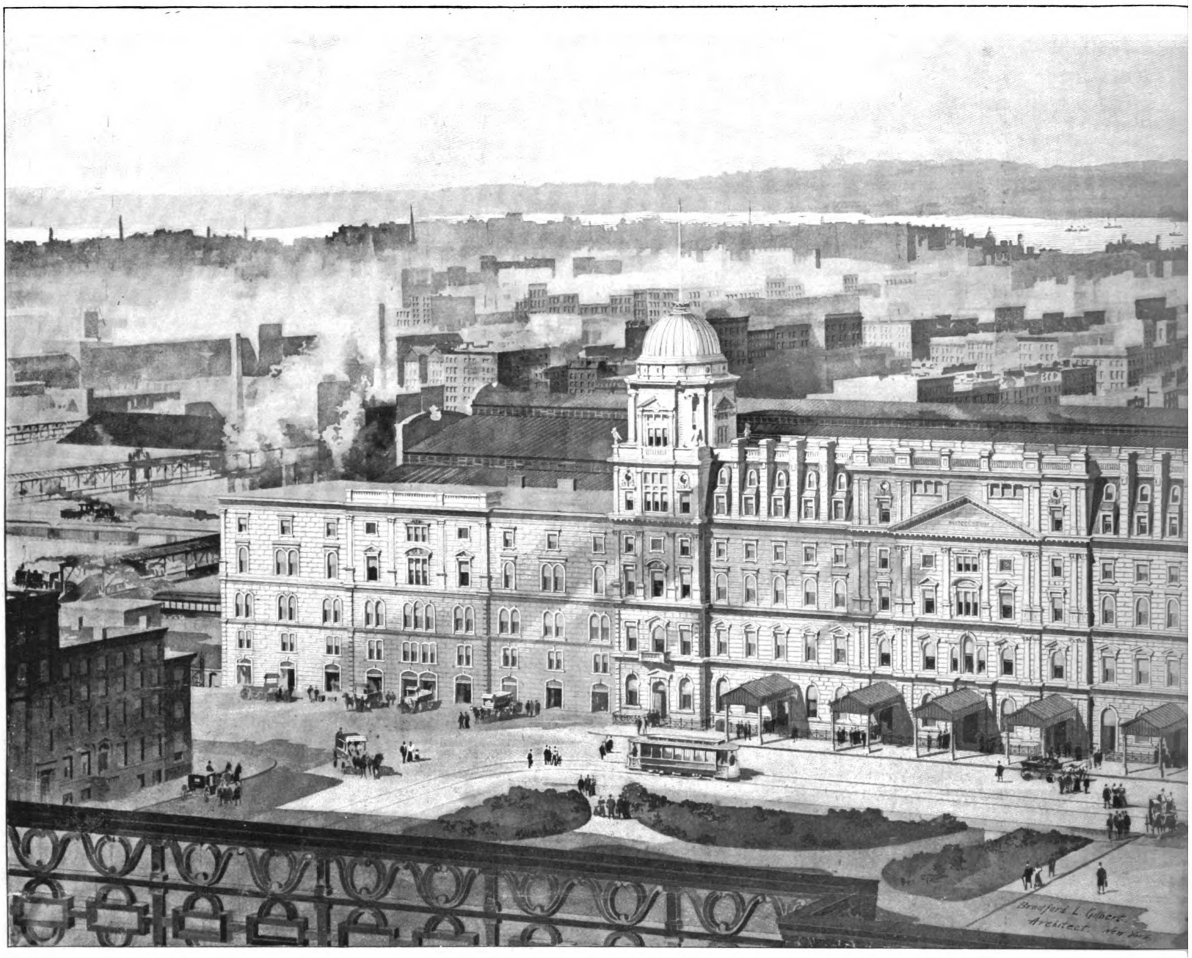


HEAD CAMELMAN WITH THE KHEDIVE'S CAMEL.



THE KHEDIVE LEAVING ABDEEN PALACE FOR KOUBBEH.

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE REMODELLED GRAND CENTRA



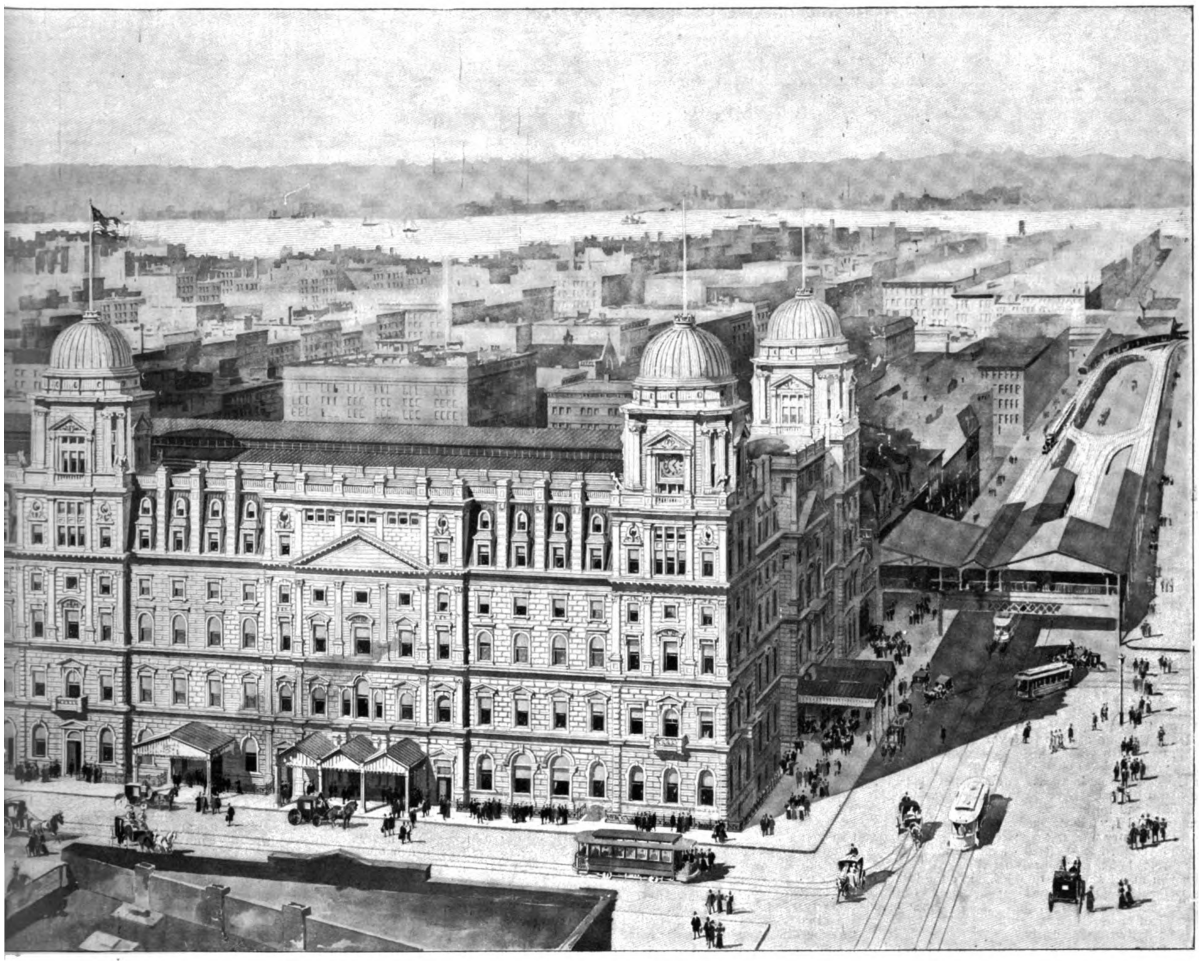
EAST END OF THE GENERAL WAITING-ROOM, SHOWING STAIRWAY TO THE ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION.



A CORNER IN THE W

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW

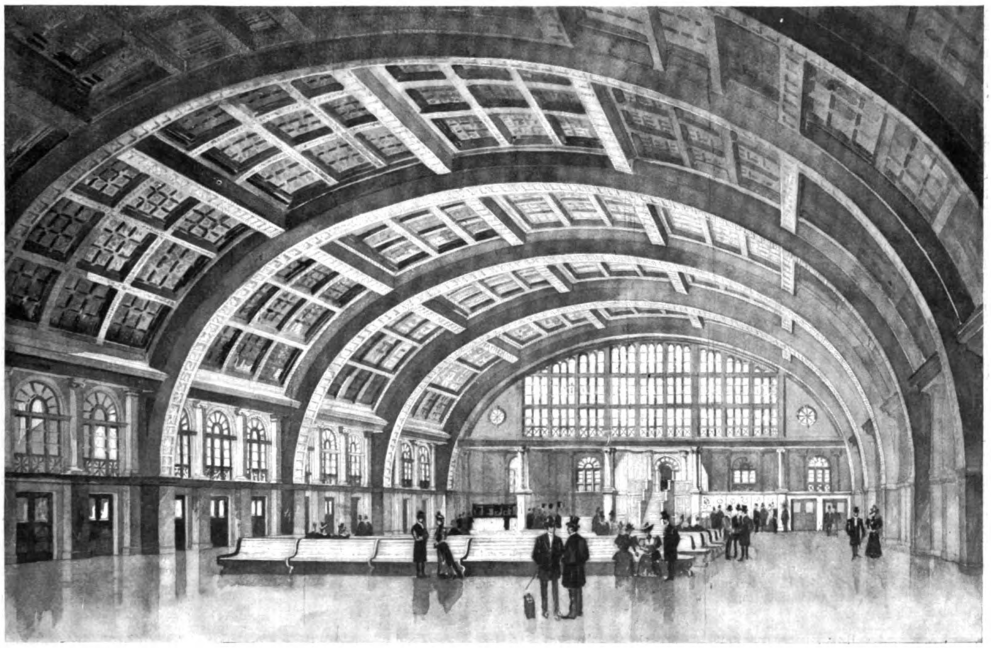
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TION, FROM THE BALCONY OF THE MANHATTAN HOTEL.



EN'S ROOM.



THE GENERAL WAITING-ROOM—THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD—LOOKING NORTHEAST.

ORK.—Bradford L. Gilbert, Architect.—[See Page 130.]

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VISION IN THE CRYSTAL.

MASTER GERARD, however, did not seem to be aware of her presence, for he continued his catechism steadily.

"You mocked at their terrors, did you not, and told them that you, who had seen the teeth of the Duke's hounds, had nothing to fear from the bare gums of the White Wolf?"

"I knew that they but played," I answered, "and that I had little to fear."

For with Ysolinde von Sturm watching me with her eyes I could not for very shame's sake make myself great.

"You told them more than that," the girl cried, suddenly flashing on me a look keen as the light on a sword when it comes home from the cutler. "You told them that you too desired a freer commonwealth!"

"I did," said I, flushing quickly, for I had thought to keep my thumb on that.

Nevertheless, I was not going back on my spoken word even in the presence of Duke Casimir's inquisitor. Besides which I judged that my father had influence enough to bring me out scathless.

"That is well and bravely said!" he replied, smiling with thin lips which in all their constant writhings showed no vestige of teeth within; "but the sentiment itself is somewhat strange in the son of the Red Axe and the future Executioner of Justice in the Wolfmark."

Then for the first time I permitted my eyes to rest on the lithe figure of the girl in the doorway. Methought she inclined her head a little forward to catch my answer, as if it had been a matter of interest to her.

"I am indeed son of the Red Axe," said I, "but my own head would underlie it rather than that I should ever be Hereditary Justicer of the Mark."

A smile that was meant for me passed over the girl's face and momently sweetened her lips. She straightened her body and set a hand more easily to her waist. A certain kindness dwelt in her emerald eyes.

"Never be Duke's Justicer!" cried Master Gerard, looking up with his hand on a skull; "this is unheard of! Are not you the only son of Gottfried Gottfried, right hand of Duke Casimir, highest in favor with his Grace? And within two years, according to the law of the headsman, must you not also don the Red and the Black and stand at the Duke's left hand, as your father at his right, when he sits in judgment?"

I bowed my head for answer.

"Even so," said I, "but long before that time I shall be either in a far country waging the wars of another lord, or in a country yet farther—that to which the men of my race have directed so many untimeously."

"Have you at all thought of the land or the lord to whom you would transfer your allegiance?" said Gerard von Sturm, carelessly rapping with his fingers on the bare white of the skull before him.

"I have not," I replied as easily.

He looked down a moment and drew his black robe thoughtfully over his knee, as if turning the matter over in his mind. "What think you of Plassenburg and the service of Prince Karl?" he said at last.

"The place is too near and the man a usurper!" I replied, brusquely.

"I am not so sure," Master Gerard mused slowly, "that it might not be advantageous to bide near home. Duke Casimir is mortal, after all—long and prosperously may he live!" (here he inclined his head piously while naming his master). "But who knows how long he may be spared to reign over a loving people? And after that, why, there may be more usurpers. For by the name 'usurper' the ignorant mostly mean men of the strong heart and sure brain, who can hold that which they have with one hand and reach out for more with the other."

While he spoke thus he looked at me with his green eyes half closed.

"But," said I, calmly enough, though my heart beat fast, "I am but a lad untried. I may never rise beyond a private soldier. I may be killed at the first assault of my virgin campaign."

Master Gerard looked up quickly. He beckoned to his daughter. For though by no faintest gesture had he betrayed his knowledge of her presence, he had yet clearly known it all the time.

"Ysolinde," he said, "bring hither thy crystal."

The maid disappeared, and presently returned with a ball in her hand of some substance which looked like misty glass.

"I have been looking in it already," she said, "ever since Hugo Gottfried came out of the Red Tower."

Her voice was soft and even, with the same sough in it as of the wind among poplar-trees which I had heard in the rustle of her silken dress as she came up the stair.

"And what," asked her father, "have you seen in the crystal, child of my heart?"

He looked up at me with some little shamefacedness, or so I imagined.

"I am a dry old man of the law," he went on, "dusty of heart as those black books up yonder—books not of magic, but of fact, of crime and pain and penalty. But this my daughter Ysolinde, wise from a child, solaces herself with the white innocent magic, such as helps man and brings him nearer that which is unseen."

The maid knelt by her father's knee, and held the crystal ball in the hollow of her hands against the sable of his velvet robe. She passed one hand swiftly twice or thrice over her brow, as though to clear away some cobwebs, gossamer thin, that had folded themselves across her vision. Then, in the same wistful, wind-soft voice, she began to speak. And as she spoke, all that I had loved and known began to pass from before me. I forgot my father. I forgot the Red Tower. I forgot (God forgive me, yet help it I could not) the little Princess Playmate and her sweetest eyes. I forgot all else save this lithe, serpentine maiden with the massive crown of burned and tawny gold upon her head.

"I see," she began, "a long street, and many men struggling on it—the Wolf of the Wolfmark, the Eagle of Plassenburg, are face to face. I see Red Karl the Prince. The young Wolf has the better of it. He bites his lip and drives hard. The Prince is down. He is wounded. He is like to die. The Wolf will drive all to destruction.

"But see!"—she sighed and paused the while as if that which she saw next touched her—"from the swelter in the rear comes a young soldier. He has lost his helmet. I see his head. It is a fair head with crisp curls. He has a sword in his hand and he lays well about him. He cuts a way to the Prince—he bestrides his body.

"Give way there, scullions, that I may see more!" she cried, impetuously, and waved her hand before her eyes, which were fixed expressionless on the crystal. "I see him again. Well done, young soldier! Valiantly laid on. It is great sword-play. Bravo! The Wolf is down. The Eagle of Plassenburg is up—I can see no more!"

And suddenly she dropped the ball, which would have rolled off her father's knee had he not caught it as it fell.

Ysolinde kept her head on Master Gerard's lap for a long minute, as if after the vision of the crystal she could not bear the common light nor speak of meaner things. Then, without once looking at me, she rose, gathered her skirts in her hand, and glided out of the doorway in which she had stood.

When she was quite gone her father reached a bony hand across to me.

"That is a great fate which she has read for you—never have I seen her so moved, nor yet her vision so clear and unmistakable. Surely the sooner you seek the service of the Prince of Plassenburg the better."

"But," said I, "how do I know that he will accept me? He may not wish to retain in his service the son of the Red Axe of the Wolfmark."

Master von Sturm smiled subtly at me.

"I cannot tell," he said, "why it is that I have an interest in you. But I desire to see you other than that which you are. I have, strange as it may seem in one of such humble degree here in the city of Thorn, whom all may consult without fee or reward, a certain influence and place in the councils of the reigning Prince of Plassenburg. If, therefore, you will take service with him, I can give you such an introduction as will guarantee you a place, not as man-at-arms, but as officer, so that your way may lie before you clear from the first. Also, in this promotion you shall have a good and sufficient reason to give those who may accuse you of changing your service."

I could not answer him for gladness. The hope seemed so unbelievable—the fortune too grateful to be true. I was overcome, and, as I guess, showed it in my face. For twice I essayed to speak, and could not.

So that Master Gerard rose and glided over to me, patting me kindly enough on the shoulders and bidding me take courage, saying that he loved to see modesty in this untoward generation, in which there was little virtue and no gratitude at all.

So I grasped him by the hand and kissed his thin, bony fingers.

"Bide ye, bide ye," he said; "one day I may kiss yours an you be active. The wide spaces of Destiny lie before you, though I shall not live to see it. But you must bestir you, for I am an old man, and have not far to travel now to the place from which one leaps off into the dark."

He conducted me to the door of his chamber, and gave me his hand again with the same inscrutable smile on his thin face, and his skull-cap pushed farther back than ever over the flat, ophidian brow.

"When you have all things ready," he said, "come to me for the letter of introduction, and also for that which may obtain you a worthy outfit for your journeying to Plassenburg. Or if you are already Sir Proud-Heart, you can repay me one day, with usury if you will. I care not to stand on observances with you, nor desire that you should feel any obligation to a feeble old man."

"I am not proud," I said, "and my sense of obligation is already greater than ever I can hope to discharge."

"I thank you, my lad," he said. "Often have I wished for a son of the flesh like you as you passed the window with your companions—but go, go!"

And with his hand he pushed me out upon the stairhead and shut the door.

For a space I knew not where I stood. For what with the turmoil of my thoughts and the myriad of impressions—hopes, fears, visions, regrets to leave the Red Tower, the City of Thorn, the hope of seeing again that high-poised head of burned gold of the Lady Ysolinde—I paused stock-still, moidered and dazed, till a light hand touched me on the shoulder and the soft even voice spoke in my ear.

"Master Hugo," said the Lady Ysolinde, bending kindly to me, "I am glad, very glad—aye, though you have made my head ache" (here she nodded blamefully, and laid her hand upon her heart, as if that ached too)—"yes, made my head ache with telling your fortune. Oh, it is the best of fortunes, and sure to come true. Because have I seen it at six o'clock of a Thursday in the time of full moon.

"Come hither," she said, beckoning me; "we shall try another way of it yet, in spite of the headache. It may be that there is more that concerns you for me to see in the ink pool."

With this she took my hand, and almost pulled me down the stairs by force. As we went I saw the wild head and staring eyeballs of Jan the Lubber Fiend peering at us. He was lying on the back staircase, prone on his stomach, apparently extending from top to bottom down the swirl of it, and with his chin poised on the topmost step. But as we came down the stair the head seemed to be wholly detached from any body. The red ears actually flapped with mirthful pleasure and anticipation at the sight of the Lady Ysolinde, and no man could see both the beginning and end of that smile.

"Lubber Jan," said she, "go and sit in the yard. The servants will be complaining of thee again that they cannot come up the staircase, even as they did before."

"Then, if I do," mumbled the monster, "will you look out of window at least once in each hour, between every stroke of the clock? Else will Jan not stop in the yard, but come within to feast his eyes on thee."

"Yes, Jan," she said, smiling with a gentle complaisance which made me like her somewhat better than before, "I will look out at least once in the hour."

And turning a little she smiled again at me, still holding me by the hand. The Lubber Fiend pulled his forelock, and reaching downward his head, as if he had the power of stretching out his neck like an arm, he kissed the cold pavement where her foot had rested a moment before. Then he rather retracted himself, serpentwise, than betook him in Christian fashion down the stair, and we heard him move out amid a babel of servatorial recriminations into the outer yard.

"A poor innocent," said the Lady Ysolinde; "one that worships me, as you see. He is so great of stature and so uncouth that the children persecute him, and some day he may do one of them an injury. Years ago I rescued him from an evil pack of them and brought him hither. So that is the reason why he cleaves to me."

"An excellent reason, my lady," said I, "for any to cleave to you."

"Ah," she said, wistfully, "only fools think of Ysolinde in the city of Thorn. Some are afraid and pass by, and the rest are as the dogs that lick the garbage in the streets. Here I have no friends, save my father only, and here or elsewhere I have never had any that truly loved me."

"But you are young—you are fair," I answered. "Many must come seeking your favor." Thus did I begin lumpishly enough to comfort her. But at my first words she snatched her fingers away angrily, and then in a moment relented.

"You mean well," she said, giving her hand back to me again, "but it is not pity Ysolinde needs, nor yet desires. But that is no matter. Come in hither and see what may abide for you in the depths of the black pool."

At the curtained doorway she turned and looked me in the eyes.

"If you were as other young men it would be easy for you to misjudge me. This is mine own work-chamber, and I bid you come into it, having seen you but an hour ago. Yet never a man save my father only hath set his foot in it before. Inquire carefully of your companions in the city of Thorn, and if any make pretension to acquaintance with the Lady Ysolinde of the White Gate, strike him in the face and call him liar, for the sake of the favor I have shown you, and the vision I saw concerning you in the crystal."

I stooped and kissed her hand, which was burning hot—a thin little hand with long, supple fingers which bent in one's grasp.

"The man who would pretend to such a thing is dead even as he speaks," said I; and I meant it fully.

"I thank you—it is well," she answered, leading me in. "I only desired that you should not misjudge me."

"That could I never do if I would," I made her answer. "Here my every thought is reverence, as in the oratory of a saint."

She smiled a strange smile.

"Mayhap that is rather more than I desire," she said. "Say rather in the maiden bower of a woman who knows well whom she may trust."

Again I kissed her hand for the correction. And, as I remembered afterwards, it was at that hour that the little Princess Playmate was used to look within my chamber to see that all was ready for me.

And, had I known it, even that night she stooped over and kissed the pillow where my head was to lie.

"Dear love!" she was used to say.

Alas that I heard it not then!

CHAPTER XII.

EYES OF EMERALD.

IT was a strange little room into which the Lady Ysolinde brought me, full of quaint, changeful scents, and all ablaze with colors, the like of which I had never seen. For not only were rugs and mats of quaint design scattered over the floor, but there was colored glass in the small, deeply set windows. Yet that which affected me most powerfully was a curious, clinging, evanescent odor, which came and went like a breeze through an open window. I liked it at first, but after a little it went to my head like a perfumed wine of Greece, such as the men of Venice sometimes send to our Northern lands with their embassies of merchandise.

Altogether it was a strange enough apartment for the daughter of a lawyer in the city of Thorn, within a mile of the bare feudal strengths of the Red Tower and the Wolfsberg.

All this time Ysolinde had kept my hand, a thing which at once thrilled and shamed me. For though I had never been what is called "in love" with the Little Playmate, nor till that day spoken a word to her my father might not have heard, yet hitherto she had always been first and sole in my heart whenever I thought on the things that were to be.

When once the Lady Ysolinde had brought me to her chamber, she bade me sit upon an oaken folding-stool beside a table on which lay weapons of curious design—crooked knives and poisoned arrows, as she told me. Then she went to an ivory cupboard of the Orient (or, as they are called in Holy Writ, "an ivory palace"), and opening the beautifully fitting door, she took from it a small square bottle, which she held between her and the light.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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"WHEN SHE SAW ME SHE WENT INTO THE SITTING-ROOM."

"It is well," she said, looking long and carefully at it; "it will flow!"

And coming to the table and pouring some of the shining black liquid into the palm of her left hand, she sat down beside me on the stool and gazed steadily into the little pool of ink.

It was strange to me to sit thus motionless beside a beautiful woman (for such I then thought her)—so near that I could feel the warmth of her body through the silken fineness of her sea-green gown. I glanced up at her eyes. They were fixed, and, as it seemed, glazed also. But the emerald in them, usually dark as the sea depths, had opal lights in it now, and her lips moved like those of a devotee kneeling in a church.

Presently she began to speak.

"Hugo—Hugo Gottfried, son of the Red Axe," she said, in the same hushed voice as before, most like running water murmuring in a deep runnel underground, "you will live to be a man fortunate, well beloved. You shall know love—yes, more than one shall love you. But you shall love one only. I see the woman on whom your fate depends, yet not clearly—it may be because my desire is so great to see her face. But she is tall and moves like a queen. She is clad in white like a bride, and her arms are held out to you.

"But another shall love you, and between them there is darkness and hate, from which come bursting flames of fire, bringing forth lightnings and angers and deadly jealousies!

"Again I see you great, honored, and sitting on a high seat. The woman whose face I cannot distinguish is beside you, clothed in a robe of purple. And, yes, she wears a crown on her head like the coronet of a queen."

Ysolinde withdrew her eyes gradually from the ink pool, as if it were a pain to look, yet a greater to look away. Then with a quick jerk she threw up her head, and tears were standing in her eyes, ready to overflow. And the wetness made them beautiful, like a pebble of bright colors with the dew upon it and shone on by the sunshine of the morning.

"You hurt me," she murmured, reproachfully, looking at me more like a child than ever I had seen her. She was very near to me.

"*I* make you suffer!" cried I, greatly astonished. "How can Hugo Gottfried have done this thing?"

For it seemed impossible that a poor lad, and one alien by his birth from the hearts of ordinary folks, should yet have the power to make a great lady suffer. For a great lady I knew Ysolinde to be even then, when her father seemed to be no more in the city of Thorn than Master Gerard, the fount and treasure-house of law and composer-general of quarrels.

But I might have known that he was no true lawyer to be so eager about that last. For upon the continuance and fostering of quarrels the law-men of all nations thrive, and eat their bread with honey thereto.

As my father often said: "Better the Red Axe than the scrivener's goose-quill. My solution is kindlier, sooner over, hurts less, and is all the same in the end!"

Ysolinde thought a little before she answered me.

"No man ever made me suffer thus before," she said, "though I have seen and known many men. I am older than you, Hugo, and have travelled in many countries, the lands from which these things came. But true love, the pain and the pleasure of it, have I not known."

She leaned her head on her hand, and her elbow on the table, turning thus to look long and intently at me. I felt oafish and awkward as Jan Lubber Fiend might have done before the King. Many things I wished to say and do with that slender figure and lissome waist so near me. But I knew not how to begin. Yet I think the desire came not so much from love or passion, but rather from a natural longing to explore those mysteries concerning which I had heard so much after Friar Laurence had done me the service of teaching me French. But it was well that stupidity was my friend. For, rebounding like a vain upstart young monkey from my mood of self-depreciation, I must needs hold it for certain that all was within my grasp, and that the Lady Ysolinde expected as much of me, which thing would have wrought my downfall.

"You ride soon to Plassenburg, I hear," she said, after she had looked at me a long time steadily, with the emerald eyes shining upon me. Then it was that I saw clearly that they were not the right emerald in hue so much as of the shade of the stone aquamarine, which is one not so rare, but a better color when it comes to the matter of eyes.

"It is indeed true, my lady," I replied, disappointed at her words, and yet somehow infinitely relieved, "that I ride soon to Plassenburg, by the favoring of your father, who has been gracious enough to promise me his interest with the Prince."

I saw her lip curl a little with scorn—the least tilt of a rose-leaf to which the sun has been unkind.

She seemed about to speak, but presently thinking better of it, she smiled instead.

"It is like my father," she said, after a while; "but since I also go thither, you shall be of my escort. A sufficient guard accompanies me all the way to the city, and I dare say the arrangement may serve your convenience, as well as add to the pleasure and safety of my journeying."

"But how will your father do without your company, Lady Ysolinde?" I asked. For it seemed strange that father and daughter should thus part without reason in these disturbed times.

She laughed more heartily than I had heard her.

"My father has long been used to missing me for long periods, and, moreover, is well resigned also. But you do not say that you are rejoiced to be of a lady's escort in so long a travel."

"Indeed, I am much honored and glad to have so great a favor done to me. I am a mannerless, landward youth to be bred in the outer courts of a palace. But that which I do not know you will teach me, and my faults I shall be eager to amend."

"Pshaw!—psutt!" said Ysolinde, making a little face; "be not so mock-modest. You do very well. But tell me if you have any sweetheart in the city to leave behind you."

Now this bold question at once reddened my face and heightened my confusion.

"Nay, lady," I stammered, conscious that I was blushing furiously, "I am too young to have thought much of the things of love. I know no woman in the city save our old housekeeper Hanne and the Little Playmate."

The Lady Ysolinde looked up quickly.

"Ah! the Little Playmate!" she said, in a voice curiously distinct from that which she used when she had interpreted her visions to me. "The Little Playmate. That sounds as though it might be interesting. Who is the Little Playmate?"

"She is a maid whose folks were slain long ago by the Duke in a foray, and the little one being left, my father begged her life. And she has been brought up with me in the Red Tower."

"How old is she now?" The Lady Ysolinde's next question came like the flash of a dagger from its sheath.

"That," answered I, meditatively, "I know not exactly, because none could tell how old she was when she came to us."

"Tut!" she said, impatiently tossing her head; "do not twist your answers to me—only wise men and courtiers have the skill to do that and hide it. You are yet neither. Is she ten, or is she twenty, or is she midway betwixt the two?"

"I think she may be a matter of seventeen years of age?"

"Is she pretty?" was the next question.

"No," said I, not knowing well what to say.

Her face cleared as she heard that; and then, in a little, her eyes being still bent steadily on me, reading my very heart, it clouded over again.

"You think her not merely pretty, then, but beautiful?" she asked.

I nodded.

"More beautiful than I?"

'Fore God I denied not my love, though I own I have many a time been less tempted, and yet have lied back and forth like a Frankfort Jew.

"Yes," said I, "I think so."

"You love her, then," said the Lady Ysolinde, rising quickly to her feet; "and you told me that you loved none in this city."

"I love her indeed," I said. "She is my little sister. As you mean love, I do not love her. But I love her notwithstanding. All my life I have never thought of doing anything else. And that she is beautiful all who have eyes in their head may see."

This appeased her somewhat. I think it must have been looking for my fortune in the crystal and the ink pool that made her so eager to know all that concerned me—which none had ever been so insistent to find out before.

"I must come and see this Little Playmate of yours," she said. "It is an ill-done thing that so fair a maid should be shut up in the tower of such a pagan castle—Wolfsberg; it is indeed well named. Word has reached me to-day that the Princess of Plassenburg has need of a bower-maiden. And the Princess can make her choice from many noble families. But if the Little Playmate be as beautiful as you say, 'tis high time that she should not be left immured in the Red Tower of the Wolfsberg. True, the Duke, like a wise man, neither makes nor mells with womankind. 'Tis his only virtue. But any quest-

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ing Ritterling or roaring free companion might bear her off."

"I think not," said I, smiling, "so long as the Red Axe of the Mark has a polished edge and Gottfried Gottfried can send it through an ox's neck as he stands chewing the cud."

I hardly think that I ever boasted of my father's prowess before. And, indeed, I had some skill in the axe-play myself, but only in the way of sport.

"All one," said Ysolinde. "Your father, like Great Cæsar and Duke Casimir, is but mortal, and may stumble across the wooden stump some day himself and find his neck bone in two. None so wise that he can tell when the Silent Rider shall meet him in the wood, leading by the bridle the pale horse whose name is Death, and beckoning him to mount and ride."

The Lady Ysolinde paused awhile, touching her lips thoughtfully with her fingers.

"Let your Playmate come," she said. "There is room, I warrant, for her and you both at Plassenburg. You shall keep each other company when you have the homesickness, and she can ride with us side by side."

Then going to the curtain, she summoned the servitor who had first opened the door for me. He bowed before the girl with infinite respect. She bade him conduct me upon my way. I will not deny that I had hoped for a tenderer leave-taking. But she seemed to have slipped back into the great lady again, and to be desirous of setting me in my own sphere and station ere I went, lest perchance I should presume overmuch upon her favors.

Yet not altogether so. For, relenting a little as I turned to leave her, she stood holding the curtain aside for me to pass, and, as it had been by accident, in dropping it her fingers rested a moment against my cheek. Then the heavy curtain of blue fell into its place, and I found myself following the eminently respectable domestic of Master Gerard down the stairs.

At the outer door, but before he opened it, the man put a sealed packet in my hand.

"From Doctor Gerard von Sturm," he said, bowing respectfully, yet with a certain sense of being a party in a favor conferred.

I put the letter into my inner pocket, and went out into the street. The sun was still shining, yet I felt somehow that it must be another day, another world. The houses seemed hard and dry, the details of the architecture insufferably mean and insultingly familiar. I longed with all my heart to get away from Thorn into the new world which had opened to me—a world of perfumes and flowers and flowerlike scents and Oriental marvels; of low voices, too, and the touching of soft hands upon cheeks.

In all the world of young men there was no greener or more simple Simon than I, Hugo Gottfried, as, playing a tune on the pipe of my own conceit, I marched up the High Street of Thorn to the entrance gate of the Wolfsberg.

The Little Playmate was standing at the door as I approached, sweet as a June rose. When she saw me she went into the sitting-room to show that she had not yet forgiven me. Though I think by this time, as was often the way with Helene, she had forgotten almost what was the matter of my original offending.

But I pretended to be careless and heart-free. And so, God forgive me, I went whistling up the steps of the Red Tower to my room, without so much as looking within the chamber where my Little Playmate was.

Which thing I suffered grievously for or all was done. And an excellent dispensation of Providence it had been if I had lost my right hand for making that little heart sore or so much as one tear drop from those deep gray eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

PENNSYLVANIA has had many brilliant sons, but none more consistently faithful to duty than John Fulton Reynolds. Into his brief career of forty-three years was crowded an array of incidents that, in times less stirring than those in which he lived, would be impossible. Graduated from West Point in 1841, he was brevetted Captain and Major for brilliant service at Monterey and Buena Vista, and he was mentioned in general orders during the expedition against the Rogue River Indians of Oregon. In August, 1861, while holding the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

As Military Governor of Fredericksburg, Virginia, he took part in the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, and Glendale, when he was taken prisoner, but was exchanged in time to engage in the campaign of northern Virginia, and to lead his division with notable effect at the second battle of Bull Run. In November, 1862, he was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers, and commanded the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg. On the first day of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, Reynolds had disposed his forces, and ridden along the line to cheer his men to victory, when a rifle-ball struck him and brought instant death.

On the spot where he fell the State of Pennsylvania will shortly erect a colossal equestrian statue, of which an illustration appears on this page. It is the work of the sculptor H. K. Bush-Brown, who modelled it in his studio at Newburg, New York, where his uncle, the late Henry Kirke Brown, executed some of his most important equestrian statues, notably the "Washington" which stands in Union Square, New York. Like his uncle, Mr. Bush-Brown is a lover of horses, and the model he has used in this statue is a splendid Arab stallion which he bought from the Russian commissioners at the close of the World's Fair. He has most successfully reproduced in his statue the characteristics of the well-known "Morgan" breed. The General sits in an attitude very simple, but full of alertness and quiet force. The statue, especially when seen at an angle either from front or rear—a position in which it is impossible to photograph it on account of the distortion produced by the camera—is monumental as a mass, and yet supple and decorative in line.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



STATUE OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN FULTON REYNOLDS, TO BE ERECTED ON THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.
H. K. BUSH-BROWN, SCULPTOR.

HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.

IN Hawaii, where I have just been, politics is more frankly discussed than in Honolulu, where social amenities temper conversation. The more isolated life of the planter makes freedom and plenitude of speech among the luxuries of life. In Hawaii the Royalist hastens to say his say. He is, moreover, most likely a coffee-planter, and his interests do not stand in with the sugar-planters regnant at the little capital.

I spent one rainy evening at the Volcano House, listening to the views of a coffee-planter, given with passionate intensity.

"Yes, I am an anti-annexationist, for several reasons. More than that, I am a Royalist. But Royalist and Missionary do not mean what you people in the States think they mean. They are terms, just as Democrat and Republican are terms. This is a white man's government, and will be. The Royalist puts up a queen as a figurehead—he governs just the same. Meanwhile the sentiment of the native is gratified. At present the native feels deeply wronged, sore, and there will be no peace to this country until he is reassured. Let me give you a glimpse of his character. In building this volcano road the government required that even the laborers should take the oath. They left work, to a man. The government was obliged to withdraw the demand in order to get the road finished. They will never yield allegiance to the republic. No necessity can compel it. Rest on that.

"As a coffee-planter, I oppose annexation because it will ruin our industry. We have no bounty, as the sugar-planters have, and I see no reason why we should be sacrificed to them. We cannot afford to have our labor system interfered with. The utmost we men of small capital can afford to pay is fifteen dollars a month. To clear our plantations and place them on a paying basis requires thousands of dollars to the acre. We can't stand by and see the money we have invested swept away without raising our hands, and we won't. The numbers of small growers who have come into Hawaii are going to have something to say in the matter. If it is necessary to do more than talk we will do that."

The faith of this man was strong that the islands would not be annexed. "In that case," I asked, "what is your plan for the restoration?" which was the only alternative presented.

"It is all arranged," he said. "The legislature meets in February. We mean to have mass-meetings and stump-speeches made all over the islands and raise everything to fever pitch. Then we propose to overwhelm the legislature with popular demands for a change of government so suddenly and forcibly that the Dole party will be obliged to yield to the will of the people."

"Suppose it does not yield?"

"It will. The Dole people know that they cannot hold on. If annexation fails, they have nothing left. The native wants Liliuokalani restored, if but for twenty-four hours. In that case she will resign in favor of the Princess Kaiulani. Back of the Princess are the shrewdest men on the island—Joseph Carlin and Theodore Davies. Back of these are some of the richest firms in Honolulu. I tell you we have the men and we have the money; we cannot fail."

We came down in the stage, and over on the cork bobbing *Kinau* with some of the big coffee-planters. These were annexationists—but after a fashion. Chiefly, it seemed to me, because they were Americans. But they always made haste to add:

"If the United States declines us we will turn straight to England. England will not. That matter is all *en train*. We will then have assurance that our interests are not imperilled by the sugar-men, by scalawag politicians from the States."

One of these men, said, "I will give my money and my influence to that end."

It was easily seen that the English and the American hereditary feelings were used for all there was in them.

At Hilo an American, not a coffee-planter, said:

"We Americans are letting the others do the talking. All the same, we don't mean to be governed by a knot of Englishmen: we will fight first."

One hears no more of Japan now the matter approaches a crisis; one hears no more of the strategic value of the islands, of the poor native, of the beauties of a republic, of the degeneracy of the Polynesian. Everything has narrowed down to a plain straight fight between those who are out and those who are in, between conflicting monied interests, to personal and race supremacy.

No one in the States need bother himself about the sentiment of the situation. This is and will be a government of white men. At present the "Missionary," that is to say the Republican, party is in power, and the "Royalists," that is to say the Democrats, are trying to oust them. It is purely a local matter. If one should presume to advise the United States government, it would be to say to the representatives of the Hawaiian republic:

"Gentlemen, all of you go home and settle your little differences among yourselves. Meanwhile I will take Pearl Harbor, which you have so kindly offered."

Then I would make a naval station suitable for any emergency, and to be construed as any other nation saw fit. In the mean time it may be clearly understood that, whether England will accept it or not, there is a very determined effort on foot here to place this country under the protection of England. The importance of this should not be underestimated at home. The simple reason for desiring foreign rule, American or English, is that the personal, party, and business jealousies are becoming so strong that there is no prospect of peace.

President Dole's visit to Washington is viewed with different eyes here even among his supporters. An embarkation is always conducted with ceremony at Honolulu. Fully 2000 people went to see him off, but he personally desired that there should be no demonstration, although the national airs by the government band gave significance to the moment. Personally President Dole is the best-liked man by people of all shades of opinion on the islands. The Royalists have the kindest feelings toward him. They even assert that he would look upon Kaiulani as Queen with complacence. This one may doubt, although their personal relations are most amiable.

That young woman among the whites conducts herself with a diplomacy which is the essence of wisdom. She is modest, unpretending, amiable, and shows no sign of these contests raging about her. A Royalist tells me that all her movements are made under strict advice of her guardian, Mr. Davies, her father (both Englishmen), and Mr. Carter. Among her own people, I have observed, she accepts her place as Princess unhesitatingly.

January 13, 1898. MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

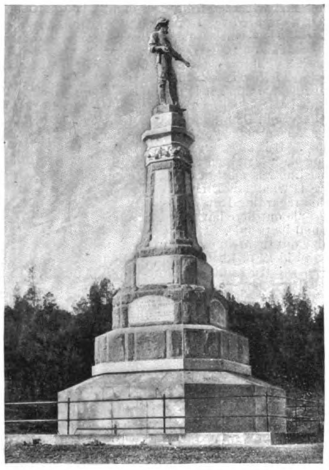
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THE GOLD-DISCOVERY CELEBRATION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

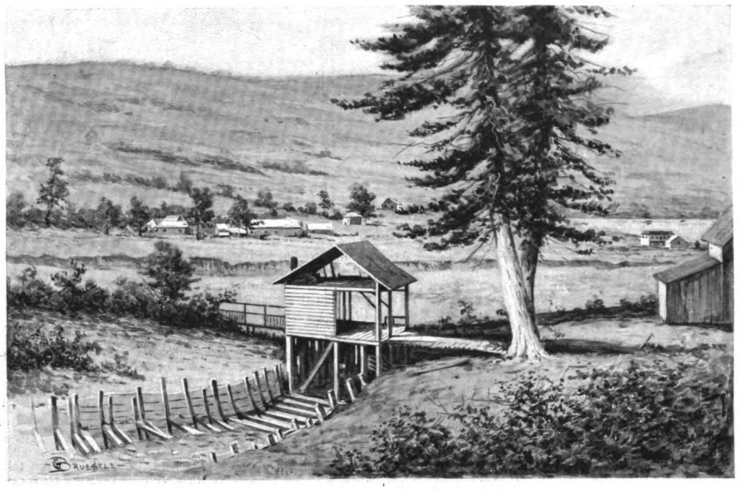
THE semicentennial of the discovery of gold in California, which was celebrated in San Francisco last week by an imposing parade and other exercises and by holding a mining fair, is of special significance at this time because of the great gold rush which a few months will see set in for the new Klondike placer mines on the tributaries of the upper Yukon. Six months ago the Klondike was unknown; now it is a name to conjure with in the remotest parts of the earth.

Every steamship that arrives here from Australia, China, or the South Seas brings a score or more of veteran prospectors who are bound for the new El Dorado under the arctic circle. The various outfitting-stores in San Francisco, Seattle, and Victoria are thronged with men buying food, clothing, and tools, which they propose to take over the passes and down the lakes and the Yukon River as soon as the ice melts in the spring. The famous rush of argonauts in 1849 to California will be surpassed by this stampede of gold-hunters for the Klondike, which will begin next March, and will continue till snow flies in the fall. Two weeks ago the advance-guard of the great procession left San Francisco on the steamer *Walla Walla*. With them were forty dogs, which will be the pioneers of a great army of these animals that will serve to carry food and outfits over the frozen trails. Every steamship company is building new boats for the ocean and river traffic; for the season is short, and most of the active work must be done between June and September. Conservative men estimate that 100,000 people will go by land and water routes to the Klondike this year—a gold rush without a parallel, which dwarfs the forty-nine rush to California, and the great stampede to the Ballarat diggings in Australia ten years later.

The jubilee celebration of the discovery of gold in California began on Monday, January 24, and continued for one week. This week the Mining Fair opened, and will continue until March 6. This fair will be devoted mainly to showing the processes of gold-mining in California, and to the best practical means of outfitting for the Klondike. All the large outfitting-houses will be represented, and any prospector who purposes going to the Klondike this spring will be able to see in this fair exactly what he requires; and he may also get valuable hints in regard to the best means of packing his outfit, travelling over the trails, and establishing himself in the new camp.



THE MONUMENT TO MARSHALL.
Overlooking his Cabin and Sutter's Mill.



SUTTER'S MILL, IN 1851.
The Scene of the first Discovery of Gold in California, January 24, 1848.

The discovery of gold in California by James W. Marshall, on January 24, 1848, in the race of Sutter's saw-mill, near Coloma, was due to accident, but none the less credit belongs to Marshall for seeing what others failed to see, and for appreciating the importance of his discovery. The literature of this gold discovery would fill several bookshelves, but the facts were first fully brought out by George Frederic Parsons, of Sacramento, who wrote *The Life and Adventures of James W. Marshall*, and later by Hubert H. Bancroft, whose *History of California*, in five volumes, leaves very little for future writers to glean after him. Bancroft definitely settles Marshall's exclusive credit to the discovery of gold, and he enforces his statements by a mass of evidence which cannot be gainsaid. Marshall was a man of considerable mechanical skill, who built a saw-mill near Coloma, in El Dorado County, in partnership with General Sutter. His small knowledge of practical affairs and of law was shown by the agreement which he made with Sutter, contingent on the success of the Mexican or the American cause. If Mexico retained possession of California, the mill site was to belong to Sutter, and the privilege to cut and saw timber to Marshall, but if California was ceded to the United States, Marshall should be sole owner of the property. This contract, of course, was absurd, but it was matched by the efforts of Sutter and Marshall to collect ten per cent. of all gold found near the saw-mill.

The famous discovery was made by Marshall at early morning on January 24. To deepen the mill-race he had scoured out the bottom by letting a full head of water run through it all night. In the morning, when he shut off the water, he found glittering specks in the sand and gravel carried down by the water. Several of these he picked up, and at first thought them to be iron pyrites; but when he felt their weight and proved them to be malleable, he was sure they were gold. A few days after he carried some specimens down to Sutter, who was living in the famous fort at New Helvetia, on the Sacramento River, and Sutter tested the gold with aqua-fortis. Marshall was then convinced of the soundness of his own judgment. Sutter set out for the mill on the following day, and when he was sure of the reality of the discovery he exacted a promise from all the workmen at the mill to preserve secrecy about the finding of gold for at least six weeks, as if it were known it would greatly damage several of his undertakings. The secret was kept only a few days, when Mrs. Wimener, the wife of a workman, told the great news to a teamster, who carried some specimens to Sutter's Fort. He revealed the secret to Samuel Brannan, a Mormon, who had led an expedition of his people to the Sandwich Islands, and had then gone to California. Brannan, who kept a store, paid a hurried visit to Coloma, and at once laid in a large supply of goods, as he shrewdly inferred there would be a great demand in a few weeks for all kinds of articles. Within three months 4000 people had flocked into Coloma and the surrounding country. San Francisco was practically deserted, and all the rich farming country that lay between that city and Coloma was abandoned, for no man could be hired to do anything except dig for gold.

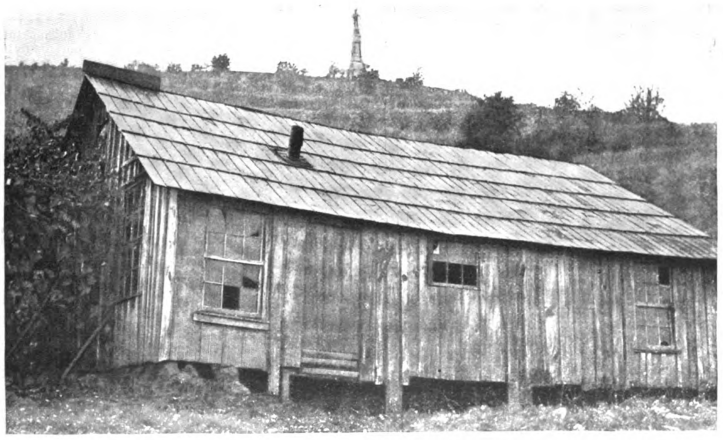


JAMES W. MARSHALL.
The Man who first discovered Gold in California.

Had Marshall been a man of ordinary shrewdness or tact, he could have made a fortune by taking up claims and working them by hired labor. Instead he wasted his time and energies in efforts to prevent predatory attacks on his cattle and saw-mill, and caused so much ill-feeling that he was forced to seek safety by flight. This experience soured his disposition, and on his return he foolishly boasted of rich mines of which he knew, but the location of which he refused to disclose. Hungry prospectors, eager to make their fortunes, were driven nearly insane by such tantalizing, and again Marshall was compelled to leave suddenly to save his life. His mill was torn down and most of his property confiscated. He returned, built a small cabin near the scene of his great discovery, and there lived the life of a recluse, prospecting in the mountains, and eking out a poor living.

Efforts were made to secure a pension for the man who started the great development of California, and the Legislature granted allowances for four years, amounting in all to $7200. This was all the money that Marshall ever received from the State for a discovery that made scores of millionaires, and that crowded into ten years the normal development of a half-century. Marshall regarded himself as an ill-used man. He nursed his grievance, and as a hermit he lived till August 10, 1885, when he was found dead in his lonely cabin.

His grave is on a hill not far from the site of his great discovery, and two years after his death the State erected a monument to his memory. The monument is of granite, is thirty-one feet in height, and is surmounted by a bronze statue ten and a half feet high representing a typical California miner.



MARSHALL'S CABIN AND MONUMENT AT COLOMA, CALIFORNIA.
Where the Man who discovered Gold lived and died.

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BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



II.—"THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY."

IT should be welcome news to those who live in the Eastern part of the United States, and, indeed, to all the people, that "the enemy's country," famous in the campaign of 1896, is passing away, and is practically a thing of the past. In Kansas and the Middle West one rarely hears or sees the expression nowadays. An era of better feeling has set in. This change may be noticed not only in the newspapers and in the conversation of the plain people, but is also observable in the words and acts of the State officials.

It is no part of the purpose of these articles on Kansas and the Middle West to revive political strife, nor, indeed, even to recall it, except to illustrate marked changes in public sentiment of lasting benefit to our common country. One of these changes relates to the spirit that lay behind the expression "the enemy's country." It was Mr. Bryan who gave the phrase prominence. He used it in his speech while on his way East to accept formally the nomination for the Presidency. It is altogether probable that he spoke the words as a mere pleasantry, but coming as they did after the impassioned speech that won him the nomination, in which he said, while referring to the East, "We entreat no more," the phrase was caught up by both sides, and it became the storm centre of sectional bitterness.

Governor Leedy, whether he knows it or not, furnishes probably the most conspicuous instance of the change of feeling. This is shown in his official utterances. In his message to the Legislature of Kansas on January 12, 1897, Governor Leedy railed bitterly at the East. It was one of the most remarkable messages ever sent to a legislature in this country. In his Thanksgiving proclamation of November 11, ten months later, the bitterness had ceased entirely, and the Governor also rejoiced openly because the attacks on Kansas had ceased. Truly there was a change! Two things of unusual importance had occurred in those ten months. One was the revival of prosperity in Kansas, because of nature's bountiful crops, and the other was that in August, after the crops had been harvested practically, Governor Leedy came to New York, for the first time in his life, to see what kind of a place it was.

Here is what Governor Leedy said in the introductory part of his message of January 12, 1897:

> While, according to the press of the nation's most populous metropolis, her children linger in the streets untaught except in the lore of the pavement, unfed except at the hand of charity, unhoused except in the kennels they dispute with creatures scarcely less miserable, the commonwealth of Kansas, rejoicing in a public-school system which is the most grateful heritage we receive from our fathers and the best legacy we can leave to our children, finds ample house room and school room for every Kansas child, and for such straggling waifs as come to us from where penury and parsimony stalk side by side. There are no tramps in Kansas, except those birds of passage who flit by us, grim reminders of the conditions in older communities.
>
> With a cheerful audacity that almost challenges admiration, Grub Street scribblers on a venal press, which panders to the most vicious instincts of semi-civilized foreign colonies like New York and Chicago, with semi-barbaric splendor at the apex and semi-barbaric squalor at the base of their social life, have offered their puny and presumptuous criticism of those whose shoestrings they are not worthy to unloose. The dogs of Egypt have barked at the pyramids unanswered for fifty centuries. Let Grub Street rail on. When the accused Doge stood before the Venetian Council he said, "My defence is your accusation." They well know that Kansas was a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night before an oppressed people in the nation's darkest hour. We shall keep those fires alight in our camps, and that smoke ascending from our hill-tops, till this is indeed a government of the people, and for the people, and by the people.
>
> "She failed you not in the early day, and she failed you not in the late,
> Nor forget you how the balance was poised on our youngest State,
> And how with the fate of Kansas was linked the nation's fate."

Governor Leedy's familiarity with things Egyptian was a great surprise to his friends, but they soon remembered that his private secretary was formerly Consul-General at Cairo, and that accounted for it. Those private secretaries are usually clever fellows, and if Governor Leedy did not write that part of the message relating to Egypt himself, he allowed it to remain in the document, and became responsible for it, which is the same thing. Governor Leedy's denunciation of the system that had brought such frightful ignorance, hunger, squalor, and filthy abiding-places to New York city savored largely of assiduous reading of what is known as "yellow journalism," the kind of journalism that for the sake of the advertisement gets up bread funds and the like whenever there is an East Side strike, and the people of that district, with much wailing, have to draw a few dollars out of the bank from their savings to support themselves until work is resumed. Still there can be no doubt that the Governor meant what he said, although pompous phrases and exaggerated language were used.

To show the change that came over Governor Leedy, let us refer to his Thanksgiving proclamation. After speaking of the bountiful harvest and better prices, and after mentioning that the attacks on Kansas had ceased, and calling attention to the fact that "the reputation of Kansas is again as good as its character always has been," he makes this sole reference to the condition of the poor in big cities:

"In the day of our rejoicing let our people not forget the poor and needy of the great cities and of foreign countries."

It may be said that it would not have been proper for Governor Leedy to say sharp things in a Thanksgiving proclamation. To that, one may reply that a Governor who could send such an unusual message to the Legislature would scarcely have restrained himself from making a sly dig at least in his Thanksgiving proclamation when he was talking on the same topic, the poor of our great cities.

The fact is that Governor Leedy was, and is, a fair type of hundreds of thousands of persons in the Middle West who have had wrong and unfortunate notions about the people of the East. They have imagined that there was no healthy middle class, as it is called, in the East; that there were a large number of very rich persons, and hordes upon hordes of poor living in filth and squalor here; that there was no brotherly love or Christian feeling, and that the lot of the masses in the East was practically one of slavery to money barons. This is no exaggeration, as I shall show, and it is also true that the phrase "the enemy's country" was partly responsible for it.

In August last Governor Leedy went back to the home of his childhood in Ohio, and while there, it is said, suggested to his wife that as they were so near New York it would be a good idea to run East and look at the famous town and its sights. Forthwith they started. I am told that it has not yet been made public that the Governor came to the metropolis, and that he spent four days in town incognito. One of his friends, to whom the Governor spoke freely of his visit, told me that the first thing the Governor did after he crossed the Hudson River was to call a hackman, to whom he said,

"Drive me to Wall Street."

The Governor went to Wall Street, travel-stained as he was, and his cab went slowly from Trinity Church to the East River, the Governor peering eagerly from side to side at people and at buildings. My informant says that on his return home the Governor said that Wall Street was nothing but a sort of "dinky little alley, anyway," but that he was sure he saw the names of Morgan and Belmont on the signs. When the Governor got down to the East River he saw the Brooklyn Bridge, and ordered his driver to go up there. After looking at the bridge, the Governor reached Broadway by devious paths through Cherry Hill. He spent four days looking about the town, having taken especial pains that none of the reporters should find him out by means of his signature, which he purposely made blind, on the hotel register.

I was curious to learn what Governor Leedy saw in New York, and during an interview which he gave me, and most courteously placed all sorts of information in his office at my disposal, I asked him about his New York visit. Now Governor Leedy has plenty of what is known in the West and elsewhere as "horse sense." He paused a moment after I asked my question, his eyes twinkled, and he evidently fathomed my purpose, which was to place what he might say of his experience in New York side by side with his extraordinary message to the Legislature on the same subject. The Governor was non-committal at once, and he replied:

"Oh, it was just such a place as I expected to see. I was there so short a time that it wouldn't be right for me to talk knowingly about it. I had a good time."

No more would the Governor say, but I can tell him what he really saw. He saw people on the streets looking as well fed and as well clothed as in any other place in the world. He saw hundreds of thousands of prosperous persons of what is called the middle class. He saw that New York residents and New York buildings looked just like the people and buildings of any other of our large cities—Chicago, St. Louis, or even Kansas City, the nearest large town to Governor Leedy's home. He did not see people in the streets crying for bread. He saw no squalor or filth—New York's health board under Mayor Strong having stopped all that. He saw no golden chariots rolling about with the families of millionaires in them. He saw no robber barons, or if he did, like the rest of us, could not identify them. No; Governor Leedy went home with a broader, kindlier view, a feeling that he was a proud citizen of a great country which even included "semi-barbaric" New York within its borders, and down underneath the surface he was probably glad of it. He had nothing to say of "Grub Street writers on a venal press" when I saw him, and I should be surprised if he ever referred to the matter again.

More striking even than the Governor's change of mental attitude is a movement that was started about a year ago by Bank Commissioner Breidenthal of Kansas, the head and front for many years of the Populist party there, and until within a few months its State chairman. Mr. Breidenthal told me—and this is probably the first hint that has been made of it in print—that within a year he had written from fifty to one hundred letters to men of influence in the Populist and Democratic parties—editors, political managers, high office-holders—in fact, every man of great influence in the free-silver movement—asking them henceforth not to use the word plutocrat in their writing and their speaking. He said that he pointed out to them that the word really meant nothing, that it inflamed one set of men against another, and that the best way to make political warfare was not by use of epithets. This is what Mr. Breidenthal said to me about it:

"We should not make war in politics on individuals, but on the system that has brought about certain results. Nothing can be gained by calling a man or a set of men plutocrats. It is the system that we oppose. We ought not to hate the banker, the individual. We do object to trusts and monopolies; the individuals who profit by them are nothing to us. It is wrong to attack bankers as a class. You can't blame men for making money when they have legal opportunity. It is the illegal opportunity, the morally wrong system, that we are after."

Mr. Breidenthal asked his correspondents to substitute the word corporation for plutocrat hereafter. That, he said, would make the war impersonal, and would not arouse sectionalism. He received prompt responses to his letters, and, almost to a man, his correspondents agreed with him. He read me some of the letters. I am not at liberty to give the names of the writers, nor to tell the exact language that they used; but I can say that the spirit of denunciation of the East, the spirit that found common expression in the phrase "the enemy's country" was not to be found in them. Practically all the writers agreed not only to drop the word plutocrat, but to use their influence to have general use of it abandoned.

I do not know how this may impress others, but it seems to me to be a matter of such great significance as to merit calling the widest attention to it. We of the East may say what we please of Populists and their theories, but is it not a matter for felicitation that a movement toward a better understanding of each other has been in existence quietly for more than a year; that it was started in the very citadel of Populism by a Populist leader, and already has had good results? Mr. Breidenthal is the intimate friend and close political ally of Mr. Bryan. They are about of the same age, and have known each other and worked together for nearly ten years. It is known, however, that Mr. Breidenthal is not wedded to the "16 to 1" idea, believing rather in fiat money, and that he deprecates the use of such phrases as "the enemy's country."

In order to learn prevalent ideas in Kansas, Nebraska, and other Western States as to New York and its people, I made it a point to ask merchants, farmers, editors, travellers, in those States what they thought New York was like, and how they looked upon its people. Almost invariably I found that the campaign of 1896 had left some curious notions among the masses, and almost as invariably I found that whatever feeling of enmity had existed was gradually passing away. Although the feeling is becoming kindlier, nevertheless many queer ideas as to the place still prevail among the masses. I asked Governor Leedy what he thought was the general opinion among the masses of Kansas of New York. He said:

"Our people think it is essentially a foreign city; that it is filled with men lacking in patriotism; that they are mercenary, and thousands of them, as soon as they have made sufficient money, go back to Europe to live on their fortunes. It is not the general belief that there is a great mass of plain people in New York, a healthy middle class that we know is most desirable in any commonwealth."

Here is what Mr. Breidenthal says of the popular impression regarding New York:

"People out here have a rather vague idea about New York and its people. Many think there is a big moneyed machine out there—a machine or a system that is not conducive to ideas of liberty or of freedom. I do not think you can say truthfully that our people hate New York. Rather they feel sorry for the masses there."

Here is what one of the candidates on the Republican State ticket at the last election said on the subject (I am not at liberty to give his name):

"Out here we have the idea that New York is not a truly American city. We do not regard it as representative of our country. We look at it as a place where men clutch at their bonds and papers and set up a cry that they will lose a dollar if we should assert the Monroe doctrine or threaten to go to war to stop the terrible state of affairs in Cuba. We do not believe that the masses in New York love our country as we do, or as we think true American citizens should love the country. Still it is true that there is to be seen on every hand a friendlier feeling toward the East."

Another representative man stood by this speaker, and he became aroused. He broke in:

"I'll tell you," he said, "what people out here think about New York: They think it is a great big sponge—a sponge that in the greed for money absorbs all the life, manhood, and patriotism of its citizens."

Here is what one of the proprietors of one of the largest retail stores in Kansas said in answer to my question:

"I find that many people in Kansas look upon New York as the home and business place of a rich set of Yankee-like men with a great lot of invention and peculiar ways of getting hold of other people's money. They read exaggerated stories about the poor there and the starving, and, being of a sympathetic, whole-souled nature, believe these stories, and think there are hundreds dying of starvation, while the Goulds and Vanderbilts and other millionaires by the score and hundred roll about the streets in gorgeous turnouts, lavishly displaying jewels as the poor stand on the streets with outstretched arms asking for bread. Now it would seem strange that such an absurd idea should be prevalent. It is not general among our educated people, but I find that the ideas I have indicated are more widespread than one would think."

Here is what one of the foremost candidates for Governor at the coming Republican convention had to say on the matter:

"It is a mistake to say that our people hate New York. Many of them have had a wrong impression about the place and its people. They have had an idea that there are a great many more millionaires than really exist there, and they have thought that the rich people of the East were hard-hearted. They are beginning to realize, however, that we are one people, that the people of Kansas would probably do as the people of New York do if places were changed, and that it was a mistake to set off one part of this country against another in political hostility."

So much for talks with representative men. I talked with storekeepers, railroad hands, farmers, everywhere I went, and while I am bound to say that such strange ideas did prevail as I have indicated in many cases, not once—not even when speaking with political managers who naturally would hope to thrive on stirring up discord—did I hear a word of enmity toward the East as a

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distinct part of our country. There was much said about corporations and monopolies; there was a belief that patriotism was rather a negative quantity in the East; that the masses were down-trodden; but there was no speech or thought that found expression in such a phrase as "the enemy's country," as indicating feeling or opinions about the East. Almost in every instance, in talking with the plain people, I met with this statement:

"If there has been hatred toward the East—and that probably was overdone—you will find very little of it now. We recognize that New York is as essential to us as we are to New York. We all belong to one country."

And indeed this should be so, naturally. More farmers send their sons to college, it is asserted in Kansas, from the Middle West than from any other agricultural part of our country. Scores of them come East to the large universities, and hundreds and thousands go to their own State universities. If one wants a college education in the Middle West, it costs very little. Tuition is free, and one can live cheaply. The result is that higher education thrives and prospers there, and that a highly intelligent people lives there.

The fact is, Kansas people refer to themselves as "a peculiar people." They are intensely high-spirited, and even more intensely patriotic. The John Brown spirit is still in evidence in the State. The people are roused easily when their sympathies are affected. At such times they do not spare those against whom they thunder. They still tell you about the famous "Battle of the Blue," and all one has to do is to talk in earnest about liberty and the rights of the people to secure their attention. They hold not less than second place in the list of States in the matter of education of the people. In their anger about misrepresentation in the East and under the scourge of hard times, some of them said harsh things about the East, but that bitterness is subsiding. The horn of plenty has rolled out its joy and peace over the State. Kansas and New York are in the same country again, where they always have been, and where they always will be.

Why should not the efforts of men like Breidenthal, asking the people on one side to refrain from using such a word as plutocrat, be met by a similar request by some man of commanding influence on the other side, asking that the people of the East no longer refer to the people of Kansas as cranks? If such efforts were met in the proper spirit, henceforth we should hear very little of "the enemy's country."

THE DREYFUS CASE AND THE ANTI-SEMITIC OUTBREAK IN FRANCE.

THE sudden outburst of anti-semitism, which has broken out in France so violently *à propos* of the Dreyfus question, has sadly surprised the friends of that country. They are tempted to say with the French poet, "Comment en un plomb vil, l'or pur s'est-il changé?" (Why has the pure gold been changed into a base lead?) France, especially since the great revolution of 1789, had displayed constantly the most liberal spirit with regard to the race or religion of its citizens. Hebrews enjoyed the same civil and political rights with other French people; and those who resided in Algeria were even granted the right of citizenship in 1848, through the efforts of Crémieux, one of their coreligionists and a member of the provisional government of the second republic. The Moslems in the Algerian colony were not endowed with the same political advantage; they complained to have been left at the mercy of the Jews, who already possessed the money power; and this explains the Moslem insurrections of 1871, 1881, and other years, as well as the more obstinate and bloody character of the anti-semitic riots, which have lasted for several days at Algiers and its suburbs. In France proper, and its colonies other than that of Algeria, nobody cared to inquire about the race or religion of a fellow-citizen, and the best evidence was that the anti-semitic pamphlets of Edouard Drumont fell flat upon public attention, when circulated some fifteen years ago. France and her government were so far from being inimical to the Hebrews, that these were to be met in the highest spheres of political life. For instance, out of the eighty-six Prefects of Departments, appointed by the Minister of the Interior to govern those districts of France, there were lately forty-five Israelites. Unfortunately, these general sentiments of fellowship towards the Israelites began to change somewhat at the time of the Panama and other financial scandals, in which the Jewish names of Reinach and Cornelius Hertz were prominent. And strange to say, but nevertheless true, the Hebrews seem to have been made in those affairs, as well as in those of the too famous Algerian phosphates, the cat's-paws and afterwards the scapegoats of Christian politicians, deputies, senators, cabinet ministers, and others, whose names were freely mentioned in the Panama trials, but who escaped unhurt judicially, while in the opinion of their countrymen the losses to the French woollen stockings were due mainly to the trickeries of Jewish operators. It is easy to understand that under such circumstances, if a patriotic question were ever raised, involving some Hebrew personality, a tremendous anti-semitic sentiment would prevail throughout the country.

This event occurred in October, 1894, when Captain Alfred Dreyfus was arrested as having furnished to a foreign government documents which he had copied at the Ministry of War, and which interested the national defence. Everybody knows the particulars of the trial of Dreyfus, who was sentenced to life imprisonment by a court martial composed of seven of his fellow-officers, among whom was a Hebrew. In March, 1895, he was transported to Devil's Island, a rock off the coast of French Guiana, by the packet-steamship *Ville de St.-Nazaire*, the same vessel with tragical destinies which was wrecked two years ago off Hatteras, and two boats of which were rescued at sea after terrible sufferings endured by the saved passengers. Dreyfus is the first to suffer from the efforts made by his family and his friends to obtain a revision of his trial, which was held with closed doors. The French government, which had already defeated two attempts made for the kidnapping of the ex-captain, was afraid of new attempts, and it ordered that a stricter guard should be kept over the state prisoner. Nobody but Dreyfus and his guards resides upon Devil's Island, which is a barren rock of excessively small dimensions. Up to recently he could walk a little around his cabin, and have a sight of the sea. Now a high enclosure has been built around that cabin, shutting out entirely the view of the ocean, and the prisoner is placed in irons on his going to bed, a torture which he had not to endure before. The number of his guards has been doubled; and still more than formerly he is cut off from any communication with the outside world.

After his trial and military degradation, Dreyfus never ceased to proclaim himself innocent, and to declare that his trial would be revised or begun again in three years time. He proved to be a good prophet. Just three years after the sentence of the court martial had been given, that is, last October, an agitation was commenced in certain Paris papers in favor of a revision of the trial. Then began the most complete comical tragedy ever played, perhaps, upon the judicial, military, and political stage of a great nation. France appears since then as being a branch of Bedlam. The socialists and the anarchists, those avowed enemies of capital, shout and fight in favor of Dreyfus and the Jews, who are in a large part the owners and representatives of said capital. But, in fact, they give satisfaction to one of their doctrines—hatred of the army; they join those who proclaim that the officers of the French army are men with little honor, small independence, and still less intelligence. The sentence of the court martial of 1894 is attacked, because it was rendered in secrecy

(*Continued on page 140.*)

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(Continued from page 139.)

and without communicating to the public the document upon which Dreyfus was condemned. The French minister has constantly answered that this document—some say that it is a letter from Kaiser Wilhelm II. about Dreyfus—stolen in a foreign embassy according to the custom of reciprocal watching practised by the military attachés of those embassies, would compromise a foreign government, and perhaps be the cause or pretext of a war, if the said document were given to public curiosity. The patriots, or chauvins, also declare that it is sufficient that a court martial of seven officers should have pronounced, with open or closed doors, the condemnation of Dreyfus, to believe that he is really guilty, and that all those who want more than this are suspecting the veracity of the officers, and insulting the honor of the army. It is evident that, faithful to their anti-military ideas, the anarchists would side on this occasion with those who claim for a revision of a sentence rendered, according to them, by a gang of servile officers, under the dictation of the Ministry of War, and after a secret trial of the accused.

It is in the ways and means to procure this revision that laughter and tears are incited in turn by the reading of the French newspapers. While the most honorable and even celebrated men, like M. Émile Zola, are pleading for a new trial, together with the assistance of Dreyfus's brothers, we see Henri Rochefort and the great majority of the French writers opposed to it. Meanwhile another officer, Commandant Esterhazy, who was accused by Dreyfus's defenders of being the real author of the documents surrendered to a foreign government, which some people now say to have been Russia before her alliance with France, is tried by a court martial, and acquitted. And while blood flows too freely in anti-semitic riots in several cities, public excitement is kept up by the announcement that M. Zola will be tried on February 7 at the Assizes Court, as guilty of anti-patriotic manœuvres, for having claimed a revision of the Dreyfus trial. Finally, the incidents of all this excitement in France have shown once more the rôle played there in political crises by women. Without going back to the influence exercised by Marie Antoinette, and afterwards by Empress Eugénie, who boasted that the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was "her war," Frenchmen are reminded by the present crisis of the scandals caused by the spy Madame la Baronne de Kaulla, the mistress of General de Cissey, Minister of War under Maréchal MacMahon. They remember also similar scandals caused by Madame Limouzin, who was intimate with Generals Caffarel and d'Andlau, under the Presidency of Jules Grévy. And now the government has arrested and will soon try Madame Jouffroy d'Abans, who has played in that Dreyfus question the part of the "veiled lady," who had several interviews with Commandant Esterhazy, and warned him that they would try to make of him a scapegoat. FÉLIX AUCAIGNE.

A SIGNIFICANT PHASE OF AMERICAN COLLEGE LIFE.

In his dedication of *Harvard Episodes*, the latest of the numerous books of college fiction, Mr. C. M. Flandrau, says: "Dear W. A.,—I have written about a little corner of a very large place; but one that we knew well, and together." The volume, admitted on all sides to be clever and extremely promising as to the author, has been received with an amused mystification on the part of men from other colleges, and with deprecation, bordering upon indignation and resentment, from Harvard men. The Yale and Princeton critics call it oversophisticated, world-tired, dissipated—what you will that is assumed to be unlike their own colleges; and Harvard men, tacitly admitting that this is so, have tried to bolster up the reputation of their *alma mater* by rebuking the author, at the same time pointing to his modest disclaimer that he has spoken of a little corner of a very large place. It is not surprising that men from other colleges should not understand the book, when Harvard men protest so much. Yet, to any one who has thought frankly about Harvard life, as Mr. Flandrau has done, and has also got far enough away from the college world to view it in perspective, the "little corner" may appear far larger than has been admitted; and what Mr. Flandrau has to tell us about it may prove of interest, not only to Harvard, but, rightly understood, to all institutions that are developing, as Harvard has developed, from a small college into a university.

The size of Mr. Flandrau's world is most conveniently indicated by the range of his characters. The athlete is there, Wolcott; the scholar, McGaw; the popular man, Bradley; the bore, Ellis; men of dissipation, Billy and Dilly; serious men, John Rice and Haydock. Some of them are club-men, some on the border-land of social life, some are hopelessly out of it; Mr. Flandrau is equally at home in describing a very exclusive club, a literary society, and the bare life of the unfriended. In a word, not one of the various interests of undergraduate life is neglected.

The feature of the book most open to objection—if one may presume to furnish forth the hazy protests of apologists with a critical vocabulary—is that in treating such diverse types Mr. Flandrau has individualized his characters so that they fail at times to stand for all that Harvard would wish to stand for, and may claim to stand for, before the world of fathers and prep.-school boys. That this shunning of "types" bespeaks the artist is perhaps not a pertinent fact; and it is hardly necessary to urge that the duty of a story-writer is scarcely that which, from time to time, beguiles a college president into recruiting tours to Denver or to Salt Lake City. There is justification for it in considering the question in hand, namely, whether the book is a truthful and significant comment on Harvard life. Let us suppose that Mr. Flandrau had portrayed the "typical" Harvard club-man, athlete, student, and what not. In all essential details the portrait would have suited Princeton or Leland Stanford—for fellows of eighteen to twenty-two the world over are, after all, much the same. The significant facts about Harvard men, from an artistic point of view, are those in which they differ from their fellows elsewhere. Where Mr. Flandrau has departed from the easy types of college men it has been in obedience to the artist's instinct for portraying that which is individual, characteristic. The little group of fellows in the book represent the most interesting and vital phase of modern Harvard life.

Their interest lies primarily in the fact that in some form or other they are all characteristic of the curiously imperfect social organization of the university. The fellows who make up the club element, it is shown, are very naturally from prominent Boston families, and from the more fashionable preparatory schools. A score of years ago, in a college of three or four hundred, this fact worked little hardship; those excluded were, on the whole, unclubbable. To-day, in a university of three or four thousand it is a social evil of great consequence. The fact is obvious in Mr. Flandrau's stories that the basis on which comradeships are made is undemocratic. The mass of undergraduates are unrepresented in the leading circles; and, conversely, the leading circles, because of their separation from the mass of undergraduates, have few public interests and little or no influence. The result of this is, in the first place, an utter lack of the consistency and solidity of college spirit traditional at Yale and at Princeton, and, in the second, the presence of the individualism and freedom of opinion, not to say flippancy and cynicism, that have baffled Mr. Flandrau's critics abroad. If this fact were peculiar to Harvard it would perhaps not deserve comment; but in proportion as Yale and Princeton expand, as they are aiming to expand, into true universities, they will be confronted with the selfsame problem—at Yale the authority of the Senior societies and the captains has already at times been overruled. To those educators who are striving to sink the ancient American college in the American university of the present decade there is no more wholesome warning than the social unhappiness, with its atmosphere of bitterness or of small sarcasm, which is revealed in the *Harvard Episodes*.

Yet the life Mr. Flandrau has chosen to portray is far less out of joint than Mr. Flandrau's Harvard critics would lead us to suppose. The most sympathetic and admirable character in the book has, curiously enough, been the least commonly noted—and this in spite of the fact that he is the most pervasive of all. I mean Haydock—the man whose unobtrusive kindliness and intelligence soften the superb Wolcott, by unconscious degrees, into the one human act of his college life; whose unselfish efforts bring the butterflies Billy and Dilly, to a sense of the error of their ways; whose instinctive gentleness beautifies a son's obscure death to a mother's heart—but Haydock's peculiar wholesomeness of mind and heart is only to be found in Mr. Flandrau's pages. As other characters stand for the defects of the Harvard spirit, so he stands for its virtues. Most thinking men, I take it, would put up with a world of Wolcotts and Ellises rather than forfeit the friendship of one such man. And one would have to hunt long in the stories of other colleges to find anything which would supply his lack.

JOHN CORBIN.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

HERE the night is fierce with light;
Here the great wheels come and go;
Here are partings, waitings, meetings,
Mysteries of joy and woe.

Here are endless haste and change;
Here the ache of streaming eyes,
Radiance of expectant faces,
Breathless askings, brief replies.

Here the jarred, tumultuous air
Throbs and pauses like a bell,
Gladdens with delight of greeting,
Sighs and sorrows with farewell.

Here, ah, here with hungry eyes
I explore the passing throng;
Restless I await your coming
Whose last absence is so long.

Faces, faces pass me by,
Meaningless, and blank and dumb,
Till my heart grows faint and sickens
Lest at last you should not come.

Then—I see you. And the blood
Surges back to heart and brain.
Eyes meet mine,—and Heaven opens.
You are at my side again.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE CITIZENS' MOVEMENT IN SCULPTURE.

NOBODY like the American for boasting of matters of purely material significance, such as the size of his rivers and the height of his grain-elevators, yet none for living in blissful ignorance of achievements in literature, science, and the arts for which he is envied by those who both know and take the trouble to inform themselves! Ask the average New-Yorker of culture if he has ever seen an exhibition of the National Sculpture Society; the chances are that he will say no.

But what country other than ours has arrived at any period at such a pitch of the cultivation and subdivision in the cultivation of the fine arts as to establish a separate society for sculptors, and to give independent exhibitions of sculpture without the aid of painting or some other of the more popular arts? In Paris the sculptors form at the Salon a little wheel within a wheel; but they have never dared to be other than the hangers-on of the painters. Their contribution to the Salon is a very large one, and sometimes, if not always of late, the more attractive of the two. But the great covered court of the Palais de l'Industrie is, after all, merely a garden into which people, weary of several thousand canvases, saunter, in order to drop half-paralyzed on a bench. It is a garden only in name. Next to nothing is done to relieve the rows of statues and groups by greenery. It remained for the American artists to introduce the idea that sculpture, to be enjoyed, should have some background or surroundings like or suggesting the place it is to occupy, be that place a square or a building, or a park or a flower-garden. The means at command of the Paris sculptors were infinitely better than any our men could employ. The place, the government assistance, the extraordinary variety and excellence of French sculpture gave them every advantage. But they never rose to the idea of such a combination of sculpture with architecture and gardening as made the Sculpture Show in New York, in the spring of 1896, something that never existed before—something far from perfect, of course, but novel and suggestive to those for whom that object-lesson was prepared.

The first resolution to have a sculpture society in New York, which should include sculptors in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, sprang from sympathy with the hard lot of the local sculptors, condemned as they were to an insignificant corner in the annual exhibitions by painters, and almost ignored by the public. It was made in a noted bronze foundry on West Sixteenth Street, and immediately the person who suggested it took steps to put his plan in execution, with the help of the leading sculptors and amateurs of art. As at the founding of all societies, there were ambitious and sensitive souls, who promptly showed that they were thinking of themselves, not the good of the sculptors and the public. They fell away. There were others not acceptable to the guild; their exclusion made regrettable heart-burnings. But, on the whole, the sculptors who had lived much to themselves, ignoring each other, discovered that combination was not so awful an ordeal as they had feared; they came, they saw, and they were conquered. Prejudice and narrow views of art exist among sculptors as well as other artists; but so far it has not occurred that a really good piece of sculpture has been rejected by a jury for an exhibition, and that precedent is likely to hold good hereafter. So much cannot be said of the sculpture juries at the French Salon.

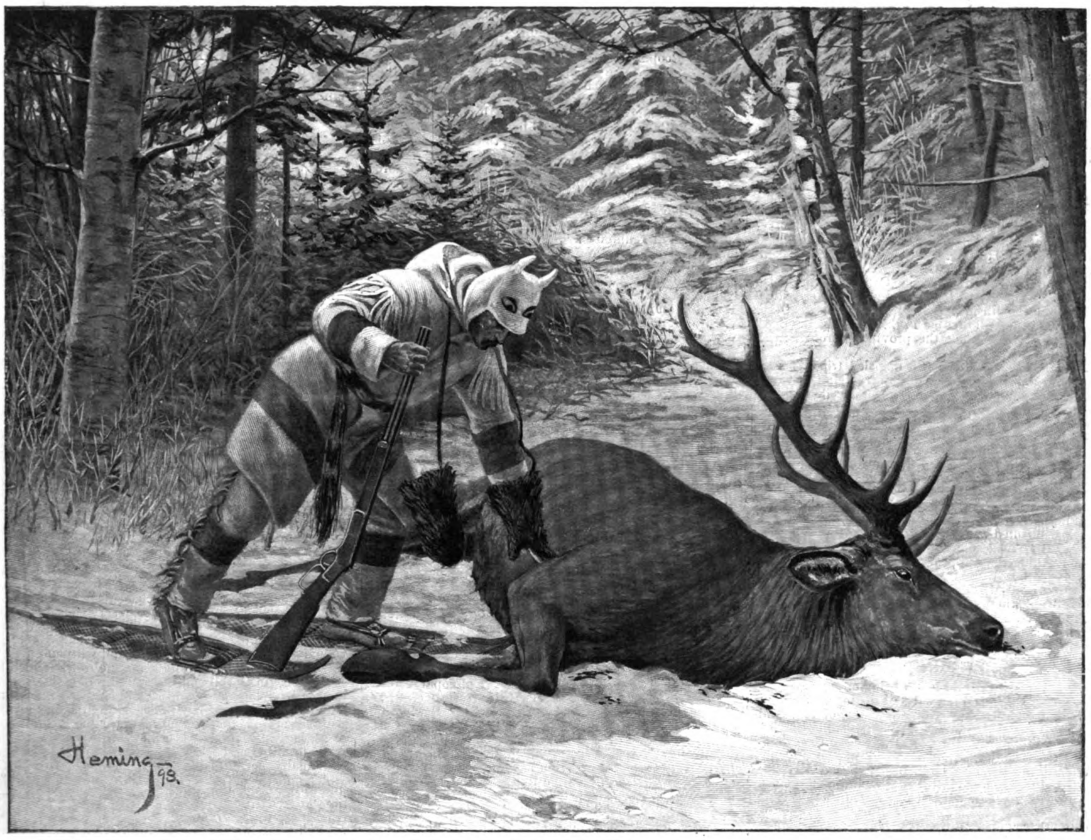
The objects of the foundation were several, including a desire to bring sculpture to the attention of the public, not as the art that fashions equestrian statues and tombstones only, but as an art side by side with painting, that must enter into the daily life of the citizen; must stand on his parlor table and mantel-piece, hang on his wall, decorate the front of his house and the walks of his garden, embellish his boxwood or evergreen hedge, enliven the fire-dogs on his hearth, grace his church, his country-house, factory, club, and tomb. They included the formation of a body of sculptors filled with *esprit de corps* and infected with patriotism, from whom works of national significance might be safely demanded, because their union with each other in connection with men interested in kindred arts would provide for them that atmosphere of art talk, art gossip, art criticism, which seems to engender the necessary medium for the cultivation of the microbe of art. They also embraced the idea that the establishment, not of a sculpture academy—far from it!—but of a loosely-articulated club of sculptors and of citizens interested in sculpture, would, of a certainty, tend to raise the standards and do something to protect American cities from the pitiful inanities that render the field of Gettysburg, for instance, such a mortification to the æsthetic sense.

It is fair to say that so far these objects have been attained and adhered to. There are few sculptors of any note in the United States who are not members of the society. The standard for sculpture has distinctly risen, and while wretched work is constantly going up, it is contrary to the protest of the sculptors. The Sherman statue, awarded to a member of the society, but not to the model considered the best, was awarded by violating the spirit of the agreement whereby the Monument Committee morally bound themselves to abide by the decision of the society. The conduct of that committee was disgraceful, and will doubtless avenge itself in time. Perhaps the most noteworthy example of what good the society has accomplished is the sculpture in the Library of Congress, which is at once harmonious to the general plan and, in its component parts, individual, as any one who takes the trouble to look back through the files of this periodical may see. By far the larger number of sculptors who contribute to the decoration of the Library of Congress belong to the society. It includes among its honorary members nestors of the profession like Thomas Ball and Erastus D. Palmer, and opens its doors to young sculptors of foreign birth just as readily as to native Americans. Attacked by the partisans of individual sculptors whose work it was found necessary to criticise, the National Sculpture Society has done what it could, by published letters, to disabuse honest critics of its course and discover to public contempt those persons who have knowingly slandered it. The sculptors are a sturdy guild. Whoever thinks to howl them down will soon find they can defend themselves.

The movement for sculpture thus vigorously and pluckily undertaken should have far more general encouragement and recognition than has been its lot hitherto. The year 1898 is to see two lines of work carried on with characteristic energy. There is to be another exhibition of sculpture at the galleries of the American Art Association in April, and there is to be a competition for small ideal or genre sculptures. The former will give a chance to show large as well as small statuary; the latter seeks to encourage the introduction of small pieces into American homes. It has been the intention in this fashion to popularize sculpture, issuing one or more of the prize pieces to subscribers at as low a price as possible, the price naturally somewhat dependent on the number of the subscribers to a given model. Membership in the society costs a nominal yearly fee, and can be obtained by writing to Mr. Barr Ferree, secretary, 112 Wall Street.

A fashion not yet extinct among Americans consists of regrets, more or less publicly expressed, that the government does nothing for sculpture, as in Germany and France. Than a wish of this sort, nothing could be more mistaken. This is a citizens' movement of national scope, which has not been confined to New York, but merely has its headquarters here, because here live by far the greatest number of sculptors. Let the government order such sculpture as its public buildings and its monuments need, but let not politics enter under the specious guise of government assistance for the arts! We are better off as we are than France or Germany, and the proof is that the biennial exhibitions of the National Sculpture Society surpass anything the old countries have to show. We have reason to be proud of our sculptors and their exhibitions. Should we not help them by joining the society and visiting their coming show? CHARLES DE KAY.

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WINTER SPORT IN MANITOBA—A WAPITI-HUNTER OF WINNIPEGOOSIS.—Drawn by Arthur Heming.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* Harper's Weekly.

The next two numbers will contain contributions from Mr. Whitney *on athletic conditions in Japan and China.*

FACULTY RESPONSIBILITY.

In these masterful modern days, if indeed it was not before, it is pretty generally conceded that where there is a will there is a way. In no direction may this be applied with more truthfulness than to the faculties of our colleges and universities—so far at least as athletics are concerned. If a faculty has a mind that the sport of its college shall be free of professional taint and maintained on wholesome lines, it will be so. If a faculty is earnest in its desires and honest in its methods, it will root out and destroy whatever tendency there may be to unhealthful athletic activity. Perhaps not at once, but in good and speedy season.

The history of college sport in the United States proves beyond peradventure not only the absolute need of faculty supervision, but the absolute power naturally vested in the faculty of every college. Those colleges have made the greatest strides towards the highest ethical standard which have had the advantage of judicious faculty supervision. Judicious supervision; for ill-advised and unlearned faculty meddling is really worse than mere indifference. There is a vast difference between faculty supervising and faculty meddling. One assures wholesome life to college sport; the other has been responsible for much unseemly bickering, and serves healthful athletics no good purpose. There are many ways of combining faculty, *alumni*, and undergraduate interests for the best results athletically and ethically. In my judgment, that of Harvard is far and away the most practical and most efficacious.

It is not my purpose at this time to treat the subject of faculty responsibility fully. But I do wish, on the conclusion of my trip across the American continent and before I set sail for the Orient, to touch upon two examples of misdirected energy, both bearing significantly on the question of faculty responsibility.

I have frequently had occasion to refer to professionalism in the sport of the Notre Dame University, and to criticise the faculty of that institution for its gross indifference to the unwholesome condition of her athletics. I have no hesitancy in saying that I have found athletics at Notre Dame more unhealthful than at any other college in the United States, and that much I discovered has the coloring of faculty connivance.

Very recently Notre Dame has amended her athletic rules as follows:

ARTICLE XIII.

Section I. No student shall be allowed to play on any team for a period longer than six years, four of which shall be as undergraduate, two of which shall be postgraduate.

Section II. No person shall be a member of any athletic team representing the university unless he be a *bona fide* student taking the full course of studies. All persons who have received compensation for athletic services shall be debarred from the athletic teams. This rule to take effect October 1, 1897, and any provision of this rule not to affect any student now in college for previous athletic standing.

Section III. No student whose class standing during the current session shall fall below seventy-five shall be a member of any athletic team.

Section IV. No student of the university shall be entitled to wear the official monogram unless he shall have played in two championship games. The names of all such persons entitled to wear the monogram shall be passed upon by the Executive Committee and published in the *Scholastic* at the end of each session.

These rules are an improvement on the old ones chiefly because they give hope of clean sport in the future—in the far future; let us say; for, according to Section II., there is license for professionalism at Notre Dame for six years to come. The proposed make-up of the football team for this autumn conveys no suggestion of a more healthful sentiment.

I confess to having no faith in Notre Dame, because her faculty has as yet, despite its many opportunities to do so, given no evidence of an honest desire to cleanse her athletics. And I am strengthened in my disbelief by remembering the official announcement—in the catalogue of '94 I think, it was—that none but *bona fide* students would be permitted to play on the teams. I also remember that the rule was no sooner made than it was broken, with no authoritative interference from the faculty.

During the last six years there has been not more than one team (viz., in the spring of '94) in which there was prospect of cleanliness; and then it miscarried, because the faculty would not forbid the playing of a professional whom the captain had imported to strengthen a weak spot in the nine.

We shall rejoice in the purification of Notre Dame, but must have something more substantial than the mere publication of revised rules before we can have faith in the proclaimed reform. Such is the result of bearing a bad reputation.

There are details in these rules open to criticism, but they are inconsequential under the existing circumstances. What we wish first to see is real evidence of repentance.

There is another section of the United States where the ethics of amateur sport have been as long if not so totally ignored, and that is among the colleges of western Pennsylvania. It is curious so much professionalism should be found here in a section so close to the Atlantic seaboard. Yet, next to Notre Dame, it has been, and indeed remains, the most notorious offender in the land. That the faculties are responsible in western Pennsylvania, as they are in Indiana, is undoubtedly true. Professionalism has flourished in one instance, as in the other, with hardly an objection being raised by the faculty.

Therefore it is somewhat gratifying to learn that at Washington and Jefferson College, at Washington, Pennsylvania, which has been a bit better than some of the others, the faculty has this year come to a more complete realization of its responsibilities, and proclaimed a scholarship qualification for athletic candidates.

There is a strong citizen sentiment at Washington (reflected by the daily press of the town) that the university team must be victorious at any cost and by any means, in deference to which the faculty has often and unwisely seen fit to nullify the good the athletic committee was trying to do. In fairness to the faculty it should be added that its submission to town sentiment was distasteful to a majority of its members, and done for purely business purposes.

Now, however, so I am assured, a strong reaction has set in, and the faculty is determined to clean sport at the university, and hopes to cultivate a healthful sentiment among the citizens of Washington. It is certain to accomplish both ends if resolute in its determination and honest in its methods. Meanwhile I commend to the faculties of the other western Pennsylvania colleges the action of Washington and Jefferson, and exhort the faculty of Notre Dame to keep faith with us this time.

Caspar Whitney.

Vancouver, British Columbia, *October 11, 1897.*

WAPITI-HUNTING IN WINNIPEGOOSIS.

It is not many years since the wapiti, or miscalled "elk," of America, occupied a range of country extending over the greater part of North America. Owing, however, to the rapid advances of civilization throughout western America, this once great domain of theirs has so diminished that, compared with its former dimensions, it is now a mere "yard." But diminished territory is not the only loss which has befallen the wapiti—they have suffered in numbers as well. For generations they have been recklessly slaughtered, not by sportsmen, but by the "butcher" or "hide-hunter," who for the sale of the skins has devoted himself to the extinction of these magnificent animals with a zeal for which one would like fitly to reward him. It was not the Indian who originated this policy of extermination. He well knew the value of the big game of his country, and killed only so much as sufficed to feed and clothe his family. If in recent years he too has become a "butcher," it is not from choice, it is from sheer desperation. His white brother has crowded him off his land, has scattered his game, and has driven him in self-defence to adopt the wasteful and short-sighted policy of the "hide-hunter." From the stories, told over the traders' counters and around the camp fires, of the wholesale destruction of our beautiful deer—and unfortunately these stories are only too often true—one would be led to believe that white hunters and red had vied with one another as to which should be first to exterminate the few that remain. Recently a Hudson Bay factor informed me that, not more than two springs ago, the Indian hunters of his neighborhood had brought in to his post more than a thousand hides of moose and wapiti that had been "crusted" during the months of February and March of that year. How long can such a

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pace last? Yet this is only one of many similar stories that I could tell. If such slaughter continues, we may live to see when the only deer to be found will be those contained in our menageries.

The wapiti is a majestic animal. Though not so massive as the moose, his magnificent mien ranks him as the grandest—though not the most graceful—of our deer; his long, slender, clean-cut legs, his well-rounded body, his neck, beautifully arched and thickly maned, and his proudly poised defiant-looking head make up a figure worth admiring.

In former days the wapiti ranged over an immense expanse of territory. They roamed in herds numbering from fifty to five thousand. They were found in almost every part of the United States and of northern Mexico. In Canada they occupied the whole breadth of the country, from Labrador to Vancouver, in some localities beyond the 55th parallel of latitude. To-day they occupy a comparatively contracted area. On the western slope of the Rocky Mountains they range from California to British Columbia and Vancouver Island. On the eastern slope they may be met with in parts of Idaho, Montana, Utah, Wyoming, and the Yellowstone Park. "Across the line" they are found throughout the provinces, from British Columbia to northern Ontario.

A few winters ago, while on a dog-sled trip, I passed through a section of the wapiti country lying between Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegoosis. An excellent opportunity presenting itself, I determined to hunt wapiti for a few days near Buffalo Lake, where the wapiti were said to be abundant. My dog-drivers, Louis and "Shorty," a couple of half-breed hunters, acted as my guides. They persuaded me to have a hunting costume made after the fashion of their own—a hooded coat, leggings, and a cap, all of white Hudson Bay blanket. The cap, like that shown in my drawing, was adorned with a pair of imitation horns, and the front of it was grotesquely ornamented with two huge eyes cut from a piece of dark cloth. That such fantastic head-gear should be the correct thing may appear strange, but my men explained that luck would surely attend us if clothed in white, and that when the game caught sight of such a mysterious-looking object peering over a log or around a tree, they would be so curious that they would pause long enough to give the hunter ample time to take accurate aim.

At the end of a long day's tramp we camped beneath a wind-break made by felling trees in such a position as to form one-half of a hexagon, brush being cut and rammed into the snow along the outer sides of the logs. With our snow-shoes we cleared the snow from out of our semi-enclosure. Then we cut the long coarse reeds that are found in the muskegs, and spread them upon the ground for a mattress. Immediately in front of the opening, which faced the south, a large fire was kindled. The shelter was just high enough to allow the north wind to glance over it and blow the smoke away. Such a camp, if properly constructed, affords comfortable protection, even if the thermometer drop to 50° below zero, which on this occasion it did.

Next morning we decided to leave the dogs with the rest of our outfit at the camp while we pushed on to reconnoitre.

"Shorty," picking up his old muzzle-loader, affectionately smoothed down the case; then, a moment later, with a disgusted look, he tossed it upon the bedding. Guessing what was the matter, I said to him, "It's no use taking her this time," to which he replied, "No, no good; gun caught cold." That was "Shorty's" expressive way of putting it. In fact, the cold had so contracted our gun springs as to render our weapons utterly useless. After this experience I had the oil burnt from the locks and a longer spring inserted in my rifle when I set out the following winter with Caspar Whitney for the Barren Grounds.

Running down the wapiti on snow-shoes was out of the question; for, although the snow was deep, the absence of a crust made it impracticable.

About noon, as we emerged from a dense muskeg of down-capped reeds that towered above our heads, we came suddenly upon those long-coveted tracks—the footprints of the wapiti. The trail was old, but we followed it round the end of the muskeg, and, to our astonishment, we stumbled on tracks that were scarcely five minutes old. We held a whispered consultation; and Louis, taking the "lay of the land," said there must be a stretch of prairie ahead, where the deer were sure to be feeding. So we cut into the bush and made a long détour, that we might approach them against the wind. When we thought we were about a hundred yards from the edge of the woods we took off our snow-shoes and crawled on our knees through the deep soft snow in silence. A fallen tree lay directly in front of us. Louis, gaining it first, peered over; then, lowering his head, he beckoned to me. I knew at once that my chance had come. Reaching the obstruction, I slowly raised my head and looked over. There, within thirty yards of us, stood a magnificent buck, with head erect and ears alert. A few yards behind him a small band were quietly feeding. While the stag lowered his head and began browsing, and the fawns timidly ducked as a prairie-chicken flew over, I filled a couple of pages of my sketch-book. Catching sight apparently of a turning leaf of my sketch-book, the old buck whirled round; with tremendous bounds all leaped forward, and, like a whirlwind that left a cloud of snow behind, disappeared in the thicket.

ARTHUR HEMING.

THE FRATERNITY OF THE METHODISMS.

In the month of May, 1844, there occurred in New York one of the most important events in the history of the American Church. It was the dividing date of a hitherto united Methodism in the United States. The legislative body of the Methodist Episcopal Church virtually suspended from his official duties Bishop James O. Andrew, who through marriage had become a holder of slaves, until he should release himself from the alleged disability.

The language of the action was, "Resolved, That it is the sense of this General Conference that he desist from the exercise of this office so long as this impediment remains."

This legislative deliverance caused great offence to the Southern representatives, and in 1846 there took place the organization of the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. From that time to the present these two large communions have advanced their interests as has seemed best to each, on paths different and sometimes diverse, and neither has been behind the other in zeal and activity. There has been but little difference in the rate of numerical increase. In 1848, when the division was fully inaugurated, the Methodist Episcopal Church had a membership of 631,000, but without any direct result. Fraternal delegates from both sides have visited the respective official bodies, and thus a cordial feeling has been maintained. In the two ecumenical conferences—the first in London in 1881, and the second in Washington in 1891—representatives from both Churches were most hearty and co-operative in all propositions favoring a larger fraternity.

This fraternity has, however, recently assumed a new form, and proceeded for the first time in direct paths. In 1894 the Methodist Episcopal Church South appointed a commission to meet with a similar commission, afterward authorized in 1896 and appointed in 1897, by the Methodist Episcopal Church, which two commissions were to enter into negotiations with a view to abating hurtful competition, the waste of men and money in the home and foreign mission fields, and in general to consider the proper measures for the removal of difficulties of every kind, and to provide plans for more cordial co-operation in the future. The commissions have just held their joint session in Washington, and have reached unanimous conclusions, which, however, must come before the General Conferences of the two Churches—that of the Methodist Episcopal Church South meeting in Baltimore in May next, and that of the Methodist Episcopal Church which is to meet in 1900.

The commissions consisted of the following members:

Representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Bishops, S. M. Merrill, W. X. Ninde, and J. F. Hurst; Ministers, Dr. L. B. Wilson, Dr. R. J. Cooke, and Dr. H. G. Jackson; Laymen, Mr. R. T. Miller, Mr. T. B. Sweet, and Judge T. H. Murray.

Representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church South—Bishops, J. C. Granbery, R. K. Hargrove, W. W. Duncan; Ministers, Dr. E. E. Hoss, Dr. G. G. N. MacDonell, Dr. J. H. Dye; Laymen, Judge Walter Clark, Professor R. W. Jones, and Colonel Asa Holt.

Measures were adopted by which, in case a territory or community where one Church has been established is entered upon for the first time by the other Church, there must be a previous and perfect understanding by the bishop having jurisdiction. This has been one of the chief causes of difficulty, and if it is terminated it will prevent a prolific source of misunderstanding and collision of feeling. Much friction has arisen where the territory has overlapped, as in the Southern States and in some of the Northwestern—especially in Montana, Oregon, and Washington. There has been very little transfer of ministers from one Church to the other, owing largely to the limitations of territory. The commissioners agreed that if transfers are desired from one Church to the other, the clergymen transferred should be received without the difficulties and embarrassments of the former time, and that he should be free from any loss of ministerial order or conference standing.

It has been agreed that there should be a common hymn-book for use of the two Churches, and that other Methodist Churches should be invited to co-operate. A common order of public worship is another point of agreement. The commissioners also unite in the opinion that in some of the foreign missionary fields there has been an unnecessary duplication of publishing interests, and that unification at these points should be secured.

A common catechism has also been recommended. It is a singular fact that in all the division of the Methodist bodies the matter of doctrine has never been touched. All differences have sprung out of questions of usage and government. The prominent ground of difference has been perhaps that of the relation of laymen to the Church and their power in its councils. Some of the smaller Methodist bodies are not episcopal in polity. The trend of the two great bodies of American Methodism is in the direction of retaining the original functions of the episcopacy.

One of the most emphatic declarations of the joint commission was that in favor of higher education and against the secular spirit which is seeking to pervade all forms of advanced education; that all higher education should be under Christian auspices more than ever before, and that the Church should feel its responsibility for the training and equipment of its young people. The endorsement of the American University, already inaugurated in Washington, is strong. It was unanimously agreed that it is the imperative duty of the Protestant Church to provide in the city of Washington a university, Christian, catholic, tolerant, and American, having for its sole aim post-graduate and professional study and original research; that the American University is worthy of the confidence and benefactions of the people in all our Churches; and that the claims of this institution be recommended to both Churches for special contributions during the years 1900 and 1901.

While there is nothing final or mandatory as yet—for the commissioners must first report to the respective bodies which created them—this may be said, that we have new proof that the coming current will be toward deeper sympathy and gentler methods. The supreme facts of identity of origin and unity of doctrine are brought forward into the foreground, and the half-century which has passed since the division, with its crimson stain of civil war, retires into the background.

A programme of points of consideration is itself a great advance. Hitherto matters of interest and occasionally of friction have been intangible, purely speculative, and now and then the subject of editorial controversy; but now the great leaders and commonalties of both Churches are put upon the line of direct thought. Each Church knows what the other is thinking about—practically what it wants and does not want. As to the formal organic union of the two Churches, the word has not yet been spoken. There must be an intenser revival of the traditions and memories of the heroic period, when there was a common pathway. Probably among the many benefits which the twentieth century has in reserve for the American Church will be the restoration of the old Methodist unity.

THE MULE-SPINNER.

To those who have no familiarity with the inner working of a cotton factory it may not be apparent why the Mule-Spinners' Union always plays such a conspicuous part when there are "labor troubles" in the New England mills. If there is a strike, it is generally ordered by this Union; and when the mule-spinners strike, all the varied machinery on the many floors of the factory comes to a standstill. The process of turning cotton in the bale into rolls of cloth in packing-cases stops, and with that stoppage the bringing of raw material from distant fields and the sending of finished goods to scattered markets, with all that depends upon them, suffers paralysis. What gives the mule-spinners so much power over a great industry?

The visitor to a cotton-mill who watches a mule in operation looks upon a remarkable machine. He will see at one end a complicated mechanism, by which the force is applied to its wonderful processes. At the back is a rank of bobbins containing the partly prepared material in the form called "roping," which it is the business of the "back boys" to keep supplied. In front is the long "carriage," with its hundreds of spindles, running slowly out as the cotton comes through between the lower roller of finely grooved steel and the upper roller covered with smooth leather, and is spun into the fine threads that form the "filling" of drillings, sheetings, or calicoes, and then running swiftly back as this yarn is wound upon slender quills or tubes into the "cops" that are to fit into the weaver's shuttle.

There are always two of these mules facing each other, with their machinery ends juxtaposed, and their carriages running out and in over the space intermediate between the bobbin-stacked backs. As each carriage gets to the end of its "stretch" there is a pause, a series of sharp clacks and creaks in the machinery, a bowing of long wires before the rank of spindles to bear down the threads to be wound on as the carriage runs in, and with another clack and jerk the wires are brought up, the rollers which have stopped begin to roll and the spindles to spin again, and the carriage starts on another "stretch." At the back the barefoot, lightly clad boy is constantly darting about to remove empty bobbins, and to replace them with full ones of roping, at intervals "brushing off" from the carriage, while it still runs back and forth, the fluff and dust that continually accumulate. Between the two carriages, which go tirelessly back and forth while the "cops" are filling, stalks the autocrat of labor in the cotton-mill—the mule-spinner.

It is his chief business to "piece up" the threads as they break in the process of spinning, as one and another are constantly doing. This he does deftly and swiftly while the machine moves, leaning far over the carriage as it nears its utmost stretch, and following it in for quick work, while the distance from spindle to roller is short. The "piecing" is done by catching the broken thread from the top of the spindle, drawing it up just far enough, breaking off the twisted extremity with one hand, and with the other touching the end lightly to the slender roping, that comes through the rollers and seems to feel about for its broken attachment. The "piecer," as he is called in the factory, passes from one mule to the other, and up and down the length of their constantly moving carriages, and "pieces up the ends" all day long. Except when the full "cops" are to be removed and empty tubes are to be put on the spindles, or oiling has to be done, or some accident happens, like a general breakdown of the threads or some faulty action in the mechanism, he keeps his two machines going, with the occasional help of the "back boy" in the process of "doffing," or changing from full to empty spindles.

The mule-spinner is generally a stalwart man, from twenty to sixty, clad in light slippers, overalls hanging loosely on the hips, and a shirt open at the throat, with sleeves rolled nearly to the shoulder. He is quick on his feet and swift with his fingers, and he is on the move with little cessation through all the hours when "speed is on"—that is, when the factory machinery is going. His is a work of skill and endurance, and it cannot be done by women. The quiet, steady-going "frames," upon which the warp is spun, with the swift but gentle whir of the "flyers" that contain the spools, are "tended" by women almost exclusively, but they never run mules. And the mule is a necessity of the whole business, though effort and ingenuity have been expended to get rid of it. No "frame" has yet been devised that will successfully spin "filling" for woof so strong as that spun upon the mule and spin it as rapidly, and wind it in a manner to be so conveniently used in the shuttle. Economy has required the continued use of the mule in spinning "filling," and without filling warp is made in vain: the loom must stop, the cloth-room is without cloth, and all the processes back of spinning—the speeders, the carders, and the machine that tears up the cotton just from the bale and works it in a continuous fluffy web for the cards—all come to a stop. The factory is silent till the balky mules are ready to start up again.

That is why the Mule-Spinners' Union is the arbiter of strikes in the cotton industry. If these spinners strike, nobody else can work, and it is much easier for them to maintain an effective union than for any other class of operatives. Their work cannot be done by boys or women, and it cannot be taken up by "green hands." It requires considerable skill and training, not only in the process of "piecing," but in the care of a complicated machine. And the force of mule-spinners is a small one in the large body of operatives required in one of the great factories. It is comparatively easy for them to maintain an organization including all the good spinners, and in general they are intelligent enough to manage their union with skill and effect. When they have a cause which induces them to hold together, and brings them the support of the other operatives, they can stop the millions of buzzing spindles, and silence the thousands of clattering looms in the great manufacturing towns; and the effect will be felt in the cotton-fields of the South, over the railroads of the land, and in the markets of the world.

A. K. F.

"SEEN FROM THE SADDLE."—By Isa Carrington Cabell.—32mo, Cloth, 50 Cents.—Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

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SCIENCE *VERSUS* PREJUDICE.

MR. W. H. GARRISON says he is a cigarette smoker; but in his "Brief for the Cigarette," read before the Medico-Legal Society in New York, at its last meeting, there is no trace of his mental powers being obscured by the practice. The paper, which is published in full in the current issue of the Journal of that society, is a calm, concise, and logical summing up of what science has to say concerning the cigarette, and a fair and fearless demand that there should be an end of indiscriminate and ignorant abuse, and a distinct refutation or acceptance of the conclusions of science. The first noticeable feature of his paper is its outspoken candor. "The annual output of cigarettes for 1897," he says, "was 4,000,000,000; and if the cigarette *per se* is the malign thing that its opponents claim it to be, the manufacture and sale . . . should be suppressed without delay." This is confidence with a vengeance! The cigarette must be scientifically unassailable if its advocate can at the outset of the discussion so fairly challenge the detractors of the cigarette.

Mr. Garrison contends that the opposition to the cigarette is due to prejudice; that science, on the other hand, declares it to be composed of nothing but tobacco and paper, both free from any foreign ingredient, and the purest of their kind; the tobacco used being far less charged with nicotine than cigars or smoking and chewing tobacco. The array of scientific men, of the highest reputation, whom he marshals in support of his arguments is amazing.

His first authority is Prof. H. W. Wiley, late Chief Chemist of U. S. Department of Agriculture, who says that a cigarette is made of 1.0926 grams of tobacco enveloped in a wrapper of paper which weighs 0.038 grams. Simply tobacco and paper.

As to the quality of these, he quotes Prof. Willis G. Tucker, of the Albany Medical College, Analyst of the New York Board of Health, who says in his Ninth Annual Report to the Secretary of the State Board of Health: "The tobacco used in the manufacture of cigarettes is much less frequently flavored or otherwise artificially treated than is chewing or smoking tobacco and that employed in the manufacture of cigars. . . . As regards the paper wrapper, there is no reason why an impure or poisonous paper should be employed, and many reasons why it should not."

Again, Mr. J. C. Wharton, Chemist of Nashville, Tenn., says: "The analyses and observations of the materials composing these American cigarettes lead me to the conclusion and belief that they are made from well-selected, clean tobacco leaf, and a purified article of harmless paper."

The popular prejudice has variously ascribed to cigarettes a proportion of opium, morphine, jimpson-weed, belladonna, glycerine, or sugar. The city of Chicago ordered an analysis from time to time of specimens of all brands sold in the open market. City Chemist Cass L. Kennicott and Assistant City Chemist D. B. Bisbee reported last October that all the cigarettes were made of "Bright Virginia." This is a technical term, and means a tobacco grown in Virginia and North Carolina, and purified by being kept in the warehouse for three years before it is used. Of this these chemists say: "Frequent analyses show that this tobacco contains only from 1 to 1½ per cent. of nicotine. The mildest Havana contains much more, while the best grades of domestic cigars reach as high as 8½ per cent."

As additional authorities corroborating these points, Mr. Garrison quotes Dr. G. F. Payne, State Chemist of Georgia; Profs. Robert and Alfred M. Peter, of Lexington, Ky.; James Dewar, M.A., F.R.S., Jacksonian Professor, Cambridge University; William Odling, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, Oxford University; C. Meymott Tidy, M.A., M.B., Professor of Chemistry and of Forensic Medicine at the London Hospital, and James F. Babcock, for five years Professor of Chemistry in the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. The last says, in a report to the Massachusetts State Committée on Public Health, "The papers contained such elements as are always to be found in the plants producing the fibre from which they are made, and contained no others. . . . The fillings were found to consist of tobacco, and nothing else."

Mr. Garrison remarks, "Is not this conclusive? Not a doubt, not even a qualified statement by any of these disinterested experts!"



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PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$1,994,465.31
Cash on hand and in bank,	1,355,412.83
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,906,610.72
Interest accrued but not due,	227,730.38
Loans on collateral security,	945,400.94
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,106,580.51
Deferred Life Premiums,	299,990.19
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	228,448.75
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,612,646.78
Railroad stocks and bonds,	4,664,205.75
Bank stocks,	1,064,047.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,449,455.00
Total Assets,	$22,868,994.16

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$16,650,062.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,365,817.22
Present value, Instalment Life Policies,	426,288.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	299,066.30
Losses unadjusted,	269,794.94
Life Premiums paid in advance,	25,330.58
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$3,722,635.12
Surplus to Stockholders,	$2,722,635.12

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

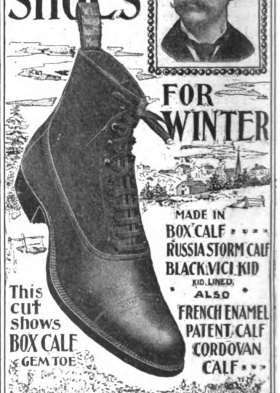
Life Insurance in force,	$91,882,210.00
New Life Insurance written in 1897,	14,507,249.00
Insurance Issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	1,235,585.39
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	13,150,350.57

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1897,	15,611
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	307,990
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	$1,381,906.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	21,210,095.96
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	$2,617,492.20
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	34,360,626.53

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JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Secretary.
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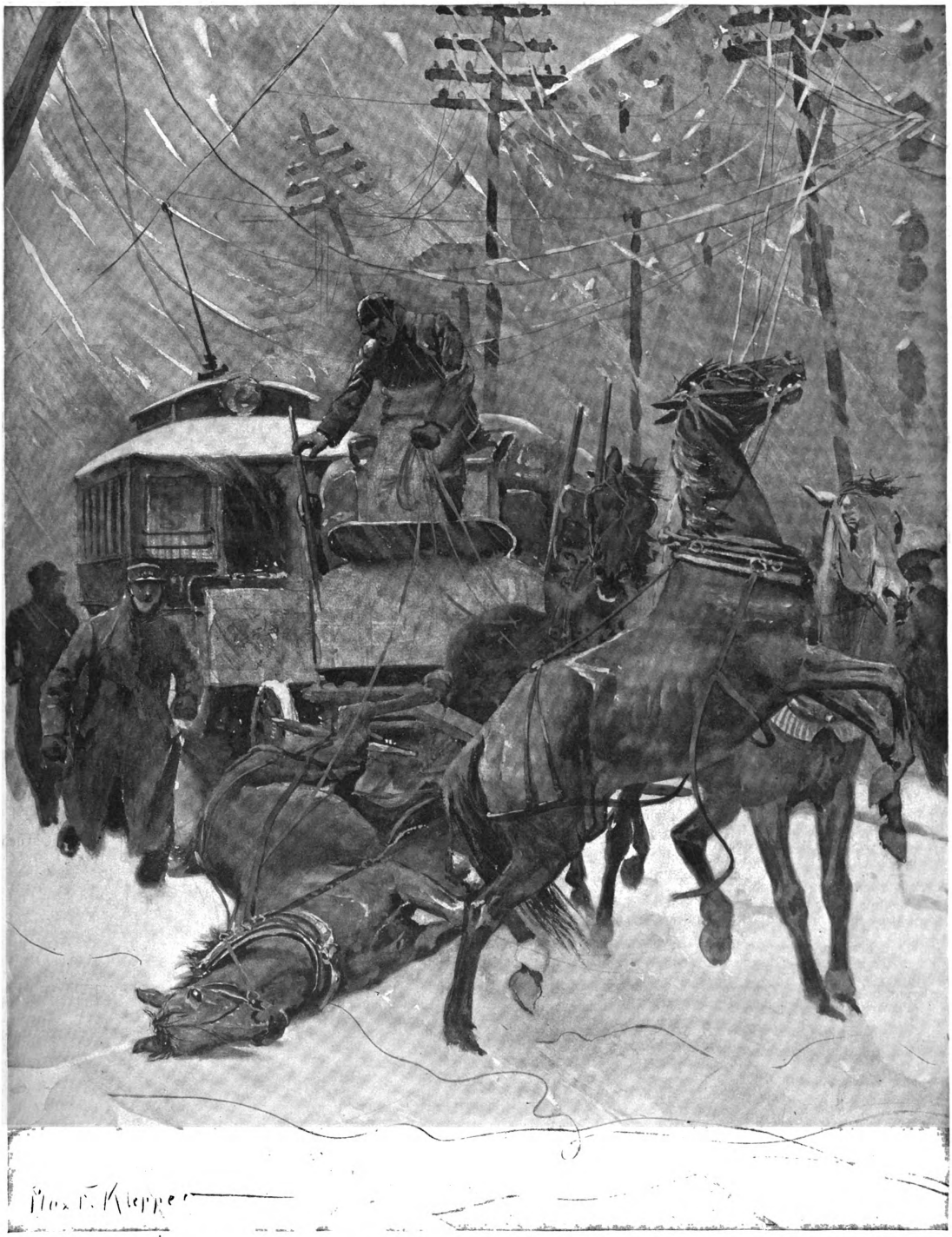
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE BLIZZARD IN BOSTON—ELECTRICITY'S FATAL WORK AMONG THE HORSES.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE GREAT DANGER FROM OVERHEAD WIRES IN A CITY.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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UNDER the DINGLEY bill the revenues for January lack $8,000,000 of meeting the requirements of the government. This is not a progression towards the equalization of income and outgo that Mr. DINGLEY has promised.

THERE seems to be some fear in England that the British government will recede from the splendid position in which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH placed it. Russia is threatening by moving troops into Manchuria, and is even moving towards the frontier of Afghanistan; but every friend of freedom and civilization will hope that the insistence of the English press will convince Lord SALISBURY that for once his foreign policy may be safely of that manly kind which once made Great Britain the dominating force of Europe.

IT is proposed that Congress shall appropriate the sum of $4,144,912 for sea-coast defences, most of which is to be expended for new works and new guns. So far as this is essential, no one will begrudge the money, but in the mean time there is not a sufficiency of artillerymen to take proper care of the forts and guns that the country already possesses. Common prudence makes it absolutely essential that the two new regiments of artillery asked for by Secretary ALGER and General MILES be provided.

GOVERNOR BLACK and Senator PLATT have been in consultation recently on the subject of a new primary law, and reports say that the Governor is trying to persuade the Senator to permit the legislative branch of the State government to enact "the best primary law that can be passed." We do not believe that any good can come out of such a consultation, nor, for that matter, that Senator PLATT and Governor BLACK will ever consent to a good primary law; for a primary law cannot be good unless the whole machinery of nomination be under the control of the State, free from interference by party machines or party bosses.

THE Kentucky Legislature has recently asked Senator LINDSAY to resign, because he is not in favor of the free coinage of silver. This action has been followed by the introduction of a resolution in the New York Assembly requesting the resignation of Senator EDWARD MURPHY, Jr., of this State, because he voted for the TELLER resolution. Neither of these resolutions is of any real importance, although government of the nation by State Legislatures would doubtless be quite as intelligent as government by the present United States Senate. The Kentucky Legislature does not really expect Senator LINDSAY to vote against his convictions, nor do the Republicans of the New York State Legislature expect Senator MURPHY to think of anything but his machine, and the sufficient protection of collars and cuffs.

WE hope that it is not too late to express our regret that Professor CHARLES S. SARGENT has thought it wise to stop the publication of *Garden and Forest*. No worthier effort to establish a journal of the very best quality has ever been made in any country. *Garden and Forest* was not only an authority on the subjects of horticulture and kindred topics, which were the main themes of its articles, but it was a most intelligent and accomplished advocate of art as it comes in contact with out-of-door nature, and its influence and the influence of its originator and proprietor, Professor SARGENT, and that of its editor, the late W. A. STILES, were powerful for good. The paper lasted only a few years, but while it endured it made its mark both upon country and municipal life, and those who regarded it with intelligent interest, and read it because they loved nature and art and good literature, will greatly miss it.

THE Tammany Hall Mayor of New York is improving every opportunity that is afforded him to demonstrate his unworthiness of the high place to which machine politics has elevated him. We trust that the afflicted people of Chicago and other cities are reading the New York daily newspapers. It may do them good to comprehend the ruffianism which Tammany breeds. In almost every contact between Mr. CROKER'S Mayor and gentlemen, the Mayor has been guilty of violent outbursts of temper and of unseemly insolence. In every case in which he has dealt with experts his insolence has been the garb of his ignorance. A few days ago, in considering the budget for the coming year of the Board of Education, he made a most ill-mannered and barbarous assault upon modern education and the public schools. Every one who knows anything about our public-school system knows that it has been vastly improved under the intelligent management of the present Board of Education; but Mayor VAN WYCK thinks that the old Tammany schools were good enough for him, and that they ought to be good enough for the children of to-day. He does not realize that the schools that were good enough for him produced him, and that the city is interested in having better schools which will produce better men.

THE trial of Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies for the shooting of the striking miners at Hazleton began last week, and at this writing we have, of course, nothing to say concerning the merits of the case. In this respect we are unlike some of the daily newspapers, which continue to presume that the defendants are guilty of the charge against them, which is that of murder. Now the presumption of the law is that they are innocent, and the presumption was aided by the evidence so far as it was known to the public at the time of the unfortunate occurrence. If Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies can be shown to be criminal, they should be punished to the full extent of the law; but so far they have not had fair treatment from the community whose officers they were. Attempts have been made upon their lives and upon their homes, and the authorities of Luzerne County have not protected them. The community itself refused to furnish them the bail which the law permitted them, either through indifference to their fate or on account of fear of the mob, and the persecuted sheriff and his deputies were obliged to go to Philadelphia and buy bonds from a trust company. As we have said, if these defendants are guilty they should be condemned and punished; but if, as the evidence at the time indicated, they were upholding the law and protecting its majesty from outrage, they should be honored and rewarded, and we trust that the commonwealth of Pennsylvania is great enough and powerful enough to give these officers of Luzerne County a fairer chance than has thus far been accorded them.

THE United States government is forced by its tariff policy into the doing of very shabby things. Signor BOLDINI, a distinguished portrait-painter, came to this country a few months ago at the invitation of some dealers in New York, for the purpose of painting portraits. He is one of the most distinguished portrait-painters of the world, and is thought by some to be the peer of our own JOHN SARGENT. The treatment of the two men in America and Europe, respectively, is calculated to make decent Americans blush and decent Europeans sneer. BOLDINI brought some pictures with him, which were admitted, on his bond, for exhibition during the period of six months. Some busybodies, said to be rival dealers of the house at whose rooms BOLDINI'S pictures are on exhibition, suggested to the Collector of the Port of New York that the pictures thus admitted free of duty might be purchased. Thereupon the United States government, in the guise of a woman, sneaked into the establishment and, tempting the artist's agent to an alleged violation of law, purchased one of the pictures, and thereupon seized the rest. As the law seems to contemplate that pictures thus admitted may be sold, by providing that duty shall be paid on all of them that are not taken out of the country by the artist at the end of the six months, the action of the government seems to amount to nothing but a bit of contemptible espionage and brutal inhospitality to a distinguished foreigner. As we have said, the difference between this treatment and that accorded to Mr. SARGENT emphasizes the shamefulness of the conduct of our own government. Mr. SARGENT is made a member of the Royal Academy in England, and he and all other worthy American artists are treated with more than decent respect in Europe; but so long as we have the kind of tariff tyranny under which we suffer we shall have to blush for such barbarities as that which the Collector of the Port of New York has practised upon BOLDINI.

HOPE FROM THE HOUSE.

THE House of Representatives, under the leadership of Mr. REED, made short work of the TELLER resolution. By a vote of 182 to 132 the House refused to agree to the proposition that the free coinage of silver could be resumed without a breach of the faith due to the public creditor. For, as Mr. DINGLEY pointed out, it was this feature of the resolution that was of serious import. It was essentially a denial of the obligation of the government to maintain the parity of the metals, as it was a denial of the promise of the Republican party to maintain the gold standard until international bimetallism could be brought about. The resolution, as every one knows, was intended by the silver men merely to prevent any attempt at currency legislation at the present session. Now that Mr. REED has taken this question firmly in hand, it is to be hoped that he will not drop it until the House of Representatives shall have done its best to promote currency reform. The great business to be eventually done by Congress is, first, the protection of the present gold standard of value, and second, the divorce of the government from the banking business. The immediate business of the House of Representatives is the passage of the best money bill possible under existing conditions, and the prevention thereby of the capture of the next House of Representatives by the free-coinage people. For the accomplishment of the immediate business in hand, the Speaker of the House is the main dependence of the country.

The vote in the Senate and Mr. MCKINLEY'S attitude show that neither of the present national organizations is to be depended upon in a determined struggle for sound money. We say this notwithstanding Mr. MCKINLEY'S speech at the recent dinner of the Manufacturers' Association in New York. Mr. MCKINLEY there professed his determination to prevent the adoption of any measure that will debase the currency. Undoubtedly this meant that if such a resolution as that which passed the Senate by a vote of 47 to 32 had reached him, Mr. MCKINLEY would have vetoed it. But if the President is to be counted as a firm and effective force in favor of sound money, he must designate his measure of reform, and do his utmost to secure its enactment by Congress. That is what Mr. CLEVELAND did when he compelled the passage of the bill repealing the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act; and that is what Mr. MCKINLEY must do if he is to appear as the leader of the sound-currency forces. We have had generalities from him before this. We have been told before, in the language of the stump, that his heart was in the right place. We must know now, if we are to follow him, whether his mind has intelligently formulated the professions of his heart. Is he for or against the plan proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury, or the bill suggested by the Indianapolis Monetary Commission, or is there any measure to which he will agree and which he will urge upon his party friends in Congress? Although Mr. CARLISLE was quite as devoted a friend of unconditional repeal as Mr. CLEVELAND was, no one during the latter's term ever made the mistake of supposing that the President marched behind his Secretary of the Treasury; but now it is clear that Secretary GAGE stands as the sound-money champion of the administration, and that, notwithstanding the comforting words of his after-dinner speech, Mr. MCKINLEY is yet an uncertain element so far as any practical and definite measure of reform is concerned. Mr. MCKINLEY, however, in a large way represents the national Republican organization, for the Chairman of the National Committee, Mr. HANNA, is not only his personal friend, but his personal representative, and it is certain that that gentleman has not yet shown himself to be a strong and dependable friend of the cause. Moreover, the national organization intends to follow the modern custom of party organizations, and to avoid the issue as long as possible. Such prominent Republicans as Senators CARTER, CHANDLER, CLARK, PRITCHARD, SHOUP, WARREN, and WOLCOTT voted for the TELLER resolution against the desires and the dictation of their party organization. In any future meeting of the national organization these men and their friends will have an influence, and will probably be listened to. If their influence were not powerful, and if the Republican national organization were sincerely in favor of the gold standard, and were determined to settle the question definitely, especially in view of the fact that all the Republicans of the House except two voted

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for the gold standard, the National Committee would hold a meeting at once, and would make it impossible for these Senators to remain in the party, except after a renunciation of their allegiance to the free-silver interest.

We expect nothing, however, from the national organization, while the Democratic organization is hopelessly given over not only to the cause of free silver, but to every other heresy which BRYAN represented in the last campaign. When such gold Democrats as Senators GRAY of Delaware, LINDSAY of Kentucky, and MITCHELL of Wisconsin, who are counted as men of principle, prefer their party to their principles, and are willing to adopt the notions of MURPHY of New York and SMITH of New Jersey, who believe in themselves and their party first, and in their country incidentally, nothing good can come from the organization to which they all belong. Senator CAFFERY alone in the Senate represents the gold Democrats who put this money issue entirely above party consideration.

The situation is not promising, but it is not hopeless. Everything depends upon the struggle that can be made for sound money in the Congressional elections of this year. Besides the admirable action of the Republicans in the House, a hopeful sign is to be found in the votes against the TELLER resolution of Senators BAKER of Kansas, HANSBROUGH of North Dakota, MCBRIDE of Oregon, and WILSON of Washington. Here was aid coming from silver strongholds, and it is clear that these Senators felt themselves able to vote against the TELLER resolution because they knew that they would be supported at home if they stood for the policy of the gold-standard members of their party. The struggle must be carried into the Congressional districts, and we believe that if the way for the contest is prepared by a thorough debate in the House of Representatives, it will be found that the constituencies are sounder than Senators, and that they are properly represented in the popular branch of Congress.

In the absence of any definite plan of the President's, the Speaker has an opportunity to come forward and take the place which was held by Mr. CLEVELAND. He has just taken one long stride in this direction. He dominates the House of Representatives as Mr. CLEVELAND dominated his cabinet. The House does as he directs, and will, if he commands, debate and pass a measure making the securities of the government definitively gold securities, providing for the gradual retirement of the greenbacks, and for the increase of banking facilities in remote regions of the country. If the present members of the House of Representatives can carry to their constituents, with the endorsement of the majority of the House, a bill that shall contain provisions like these, a long step will have been taken in the struggle for sound money in the Congressional districts. Even free-silver districts are not hopeless, because it can be shown by a debate in the House and by discussion on the stump that the free coinage of silver by this country alone is impossible, at least during the present administration, and improbable for many years to come; that in the mean time the existing currency system of the country is productive of such evils as those from which our business interests suffered in 1893; that whether the community does or does not believe that silver eventually should form part of the metal money of the country, relief can be had by the destruction of that feature of government paper which enables it to be used for exhausting the coin in the Treasury, and that still greater relief can be had by the producers from the extension of banking facilities to those parts of the country which do not now enjoy them, and which cannot now enjoy them by reason of the existing national banking law. This is the time for earnest work and urgent preparation, and the work of preparation can nowhere be better begun than in the House of Representatives. The sooner the beginning is made the better, for we fancy that both the House and the country are just now in a mood to listen intelligently and patiently to discussion on this subject.

All depends upon the Speaker. It is clear that he is greatly more impressed with the necessity of currency action than he was during Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration. If his party is to render any further service to the country, it must be in this way, and under his leadership. It is within his power to make the beginning of a new time for the organization to which he is so greatly attached. The weeks of the session are going by, and Mr. REED'S Committee on Banking and Currency seems to the world outside to be trifling with great interests. He can wring out of the jarring elements concurrence and a report, and he can again impress upon the world that the majority of the House of Representatives have sound views, and that there is not only no danger of depreciation of our currency at the hands of the Representatives who have come most recently from the people, but that they are ready to do their part towards placing our money system on a sound basis.

"COLD FACTS" AND HAWAII.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

NEVER has the hollowness of the arguments in favor of annexing Hawaii to the United States been more clearly exposed than in the speech recently delivered by Senator FRYE at the banquet of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York. "I am only going to call your attention to a few cold facts," said he. "What is the property of the Hawaiian Islands worth? $39,000,000. Who owns it? Americans own $30,000,000 of it. Their commerce was last year $23,000,000. We enjoyed 92½ per cent. of it. . . . You are hunting for markets? Do you want to lose that one? Well, if the United States Senate does not give a two-thirds vote in favor of annexation, you have lost it."

This is an astounding assertion. If it were true that without annexation we would lose that property and that trade, how did it happen that we ever got it without annexation? For it is a "cold fact" that all that Hawaiian property and trade were acquired by Americans while Hawaii was not a part of this republic, but an independent state. Why, then, should we lose those advantages if Hawaii continues to be an independent state?

But Senator FRYE tells us solemnly that "if the treaty is not ratified by the United States Senate, in less than a year the Hawaiian Islands will be under the protectorate of Great Britain." Now assuming it were really to be feared — which it is not at all—that the defeat of the annexation treaty in the Senate would be followed by a British protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands, would such a protectorate mean the confiscation of American property in Hawaiian territory and the closing of the Hawaiian ports to American trade? Is it not a "cold fact" that Great Britain is loudly proclaiming her policy to keep the ports under her control, in whatever part of the world, open to the trade of all nations? Thus while strongly objecting to a British protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands, we certainly cannot do so on the ground that it would take away our property or our trade.

But is it really true that unless we speedily annex those islands Great Britain will take them? Is it not time that this venerable bugbear of some foreign power being sure to take this or that, unless we take it, should at last subside? Fifty years ago the American people were to be stampeded into a prompt acquisition of Cuba by the prediction that, as Spain could not hold that island, Great Britain would surely take it, unless we did. Less than thirty years ago we were told that we must necessarily take St. Thomas and San Domingo, for unless we did some evil-minded European power would pounce upon those valuable possessions. Well, it is a "cold fact" that we took neither Cuba, nor St. Thomas, nor San Domingo; and it is an equally "cold fact" that neither Great Britain nor any other power ever raised a hand to turn our abstinence to its advantage. I do not mean to say that no foreign power would have liked to possess those islands. But I do mean to say that no foreign power stretched out its hands to take any of them, knowing that the United States would object.

Is there any reason for apprehending that our objection would be less potent in the case of the Hawaiian Islands? Hear Senator FRYE. He tells us that forty-seven years ago Admiral DUPONT made a report concerning the military importance of Hawaii, and then, says Senator FRYE, "we gave notice to the whole world to keep their hands off those islands. They had been seized four times—once by Russia, once by England, and twice by France—and we said to those three nations, 'Hereafter keep your hands off from those islands; they are under our protection.' If forty-seven years ago they were so important, how about to-day?" Well, if forty-seven years ago, when our population was only 23 millions, and our wealth and power not to be compared with what they are now, a mere note of warning on the part of the United States sufficed to induce all the great powers of the world to "keep their hands off from those islands," will it require more than a warning to-day, when we have a population of 75 millions, and are in many respects the richest and strongest nation in the world? It is a "cold fact," made evident ever so many times, from the settlement of the *Alabama* claims to that of the Venezuela trouble, that since the close of our civil war it is one of the very first precepts of British statesmanship to remain on good terms with the United States, and that no British government would be tempted by any advantage to be derived from a protectorate over Hawaii to get into a serious quarrel with this republic. This stale talk about what Great Britain is going to do against the United States has so long been the resort of the cheapest kind of demagogy that self-respecting public men should at last be ashamed of it.

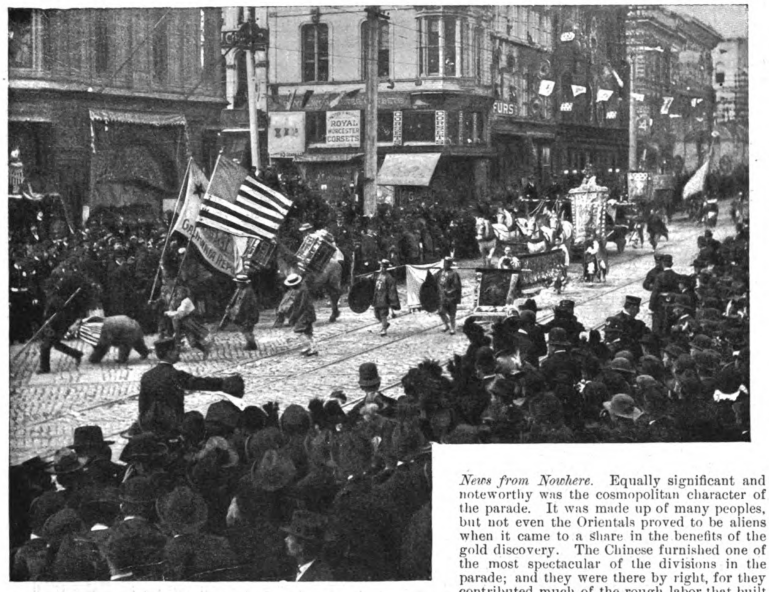
It is equally silly to say that if we do not annex Hawaii Japan will do so. No clear-headed statesman will believe for a moment that Japan, struggling to maintain its new place among the powers of the world, and straining its scanty financial resources for that purpose to the utmost, could be so foolish as to provoke the ill-will of so great and hitherto so friendly a power as the United States by scattering in distant adventures its military and naval forces which are so sadly needed for the protection of its interests near by.

But it is said that if we decline accepting the Hawaiian Islands when they are offered to us, we are estopped from objecting if some one else takes them. The same flimsy argument was urged in the San Domingo case. Nothing could be more preposterous. The acceptance of this proposition on our part would knock the bottom out of our whole MONROE doctrine. It would mean that, having refused to annex San Domingo once, we could not object to any European power taking it; or that if some American republic, Nicaragua for instance, offered itself to us without being taken, this refusal would preclude us from insisting upon Nicaragua's remaining an independent state in case some accidental dictator there should attempt to sell it to some European power, as BAEZ tried to sell San Domingo. The "cold fact" is that if we now decline to accept Hawaii from the hands of the accidental dictators there, our moral authority in forbidding any other power to take it, and in insisting that it shall remain an independent state, will not be less than it was before, but it will be far greater and more commanding, for nobody will then be able to say that we assert it with the selfish intent of finally seizing the prize ourselves. No power will dare to defy it.

Senator FRYE says further: "If you have commerce in the Pacific Ocean, where are you going to rest your ships, and to get your coal, and to have your naval stations? There is but one spot left in the entire Pacific Ocean, and that is the Hawaiian Islands." Well, where do we "rest our ships" and "get our coal" now? It is a "cold fact" that we do so in the independent state of Hawaii, and also in other countries equally independent. What a novel and strange idea is this that we cannot "rest our ships" or "get our coal" in any ports that do not belong to us! If so, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia would be to us substantially inaccessible countries. And as to a naval station, have we not Pearl Harbor in Hawaii, which we may fortify and use for all sorts of naval purposes as soon as we see fit? Must we annex the whole of Hawaii in order to get accommodations and protection for our fleet in Pearl Harbor which is already at our disposal? Must Great Britain annex the whole of Spain in order to hold Gibraltar?

So much for Senator FRYE'S "cold facts." A candid review of them proves clearly that all the advantages which we are told the annexation of Hawaii would bring us may be had without it. And now we are asked—even without the inducement of an otherwise unobtainable benefit—to incorporate in our political system a foreign country, over two thousand miles distant from our nearest coast, and to smirch our character as a nation by taking it from the hands of a usurping oligarchy put in power by a revolutionary act lawlessly aided by our own officers, and not representing the people; a country the defence of which will require us to maintain large and costly armaments not otherwise necessary; a country with a tropical climate, the principal laboring force in which can never be of Germanic blood, and in which democratic institutions as we understand them can never flourish; a country an overwhelming majority of whose population consists of Kanakas, Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese, with a very slight sprinkling of Americans, Englishmen, and Germans! We are asked to expose ourselves to the chance of that country being made a State of this Union, its population, through their Senators and Representatives, to take part in ruling this republic, and our people; in closely contested Presidential elections, to wait for the returns of the Kanaka or Portuguese vote in the back districts of far-away Oahu Island to decide our destinies! We are asked to excite by this annexation the appetite for more aggrandizement, and thus to launch out on an indefinite policy of wild adventure! Truly the "cold facts" of the case cannot be too soberly weighed.

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A BIT OF THE CHINESE DIVISION.
Photograph by Taber.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

SPLENDID as a spectacle, interesting as a historical review of California history, and full of the humor and the picturesqueness of pioneer life in the new land of gold was the great parade at San Francisco on January 24, which opened the exercises of Jubilee week, devoted to the commemoration of Marshall's discovery of gold fifty years ago. The event that was celebrated was full of the romance of history. In its far-reaching consequences



FLOAT REPRESENTING THE MISSION DOLORES, THE PIONEER CHURCH OF THE FRANCISCAN FATHERS.
Photograph by Partridge.

few events in American annals have been so important. And what has given a revival of the enthusiasm of those days of '49 is the present keen interest in the Klondike, that arctic gold region, which promises to rival the sudden and amazing stream of Californian wealth that astonished the civilized world a half-century ago. Doubtless many who saw the revival in picturesque floats of old mining days in California recalled the recent reports from the Yukon of placers as rich as those of the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas.

Another phase of the parade which could not fail to impress any one who saw it was the contrast between the old mining days and the present period. This contrast was shown in many forms. It was brought out by the primitive rocker and long tom used by the placer miner in California until hydraulic machinery was perfected so as to accomplish in a single day what under the old laborious hand processes required a fortnight of the hardest work. It was seen in the fire-engines, several of the old type that were used in New York in the forties being followed by the latest perfected steam-engines and water-towers. Many of the floats also were object-lessons in the enormous material development of California in the span of two generations, from the pastoral life described by Richard Henry Dana in *Two Years Before the Mast* to the eager existence of the great commonwealth of to-day, which stands among the foremost States in the production of gold, wheat, fruits, nuts, and many other products, and which has developed in its southern colonies ideal communities that would have pleased the author of *News from Nowhere*. Equally significant and noteworthy was the cosmopolitan character of the parade. It was made up of many peoples, but not even the Orientals proved to be aliens when it came to a share in the benefits of the gold discovery. The Chinese furnished one of the most spectacular of the divisions in the parade; and they were there by right, for they contributed much of the rough labor that built up the great mining and railroad industries of California. Without their aid the transcontinental railroad could not have been built for years. They pierced the Sierra; they defied the elements in winter, and established a record for rapid railroad work under enormous difficulties which was not equalled for a quarter of a century. For years after the Kearney sand-lot agitation it would have been dangerous for Chinese to enter a public parade in San Francisco. The change in sentiment was shown by the applause that greeted the Celestials in this Jubilee procession.

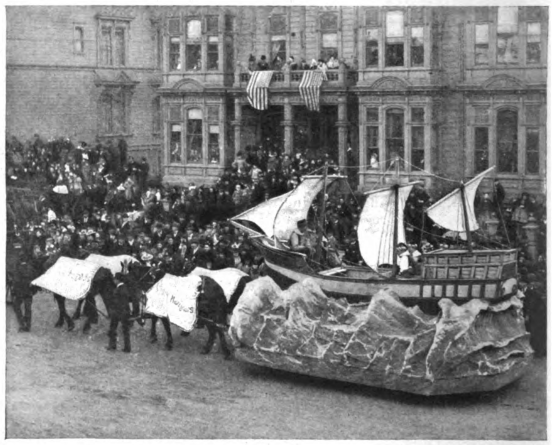
It would require several columns to give any detailed sketch of this parade, so rich in features that appealed to every one familiar with Californian history and achievement. The divisions of the procession that called out the heartiest applause were the United States troops, the pioneers, and old veterans of the Mexican war, the firemen who ran with Broderick and other fire-laddies in the old days of the Bowery in New York, the Native Sons and Daughters, the schoolchildren, the foreign military and social clubs, the Chinese, and the floats.

The regulars marched well, and their presence in larger numbers than in any previous parade in this State was the subject of favorable comment. The State militia also made an excellent appearance. When the old pioneers and the miners came in sight cheers went up all along the street. General Bidwell was in a carriage, a pioneer of pioneers, for he was here several years before the Bear flag was raised. In another carriage were the four ancient men who worked with Marshall on Sutter's mill, and saw the first nuggets taken from the mill-race at Coloma. One of the most striking floats in this division was that of Calaveras County. It bore the device of a huge skull, gilded. Under the skull was the legend: "Calaveras, the county of skulls, the home of the Utica, Gwin, and other mines. The products of Calaveras since 1850 would build this skull of solid gold—$1,000,000,000." Before this float marched the Miners' Band from Calaveras County.

In the third division was a miniature representation of one of Columbus's caravels. Then came the grizzled old exempt firemen, who had run to many a dangerous blaze in the early days of San Francisco, dragging along the small hand-engines which they now had with them. The engine that excited the greatest interest was a small, beautifully ornamented one made in New York seventy-eight years ago, and once owned by Martin Van Buren. Behind it came several engines, all richly adorned, which were in use when the Volunteer Firemen under Broderick played so important a part in city government.

At the head of the fourth division, given up to Native Sons and Daughters, was one of the fine floats of the procession, a perfect copy of the Mission Dolores, the old mission church in San Francisco, with its white adobe walls and red-tiled roof. To lend Spanish color to this division came a group of caballeros, all in rich costume, with handsomely ornamented saddles. Another handsome float was "The Thirty-first Star of the Union." This showed a typical miner handing to Miss Columbia a golden star, while at her side was Commodore Sloat, holding an American flag with a space in the blue waiting for the new star of California. Then came the various "parlors," or branches, of the Native Sons of the Golden West. Each had a richly decorated banner, and each was made noteworthy by some device of costume. Behind them came a delegation of Native Daughters, dressed in white costumes with orange trimming, and mounted on handsome horses. The Native Daughters float represented "California, the Golden Star of the Union." The central figure was the Queen of the Jubilee, and around her were grouped little girls clad in yellow of the rich shade of the California poppy.

The Irish and German societies made a fine appearance, the Hannoveraner Verein being conspicuous for their rich costumes and their gray horses, all of uniform size. Following these came the League of the Cross Cadets, who marched well. Next came a typical pack-train of early days—the "prairie schooner" with dust heavy on its ragged canvas top, burros and mules with miners' outfits securely fastened with the diamond cinch, and red-shirted miners mounted on horses. They looked as though they had stepped out of one of Bret Harte's stories.



FLOAT REPRESENTING OLD SPANISH CARAVEL.
Photograph by Taber.

The public-school children came next—an army of bright-faced boys who marched with military precision. When the procession neared the reviewing-stand on Van Ness Avenue a large number of public-school girls entered the line. They were dressed mainly in white, and their perfect command of the military evolutions made them one of the great features of the parade. Of the remaining divisions of the parade the first place for picturesqueness should be given to the Chinese, who had several hundred richly dressed men in line. Gorgeous lanterns and splendid banners were numerous. The consul and his assistants were in carriages, together with the heads of the Six Companies and other rich merchants.

Mexican vaqueros, American cowboys, and real Indians from the foot-hills and the desert made up the last division. They all wore genuine costumes, and whatever they lacked in freshness or cleanliness was fully made up in picturesqueness. The procession contained 12,000 persons, and was the finest street pageant San Francisco has ever seen.

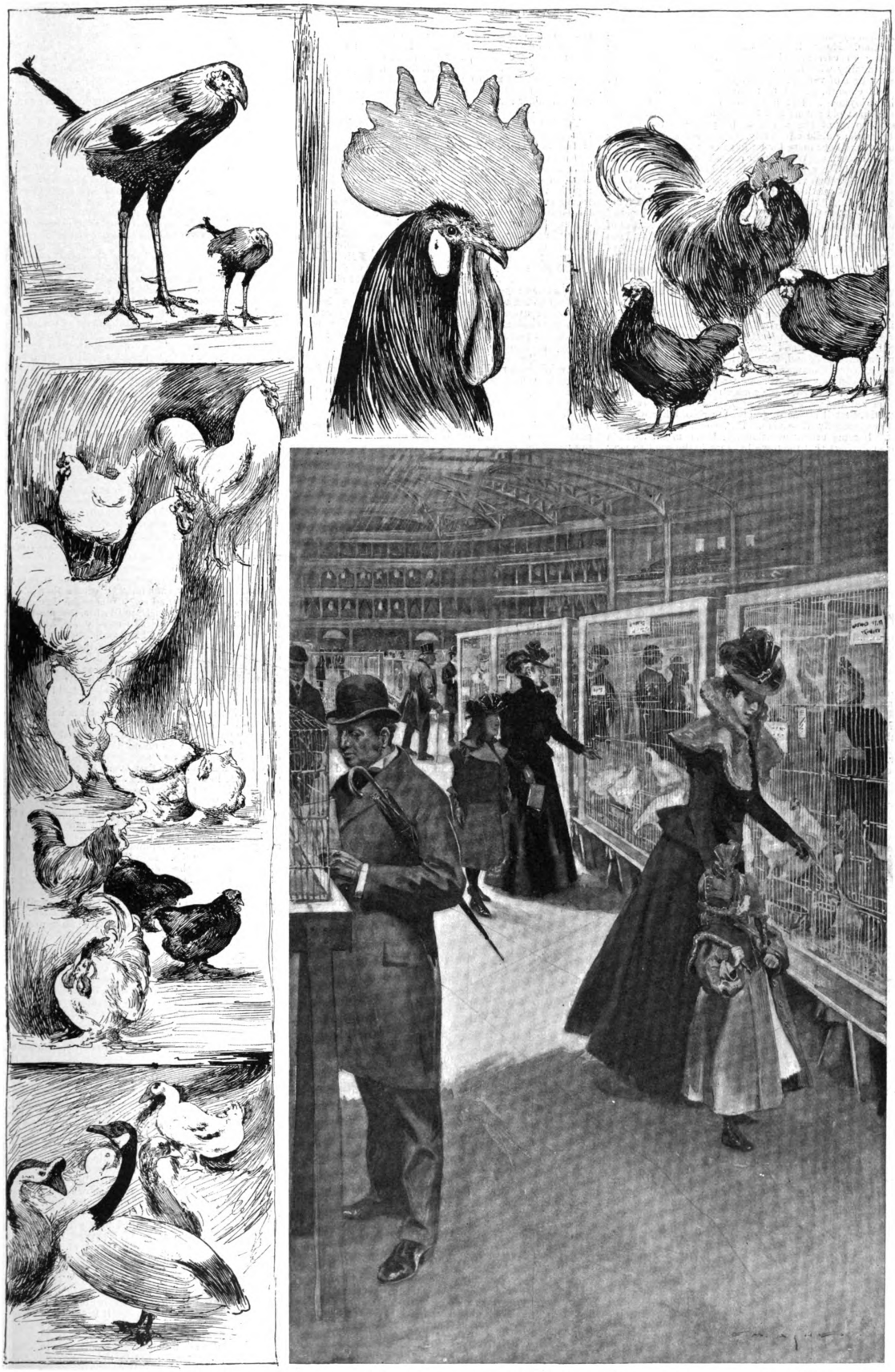
The remainder of the Jubilee week will be devoted to receptions by Native Sons and Daughters, a Wild West show, a military review and sham battle at the Presidio, and a parade on Saturday night preliminary to the opening of the Mining Fair. GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

SAN FRANCISCO, *January 25.*



RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT MONTEREY.
Photograph by Taber.

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THE NEW YORK POULTRY AND PIGEON ASSOCIATION—NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

[See Page 163.]

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MUSIC.

Opera in three languages—not only alternatively, but occasionally simultaneously — is prospering at the Metropolitan. Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis certainly are succeeding in carrying along a short season of doubtful individuality with managerial briskness and with a fair assumption of variety. The repertory, as already noted, is dull enough, except to those in the A B C of operatic enjoyment. But a careful moving about of the same good old pawns and knights and royalties on the chess-board of the weeks to be provided for always catches the public effectively. Moreover, several of the works sung once more for us have been cast to excellent *ensemble* results. We imitate complaisantly the conduct of the good Vicar of Wakefield and his family when Farmer Flamborough aired his old jokes, and they gave them their due of mirth again. Thus far "Faust," "Aïda," "La Traviata," "The Barber of Seville," "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," and "The Mastersingers" have been interspersed between the majestic austerities of Nibelungen music-dramas—the latter series having been taken up last Friday night with that gracious member of the Tetralogy occasionally called, in the provinces, "The Walker." "The Mastersingers" has been given a strikingly good performance "all round." The "Lohengrin" evening put Mr. Rothmühl in his best light as a singer. There was a perceptible breath of the Rossinian spirit hovering in the air during the "Barber of Seville" production, thanks, primarily, to Mr. Carbone as *Doctor Bartolo* (a part in which Mr. Carbone is a whole conservatoryful of tradition and Italian perceptiveness and Italian temperament), and, secondarily, to Mr. Campanari as *Figaro*, and to Madame van Cauteren, as a very shrewd and shrewish *Bertha*. In this same work Madame Melba, for whom it was revived, made such a really wonderful effort to act out the sprightliness of *Rosina*, and she sang so fluently, that it seems ungracious to record her work as not successfully Rossinian. But, sooth to say, it was not. It came near it occasionally; but, compared with a dozen *Rosinas* that the town has seen in days not so very remote, Madame Melba was first, last, and altogether, out of her element. The airy gayety, the personal charm, of the irresponsible and kittenish *Rosina* cannot be assumed and conveyed without something a-stirring in the blood that seems not heydayish in Madame Melba's veins. The crystalline, florid music is too delicate for quite so robust a coloratura artist, brilliant as she is in arabesques of vocalism when singing *Semiramide*. It is impossible not to feel great interest in Madame Melba's unflagging resolve to be an emotional artist. But we fear that she will not reach that goal. And, on the whole, is it necessary for her actually to reach it? In "Aïda," too, dramatic aspirations were shown to us in an earnestness that threatens to spoil the loveliest lyric voice of our century. Many a prima donna, with shrieks instead of notes, has thrilled the audience in one scene more than Madame Melba did during all the four acts of Verdi's powerful work. No, no, Madame Melba! Act the heroines of "Traviata," of "Rigoletto," not of "Aïda" or "Otello." Stay suavely among those broken gods Donizetti and Bellini—even if they be but a patched and cracked Olympia. Or, if you burn with immortal longings that their desultory company cannot vouchsafe, do not venture beyond Gounod.

Madame Stella Brazzi is perhaps the most decided acquisition as an absolute new-comer here, when we come to review the men and women that Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Ellis put before us as importations. She has an admirably full and, generally speaking, a firm contralto; she constantly exerts that quality of schooled stage-authority that counts for much. Her diction in Italian is of the best kind. Mr. Guillaume Ibos hardly helps the company in its predicament of needing a good lyric tenor. His voice has absolutely no beauty, nor is his general equipment beyond the routine needs of a goodish French provincial theatre. Mr. Boudouresque is a fairly agreeable and energetic bass. Mr. Staudigl certainly sings as well as he did more than a dozen years ago, when he was a rock of dependence in German performances here; and that was uncommonly rich and sweet singing for any German barytone-bass. He is a superior artist, now as then. Madame Staudigl flashes forth her wonted fire as an actress, if not showing her once full (though always misused) voice. She is a vigorous *Ortrud*, fine in poses and gestures, and is interesting as a link with Wagnerian traditions of directness. Why Miss Toronta, a pretty-voiced and pretty-faced young lady, should be a member of any such company prior to her having learned to sing, to speak French, and to act a little, is a question not officially answered by the management. Beauty is a saving stage-grace except in serious opera-singing, where sometimes, in a literary sense, it is impertinent. Mr. Rains is a valuable young artist in any troupe, and should have a career before him. Mr. Van Hoose is another American of good parts. By-the-bye, Mr. Bispham, one of the finest barytones on any stage, seems to be singing too much this winter for the good of his voice. It needs rest. Only as *Vanderdecken* has he been as resonant and tuneful as is his wont. On that night his superb declamation gave a strange musical charm to Wagner's vehement opera.

The stage-management for Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis is so creditable that it is no pleasure to rebuke it for a flagrant and absurd bit of business in "Faust." It makes no break nor change of scene to the proper church interior after the death of *Valentine*. There is supposed to be a considerable interval between *Valentine's* death and the hapless *Margaret's* visit to the church, where the fiend flouts her and casts final despair into her tortured heart. To have *Margaret* stagger to her feet on an empty stage some two minutes after her brother has cursed her, expired, and been carried dead within the door of their home—to have her drag herself across to the outside of the church to pray under such circumstances—it is all an almost indecent innovation. There must be a break, the suggestion of an interval of time, and a complete change of scene. Then *Margaret* may indeed come to her troubled prayers, and try to say them, kneeling in a corner of the church—*not* on a velvet *prie-dieu*, by-the-bye, but on one of the ordinary kind seen in unseated Catholic churches—or else kneeling on the floor. Not one manager in forty ever puts "Faust" properly on the stage. One thousand and one American performances have never failed in blunders. Particularly often occurs that one in the final tableau, with what may be called *Margaret's* bodily "assumption," instead of merely the spiritual suggestion of her soul's receiving divine mercy and guardianship. The correct succession of the two scenes—*Valentine's* death and the praying in the church—now seems fairly established here; the church scene usually coming after the more effective but less poetical situation. But who can name the *Margaret* that does not calmly keep on with her colored gowns when poor *Valentine* is but a little time slain and buried—economical in her raiment if not in her remorse!

Talking of the Metropolitan opera season, let us note that Emil Fischer, that honored artist in German opera and opera in German, and strong old pillar in New York's first succession of years plenteous in Wagnerian music-dramas, is set down for a benefit-performance this week. None of our servitors in the cause of music at the Metropolitan more deserves such a courtesy. Mr. Fischer, far from a superfluous veteran, is still the finest *Hans Sachs* on the stage anywhere, and sings that rôle with perennial charm, and sings others by no means unpleasingly. He has had an exceptional voice, and still has a good deal of it. Mr. Fischer's professional statistics are typical of the superior and long-lived German singer in opera. He has sung in 3465 performances since his début (in "Jean de Paris") in 1851 at Gratz. He has studied and sung in 161 rôles. He has learned a repertory of not less than 109 operas. Four hundred and seventy-one of his appearances have been in Wagner repertory. He has sung for American charities, including concerts, 73 times, and in America he has nearly a thousand performances to his list. He was naturalized many years ago as one of our citizens.

The Worcester (Massachusetts) County Musical Association has published its annual financial statement as to the fine Festival given last autumn by that stanch old New England institution. The Festival for 1897 was by all comparisons the most artistic and well rounded of Worcester's series of forty such affairs. Programmes and performance indicated victoriously that wholesome shaking up which new influences and changed authority in a Board of Government can bring to pass—even in Worcester. For a long time it seemed as if nothing could advance the musical horizon of the Festival. Its cheerful provinciality and solid self-satisfied comfort in Handel's "Israel in Egypt," and Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, and the awful joy of its audiences over the handsome gowns of women-singers on its star-nights, seemed to deepen about it an atmosphere of tranquil density. Much needing a Dr. Ox, the town seemed unlikely ever to receive his valuable services. There was a sudden overturn in the practical management awhile ago. The excellent consequences were shown in last September's Festival, which did more for the musical credit of Worcester than all its complacent thirty-nine predecessors.

Unluckily, the ill fortune of most high-class musical undertakings has visited the reorganized and revivified Festival. For it seems that the last expenses were $14,056 28, and the receipts $9975 01; or that the ledger shows a deficit of $4081 27. It is, of course, hard luck to be wounded in a fight decidedly good. The admirable moral or æsthetic aspects of a cause do not make the thumps and lumps collected in such a scrimmage any easier to bear or to heal. But those Board members who have labored for the artistic advance of the Festival—to meet in 1897 with musical gratitude from their discerning patrons, and this four-thousand-dollar shortage to be made up, *nolens volens*, by those on whom it must fall—they may at least console themselves in having accomplished a wondrous thing. It is possibly so wondrous that four thousand odd dollars is not too dear to pay for such a rich whistle. They have shown that a Worcester Festival can be made an event of dignity, interest, and sustained beauty, appealing to musical auditors all over the East, and making it worth while to go a good ways, to as attractive a New England city as is Worcester, to hear its annual choral event. It was the warm boast of the old financial management that the Festival "never came out at a loss"—no matter whether anything was sung or played at it advisable as a step forward or not. On this year's showing, the Board are not able to keep up such a gratifying record of pecuniary success. But it is to be believed that this will come, and that anon they will make the Festival an honor and a practical success, too, as never before. This is certain, with an appeal to the public outside as well as inside of Worcester. The Worcester Festival ought to be made, and can be made, aided not a little by geographical position, the most prosperous, the leading, music-festival of the country; absolutely in the van as to its productions and its performances.

The withdrawal of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, a conductor certainly respectable, in every sense of the word, and in the Worcester Festival's history a worker standing out as an impressive figure, will be to the advantage of the Festival. Mr. Zerrahn's disadvantage to it of late has been clear as was his usefulness to it when he was a much younger leader. Musical art moves, but Mr. Zerrahn has been fixed this good while; and, at his years, he may be forgiven a good deal. Mr. George W. Chadwick takes Mr. Zerrahn's place. Doubtless Mr. Chadwick will carry forward an enlivening and aggressive musical policy. Other wise amendments are rumored, and it is to be hoped the best will be brought to pass. It is to be repeated—this old New England Festival has a great future before it if capably taken in hand. That this or that disgruntled ex-official should deliver himself of more or less newspaper correspondence against the new order of things is to be expected. The sarcasms of a just writer in a Worcester journal lately pointed out that the "Anvil Chorus" still must be a ravishment to the ears of certain Worcesterians, who would fain be on the war-path after those who prefer Mr. Parker's "Hora Novissima." But we doubt if the dissent of ousted pilots causes the heads that are meditating conscientiously over Worcester's musical honor to rest really uneasily on their pillows, or will make the new guardians of the Festival disposed to revert to the fine old leathern and leaden policy of the immediate past.

The coming dates of the Astoria morning-musicals, a new concert series inaugurated last week, are announced as follows: Mondays, February 14 and 28; and Tuesdays, March 15 and 29. The hour is eleven o'clock. At last Thursday's concert the soloist was Miss Maud Powell.

Mr. Siloti, Mr. Burmeister, and Mr. Rummel are to be added to the catalogue of the mid-season's important pianists; all likely to be a good deal in evidence. Siloti is a technicist of the first order—as he revealed himself at his concert of a fortnight ago. Mr. Rummel never was an artist of great elegance or sympathy, and his undoubted earnestness and intellectuality hardly atone for such shortcomings. Mr. Burmeister, a player of fine sentiment and of no common virtuosity, will be heard again; and doubtless with new local success. E. Irenæus Stevenson.

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

From the snowy and wind-swept street it is pleasant to step into the warm galleries of the Academy of Design, where the walls are aglow with the exhibition of the American Water-Color Society. For the most part they are the gleanings of the summer vacation—fresh and spontaneous, with no suggestion of the heavier atmosphere of the studio. They make no strong appeal to the emotions, but entice one to gladsomeness, or that dreamy kind of sadness which is itself a pleasure. One picture, however, strikes a deeper note—Albert Herter's "Sorrow." It contains two figures—a lady sitting upon a sofa covered with stamped leather of rich brown and gold and green color, with a discarded book at her side, and a man kneeling upon the floor, his head burled in her lap. Both are in black, and her face is eloquent of a recent grief, whose bitterness is assuaged by their mutual love. So much for the "story," as words can interpret it. But the artist has imparted to it, by the tender drawing and rich harmony of the subdued tones, a pathos which is untranslatable into words. The mysterious depth of the dark coloring and the beautiful rendering of the face and hands justified its selection by the jury for the honor of the Evans Prize. However, it was not executed in this country, and so did not fulfil one of the conditions, and a second selection conferred the prize upon C. Harry Eaton's "The Brook." This is a scene in early summer, when the greens of meadow and trees are still vivid and moist. The tones are so varied and cleverly blended that, though the picture is brilliantly green, there is no harshness.

Many men show a disposition to confine themselves to the expression of a single phase of nature. They succeed in giving to it a delightful sentiment, but still one cannot help feeling that an artist loses much by always looking out on nature through one window at precisely the same time of the year and day. We tire of a one-stringed instrument, of a bird that pipes on one note, and even of an artist who harps upon a single theme. Of this there are many examples in the present exhibition. It is common to hear a bystander exclaim, "Of course there's another such and such by So-and-so." Where the theme is trivial it is the greater pity. Happily, for the most part the man's hobby is a serious and worthy one, but it is none the less a narrowing of his possibilities. There is no question that the public encourage the artist in these restrictions, for the pictures sell; and here is where, sooner or later, Nemesis comes. The public and the artist are accomplices in the mistake, and it is the artist who suffers, for the public refuse at last to take anything from him but what they have decided he shall do; and then a few years bring another generation that knows not Joseph, and his vogue is gone. It is needless to mention names. Any one who visits the exhibition can find them for himself, and for those who do not the value of the point that is urged will not be increased by examples.

It is pleasant to note that Henry B. Snell is not one of these. He has a great many exhibits, but there is a wide diversity in their subjects and style. He represents, for example, in "A Passing Sail," the blue-blackness of night pierced by the needle-point of a ship's light, and as one peers into it the hull and spars and sails loom out. In another frame is an effect of luminous darkness, with a rocky coast, a swirl of almost phosphorescent surf, and a few wheeling gulls. Elsewhere he represents the hulk of an old wooden three-decker bathed in the soft splendor of a rosy sunset, her labors done, and nothing left to her but a halo of memories.

The tenderness of water-color lends itself well to early morning and sunset effects, and these have been charmingly expressed in various ways by C. Morgan McIlhenney, W. L. Lathrop, Miss Alice Cushman, Charles M. Dewey, Henry Farrer, James D. Smillie, Ross Turner, Alexander Schilling, William L. Sontag, Jr., Will S. Robinson, and several others. But an equal charm of this medium is its brilliance and transparency. Among the examples of this is "The Passing Shower" of Arthur C. Parton, which catches that moment after rain when the sky is vividly clear and the wet foliage gleams with brilliants. Another is "On the Rio Verde," by Fernand Lungren, which basks in dry sunlight, or George Wharton Edwards's studies of Dutch girls, whose quaint starched caps and costumes sparkle like the furniture and utensils in cold white light.

Still another charm of water-color is its ability to fix rapidly a fleeting impression, the result being a sketch which does not look unfinished. A happy example of this is E. J. Holslag's "Fishing-Boats, Venice," a bouquet of bright colors blended to softness in the moist heat of the atmosphere.

There are many very excellent studies from life. Mrs. Rosina E. Sherwood has a charming portrait of a child, and William J. Whittemore a figure of a little girl, which he calls "Crocus," with a beautifully earnest face surrounded by red hair. L. C. Earle shows two strong character studies—one of a fisherman, the other of an old man mending golf-sticks—and E. S. Martin a cleverly lighted and well-drawn head of an old fellow lighting his pipe. "Doris," by George W. Maynard, is a very interesting variation of a favorite theme of his. Only the breasts and head of the sea-nymph are visible above the wave, floating like a piece of flotsam. G. R. Barse, Jr., gives the title of "The End of the Day" to the figure of a girl poised in mid-air with a filmy drapery curling like thin smoke around her, and a soft gray sky behind, with a bar of saffron light across it. It is very decorative, and saved from over-sweetness by the strong and simple drawing of the figure.

It would be an unpardonable omission to close this summary without a tribute to the fantastic but exceedingly artistic decoration of the galleries, under the supervision of Walter Satterlee. Charles H. Caffin.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

MAYOR VAN WYCK has defeated for the present the project of turning over the Hall of Records to the National Historical Museum. Whatever else may be thought of his action in the case, there is a sound basis for regretting mischance to a plan that, if carried out, would insure the preservation of the oldest and most historic public building in New York. What is now the Hall of Records began its existence in 1758 as a debtors' prison. It was used by the British during the Revolution as a military prison, and many American patriots died in it under supervision of Provost Marshal William Cunningham, of infamous memory. It was used in 1830 as a place of deposit for the county records, in 1832 as a cholera hospital, and soon after was altered and adorned and put to its present uses. It is the only public building in New York which antedates the Revolution. It is within the possibilities that it may be sacrificed to the convenience of users of the Brooklyn Bridge, but from that fate, if it should become imminent, there would undoubtedly be a strong effort to save it.

The City Hall Park and its older buildings have to keep up a constant struggle for existence. Already the park is an object-lesson of the irrepressible tendency to steal park lands for building purposes. Is there another building in New York that is more in the way than the Post-Office? It was the right of New-Yorkers to stand in the City Hall Park and look down Broadway, with St. Paul's Church and church-yard in full sight. For what a mess of granite that right was bartered!

The faculty of the Western Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, in Pittsburg, is reported to have run down the bacillus of poker in that institution. The accuracy of the reports cannot here be assured, but fifteen cases seem to have been discovered, of which some were slight and made quick recoveries, only four being serious enough to require separation from the institution.

This is painful news. A man may play poker sometimes and still be a Christian and a very good man; but for a theological student who had been caught playing poker to convince a faculty of Presbyterian ministers that he was a predestined preacher would of course be so difficult that success in it would smack of the miraculous. No doubt the Pittsburg faculty did well to discard those four. The associations of poker are so bad that there is a fair presumption against the presence, in any ecclesiast of less rank than a bishop, of grace enough to neutralize the sinfulness of that game. Theologians still in the pupillary stage ought not to attempt it.

It is rather surprising to read that 104,388 Scotchmen have complained by petition to Queen Victoria that the words England and English are often used in official documents where Britain and British ought to be used. What is surprising is not that the Scotchmen should not like it, but that this ground of complaint should exist. Most reasonably careful writers in America are discriminating in their use of these words, though there are some instances in which England stands for the whole British Empire and the United States to boot. There is no British language; no American language. England has managed to spread her name over the whole dictionary.

Tennyson's "Brook" did not really go on forever. The biography does not say so, but we all know how it is about brooks. When the woods have been cut off they form a habit of drying up in summer.

Neither will the Fayerweather litigation go on forever. That will end sometime too (or at least there will be lulls in it), though no longer ago than last month it was in a state of easy continuance, and three respected lawyers argued one day in a demurrer in the United States Circuit Court in New York.

There really seems to be a great field for the inculcation of tolerance in Prohibitionists, and especially in such advocates of total abstinence as are influential in the various churches. The *Tribune* prints a despatch dated "Baltimore, January 30," which says that Dr. Joseph Smith, a former Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and pastor emeritus of a Presbyterian church in Baltimore, declines absolutely to conduct the communion service in his church because in that church the use of unfermented wine has been made compulsory. There seems to be basis in this report for the suspicion that Presbyterian moderators no longer moderate as effectually as they once did. It is conceivable that in a large church, where some communicants prefer unfermented wine and others not, practical arrangements might be made whereby these individual preferences might all be respected. It is just as unreasonable to compel ordinary church-members to use unfermented wine as to oblige teetotal church-members to use ordinary wine. If some satisfactory compromise is not reached on this and kindred differences, we may yet see the Presbyterian Church split in two on the liquor question.

The two most famous men in the world are out of health and subject to much physical discomfort, but neither seems likely as yet to let go his hold on life. Gladstone, at eighty-eight, suffers from neuralgia, but the latest reports about his condition are not alarming. Bismarck, far on in his eighty-third year, suffers much from pain and insomnia, but at last accounts (January 31) his health was improving.

Mrs. Cornelia Walter Richards, who died in Boston on January 30, was a sister of Lynde M. Walter, who founded the *Evening Transcript* and was for thirteen years its editor. While her brother continued to manage the paper, and especially during the protracted illness which closed his life, she became a contributor to the *Transcript*, and showed such aptitude for the work that after Mr. Walter's death the editorship was offered to her. She was then less than thirty years old, but she took the place, and continued for five years to edit the paper, not a little to the displeasure of some members of the newspaper profession, who were adverse to allowing newspaper-making to be included in the sphere of woman's work. The *Transcript* prospered under her direction, and when, being about to be married, she gave up her position, editorships in other cities were offered to her. It must have been in 1844 that she first became editor of the *Transcript*. Up to that time, so far as is known, no woman had ever conducted a daily newspaper. It has been done since, but not often, the most conspicuous case that is recalled being that of Mrs. Nicholson of New Orleans.

There are those who think that the *Transcript* still gives evidence of the lasting quality of Mrs. Richards's influence. If that is the case, it seems a pity that competent women do not oftener take to editing. The effect of a five years' term of efficient petticoat government on some of our most conspicuous newspapers in New York would be exceedingly interesting to notice.

Something seemed to happen last week to the world's distribution of climate. Up to the time that Dr. Nansen sailed, pretty much all the winter that obtained in the more reasonable latitudes of this country was what he provided with a stereopticon and his polar discourses. No sooner did he put to sea than furs came out on all sides. New York got some snow, and straightway New England was treated to the wintriest storm it has seen for thirty years. On Tuesday, February 1, New York had a chance to learn what life was like without the modifying influences of Boston. The storm stories that have since come from New England break all recent records. From Maine a temperature of 43° below zero was reported, while in Massachusetts the gale of Monday night, January 31, swept down the overhead electrical apparatus on all sides, filling Boston with darkness and tangled wires, and absolutely stopping communication with the outside world.

The newspapers have told the details of this extraordinary storm, which has seemed like an effort of nature to get even after a month of neglect. The mild weather experienced here last month seems to have run to terrific excess in the antipodes. Recent news from Australia takes note of a prodigious and disastrous heat, temperatures ranging from 110° to 124° in the shade, and many fires and deaths, and very serious resulting damage to crops.

There is perplexity and trouble in Baltimore over the legacy of about $2,000,000 left by the late Enoch Pratt to the Sheppard Asylum on condition that the name of the institution should be changed to the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital. The asylum, for the insane, was endowed by Moses Sheppard in 1853 with half a million dollars, and at his death received $665,000 more from his estate. Mr. Pratt, desiring to make further provision for the insane, thought it better to supplement Mr. Sheppard's benefaction than to start a new institution, but the condition about the change of name is troublesome. The trustees of the asylum accepted the legacy, condition and all, and have applied to the Legislature to have the name of the asylum changed. To that there is strong opposition from heirs of Mr. Pratt, who would prefer to have the legacy fall through, from friends of Mr. Sheppard, who disapprove of the change of name, and from disinterested persons who think that neither the Legislature nor any one else has any right to change the name of the Sheppard Asylum, and that such meddling with the directions of a testator is contrary to public policy. At this writing the Maryland Senate has passed the bill to change the name, and the matter is coming up for discussion in the House. It is evident enough that Mr. Pratt was ill advised in the form which he gave to this particular benevolence, and, however the case may turn out, that is a great pity, for the philanthropy of his main intention is clear, and the idea of impairing the efficacy of Mr. Sheppard's monument probably did not occur to him.

Mr. Sydney Brooks, a gentleman of British birth now resident in this country, thinks they do some mighty queer things in the American public schools, and has been making complaint about it in the *Chap-Book*. He declares that Jingoism is taught in our schools most successfully as a regular school subject, in evidence of which he says:

> In every one of the public schools in New York city—and, for all I know, in New York State—the first act of the pupils on reaching their class-rooms is to salute the Stars and Stripes. Then they repeat in chorus this neat and pithy vow, "I pledge my allegiance to this flag and to the country for which it stands—one country, indivisible, with justice and liberty for all."

There is nothing about this declaration which necessarily inculcates Jingoism, but still Mr. Brooks's statement may surprise some readers who are not familiar with the public schools in New York, and who will wonder whether it is true. The birthdays of Lincoln and Washington fall in this month of February. Superintendent Skinner of the Department of Public Instruction in New York State recommends that both days be marked by suitable exercises in all the schools of the State, and has issued "suggestive programmes" for the observance of them. Each programme begins with the salute to the flag by the school, a ceremony the details of which are thus officially described:

> At a signal from the principal the pupils, in ordered ranks, hands to the side, face the flag. At another signal every pupil gives the flag the military salute, as follows, "The right hand lifted, palm downward, the forefinger touching the forehead above the eye." Standing thus all repeat together slowly, "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." At the words "to my flag" the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, towards the flag, and remains in this gesture till the end of the affirmation, whereupon all hands immediately drop to the side. Where a silent salute is given, the flag is borne between the standing lines, or in front of a single line, and the hands remain at salute until the flag-bearer reaches the centre of the room, when, at a given signal, every hand is dropped.

While the novelty of all this lasts it must make excellent sport for the school-children, but though there seems to be no particular reason why it should offend a person of British sympathies, it is doubtless pardonable to wonder whether it is really worth while. Cases have been known where things (Latin grammar, for instance) have been so persistently rubbed into boys as to be warmly disliked always after. It would be a pity to get that retroactive result from too earnest an application of the incentives to patriotism.

Superintendent Skinner's programmes for Lincoln and Washington days included, besides the salute to the flag, recitations, patriotic songs, and "addresses by veterans." Let us hope that the veterans who are chosen to address the school-children on such occasions are judicious men, who can inculcate the love of country and sentiments proper to good citizenship without inflammatory suggestions.

Another exceedingly interesting item about the public schools comes from New York. The writer of a recent article in the *Evening Post* quoted the principal of a down-town, East-Side primary school as saying that the children of the Russian and Polish Jews are astonishingly clever. "I have never met such memories," she says, "in any other race. They can learn anything, and apparently without much effort. Little children who have never been to school before come in here to me and pick up the beginnings of an education in two or three days. I never cease to marvel at them. But they have absolutely no manners whatever, and no conception of them."

That is an interesting bit of testimony, and adapted, it would seem, to be of use to Senator Lodge, in his efforts to regulate immigration.

Mr. Joseph Leiter's accumulations of wheat continue to excite the interest of his neighbors. Mr. Leiter appears to have got together and locked up all the No. 1 hard spring wheat that there is in the West, with the result that the newspapers say the great mills have had to fall back on inferior grades, and are making flour of a darker complexion than has been known in Chicago since the patent-roller process of making flour was introduced. The bakers, cooks, housekeepers, and restaurant-managers complain, but the remedy seems to be to acquire a liking for brunette bread. No doubt it will all come right, in the end, for Mr. Leiter's apparent indifference to his neighbors' comfort by no means goes to the length of an intention to keep his wheat permanently out of the market.

The report from Sweden that Andrée's balloon had been seen in the neighborhood of Winnipeg turns out as experienced Americans expected. It was given out in the far Northwest, by means of circulars and handbills, that Andrée was at large in a balloon, and might be visible. Immediately balloons began to be reported, as they were two years ago in our own hopeful and veracious country. The Swedish Academy put faith in these reports, just as any one would who had not had previous experience.

A good deal of news is coming eastward nowadays from Omaha about the progress of preparations for the Trans-Mississippi Fair. It is all reassuring. The buildings are well along. The season up to February 1 was exceptionally favorable to their construction, and it is given out that they will be ready in time, and be very beautiful. The new fair is to be, apparently, respectfully similar to the one held some years since at Chicago. There is to be a grand canal, bridges, boats, islands, courts, and such things, with fairy-land palaces made of iron and "staff" abutting on its margins. The work is in good hands, and is being intelligently carried out. We shall hear much about it and see many pictures of it between now and next June.

Who is going to that fair? Four Eastern readers out of five will need to look at a map before they answer. They will find Omaha equally accessible from San Francisco and New York, not more than a thousand miles from New Orleans and Cincinnati, and very handy indeed to Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Cheyenne, Denver, Kansas City, Topeka, and St. Louis. These latter towns ought to give a good fair pretty good backing, even if they were its sole support.

The project for a university club finds favor among Harvard undergraduates. At a mass meeting of students, held on January 21, it was resolved that the social conditions of the university will be greatly changed for the better by the erection of a building containing a large assembly-room, a trophy-room, a hall for the musical clubs and the debating societies, offices for the college publications and the managers of athletic organizations, baths and a swimming tank, a billiard-room, lounging and reading rooms, a first-class restaurant and separate lunch-room, and a few suites of rooms to be used in entertaining visitors of the university. It was the sense of the meeting that a club sheltered in such a building would broaden and enrich the individual life of every student at Harvard, and assurance was given to the graduate committee which has the interests of this prospective institution in charge, of emphatic undergraduate support. Then a committee of undergraduates was appointed to find out how many students would join such a club.

Boston gossips say that Dr. Nansen's American lecture experiences profited him about $20,000, which is said to be more money than any lecturer has earned in this country in a single season for twenty years. Boston gossip in this case gains authority from the circumstance that the managers of Dr. Nansen's tour were both Boston men.

Yale has had the annual "prom," and is wondering, as usual, at its size and expensiveness. It has been as continuous this year as usual, lasting nearly a week, and prevailing intensely as long as it lasted. There is a reasonable concurrence of public opinion that it ought to be reduced, but the problem how to reduce it without missing some of the fun has not yet been solved. One of the most difficult things for a college undergraduate to determine is how much of a good thing is enough. The popular sentiment is that if the thing is really good just enough is all you can get. The present protraction of the "prom" attests the intensity of this conviction.

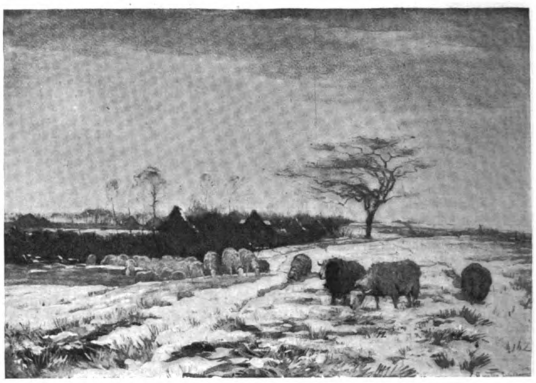
The remission of daily reports as to the domestic affairs of General Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, must be grateful to all discriminating readers of newspapers. The news from General Clay's household was neither edifying nor important, nor were the biographical details about his young wife's relatives conducive to anything but nausea and regret.

E. S. MARTIN.

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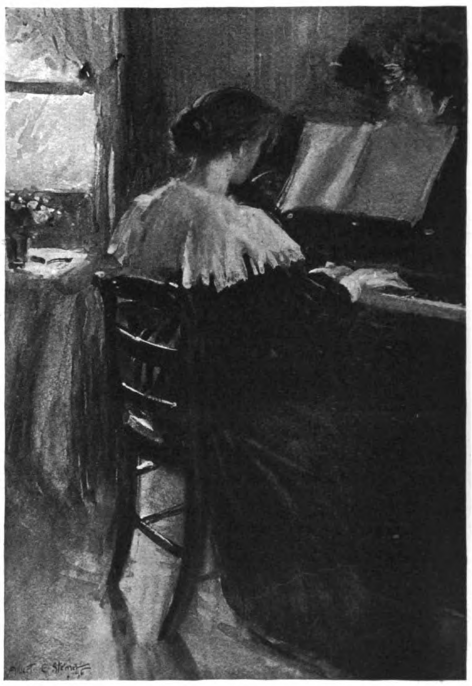
"THE BROOK."—By C. Harry Eaton.
Awarded the Evans Prize of $300.



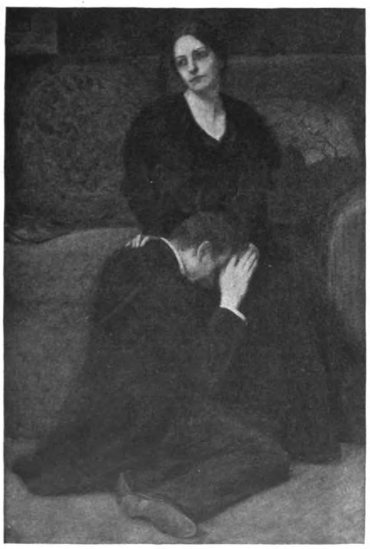
"THE FIRST SNOW."—By Horatio Walker.



"THE INTERRUPTION."—By F. S. Church.



"READING."—By Albert E. Sterner.



"SORROW."—By Albert Herter.



"OLD HOUSE AT COOKHAM."—By J. Wells Champney.

FROM THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.—[See Page 150.]

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTIAN'S ELSA.

IT was about this time, and after we had made our quarrel up, that Helene began to call me "Great Brother." After all, there is manifest virtue in a name, and the Little Playmate seemed to find great comfort in thus addressing me.

And after that I had called her "Little Sister" once or twice she was greatly assured and treated me quite differently, having ascertained that there was the utmost safety in such a relationship.

And as all ways were alike to me, I was willing enough. For indeed I loved her and none other, and so did all the days of my life. Though I know that my actions and conceits were not always conformable to the true love that was in my heart, neither wholly worthy of my dear maid.

But, then, what would you? Nineteen and the follies of one's youth! The mercy of God rather than any virtue in me kept these from being not only infinitely more but infinitely worse. Yet I had better confess them, such as they are, in this place. For it was some such nothings as those which follow that first brought Helene and me into one way of thinking, though by paths very devious indeed.

To begin with the earliest. There was a maid who dwelt in the Tower opposite, called the Tower of the Captain of the Guard. And the maid's name was Elsa—or, as she was ordinarily called, "Christian's Elsa." She was a comely maid enough, and greatly taken notice of. And when I went to my window to con over my task for Friar Laurence, there at the opposite window would be—strange that it should always be so—Christian's Elsa. She was a little girl, short and plump, but with merry eyes, and so bright a stain upon either cheek that it seemed as if she had been eating raspberry conserve and had wiped her fingers upon the smiling plumpness there.

At any rate, as sure as I betook me to the window, there would be Christian's Elsa, busy with her needles.

And, to tell the truth, I misliked it not greatly. Why, indeed, should I? For there is no harm in looking across twenty yards of space at a maid, and as little in the maid looking at you—that is, if neither of you come any nearer. Besides, it is much pleasanter to look at a lass than at a vacant wall and twenty yards of uneven cobblestones.

Now the girl was harmless enough—a red and white maid, plump as a partridge in the end of harvest. She was forever humming at songs, singing little choruses, and inventing new melodies, all tunefully and prettily enough. And she would bring her dulcimer to the window and play them over, nodding her head at the instrument as she sang.

It was pleasant to watch her. For sometimes, when the music refused to run aright, she would frown at the dulcimer, as if the discord were entirely its fault and it was old enough to know better. Then sometimes she would look across abstractedly to the Red Tower, trying to recall a strain she had forgotten, with her finger all the while making the most bewitching dimple on her plump cheek. It was most sweet and innocent to see. And withal so entirely unconscious that any one was watching her.

I confess that I sat often and conned my book by the window long after I knew my portion by heart, in order to watch her deft fingers and the play of her dimples. But on my part also in all innocence, and wholly thoughtless of guile.

Then would I be taken with a spasm of desire to play upon the recorders of the flute, and would pester my father to let me learn.

Now I never had any more ear for music than a deal board that had knot-holes in it. I had ears indeed. But the clatter of the millwheel and the lapper of water on the stones of the shore were ever better music to me than singing or playing upon instruments. Nevertheless, at this time, for some reason or other, I was in a great fret to learn.

And, curiously enough, my desire made the Little Playmate call me "Great Brother" more assiduously than ever. Though again I knew not why.

But Christian's Elsa she could not abide either sight or mention of. Which was passing strange in so sweet and charitable a maid as our Helene. Also, the girl at the guard-house was a good daughter, besides being particular of her company, and in that garrison place untouched by any breath of scandal.

But no, Helene would have none of her.

"*Feech!*" she would say, making a little grimace of disgust which she had brought with her from her northern home; "that mewling cat, purring and stroking her face in the window, I cannot abide her. I know not what some folks can see in her. There are surely more kinds of blind men than those that wait about kirk doors with a board hung round their necks saying, 'Good people, for the love of God put a copper in this wooden platter.'"

"Why, Little Playmate, what ails thee at the maid? She is a good maid enough, and I am sure a pretty one."

So would I say to try her. Whereat the lass, being slender herself, and with a head that sat easily on her shoulders, would walk like the haughty little Princess she was, and thrust her chin so far forward that even the pretty round of it bespoke a pointing scorn. And the poutlets would come and go on her red lips so quickly that I would come from the window, leaving my book and Christian's Elsa, and a thousand Elsas, just to watch them.

"So, Great Brother," Helene would say, "you think she is pretty, do you? 'Tis interesting for sure. As for me, I see not anything pretty about her. Now there is Katrin Texel; she is pretty, if you like. What say you to her?"

And this was because the minx knew well that I never could abide Katrin Texel—a girl all running to seed like a shot stalk of rhubarb, who would end up in the neighborhood of six feet in height, and just that fine figure of a woman which I never could abide.

"*Feech!*" I would say, copying her Wendish expression. "I would as soon set my feather bolster on end, paint it black, and make love to it as to Katrin Texel."

"You do worse every day of your life," retorted Helene, with petty spite, tapping the floor with the point of one delicate foot.

"And pray what do I that is worse?" I said, knowing well what.

The Little Playmate was silent a minute, only continuing to tap the floor with a kind of naughtiness that became her.

"Katrin Texel would not look at you, charming as you think yourself," she said at last.

"Did she tell you so, Little Sister?" said I, drawing a bow at a great venture.

The arrow struck, and I was content.

"Well," she answered, somewhat breathlessly, "what if she did? Surely even your vanity can take nothing out of a girl saying that she cannot abide you."

But I answered nothing to this, only stroked the mustache which was beginning to thrive admirably on my upper lip.

"Of all the—" began Helene, looking at me fixedly. Then she stopped.

"Well," said I, pausing in the caressing of my beard,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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"what do I worse every day than make love to Katrin Texel?"

Her eyes fairly sparkled fire at me. They were "sweetest eyes" no more, but rarely worth looking into, all the same.

"You go ogling and staring at that little cat in the window over there, that screeches and becks and pats herself, all for showing off! And you, Hugo Gottfried, like a great oaf, thinking all the time how innocent and sweet and— Oh, I have no patience with you!—to neglect and think nothing of—of Katrin Texel, and—and then to go gazing and gaping after a thing like that!"

And I declare there were tears in the Little Playmate's eyes.

"Dear Little Sister, why are you so mindful about Katrin Texel?" said I. "Faith, my lass, wait till she comes again, and I will court her to your heart's content. There—there—I will be a very Valentine's true lover to your Katrin."

For all that she was not greatly cheered, but edged away, still strangely disconsolate, when I came near and tried to pet her. Strange and hidden are the ways of women! For once when I would have put my hand about her pretty slender waist, she promptly took my hand by the wrist, and holding it at arm's-length, she dropped it with a disgustful curl of her lip, as if it had been an intruding spider she had perforce to put forth out of her chamber into the garden.

Yet formerly, upon occasion, when, as it might be, she was reading or looking out of the window, if I but came behind her and called her "Little Sister," I might even put my hand upon her shoulder, and so stand for five minutes at a time and she never seem to notice it.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR AMOROUS IS PLEASED WITH HIMSELF.

For, as I say, women have curious ways, and there are a good many of them recorded in this book. And many more I have observed which I cannot find room for in a chronicle of so many sad and bad and warlike happenings. But none of them all is more notable than this—that woman, or at least (for it is no use saying "women," every one being different in temper, though like as peas in some things) many women will permit that which it suits them to be oblivious of, when if you ask them for permission or make a favor of the matter they will promptly flame sky-high with indignation. So my advice to the young man who honestly goes a-courting is to keep talking earnestly to occupy his mistress's attention withal, and progress in her favors during the abstractions of high discourse.

Of course in this as in all other enterprises Sir Amorous must have a certain trading-stock of favor to start with. But if he have this much, 'tis not difficult to increase it by honest endeavor, and, as it were, the sweat of one's brain. So at least I am told by those who have proved it. Nevertheless, for myself, I have used no such nice refinements, but only taken with thankfulness such things as came my way.

And now when I look back over my paper—lord! what a writing about it and about! But my excuse is that many young lads and gay bachelors will read this tale, so I desire to import what of instruction I can into it. And not having the learning of the clerks, I must e'en put in what wisdom I have gotten for myself. For I never could plough with another man's heifer—least of all with that of a college-bred Mess John. Not but what Mess John knoweth somewhat of the lear of love also among the well-favored dames of the city. Or else, by my faith, Mess John is sorely belied.

But where was I in my tale? And if this errant discourse be forgiven, surely I will not transgress again, but drive my team straight to the furrow's end and then back again, like an honest ploughman that has his eye ever upon the guide-poles on the ridge.

Well, the Little Playmate lifted a toad from her waist—I mean my hand—and dropped it as far from her as her arm would reach.

And then after that she ran up stairs, slammed the door of her own chamber, and came not down to our nooning, so that old Hanne had to call her three times.

And once, when I had occasion to cross the court-yard to the guard-house, I saw her standing pensively by the window. But so soon as she saw me she vanished within, and was seen no more.

Yet, indeed and indeed, as all may see, there was no cause for this fret. For I cared no more about Christian's Elsa than about Christian himself—less, indeed, for Christian was a good soldier and master-at-arms, and taught me how to handle the matchlock, the pistolet, and the other new weapons that had begun to come in out of France. And often upon Saturdays and wet days he would let me spend long mornings in the armory with him, oiling and cleaning the ordnance. Which it certainly was a great pleasure to do.

And what if the little dumpling Elsa, with her red cheeks and her babyish eyes, did run in and out? Her father was ever there, and even had I been willing there was no opportunity for more than a word or a touch of her fingers—well, save once, when her father went himself to seek the bottle of oil she had been sent to fetch, and was some time finding it. But even that was a mere nothing, and might have happened to any one.

But when I came home again that night you would have thought that the whole happening had been printed legibly on my face. The Little Playmate would not let me come within a hundred miles of her. And it was "Keep your distance, sirrah!" not perhaps said in words, but expressed as clearly by the warlike angle of an arm, the contumelious hitch of a shoulder, or the scornful sweep of a skirt.

And all about nothing! Mighty Hector! I never saw such things as women.

And yet in her good moments she would call me "Great Brother," and tell me that she thought only of my future welfare, desiring that I should not compromise myself in any entanglement with those that were not worthy of me. Oh, a most wise and prudent counsellor was the Playmate in these days.

And I used ever to say: "Helene, when I am truly in love I will e'en bring her here to you, and, by my faith, if you approve not—why, there is an end of the matter. Back she goes to her mother like a parcel of returned goods—aye, if she were the Kaiser's daughter herself."

Whereat she pouted and was not ill-pleased.

"Ah, my man," she would reply, "after a girl hath said you nay a time or two, it will bring you down from these high notions, and be much for your soul's good!"

But yet, when I could keep her in good-humor, it was exceedingly sweet to bide quietly in the house with the Little Playmate—far better than to gad about with Texels and meandering fools, which indeed I did oftentimes just because it made my little lass so full of moods and tenses—like one of Friar Laurence's irregular verbs in his cursed Humanities. For there is nothing so variously delightful as a woman when she is half in love and half out of it—more interesting (say some) though less delightful than when she is all and whole in love. Nevertheless, there are exceptions, and one woman at least I know more various, and more delicious also, since love's ocean hath gone over her head than ever she was when, like a timid bather, she shivered on the brink, or made little fearful plunges, as it were, knee-deep, and so ran out again.

But I am not come to that in the story yet.

Well, on the afternoon of the next day, who should come to the house in the Red Tower but our Helene's gossip, for this week at least her bosom friend, Katrin Texel. She was even more impressive than ever, and also a little pleasanter to behold. For her angles were clothing themselves into curves, and she was learning, perhaps from the Little Playmate, to leave off bouncing into a room like a cow at the trot, and to walk sedately in instead. By-and-by I knew she would sail in like a towered galleon from the Isles of Ind. For all that, she looked not ill—an academic study, one might say. But to make love to—why, as Helene was wont to remark, *Feech!*

And the curious thing about Katrin Texel was that though her corporal part might be a direct inheritance from her Burgomeister father and his substantial brewery, her spirit had been designed for an artful fairy of half her size, in order that it might go pirouetting into airy realms of the imagination. For she was gay enough and lightsome enough in her demeanor. She came in with a skip which would have been entrancing in some elvish mignone who could dance light-foot on spring flowers without crushing them. But when this our solid Burgomagisterial Katrin tripped in it nearly drove me wild with mirth. For it was as if some bland maternal cow out of the pasture had skipped with a hop and a circle of flying skirts into a ball-room, or a butterfly of two hundred pounds' weight were flitting from flower to flower.

And this Katrin talked in a quick, light voice, with ups and downs and skips and quivers in it, as spring-heeled as a chamois goat on the mountains of the south.

"Ah, Tiny-chen," she would cry, as she came in, to our Helene, "is it you, sweetest? 'Tis as sweet to see you as for birds to kiss on bough! I have danced all day in the sunshine just to think that I should come to see you! And tell me why you have not been to visit me. Ah, bad one—cruellest—as cruel as she is pretty" (appealing to me), "is she not? And there Michael, great oaf, sits at home desolated that he does not hear her foot on the stairs. The foolish fellow tells me that he listens for four little pitapats every time I come up from the court-yard, and is disappointed when there are only my poor two."

And Katrin becked and nodded and set her head to the side—like to the divine cow playing at being little Jenny Wren.

And as for me, I kept my gravity—or, rather, how could I lose it, hearing such nonsense about that great beer-vat Michael Texel?

Michael Texel, indeed! I should admire to hear of Michael Texel so much as raising his eyes to the Little Playmate. Why, I would stave him on the open street like a puncheon of eight, and think nothing of the doing of it.

Michael Texel, indeed!

But I am forgetting. My business at this time was to make love to Katrin, so that I might banish the ill impression which Helene had formed concerning that pleasant, harmless little Christian's Elsa over there. I never heard anything so foolish in my life. But, then, what women will think passes the imagination of man.

Michael Texel, indeed!

The thought of that young man of beef and beer recurred so persistently and forcibly to me that for a time I could scarce command myself to speak civilly to his sister. Though of course she was quite different, being a woman, and informed with such a quick and dainty spirit that at times it seemed as it had been imprisoned in her too massive frame, "in subjection to the flesh," as the clerics say. God wot, I never knew I had so much recollection about me till I came to write. If I do not have a care, this tale of mine will turn out almost as good as a book of devotion which they set children to read on saints' day to keep them from being over-happy.

But I subdued my feelings, and drew up somewhat nearer to Katrin.

"My Little Sister"—so I began, cunningly, as I thought—"my Little Sister Helene is, indeed, fortunate to have so fair a friend, and one so devoted—"

"As my brother Michael—yes," she said, with her most ponderous cage-bird manner. "Yes, indeed, he *is* devoted to her."

"No," said I, hastily (confound the great hulking camel!). "I mean such a faithful friend as yourself. I, alas, have no friend. I am cut off from all society of my kind. Often and often have I felt the weight of loneliness heavy upon me in this darksome tower."

I saw Helene rise, go to the window, and glance across with such a peculiar smile that I knew as well as if I had seen her that Christian's Elsa was at her window with her music, looking across for me between each bar. I cannot describe the smile which hovered on the face of the Little Playmate. But perhaps all the male beings who read my book may have seen something like it. All that I can say is that the smile conveyed an almost superhuman understanding of men and their little ways, and, curiously enough, some contempt too.

But I was not going to be discouraged by any smile, acid or sweet. Besides, I had something still to pay back.

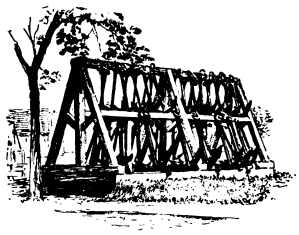
Michael Texel, indeed!—faith, by St. Blaise, I will Texel him tightly an he comes sneaking to our gate!

So again I drew yet nearer to his sister. Katrin dimpled and showed her teeth, with a smile like the sun going about the world, till I had almost put my hand about her shoulder to catch the ends of it when it got round. This illumination almost finished me, for it was not the kind of smile I had been accustomed to from—well, that was not the business I was on at present.

[To be continued.]

IN THE NAVY-YARD, NEW YORK.

To see the Navy-yard at its most picturesque season you must visit it in the spring-time, when the commandant's terraces are abloom with clustering lilacs, and the noble trees sheltering the shot-pyramids and the trophy guns swing in the breezes stealing down the reaches of the tide-smitten river. It is a cheery, an enlivening prospect; for, as you survey it curiously, you catch many a quaint and pleasant vista; you hear the clank of forge and



IN THE ANCHOR-YARD.

smithy; you hear perhaps the echoing cadence of marching feet, as marine and bluejacket swing sturdily through the wide avenues with drum and trumpet at their head.

No jealous screen shuts it out riverward, and its framing is blithe with brisk breeze, with sparkling flurry of squall, with eager current; and you may follow the stream winding northward till it curves with Vice-Admiral's sweep the Grand Street Hook, and is dimmed by the haze where Blackwells Island shoves its reefs and ledges into the dividing channelways. Shoreward it is a land forbidden—a walled town banning the outer barbarian, who sometimes seeks to scale it in search of loot; a palisade offering rarely more than faint resistance to larky sailor-men, whose liberty being abridged, are athirst for something fiercer than canteen small-beer. A massive yellow wall stretching from the river's edge at the Shinbone, through a sad quarter of the town, winds amid a maze of murky streets, until, after many a twist and turn, it wheels suddenly, a half-mile away, to meet the waters of the Wallabout.

Three gates, archaic in shape and color, and fringed by guard-houses, break this enclosing wall, and if entrance be sought by the newest of these an effective and enduring impression will be gained. The militarism of everything appeals to the literary and color sense—it gives a glimpse of activities which one rarely views and yet fosters among his cherished traditions. The alert sentry, plumb in set-up, trim in person, neat in garb, zealous in bear-walk; the non-commissioned officer, every foot a soldier and worthy of the chevrons; the wary watchman; the heart-cheering ring of rifles; the discredited bayonet's rhythmic sway; the sharp challenge; the quick response—everything here mates the fortresslike architecture of the gate. Beyond, the perspective of long paved avenues, the greenness of little scattered lawns, the trim borders of roads and sidewalks, and the great buildings dominated by the king-posts and swinging beams of derricks—all the neatness and formalism—all are in consoling contrast with the squalor and disorder left behind in this dingy district. Towards the eastern limits of the yard many old-fashioned quarters, each set in its pleasant garden, extend the barrier gracefully; and at its very end a park, half lawn and half parade, shuts out the Marine Barracks from a street dismal in outlook and strenuous with disturbing clangor.

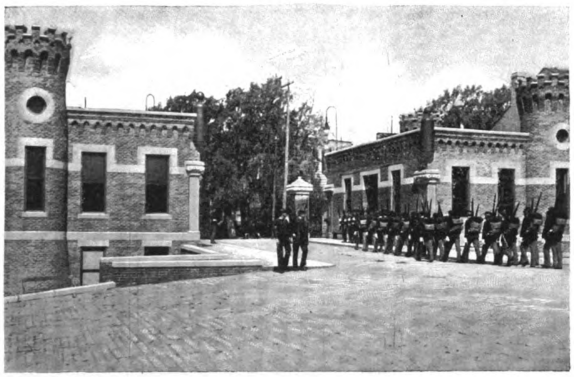
Storehouses, shops, sheds, mainly of brick, painted an aggressive yellow, border these streets with trig precision, and until you learn with what real disregard of utility their grouping has been given they might seem fit exemplars of a plan where use and situation were wedded. Tall chimneys rise from clanking forge and blazing foundry, and over the rims of the lesser houses you may count the pennant-graced trucks, the squared signal-yards, and at times the funnels of the great war-ships, slumbering at the water-front or groaning on the dry docks we view with such alarm. Spaced by fair intervals along the main street we see many buildings. First the old gate, now *taboo* to all save his high nobility the commandant, his family, and his dependents; and the guard-house, given over partly to other restraints than corralling the drunk and disorderly. The officers' club and mess come next, and here after many years of denial the bachelors find a home; and then follows the Lyceum, sturdy and insistent, shorn of its ancient renown as a briny sea museum, and now devoted to the official necessities of the central administration. Opposite to this is the general storehouse, that marvellous shop of tradition, so much quoted, so seldom realized, where everything from a toothpick to a sheet-anchor may be ordered; and finally, though widely separated, the octagonal several-storied offices of the paymaster and the medical officer, each building earnest in its sense of architectural freedom, lucky in fat measures of lawn, and proud of an isolation from all save medicine and money. On the bimonthly pay-day of the workmen it is interesting to note the celerity and accuracy with which wages are paid, and we who hear so much of that perfection of organization in large civilian plants might find something to admire and copy in a system which deals with many intricate accounts, and yet at times has to concern itself with the payment of several thousand operatives in something less than forty minutes.

Riverward from the Lyceum, and opposite the ways whereon the *Cincinnati*—that beautiful ship—was built, is the lawn of the trophy guns. Here they are curious but not ludicrous to our developed vision; here are the guns that helped to make history—the long eighteens, and the thirty-twos, and the short and thick and gaping carronades. Not many, but enough to recall the hours when ships fought within biscuit-shying distance, and summer days did not suffice to gain the weather-gage, nor to finish duels; where boarders boarded and pikemen piked valorously, and with a scant dozen of men-o'-war our seacoast men stood up against the eleven hundred odd vessels of a determined enemy. The guns were taken main-

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THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 158.]

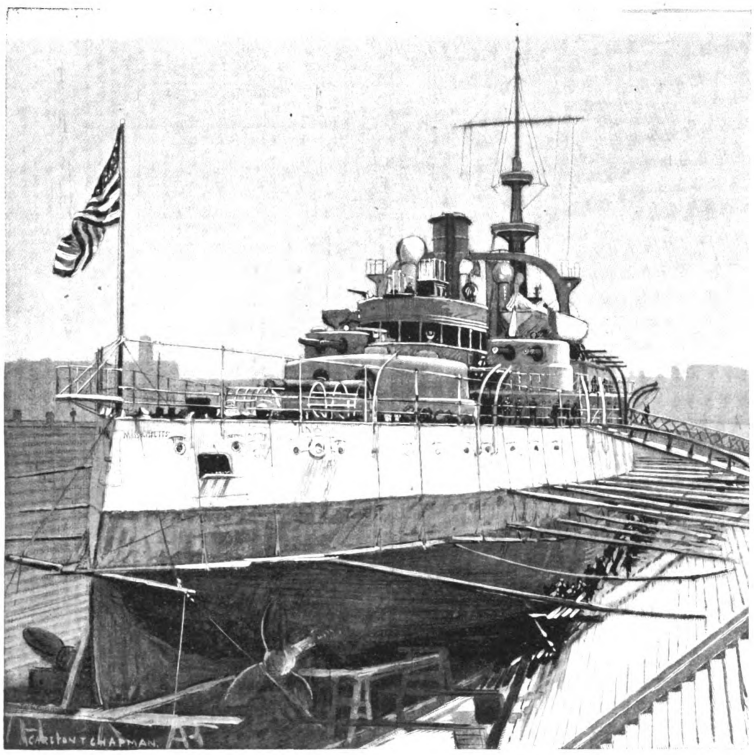
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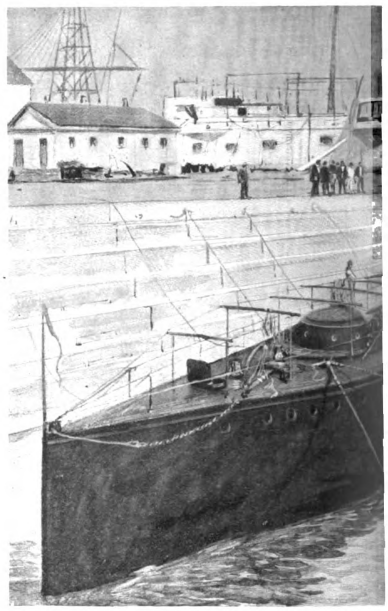
SANDS STREET ENTRANCE—THE NEW GUARD.



BLUEJACKETS AT SIGNAL DRILL.



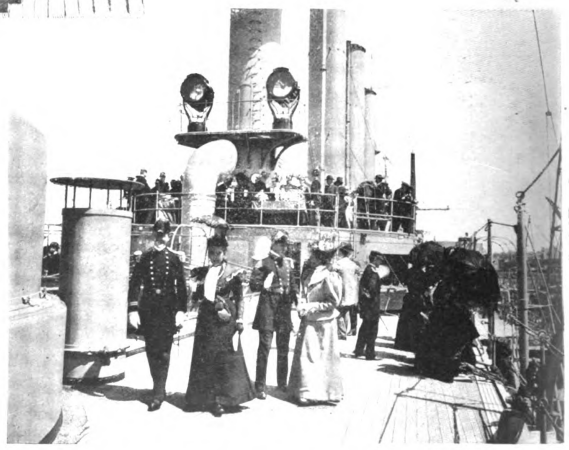
BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS" IN DRY DOCK.



TORPEDO-BOAT "DUP



CAPTURED GUNS.



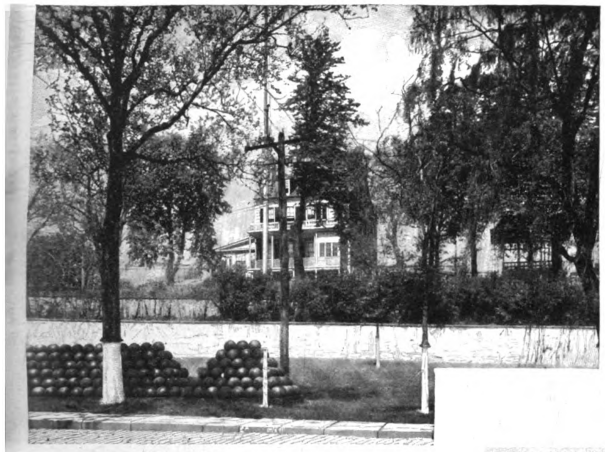
AN OFFICIAL RECEPTION ON THE "BROOKLYN."

THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—From Drawing.

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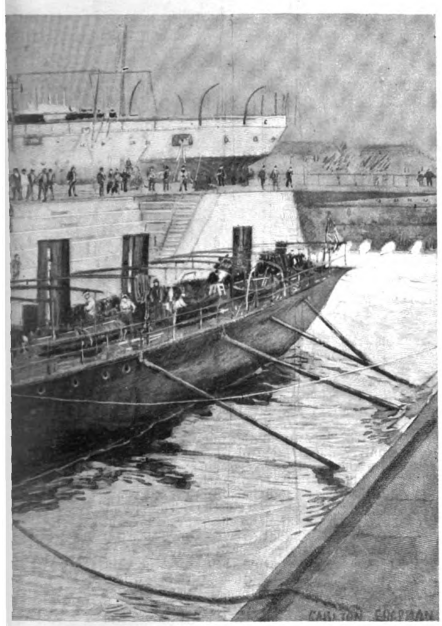
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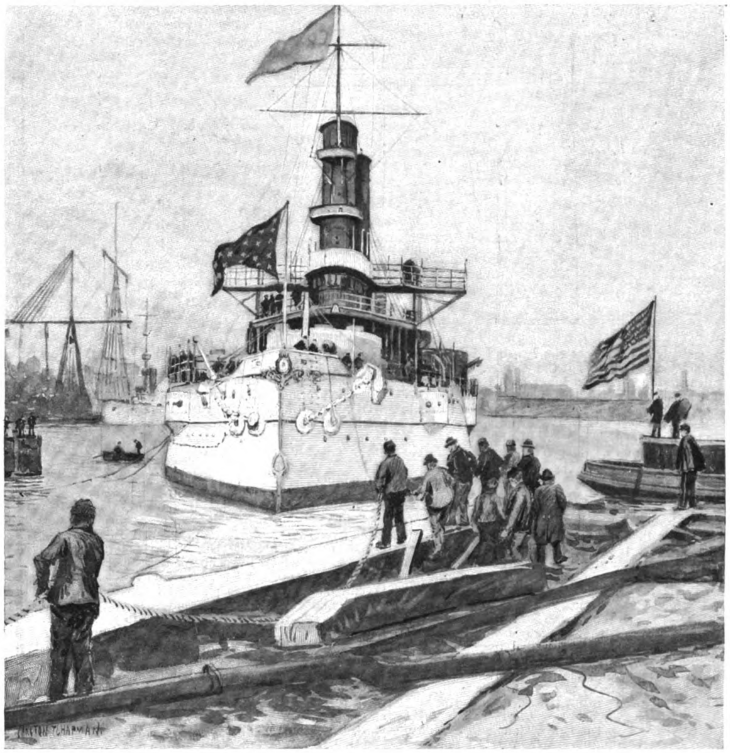
THE COMMANDANT'S RESIDENCE.



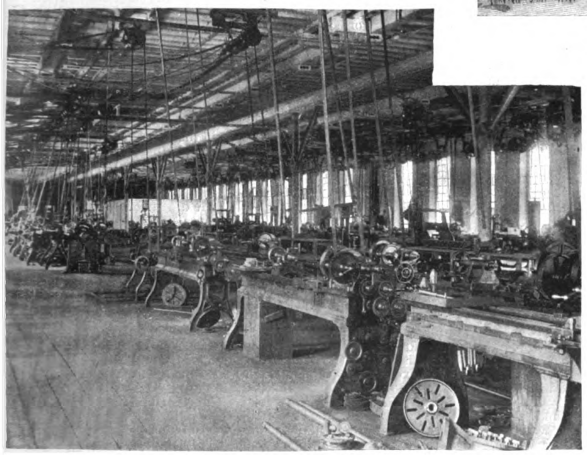
BLUEJACKETS FROM THE "MASSACHUSETTS" AT SWORD DRILL.



GOING INTO DRY DOCK.



BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA"—THE FIRST SHIP TO GO INTO DRY DOCK NO. 3.



IN THE STEAM-ENGINEERING BUILDING.



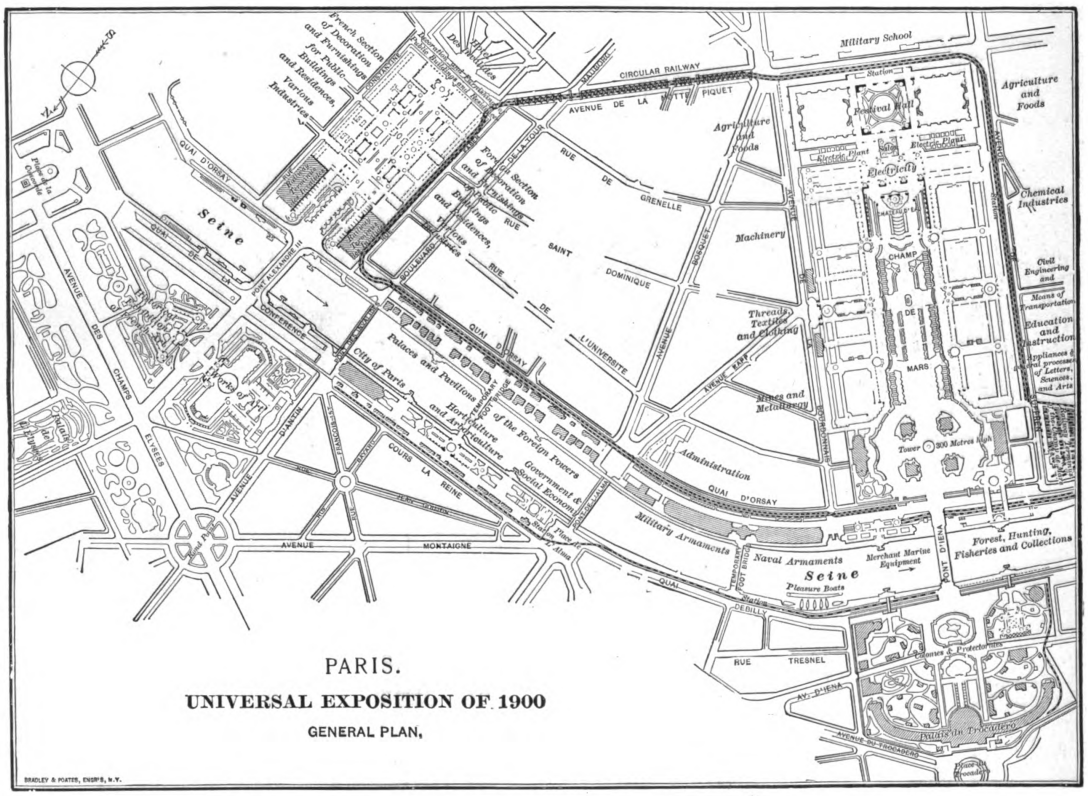
PAYING OFF STEAM-ENGINEERING WORKMEN.

ARLTON T. CHAPMAN, AND PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 154.]

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ly from somebody's kin across the sea, and they are set up here as inspiring reminders of the years when nothing was more dear to the American heart than the navy, and when Yankee ships and Yankee sailors were thought so matchless everywhere that the burdens of song and broadside, and the most cherished stories of national achievement, were the deeds of these deathless die-hards.

At the very edge of this little park stands a marble monument reared by the men before the mast and the men behind the gun of those more virtuous days. It is a very modest shaft, but sturdy as the masts Sir Cloudesley Shovel loved, and ornate in a simple, scrimshawing, sailor-like fashion. Here you may find, in a pathetic enumeration, the muster-roll, name, rate, and ship of the blue-jackets who died off the Barrier Forts, up China way, fifty years ago; and near it is the beak of a ram which ripped up one of our ships in the great war between the States. In this same triangle of greenery are the target and the gun which delayed our development of ordnance and armor for years; and though the laminated plates, perforated like cheese by the shot of the peace-maker, which still gloats sullenly over its work, had once their bad quarter of an hour, they may console themselves with the revenges time has brought, and declare without boasting that only cocksure theorists can say which is in the van of the mad race between guns or plates.

Along the westerly wall below the terraces is a great building wherein are stored the provisions and clothing, and here, too, is the clothing factory. Against this wall leans a row of ancient buildings, very old-fashioned and dilapidated, and surely in their disreputable old age laggards on a stage where every inch of space improperly used is energy misplaced. And when the new concrete dock, which is to be so much the largest in America, burrows into the land near by, and throws a furrow that will overtopple the trophy-park itself, their impertinence in living will justify their destruction. Next to them are



WHERE THE HOMING-PIGEONS ARE KEPT AND TRAINED.

the coal-sheds, erected in an extension of the yard which has been known for years as the Shinbone. Why the Shinbone the exact sciences refuse to reveal, though hit or miss misinformation is busy with theory.

Of all buildings in the yard, none appeals so sympathetically, because of its traditions, as the commandant's house. It stands on a terraced hill, and is approached by military-looking roads, one skirting the rim and the gardens, and the other piercing the bluff where it is steepest, and ending at a flight of moss-stained steps that are cool with earthy dampness in the hottest days. On the brow of the hill is a band-stand, sadly out of harmony with the fine old mansion, and a tall staff, which in daylight, year in and out, floats our flag over a little park of harmless guns. Back of both is the dormer-windowed, wide-galleried house where lived and commanded many of the rarest worthies of our race. Here deft sea surprises were invented, and here were planned campaigns filled with strange audacities of the sea that gave undying glory to our arms afloat. The service is rich in yarns of the old heroes in buff and blue who lived here, and one concerns especially this house: So many years had the old flag-officer, in his command of the station, occupied it, that in the end he thought he owned it. And so, when he had slipped to Fiddlers' Green, where all good sailors go, the heirs found in his will that he did formally "bequeath and devise to his daughter Maria his house in the navy-yard, Brooklyn, and all pertaining thereto."

A narrow creek—anglicized from the Dutch into the Wallabout—divides the navy-yard proper from the artificial island known to sailor-men the world around as the Cob Dock. Until the causeway built of late made it a peninsula, this was reached directly by scows or round-about by a cranky bridge, which, from its perils in stormy weather and the parlous hours of the night when used, was locally distinguished as Cape Horn. The original island was an insignificant mud-pile, and where the filled-in crib-work now yields a fine drill-ground a shoal extended, on whose outer edge lay the old receiving-ships and, in earlier days, the prison ship *Jersey* of infamous memory. Here, too, was the Farewell Buoy—you may recall it in doleful ditties—where outward-bounders lay at the moorings, ready to make sail and slip when wind and tide were fair, and convenient tugs were rarer. Near the Williamsburg shore the ordnance store-houses are clustered behind a park of many guns and mortars, and above these ancient ordnance—these long rows of silenced smooth-bores and muzzle-loading rifles—the Napoleon willows, brought years ago from near his grave at St. Helena, swish in the breezes.

In busy seasons the water-front is lined with vessels, often triple-banked, as sailors have it; and here you may study every type, from battle-ship to torpedo-boat, and, if the dry docks be occupied, get object-lessons in ship design which may spare you much profitless reading. And here also may be seen something of that sailor life which is a sealed book save to the *illuminati*. You may watch Jack at his drills—for these are many—aboard ship and ashore, and you may learn his adaptability to all things when you see him swinging along with his battalion in a landing drill, or skirmishing and rallying in the exercises where street and riot tactics are taught. Wherever you may see him under normal conditions, you will find a fine type of intelligent, healthy manhood, a worthy, unselfish servant of a government that sometimes forgets and often neglects his value as a factor in our national well-being.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

THE END-OF-THE-CENTURY EXPOSITION.

Scarcely had the affairs of the Paris Exposition of 1889 been closed up when the agitation began for another, to be held in 1900, to celebrate the closing year of a century of wonderful commercial, industrial, and artistic progress. Official recommendation was made on the subject by the French Minister of Commerce and Industry as early as July, 1892, and a decree was issued by the President of the republic in July of the following year announcing "a universal exposition of works of art and of industrial and agricultural products," to open April 15 and close November 5, 1900. A financial scheme was devised by a temporary commission to meet an expense of 106,785,000 francs, or about $20,609,500. The city of Paris contributes 20,000,000 francs, and the French nation the same amount, and the bulk of the rest, or 60,000,000 francs, is to be raised by a popular bond issue. Each bond of twenty francs is redeemable in twenty full-paid admissions, and the holder is entitled to a twenty-five-per-cent. reduction in the charge for admission to places of amusement in the grounds, or a corresponding reduction in the cost of transportation to and from distant parts of the country. Another peculiarity of the bond issue is that in lieu of interest there is to be a fund, equivalent to interest on the bonds, to be distributed in prizes upon drawings, thus affording the attraction of a lottery to the taking of the bonds. The estimated cost for construction is $14,600,000; for advertising, entertaining, preliminary management, etc., $4,000,000, leaving a liberal margin for contingencies. It is believed that the receipts will more than meet the expenses during the exposition.

The site is practically the same as that of 1889, though ninety-six acres more of space are made available, partly by filled land along the banks of the Seine. The total area is 336 acres, which is less than half that of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, but the site is in the heart of the city of Paris, and easily accessible from all directions, which was regarded as essential. It comprises the public grounds on both sides of the river, from the Place de la Concorde to Passy, including the Champ de Mars, the Trocadéro Park and Palace, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Quai d'Orsay, the Quai de la Conférence, the Cours la Reine, and a considerable section of the Champs Elysées. The two sections of the site are to be connected by a splendid new bridge, now under construction, to be known as the Pont d'Alexandre III.

The work of clearing the ground and preparing for the new structures is now going on. Little is to be saved of the buildings of the former exposition. Two art palaces are already going up, which are to be permanent structures, and to cost $4,200,000. They are on the site of the old Palais de l'Industrie, and the larger, or Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, will contain the art treasures of France, and be the scene of future Salon exhibitions. The other is for the display of foreign works. The other buildings on the north side of the Seine will be those for the agricultural and horticultural exhibits, west of the fine-arts palaces, and those for colonial displays, farther west, near the Pont d'Iena and the Place du Trocadéro. But the larger number and more important of the buildings will be on the south side of the river, and largely within the Champ de Mars. Here will be the structures for the display of electrical devices, general machinery, and mechanical appliances, "liberal arts," textile fabrics, and so on, to the products of mines and mining, at the north end

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of the Champ de Mars, next to the Eiffel Tower. The great building for general manufactures will be at the other end of the site, on the Esplanade des Invalides; and in intermediate spaces along the river and on the outskirts will be the innumerable features incidental to a great World's Fair — villages, streets, places of amusement and refreshment, etc., etc.

The United States was somewhat tardy in responding to the invitation to participate and in making the preliminary preparation, and as a consequence it came near finding itself very restricted in the space allotted to its exhibitors. This danger was averted by the energy and tact of the late Moses P. Handy, who was appointed special commissioner last July, under an act of Congress only passed in the previous month. He spent a few weeks in awakening interest in this country, preparing the public mind, and ascertaining to some extent the wishes of intending exhibitors. He reached Paris early in September, and promptly put himself in communication with the proper authorities. He found the space allotted to the United States to be less than in 1889, on account of pressure from other quarters, and not altogether satisfactory in location and arrangement. By energetic efforts and skilful address he succeeded in having it nearly doubled, and better arranged. The space will be slightly in excess of 200,000 square feet, against 113,000 in 1889. The allotments by classification are not completed, but the following for American exhibits were promised:

Liberal arts, 10,750 square feet; machinery, electricity, and appliances, 48,420; agriculture and food products, 24,748; mines and mining, 7532; manufactures, in four different groups, nearly 40,000; transportation and civil engineering, 17,216. Allotments not determined last autumn were those for fine arts, horticulture, forest, chase and fisheries, social economy and hygiene, colonization, and army and navy. Mr. Handy was finally able to report that he had "every reason to believe that the space accorded to the United States will be as large as that accorded to any other country," and that "in the installation of every important department" this country "will have a location commensurate with the dignity and importance of the country, and adjoining in every case countries of the first rank."

The exposition authorities endeavored to impress upon our special commissioner, and he in turn urged upon the attention of all concerned in this country, that, on account of the restricted space, it was desired to make this in a special degree an "exposition of selection," in which quality and not quantity was aimed at. Only the choice and remarkable or the representative in the highest and best sense is desired, and great attention is to be given to skilful and artistic forms and modes of display. Mr. Handy presented the case clearly, judiciously, and forcibly in his report to the President, and recommended an appropriation of $919,000, for which he presented a carefully itemized schedule of estimates. It is unfortunate that Major Handy's death will deprive the country of any further counsel or guidance from him.

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

VIII.

THE STORY OF A YANKEE PRISONER OF WAR.

BY COMMODORE ALBERT KAUTZ, U.S.N.

PART I.

IN the month of June, 1861, I found myself a young Lieutenant serving on board the United States steamer *Flag*, then forming part of the South Atlantic blockading squadron. We had only been blockading off Savannah a few days, when one morning we discovered a sail, which proved to be the brig *Hannah Balch*, of Portland, Maine, bound from Matanzas, Cuba, for Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of molasses.

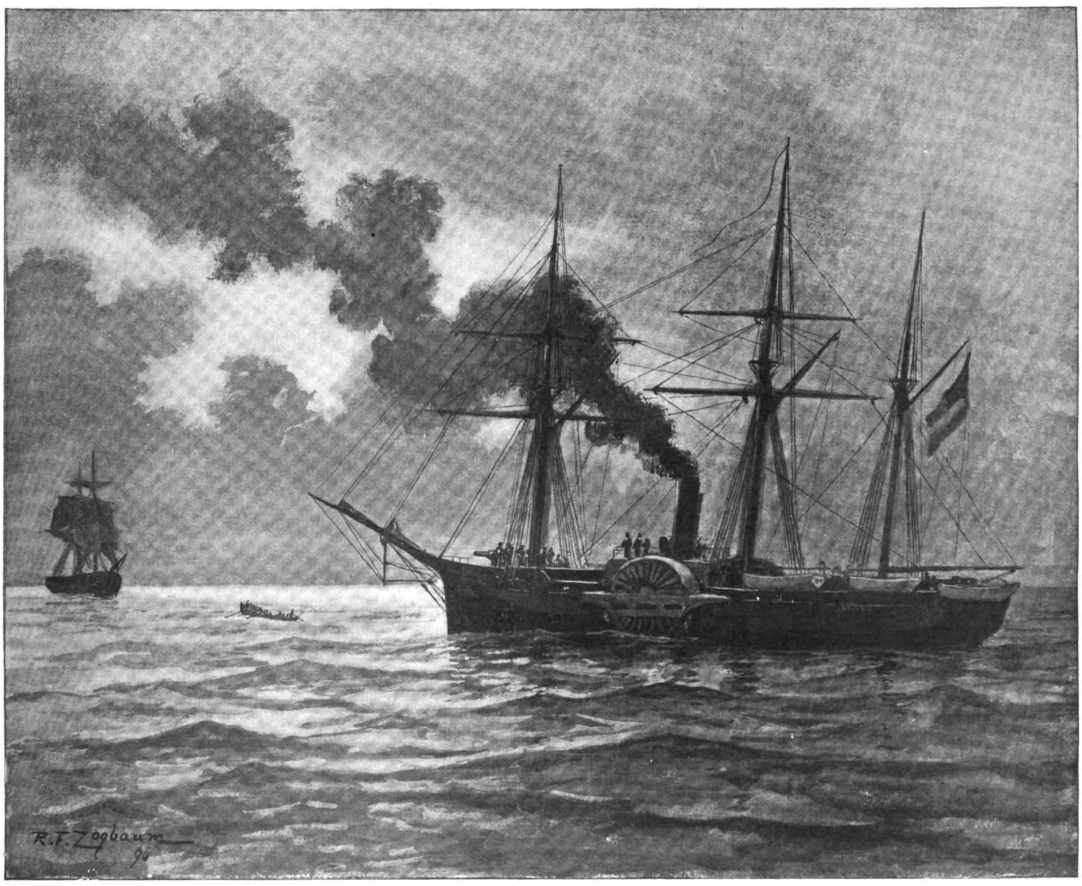
There was nothing exciting in the capture, as the wind was light and the brig could not possibly escape us. We soon overhauled her, took her in tow, and steamed up the coast as far as Charleston. In the mean time the necessary preparations were made for my going aboard with a crew of five men, to take charge of the prize and proceed to Philadelphia.

Ordinarily I should have been quite elated with the command of a prize vessel, but for some reason I was not; it may have been a presentiment of what was to follow that influenced my feelings. While we were making preparations to go aboard the brig the bad luck commenced, as the officer who had temporary charge of her, while I was making preparations for the voyage, carried away both chains and lost both the anchors, so I had to set sail without anchors, trusting to luck to get assistance when I reached port. As my story will show, the anchors proved no loss to me. There was but one event worthy of notice during the first three days of the voyage; that was the drowning of a cat, which had annoyed me greatly by roosting upon the chart, which was spread upon the cabin table.

I sang out to the cabin-boy to take the cat away. He answered, "Where shall I take him?" To which I replied: "I don't care where, as long as you get him out of this. You may throw him overboard if you want to."

It seemed he wanted to; for overboard the cat went, as I found out some hours afterwards. I also found out at the same time that the boy had made a serious mistake, for sailors are very superstitious on this point.

On the morning of the fourth day out, the 25th of June, 1861, I made Cape Hatteras light-house on the port bow, and shortly afterwards I discovered the black smoke of a steamer coming out of Hatteras Inlet. At this time I had no reason to suppose that the rebels had any vessel on this part of the coast, but I knew we had no vessels burning bituminous coal or pine-wood. Things looked suspicious from the first, and I at once put the brig about and stood out to sea, so as to give myself a little more time. But the wind was very light, the brig was only making three knots, while the steamer was coming out at the rate of twelve knots per hour. She soon came near enough to fire a 32-pounder, the shot passing between our fore and main masts. I at once hove the brig to, and a boarding officer immediately came alongside from the rebel steamer. I had already thrown overboard my arms and the mail, as I could see a company of soldiers in gray uniform drawn up on the deck of the steamer. My presence was required on board the rebel craft, and as soon as I reached her deck I was informed that I was a prisoner to the State of North Carolina, and was captured by the steamer *Winslow*, Captain Thomas Crossen, belonging to the navy of that State. The Captain was from Pennsylvania, and had been a Lieutenant in our navy, but had married in North Carolina a few years before the war commenced, and then resigned, as his wife was the possessor of a large plantation and one hundred slaves; she persuaded her husband to take the superintendence of the estate. The Captain soon made me feel at home by kind treatment. I lived in the cabin with him for more than a week, during which time the vessel made several trips out to sea in search of prizes; but I never had the mortification of seeing a vessel taken, and as the Captain had been very successful up to the time of my capture, he concluded I must be his Jonah, and had better go into the interior. I was much pleased with this conclusion, as I had no desire to be aboard the craft in case she captured any of our vessels, and of course this was naturally to be expected at any time. So the Captain gave himself a week's leave of absence, and took me with him. We went to Newbern by boat, and there we took the rail for Goldsboro, where we dined with the Hon. Mr. Ruffin of the Confederate Congress, a son of the old gentleman who fired the first gun at Fort Sumter with such dramatic effect. After dinner we proceeded on to Raleigh. In consequence of our stopping at Goldsboro, the news of our coming was well circulated in Raleigh. This was unfortunate for me, but it might have been much worse. It had never been my fortune before to be welcomed by so many people. It seemed to me the whole State of North Carolina had turned out to receive me. The train was half an hour late, which gave the soldiers time to get drunk. As I stepped off the car I heard anxious inquiries about the cursed Yankee prisoner, and I had no difficulty in determining who was meant, although I had been accustomed, up to this time, to apply the term Yankee to a native of New England only. One large brawny sergeant wanted to run me up to a lamp-post, and he might have been successful had not the gentlemen present succeeded in getting me into a carriage, which took me rapidly to the Yarbough House, where the Captain and I were provided with a



"I AT ONCE HOVE THE BRIG TO, AND A BOARDING OFFICER IMMEDIATELY CAME ALONGSIDE FROM THE REBEL STEAMER."

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comfortable room. The Military Secretary and Acting Governor of the State, Warren Winslow, was stopping at the hotel at the time; the Captain introduced me to him, and I found him very kind and exceedingly agreeable. He offered me a parole to go anywhere within the State of North Carolina, and as the Captain had invited me to go with him to his home in Warrenton, I gladly accepted the parole. After spending a few days in Raleigh, where I was kindly treated by many gentlemen to whom I was introduced, we took our departure for Warrenton. I ought to mention here that the night before we left Raleigh, while sitting under the trees in front of the hotel, the Governor remarked to me that he was sorry I had been captured. I replied, "That is a very kind thing for you to say, Governor; but may I ask why you say it?" He answered, "Because I want you and all your navy on the blockade, so that the Southern Confederacy may be hermetically sealed, as it were; then we will have to develop our manufacturing resources, which will make us the greatest nation on the globe." I answered this remark by asking the question, "Governor, do you know of any great nation without commerce?" To which he replied, "We will have commerce after we become great." I said no more, but thought to myself, "You will have commerce before you become great." The Governor then said, rather abruptly: "There is one thing about our people here that I do not like, and that is their ignorance of the Yankee character. They think the Yankees will not fight, but they don't know them. I have served in Congress with them, and know something about them, and let me tell you they are slow to anger; it takes a long time to get their blood up; but when you once get it up, it's hell!" The Governor had made a correct diagnosis of the case.

On our journey to Warrenton we were called upon by the Southern "poor white trash" at every small station. All seemed to be anxious to see the damned Yankee. As I was dressed in a civilian's suit that was in no way especially noticeable, they had some difficulty in identifying me. My captor was dressed in a suit of white flannel, which was something rather unusual for that country, and therefore attracted attention. At one station three or four of these curious individuals came in at the forward door of the car. The Captain was facing them as they looked in the car, but was fast asleep, while I had reversed my seat and was facing the Captain, so they could only see the back of my head, which looked not unlike the head of any ordinary passenger. I was not sleepy, however; somehow or other, I did not care to sleep. I suppose it was because the journey was novel to me.

Our callers made a mistake, as they pointed at the Captain and cried out lustily, "There he is; there is the damned Yankee pirate." And coming nearer, they shook their fists at him, remarking, "You'll be hung sure." At this time the train started up, and our visitors rushed out of the car. The jar of the train in starting awoke the Captain, and I told him of the pleasant things his fellow-citizens had been saying to him. He laughed as he remarked, "That is all right; the remarks were aimed at an Ohio man, and struck a Pennsylvanian." No doubt Captain Crossen often felt very uncomfortable as he heard the epithet damned Yankee used, but he could not resent it.

On our arrival at the Warrenton station we found the Captain's private carriage, which took us to the town, a distance of about three miles. I was treated as a guest in a gentleman's family, and in no way was I made to feel that I was a prisoner.

After dinner I took a walk with my host, who pointed out to me the principal objects of interest in the town. Among them was the residence of old Colonel Eaton, who was at this time enjoying great notoriety on account of his having offered $100,000 and the hand of his niece (a Miss Martha Washington) to the man who would fetch him Mr. Lincoln's head. While in Warrenton the First Regiment of North Carolina Infantry was encamped in the outskirts of the town, and the Captain of one of the companies was my old friend H. A. Brown, who had been with me at the Naval Academy for two years and six months. He came to see me, and gave me an urgent invitation to make him a visit. At the end of two weeks Captain Crossen returned to the sea-shore with his family, and I then spent a fortnight with my friend Brown in camp; and when the regiment took its departure for Virginia, I went to the White Sulphur Springs, twelve miles from Warrenton, where I had a cottage to myself and was kindly treated.

The guests at the Springs numbered nearly two hundred ladies and children. There were but four or five gentlemen throughout the week, but on Saturday evening a number of officers came up from Norfolk, Virginia, to spend Sunday. Most of them had belonged to our navy, and while I had never met them before, their names were very familiar to me.

With two or three exceptions, I was treated very kindly by the ladies, though it was evident that the families of the officers who had resigned from our navy felt they had given up permanent positions reluctantly, and that they had little confidence in the future. We lived well, and I drank sulphur-water, took long walks, played ten-pins, slept well, and took no heed of the morrow, having been impressed with the philosophy of a remark I heard an old negro make, viz., "Whatever is to be, is to be, even if it shoul in't come to pass." I had, however, been in the South enough to know that much lawlessness prevailed, and that the only apology required by Judge Lynch was the cry of abolitionist, so that it became any one from the North to be very circumspect.

My indignation, therefore, was very much aroused one day when I heard a Captain Roots, formerly of our navy, cautioning Mr. Jones, the proprietor of the Springs, to keep a lookout on me, as I was from the North, and might raise an insurrection amongst his negroes. I at once spoke to Mr. Jones, and explained that I had overheard the remarks of Captain Roots; that they did me great injustice; that I was like President Davis and the Southern Confederacy—all I wanted was to be let alone. Fortunately Mr. Jones was an old gentleman with good sense, who did not permit himself to become unduly alarmed.

There was one other incident which is perhaps well worth mentioning that occurred during my month's detention at Jones's Springs. One evening a squadron of cavalry from the western part of the State stopped for the night. Some one of the ladies informed one of the officers that a Yankee prisoner was stopping at the Springs, and the information soon became general. I expected a call, but, like Massa Fox in Uncle Remus's story of the "Tar Baby," "I lay low," and kept myself in my room. By-and-by I heard the heavy footsteps of the troopers and the clanking of their spurs and sabres, and I assumed an air of indifference as I lighted my pipe and walked out on the porch as the soldiers approached my cottage. They did not recognize me, however, as the Yankee prisoner, but asked where he was. I told them I presumed I was the individual whom they called a Yankee. They did not seem to credit my assertion at first. They wanted to see the Yankee prisoner, and said that I could not be the man; that I was too white; that I looked like a Southern gentleman; and one fellow said he believed I was fooling them—that I could not be the Yankee, *nohow*.

I finally convinced them, however, that I was the person they were looking for. One of them then asked me if my President was a white man. It seemed to me incredible that men should exist in this country so ignorant as to believe that Mr. Lincoln was a black man, but these men certainly were under that impression. They asked me a great many questions about the North, all of which I answered pleasantly. Finally one of them remarked that he did not see what they wanted to fight anybody for that talked as I did, after which they bade me good-night, and I saw them no more. These people were from the mountains of western North Carolina, fine specimens of physical manhood, but literally as ignorant as horses.

One evening about the last of August two strangers arrived at the Springs. After supper they looked into the parlor where I was playing whist with some young ladies with whom I had become quite well acquainted. They said nothing, but I suspected they wanted to see me. I was therefore not so much surprised the next morning as I might have been when I heard a loud rap at my door, and beheld the two strangers standing before me as I opened it. One was Mr. High, the sheriff of Raleigh; the other was his deputy. They returned me the parole I had given the Governor, and produced an order from him to arrest me and take me to Richmond, Virginia. The sheriff was very polite, apologizing for disturbing me so early, but it was necessary in order to get breakfast before the stage started. He also said that as I was enjoying myself the evening before, he did not like to make himself known to me until it was necessary. I lost no time in making my preparations. That evening we took dinner in Weldon, and then started for Richmond.

The next morning we were in Petersburg, and at 7.30 we reached the Exchange Hotel in Richmond. I was annoyed but little by visitors on the journey, but one old man in some way found out I was a prisoner and spoke to me. He was a Methodist minister, and said that he had raised a company of soldiers. He asked me to tell the people when I reached the North that all the members of his church were determined to fight this thing out. The old man was very enthusiastic and on excellent terms with himself. He talked loud, and by drawing the attention of the passengers made me wish he were some place else. The sheriff finally closed the interview by ordering him to stop talking to me. After getting breakfast at the hotel, I took a walk through the Capitol grounds, returning to the hotel about ten o'clock. The sheriff then informed me that he had an order to turn me over to the Navy Department or the Provost Marshal, as he deemed best, and that he would make it optional with me. It so happened that I had met both Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, and General John H. Winder, the Provost Marshal, and thought I knew something of the character of the two men. I argued that as the former was a professional politician, he would be more bitter and vindictive than the military man; so I said, "Take me to the Provost Marshal."

On our arrival at General Winder's office we did not find him, but in a few moments he came in. He recognized me by saying, "I have seen you before." I replied "Yes, sir; two years ago, when you commanded Fort Barrancas at Pensacola, I was on board the *Saratoga*." He then asked, "Do you know why you have been sent for?" I replied that I did not. To this he said, "To be put in a cell eight feet by six, fed on bread and water, and to be hanged in case they hang a privateer in the Tombs in New York." I must confess that this information had a depressing effect on me for the moment, but I soon recovered from it with sufficient indignation to remark, "General Winder, I was captured at sea, on board an unarmed vessel, was placed on parole, and as I have never violated my parole, I claim that I should be treated as an officer and gentleman, not as a felon or pick-pocket." To this the answer was, "You have been caught in bad company, and will have to take the consequences." And turning to one of his deputies, he remarked, "Take this man down to the county jail." The sheriff of Raleigh here interfered, and said he would like to take me down to the jail. To this Winder assented, and wrote a note to the jailer, specifying how I should be confined in a cell eight feet by six, on bread and water. While the note was being written, the sheriff went out of the office and called a carriage. We drove to the Exchange Hotel, where I had my valise and travelling-rug, and from there to the Henrico County Jail, afterwards known as "Castle Thunder."

We drove into the court-house yard, where we met Mr. Staples, deputy sheriff and jailer, a large, powerful man, but possessed of a good face, which did not belie his disposition. He read the note which the sheriff gave him, and we entered the jail-yard, where were standing negroes, Irishmen, Confederate soldiers, and "poor white trash." As the lower story looked very filthy, I was glad when Mr. Staples led the way up the stone stairs. The second story was a little better; the brick floor looked a little cleaner; still, it was far from inviting. Much to my gratification, we did not stop there, but proceeded on to the third story. I noticed the first room on the right as we reached the top of the stairs was quite large, and had two windows, also a wooden floor. I at once decided that if I did not get that room it would not be my fault. My friend Staples did not stop, however, but proceeded to the other end of the hall, where he opened the door of a cell. The first glance at the apartment convinced me that the Provost Marshal had succeeded in getting a room very nearly eight feet by six, and, to make the matter worse, it was already occupied by one person. In one corner of the room sat Lieutenant Selden, of the United States navy, pale and haggard, the very picture of despair. I bade my friend the sheriff of Raleigh good-by, and passed into the cell. The door closed behind me, the key was turned, and I found myself really a prisoner. Up to this time I had been one but in name. I had the consolation, however, of knowing that I had found a comrade, one who felt and thought as I did.

We told each other of our capture, and I found that I had seen but the bright side of the picture, while he had seen the dark side. Lieutenant Selden was much older than I, and was sick; besides, he was a native of Richmond, and had influential relatives living in the city at the time, none of whom would turn a hand to assist him. He was consequently very depressed. After I grew tired of discussing the situation I spread my rug on the floor, and with my valise for a pillow, was soon fast asleep. Strange to say, I had pleasant dreams. I thought myself exchanged and again with my friends. I had slept for several hours, when I was aroused by my friend Selden, who informed me that dinner had arrived. I jumped up and took from the hands of a colored woman, who looked as though she had been engaged in the soap-boiling business, a heavy pone of corn bread and a piece of fat rancid bacon. I regarded this dinner as too heavy for a young man in my frame of mind, and after surveying it a moment I deposited it on the floor, and declared that I would rather starve than eat such stuff.

After reflecting on the situation, I concluded to make an effort to interview the landlord of my hotel, and commenced by rapping loudly on the door. My roommate assured me that I might rap all day without getting an answer. I replied that, having nothing else to do, I was prepared to devote the day to that business. In the course of fifteen minutes the colored woman came back and asked what I wanted. I told her I wanted to see Mr. Staples, the jailer. She did not think Mr. Staples would be in before the next morning, that he was out in the Court-House, but I finally persuaded her to carry my message to him, and in a short time Mr. Staples came and unlocked the door. He asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to get out of the cell I was in. To this he replied that he was not at all surprised; that he had frequently heard other people in a similar predicament express such desire. I finally prevailed upon him to let me out for the purpose of talking to him, and he took me into the hall, and then into the large room I noticed as we came up the stairs. Here I "button-holed" the jailer, and told him it was impossible for me to live in that room with Mr. Selden. A cell eight feet by six, with scarcely any ventilation, in the hot month of August, occupied by two people, one of them sick, and never allowed to leave the cell for any purpose, made life scarcely worth living.

Mr. Staples laughingly admonished me not to grow desperate; that I had no idea how much I could endure. He finally asked me what I expected him to do. I replied that I wanted him to put me into the room in which we were standing, and provide me with good food; that I could not eat what had been sent me. He at first hooted the idea—pronounced it ridiculous—saying he had to carry out General Winder's orders. I told him General Winder need know nothing about our arrangements, and in case he did find it out, he could easily say that Mr. Selden was sick, and that he could not put any body else in the same room. I assured him I would pay him for everything with which he provided me. After much persuasion he finally acceded to my request, at the same time telling me that Sheriff High of Raleigh had asked him to do the best he could for me. He also informed me that Aaron Burr was the occupant of this room for some time while awaiting trial in 1806. It was the debtors' apartment, and the door had no lock. That evening he sent me in a cot with bedding, a wash-stand, and finally a good dinner. He also provided me with a roommate, an old navy officer, Commander Boutwell, late of the United States navy. Boutwell was the senior Commander on the list when the war broke out, but was under suspension for some trouble on board a ship he commanded in the Pacific. He had asked Mr. Lincoln to restore him to duty, and being refused, he went South and offered his services to the Confederacy; but there he was also refused, being an eleventh-hour man, with more rank than others who came earlier. He was on his way back to Washington, when he was arrested at Nashville, Tennessee, as a spy, at the instance of some old naval officer who was his enemy. The Navy Department sent him to "Castle Thunder," and my friend Staples asked me to take him in, as he had no other suitable room for the old gentleman. I was very glad to have him, but even if I had not been, I was in no position to protest. The old Commodore, as I called him, proved to be good company for me, and often amused me as he paced the room with long and rapid strides, giving vent to his feelings. Stephen R. Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy, came in for his share. "Who is this so-called cabinet minister?" he would exclaim; "surely not an American, for he was born under an English flag, in a bomb-boat on the Bahama Banks. What does he care for the South? He is a Dalgetty, and will take service wherever he can find it. And yet he is the man who has put me in this old county jail, which was pronounced unfit for the meanest criminal so far back as 1812. Yes, put me, a Virginian born, who can trace his ancestors for three generations in this State, a nephew of Commodore Warrington, one of the greatest naval officers our country ever had." This is but a fraction of the harangue the old Commodore frequently favored me with. We were well taken care of by Mr. Staples, and really had all the comforts that the guests of a good hotel would get anywhere. We were furnished with the daily papers, and tobacco and whiskey, the necessaries of life to the Virginia gentleman. We were allowed to go into the court-yard, and as our door was not locked, we could go to the cells of the different boarders and interview them through the small port in their iron doors. This we frequently did. Some of the characters were interesting. I remember one, an insane Irishman, who had been in General Patterson's army. He had lost his reason, but not his memory, for he would abuse General Patterson by the hour, showing that he remembered very well. He had a good voice, and sang many songs for our entertainment. Then there was an old man from the State of Massachusetts, who had gotten into trouble for killing a man with his rifle. He hoped to improve his case by showing his loyalty to the Southern Confederacy, and, to show his loyalty, he predicted I would be hanged, and I returned the compliment by assuring him that I would not go until I had seen him triced up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



III.—PROSPERITY IN KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.

THE story of the prosperity that the crops of 1897 brought to Kansas and Nebraska probably will not be revealed fully for several years. Through the channels of trade the sweep of prosperity has been turned here and there, and the current will continue to be felt not for one year, but for several. But there was one place where the sunshine brought immediate gladness, and that was upon the farm.

"There is not a man, woman, or child in Kansas that hasn't got some money this year," said Secretary F. D. Coburn, of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, to the writer, in answer to a question as to the real effect upon the masses of the large crops.

And that tells the story, so far as it can be told in one sentence. Kansas and Nebraska people do not deny that prosperity has come. They have nothing to say about the prices of wheat and silver rising and falling together. They no longer fear crop failures as they did. In the lean years since 1892 they have learned some new things about farming, and they are prepared to meet future afflictions with courage. Others may say that the prosperity was a form of good luck, due to crop failures in India and elsewhere, but you hear little of that in Kansas. Even the politicians have dropped such talk. Governor Leedy has declared officially that the State is prosperous. It was John W. Breidenthal, the leader of the Populist party in Kansas, who was the first of the State officials to proclaim that the prosperity of the Middle West was genuine. The people there do not look upon the good times merely as temporary, a happy exception that proves the rule that the lot of the farmer in the Middle West is, and is to be, one of doleful misery.

The fact is that farming in the Middle West, when not hampered by crushing debt, pays as few other businesses pay, and when an unusual year of plenty comes, and good prices arrive at the same time, the returns, as in the year 1897, are simply fabulous and bewildering. It is safe to say that no business in this country made such returns upon the capital involved and the labor employed as did farming in 1897 in the Middle West.

Those stories that came from Kansas and Nebraska in the fall of 1897, those marvellous stories, were not exaggerations. The half was not told. Even the people of those two sorely stricken States do not understand yet the extent of the good times that came to them. Now that the crop statistics have been printed—now that they can look at their redeemed mortgages, their recently purchased comforts for the home, their luxuries, their top-buggies, their bicycles, their pianos—for the farmers have been buying all these—they are beginning to realize that the prosperity is general, and that the revival of trade in this country really began with them. To encompass the extent of the prosperity and to set it forth in an article of a few thousand words is a task that involves the serious difficulty of knowing not only where to begin, but where to leave off. It involves statements of truth that are astonishing.

Perhaps the condition of Kansas especially can best be revealed in a paragraph, aside from the remark I have quoted from Secretary Coburn, by what one of its best-known citizens said to me while walking down the main street of a town of 8000 inhabitants on a Saturday morning in December when the farmers were making their weekly purchases:

"Look up and down this street. There are probably two hundred horses tied along it. I defy you to find a horse in the lot that is in poor physical condition. You cannot see the ribs of one of them. Would you find the horses of Eastern farmers in such condition without exception? Another thing: There is not an able-bodied pauper in this county, and there are not one hundred able-bodied paupers in the entire State. We have been poor. Since 1892 many of our people have had no new clothing, but every man and every man's family and every man's live-stock have had enough to eat. Now that we have money, we are getting out of debt."

One thing should be remembered at the outset. The crops for 1897 were not the biggest that Kansas and Nebraska ever produced. The value of the Kansas crop, as estimated by the State authorities, was $230,000,000, including live-stock. In 1890 the value was $325,000,000. That was when the boom was in full swing. In 1891 the value was $287,000,000; in 1892 it was $273,000,000. Then it began to fall off, and in the year 1896, the year of dreadful predictions for the Western farmer, it fell off to $189,000,000. The crops in Nebraska for the various years bore a relation similar to those of Kansas. In Kansas the yield last year of wheat, corn, and oats was valued at $66,000,000, an increase of $15,000,000. The total value of the agricultural product, excluding live-stock, was more than $136,000,000, or about $100 for every inhabitant. Including live-stock, the value of the agricultural productions was probably about $190 for each inhabitant, or nearly $1000 for each family in the State. Nebraska's crops and live-stock in 1897 aggregated in value $161,000,000. In one county in Kansas—Rush County—the value of the wheat crop alone was more than $1200 for each voter.

However significant these figures and estimates as to crop production may be, there is another set of figures that tell more eloquently the story of prosperity that has come to Kansas and Nebraska. They are the figures that give the condition of the banks. Here is a table prepared by Bank Commissioner Breidenthal of Kansas, showing the condition of business in that State at the close of the month of October, 1897, when the returns from crops were nearly finished, as compared with the returns at the same time of year since 1891. (See Table No. I, next page.)

The most striking thing that this table shows is that the deposits in the banks under State supervision increased in one year nearly $7,000,000, and the reserve cash and sight exchange increased nearly $5,000,000. Then look at the column showing the amount of borrowed money. In 1891 it amounted to nearly $1,800,000. In 1897 it had fallen to less than $300,000. The total resources of these banks increased nearly $6,000,000 in one year, and under the operation of the new banking law of the State the real estate and furniture and fixtures of the banks were marked down nearly $500,000. Loans had increased more than $1,500,000, but that was under the new banking law, which has thrown greater safeguards around such matters, and which will be considered at another time. The legal reserve in these banks is twenty per cent. The table shows that the Kansas banks have a reserve of 50.93 per cent. Is it any wonder that Kansas has money to lend?

The figures I obtained from the Department of Banking in Nebraska summed up the condition of the banks there for the month of September, 1897, later figures not having arrived at the time of my visit. (See Table No. II.)

Here we see an increase of deposits of more than $3,000,000 for 1897 over 1896. The amount of borrowed money has fallen from $1,400,000 in 1893, the second year a banking law was in force, to only a little more than $225,000. Loans decreased from $28,000,000 in 1892 to $13,000,000 in 1897. The gain in resources in 1897 over 1896 was more than $2,500,000. The Hon. P. L. Hall, secretary to the Banking Department of the State, furnishes this comment explaining the table:

This comparative statement shows plainly that from 1892 to 1896 the banking business in Nebraska experienced a steady decline. This was due to two principal causes. The first was that prior to the year 1892 the business in Nebraska was boomed. Everybody was establishing banks. Every post-office and cross-roads must have a bank, and experience and knowledge of the business was not thought a requisite to success. Following 1892 came the panic and drouths of 1893, 1894, and 1895. These years sufficed to exemplify the law of the survival of the fittest. The weak, ill-managed institutions had to go. To-day I feel free to say that there is not another State in the Union with better managed, more substantial banks than has Nebraska.

Special attention is called to the sum of the two items "Cash" and "Due from Banks" shown in the statement for the year 1897, and comparison is asked with the same items in preceding years, not forgetting while making the comparison also to give attention to "Deposits" and "Borrowed Money."

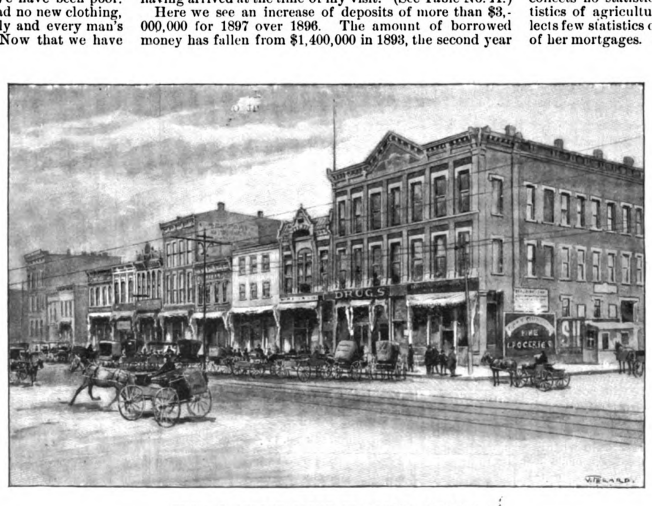


EIGHT WAGONS, CONTAINING 19,000 POUNDS OF CORN, DRAWN BY ONE TEAM, MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

The figures from national banks are equally striking. From the latest reports of the Comptroller of the Currency the subjoined table is compiled. The figures are from the reports submitted periodically, and although they do not correspond exactly in time to those from the State banks, they tell the same story practically. There is the same notable increase in deposits and in resources. The decrease in notes and bills rediscounted is also worthy of special attention. (See Tables Nos. III. and IV.)

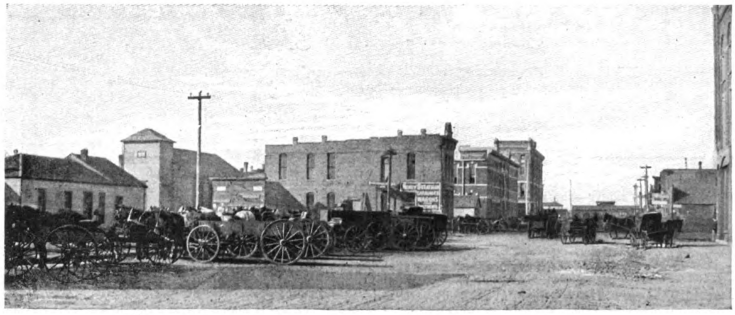
Another indication of a prosperous change in Nebraska may be found in a study of its mortgage statistics. Kansas collects no statistics of mortgages, but does collect statistics of agriculture. Nebraska, on the other hand, collects few statistics of agriculture, but does collect statistics of her mortgages. It is done through the Bureau of Labor and Industrial Statistics. In the year 1880 there were 17,528 recorded mortgages on real estate in Nebraska, with a value of $9,373,585. These mortgages did not begin to include all the indebtedness. Those were the days of the railroad "mortgages," or contracts, thousands of which were not recorded—the times of easy payments and renewals. The loan-company agent came along about 1885, offering lower rates of interest, and harder terms of final payment. Forthwith the number of mortgages in Nebraska jumped to 35,545, with a valuation of $27,531,643. In 1886 they numbered 45,303, with a valuation of $38,888,533. In 1889 the number was 48,641, with a valuation of $45,087,550.

Then came a decline in the number and valuation, even though the hard times were in full swing and the boom times were over. By 1894 the mortgages numbered 32,927, the valuation being $31,690,054. For 1895 the figures were 26,700—$25,753,364. For 1896 the figures were 17,316—$16,477,606. The figures for 1897 had not arrived at the State capital when I made my investigation. The



TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN TOPEKA, KANSAS.

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MARKET WAGONS IN SPRUCE STREET, GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA.

average life of the Nebraska mortgage is 3.2 years, and the average rate of interest is 8.3. The number of mortgages filed and those satisfied, whether on farm or city property, is about equal in Nebraska from year to year. The drop of 9384 mortgages during 1895, with a decrease in valuation of $9,275,758, shows probably what Nebraska's big corn crop of 1895 did for the State in one year. The influence of the prosperity for 1897 will probably be shown in the mortgage statistics for 1898.

The figures I have given tell the general prosperity story. They may be too dry for the general reader because they lack the element of human, personal interest. In that case, let me print some stories of the prosperity that came to individuals here and there in Kansas and Nebraska. They illustrate the amazing character of the profits that some farmers in those States received last year.

The manager of one of the largest coal companies in Kansas told me that in November last he went into the flour-mill of an acquaintance in Larned, Pawnee County, beyond the centre of the State and almost on the border of the "short grass" country. He met a farmer past middle age coming out of the mill. The farmer was tucking a little piece of white paper into his pocket. The man had been in such straits of poverty that his trousers were patched with burlap. His boots were broken, and through the holes his bare feet showed. The man's attire was really that of a tramp.

"Did you see that farmer going out?" said the miller to the coal-man.

"Yes," said the visitor.

"How much money do you suppose I just paid him in a check?"

"Oh, $500 or $600."

"Well, I gave him a check for $7000."

That $7000 represented only part of the wheat raised on a $1200 farm. The farmer had 4000 more bushels to sell. That man had owned his farm clear, but had little working-capital. He decided that under no consideration would he run in debt. His family lived on the dairy products of his farm, and went without those things for which cash must be paid usually. The first thing he did with his money from last year's wheat was to fit out his family in clothes, and then he went in for some luxuries. He bought two carriages and a piano. Then, to show his faith in Kansas farming despite droughts, he put the rest of his money, except the receipts from the 4000 bushels of wheat held in reserve, into more land.

Here is another story, vouched for by Mr. Breidenthal, whose name is used frequently at the outset in these articles because there is no man in Kansas better equipped with information regarding the State's prosperity than he. The county seat of Ness County, out in that dreary and almost desertlike part of the State known as the "short grass" country, is Ness City. It is a place of about 450 inhabitants, and it has a State bank. It is Mr. Breidenthal's duty to go there occasionally and examine that bank. He said that in Ness City there is an agent for a company that sells top-buggies. Since the good times came that agent sold in that town 400 top-buggies. Of course that would mean one for almost every man, woman, and child in the place, which would be preposterous. The buggies went all over the county, but I venture to say that no Eastern village ever could show such a record of prosperity in the buggy trade.

There is a farmer in a town near the centre of the State—I am not at liberty to give his name—who had a section of land, 640 acres. It was worth probably $7000. He had a mortgage on it for $6000, and Bank Commissioner Breidenthal had been urging the bank which held the mortgage to have the indebtedness reduced. He regarded the mortgage as a rather shaky security. Early in October he received a letter from the bank officials saying that the farmer had raised $17,000 worth of wheat on that land, had paid off the $6000 mortgage, and had bought an adjoining quarter-section of land for $2500. He had cleared, deducting expenses, $14,500 on his wheat, and he had $4000 left after making his purchases, with which to improve his farm and to lay aside for a rainy day, which in Kansas means another drought.

Out in Thomas County, in the "short grass" country, lives a former member of the Legislature. He had a 350-acre farm. Its value was not more than $1000. The hard times sorely pressed him. He went to Topeka, the State capital, and hung around his former associates, fairly begging them to give him some kind of a job, even if it was worth only a few hundred dollars a year. He failed to get a place, and went home discouraged. He put in a crop of wheat on his land—there was nothing else for him to do—and, almost hopeless, he sat down to watch it grow. It did grow, and when he had harvested it he got $9000 for it. That man is no longer looking for a political job.

In Sheridan County, adjoining Thomas, there is a man who had a half-section of land, 320 acres, on which he owed $800. He put 300 acres of his farm into wheat. He raised 7000 bushels, which he sold at 65 cents a bushel, bringing him in $4550. He paid off his $800 mortgage, paid $2500 for a whole section of land adjoining his farm, and had $1250 for improvements and a reserve fund. That man has 150 acres of bottom-land, and he will plant that tract with alfalfa, the wonderful hay that resists drought and that gives three crops a year, the season's product being worth, at present prices, not less than $25 an acre.

In Sumner County, which was one of the banner wheat counties of Kansas last year, there is a man who raised $36,000 worth of wheat. Of course he was a prosperous farmer anyway. He had a farm of 1200 acres. Mr. Breidenthal tells me that that farmer is putting up a $20,000 residence on his place.

Here is a story of a man who really became discouraged just as sunshine began to mellow the lot of many a weary man. This man had a farm of 160 acres in Barton County, in the centre of the State. He owed $1500 on the farm, and the local bank held the mortgage as security. He put 100 acres out in wheat, but thought it would be the same old story of hot winds and no rain, and early in the season he went to the bank and said he was going to give up. The officials tried to persuade him to continue, but he said he would not. All he asked of the bank was that it should give him $200, enough for him to get back East with his family, and it could have the farm. That meant that for $1700 it could get a farm of 160 acres. It took the farm, and the farmer went away. The bank sold the wheat that was raised on the 100 acres for $1600. In other words, the bank got that man's farm of 160 acres for just $100.

Here is a story told me by State Senator Hessin, the leader of the Republicans in the upper branch of the Legislature in Kansas, and one of the most prominent candidates for Governor at the next convention. Mr. Hessin met an old soldier on the cars one day. The man was going to the National Grand Army Encampment. He had made money at last on his farm. That man and his three sons had a 1000-acre farm. It was worth at the outside $7000. They owed on it a little more than $5000. They raised on it 20,000 bushels of wheat, for which they got probably not less than $13,000 at 65 cents a bushel.

Nebraska has a story to tell similar to that of Kansas. One of the best-known men in Lincoln told me that he had a son in a bank in the western part of the State. That bank had been "hanging on by the eyebrows" for month after month. Every time the young man came home he would tell his father that the bank surely would go down the next month. It held $50,000 of worthless notes, or notes that seemed worthless. The young man, who was cashier, finally quit the place to avoid the crash that was inevitable. But the crash did not come. The crops were enormous, and all those notes were paid. That little bank is now a most prosperous institution, and it will be a long time before it gets caught in another such predicament. Its condition was typical, one might say, of probably a hundred other banks in the State.

Here is a story of a man who was converted to Populism by hearing Mr. Bryan speak. Every detail is vouched for to me by men of the highest standing. A Republican who had always been true to the party faith was in the crowd when Mr. Bryan spoke in the 1896 campaign in his own State. He heard Mr. Bryan say: "Ah, my friends, let me call your attention to one fact that stands out clearly beyond contradiction. It is that wheat and silver stand inseparably yoked together. If one falls the other falls, and then we fall. Look at their price to-day [it was something over 60 cents]. They are within one cent of each other. I tell you they are together now, inseparably yoked."

That Republican was converted right there. That was something he had never thought of. He had an 80-acre piece of land, and he reasoned that if Bryan was elected silver would go up to $1 25, and wheat would go with it. He owed nearly $2000 on the land, and if wheat should go to $1 25, he figured, how easy it would be to pay off that mortgage. Well, Bryan was not elected, but the man went on with his winter-wheat sowing because he had made all preparations for it, but his heart was heavy. He did not see how he was going to pay off that mortgage at half-rates. He raised 3200 bushels of wheat, and got $2200 for it. He sold just below 70 cents, and then he went to look at the price of silver. It was something like 47 cents, and that man saw a great light. He lost on Mr. Bryan's prophecy and election, but he won on the wheat. He made enough to pay off his mortgage, and has now gone back to the Republican party, as have thousands of others, which accounts for the fact that instead of having only about one-third of the voters of the State, as was the case three years ago, the Republicans came within 15,000 of winning last year against a fusion of Democrats and Populists.

Here is a story of half a dozen wise Populists, well known in political affairs throughout the State of Nebraska, who planned a *coup* against that greatest of all enemies to the farmers, that representative of the grinding capitalist, the elevator-man. These farmers read in the Populist newspapers early in 1897 that wheat was surely going down. Silver was going down, and of course wheat must follow. They decided to make a deal with the elevator agent. They knew that he read the capitalistic newspapers of the East and the West. These papers said that not only was there to be a large crop of wheat, but that its price was to be high. They knew better than that—their own paper told them so, and they knew a thing or two themselves—and so they went to the elevator-man and offered to sell out their entire yield at 45 cents a bushel. The elevator-man told them that they were foolish, that wheat was going up. They said they were willing to take the chances, but, upon the elevator-man's suggestion, withdrew for a conference. They whispered among themselves. That elevator-man was simply trying to fool them. They understood the philosophy of wheat and wheat prices as well as he. After a time they came back and said, as they nudged one another, that they believed the elevator-man was right, but that they thought "a bird in the hand," etc., and so they would sign contracts to deliver their wheat at 45 cents a bushel. The agreements were signed with solemn faces, and then the Populists stalked out. When they got around the corner they fell to slapping one another on the shoulders and had a riot of laughter. Their laughter was all gone when they carted several thousand bushels of wheat to the elevator in the fall at 45 cents a bushel, while their neighbors were getting from 65 to 70 cents for their wheat. Now these conspiring Populists are known all over Nebraska, and the story of their deal with the elevator-man has been published in that State. I simply give it wider circulation to present a humorous side to these prosperity stories, and not in any spirit of criticism of Populists or the Populistic faith. Whatever may be said of the Populist leaders, the Eastern visitor will find the rank and file of the party composed of loyal Americans, honest in their beliefs and lovers of good government.

One of the largest banking firms in Omaha had to take a farm of several hundred acres of land in the western part of the State on a mortgage foreclosure. It was land thought to be fit only for grazing cattle. One of the members of the firm told me that they learned with regret that 90 acres of that land had been ploughed. They feared that the high winds would blow the gritty soil all over the rest of that land. A farmer from that region wrote to the bankers, offering to give them one-third of the profits if they would allow him to raise wheat on the 90-acre tract. The bankers agreed with alacrity. They heard no more from their tenant for months. The land was worth at the

TABLE NO. I.—COMPARATIVE STATEMENT IN OCTOBER, 1897, OF KANSAS BANKS.

Year.	Number of Banks.	Loans.	Overdrafts.	Legal Reserve Cash and Sight Exchange.	Deposits.	Borrowed Money.	Per cent. Reserve.
1891.	414	$19,201,544.89	$634,784.92	$ 5,451,041.67	$15,773,438.82	$1,793,406.46	35.96
1892.	447	20,761,196.19	650,393.25	8,318,148.86	20,143,843.02	1,398,313.75	41.27
1893.	420	17,719,691.22	409,009.60	6,013,224.97	15,099,999.65	999,481.36	39.82
1894.	412	18,361,451.71	441,002.05	6,531,572.36	16,871,103.51	885,906.46	38.13
1895.	408	17,805,514.70	273,121.76	6,230,029 01	16,587,434.59	687,694.15	37.54
1896	392	15,537,125.44	283,140.09	6,396,968.32	15,220,107.39	471,629.31	42.03
1897.	379	17,148,941.91	355,681.21	11,154,827.30	21,906,163.74	298,723.84	50.93

	1896.	1897.
Total resources	$25,691,481.81	$31,348,950.57
Real estate	2,150,865.15	1,700,660.93
Furniture and fixtures	363,371.13	299,056.86

TABLE NO. II.—COMPARATIVE STATEMENT IN SEPTEMBER, 1897, OF NEBRASKA BANKS.

Year.	Number of Banks	Loans.	Overdrafts.	Cash Reserve.	Due from Banks.	Deposits.	Borrowed Money.	Per cent. Reserve.
1892.	513	$28,249,076.46	$762,244.93	$2,178,734.39	$4,821,263.88	$24,891,113.29	$1,136,771.68	28
1893.	504	23,798,518.11	319,501.56	1,537,010.59	2,941,700.06	17,208,476.14	1,487,663.40	26
1894.	482	23,253,062.41	221,944.05	1,768,352.48	3,226,019.84	18,074,832.43	946,748.52	26
1895.	447	19,085,793.53	174,009.20	1,626,302.88	2,518,647.78	14,200,776.62	1,090,329.11	28
1896.	414	14,602,808.38	84,828.39	1,496,532.56	1,984,032.56	10,227,537.93	698,608.99	34
1897.	398	13,632,999.06	88,674.88	1,723,650.94	4,784,120.46	13,622,348.69	227,076.42	50

	1896.	1897.
Total resources	$20,995,019.52	$23,551,256.85

TABLE NO. III.—COMPARATIVE TABLE OF NATIONAL BANKS IN KANSAS.

	No. of Banks.	Loans and Discounts.	Due from Reserve Agents.	Capital Stock Paid In.	Surplus Fund.	Individual Deposits.	Notes and Bills Rediscounted.	Total Resources.
Dec. 16, 1896.	116	$17,286,821.24	$3,382,981.49	$9,552,100	$1,355,458.74	$16,039,314.96	$371,271.19	$32,030,338.48
Oct. 5, 1897.	103	18,682,122.94	5,500,958.89	8,567,100	1,396,339.14	19,188,549.02	167,141.87	34,718,435.73

TABLE NO. IV.—COMPARATIVE TABLE OF NATIONAL BANKS IN NEBRASKA.

	No. of Banks.	Loans and Discounts.	Due from Reserve Agents.	Capital Stock Paid In.	Surplus Fund.	Individual Deposits.	Notes and Bills Rediscounted.	Total Resources.
Dec. 16, 1896.	114	$20,652,483.86	$3,124,393.55	$11,075,000	$1,577,857.85	$16,891,231.34	$481,841.59	$38,299,035.05
Oct. 5, 1897.	104	22,926,784.01	6,456,990.10	10,475,000	1,470,490.70	20,292,058.28	47,417.74	44,629,092.02

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outside $3 50 an acre. The 90 acres could have been purchased for $300. Late in November the bankers received a check for $522 for their one-third of the wheat raised on that $300 piece of property. Out of their share the farmer had deducted six cents a bushel for hauling the wheat 16 miles and for other expenses. The bankers said they had not sought to verify the farmer's accounts; they were satisfied as matters stood. While I was talking with one of the firm, there came two letters to the house. One was from a man who had borrowed $1800 from them, which was due in 1899. He asked to be allowed to pay $1200 on it at once. The other letter was from a man who owed them $1200, due in 1900. That man wanted to pay $600 on his debt.

Perhaps one of the best illustrations as to the way the farmers look upon the prosperity of the year 1897 was shown by the carnival that took place in the little town of Manhattan, the home of Senator Hessin, and the seat of the Agricultural College, around whose faculty there was so much political strife last year. The business men of Manhattan and the farmers round about thought there should be some adequate celebration of the arrival of good times. They therefore held a carnival on November 13, for which there was contributed nearly $700 in cash prizes. There was a great parade of the four classes into which the competitors were grouped. The prizes were for all sorts of things. There were prizes for the best horses and mules; best driving; best man and woman horseback-riders; the best cattle, calves, hogs, and lambs; the best lady bicycle-rider; best decorated farmer's buggy; best brass band; best decorated business house; "largest, freshest, and heaviest five dozen hen eggs"; best country clown; farmers' footrace for ages between fifty and eighty; heaviest baby over eight months and under a year; best loaf of bread, farmers' wives and daughters only to compete; "the most eccentric, grotesque, and humorous vehicle, team, and driver in the parade"; the best-looking farmer's single son and single daughter in the parade; the largest number of loads of corn from any township; the largest load of corn drawn by two horses or mules, and a lot of other things, to say nothing of the $750 worth of fireworks that went off in the evening.

Surely that was a glorious day for any farming community. Any person who can read over the list of prizes and say there was not an entire townful of rejoicing must have little soul in him, or know nothing about the fun farmers have when they get together. I doubt if any town in the West ever had a better time than did Manhattan on that joyous November 13. The picture of the prize load of corn is printed herewith. One team hauled eight wagons, which contained 338 bushels of corn, and which, with the wagons, weighed eleven and one-half tons, the load was worth, at the prices then prevailing, $67 60. The prize for it was $30. The nearest competitor had 303 bushels in his load.

Such is the prosperity that has come to Kansas and Nebraska. Of course the stories I have told—and there are hundreds like them, yes, thousands—represent the unusual and exaggerated type of good fortune, but they serve to point out that the prosperity which could furnish such extreme cases, scattered here and there through the States, must have been general and far reaching. They also serve to show the enormous profit that came to the farmers last year. What other business in the United States, or in the world, could produce such results? Does any one know of any business venture that upon a capital of say $1200, and labor of a similar amount, will return from $15,000 to $20,000, as was the result in hundreds of cases in Kansas and other Western States? It is true such a condition of affairs may never occur again. It has occurred once, however, and it has enabled the States in the central West to get out of debt. They will borrow hereafter only as other States borrow, and even if no such good times come again, they have money laid up, and are ready to do farming on ordinary profits.

It was interesting to watch the effect of this prosperity upon the farmers. So far as I could observe and learn, there was little elation. That carnival at Manhattan was the only case of open rejoicing that I heard of in the State of Kansas. The joy that came to the thousands upon thousands of homes, bringing gladness, especially to the women, on whom the hard times fell with almost crushing force as they battled to help their husbands and fathers, is the kind that expresses itself oftenest in tears. With the money that they made last year the farmers purchased the necessities they had gone without, and the luxuries that their wives and daughters craved, and then they went home ready to face the problems of this and the coming years with renewed courage, longing for more years of plenty, but prepared, with their surplus earnings and their experience in economy and in improved methods of farming, to meet fearlessly another drought of one or even more years. The lean years have passed. Perhaps several years of plenty are to follow.

There are those who declare that such prosperity as that of 1897 is not a blessing, in that it encourages those who experience it to false expectations. Many think that the farmers this year will go into wheat-raising on a disastrous scale. It is difficult to believe that a people as intelligent as the people of Kansas are can make such a mistake as that.

THE NEW YORK POULTRY SHOW.

THE ninth annual exhibition of the New York Poultry and Pigeon Association, which closed its five days' session on February 5, at Madison Square Garden, New York city, was the most successful and interesting in the whole series of these competitive shows. There were 6200 entries of the finest-bred varieties of poultry and pigeons, and the awards amounted to $7000 in premiums, in addition to some twoscore silver cups, many of them quite costly and beautiful, which had been offered by various private clubs throughout the country. The New York society is the outgrowth of a combination of practical poultry-men, who got together about ten years ago for the purpose of using every means for improving the breeds of American poultry in beauty, size, delicacy of flesh for the table, and the quantity and quality of their eggs. The association consists not only of poultry-farmers who produce for the market as a business, but of gentlemen of large wealth, whose efforts to breed the finest stock of this kind are akin to their ambition in raising fine-bred horses, cattle, dogs, etc. It represents both the United States and Canada. The total value of the stock on exhibition was estimated at about $150,000, and in the course of the exhibition many large sales were made, one transaction amounting to $1500. Single birds were held in some cases as high as $150.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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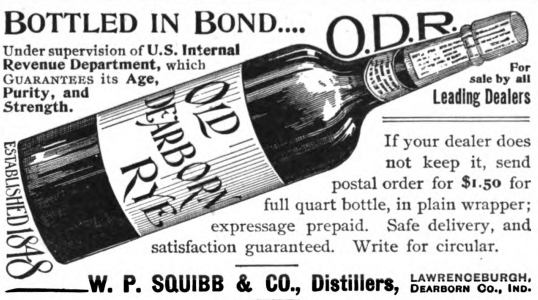
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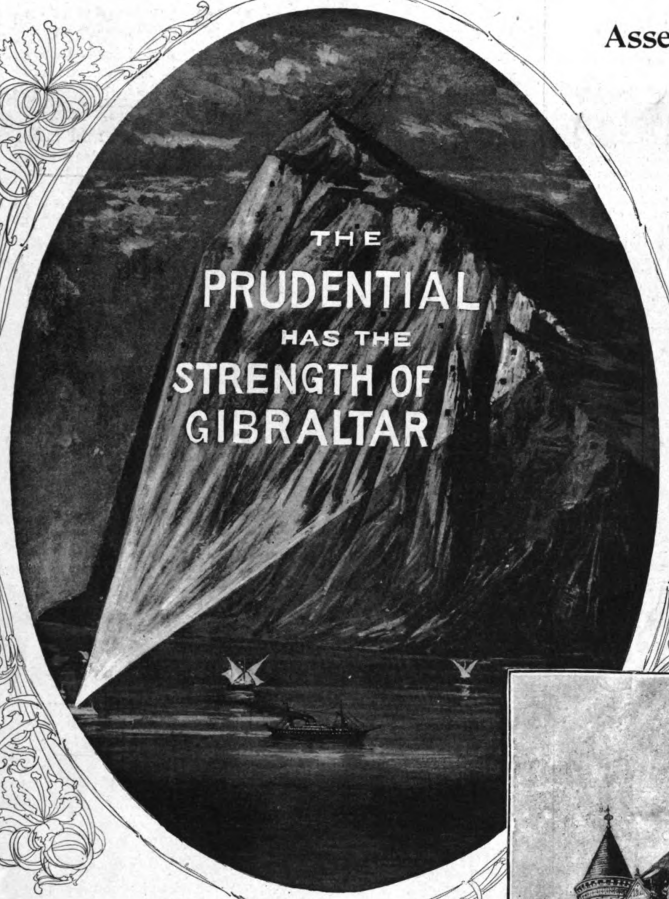
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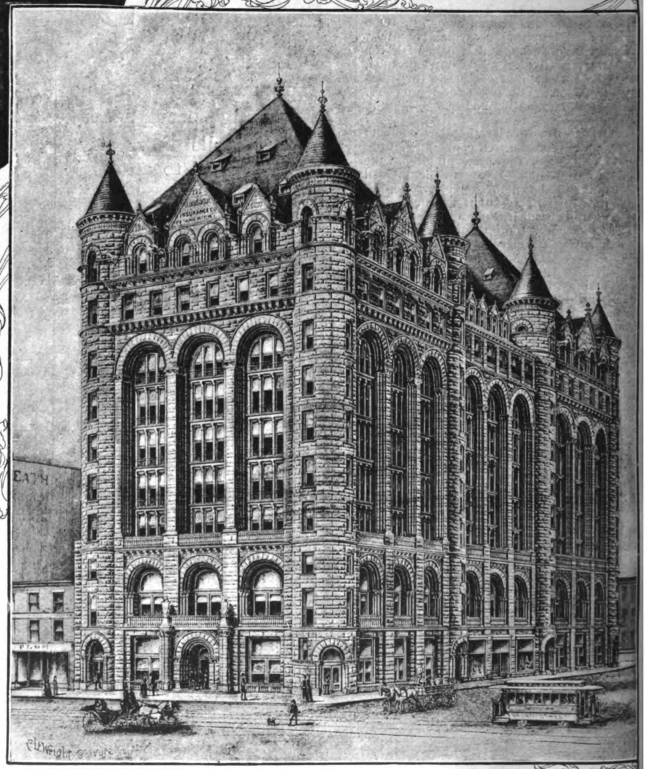
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AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The next number will contain a contribution from MR. WHITNEY, *entitled "Non-athletic China."*

ATHLETIC AWAKENING OF THE JAPANESE.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

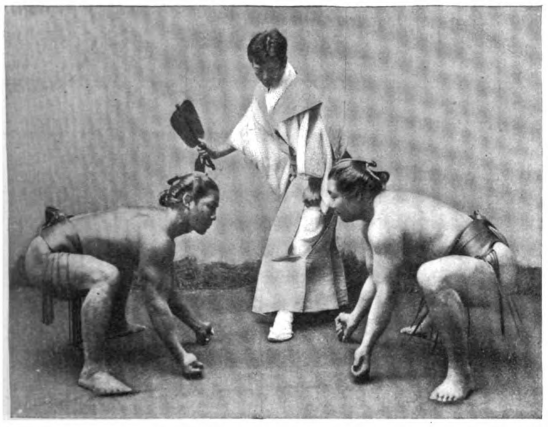
THE Occidental mind, on its initiatory contemplation of Japan, finds much difficulty in taking the Westernizing Japanese seriously. There is a combination of more or less grotesque manner with earnest endeavor that at first is certain to divert one's attention from extraordinary achievements to somewhat playful methods. The bustling of the little men, the toddling of the little women, the tiny houses, and yourself wheeled along in an overgrown baby-carriage, as the jinrikisha is, serve to transport you to youthful dreamland, and once again you are with your long-shelved favorite Gulliver, who you make sure has set you down in a country done over in miniature. So the Westerner, on introduction, is quite apt to find amusement rather than interest in the busy making all around him, and to view with good-natured complacency the history-building efforts of the Asiatic Yankee.

But Japan is full of surprises, and none greets you so unexpectedly as the stability which lies beneath the apparent superficiality—or rather, perhaps I would better say, the stability which lies alongside the superficiality; for the Japanese temperament is uncertain and changeful, and, as a faithful historian has written him down, he is given to sudden flights and sudden flagging.

All this and more, which has no place here, pressed upon me as I sought and found evidence of Japan's athletic quickening. In all her progression nothing has come to Japan which she needed more, or which is fraught with greater significance for the future, than the present movement making for physical culture. For, without some development of the body, there can be no liberal education as we of this century understand it, and for the which the Japanese are striving.



JAPANESE BOYS PLAYING BASEBALL.—DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.



JAPANESE WRESTLERS IN POSITION—REFEREE IN CENTRE.

Evolution in this direction was sorely needed; for until very recent days about all the out-of-door exercise the average Japanese youth acquired was in kite-flying, in which, however, he was more skilled than any other boy on earth. In earlier times—before the Restoration of the present dynasty, for instance—there had been more of athletic endeavor. A so-called game of war was quite popular, which was a sort of conflict of chosen sides one against the other, somewhat after the manner of the earliest English football struggles, with one town pitted against another. Only in Japan there was no ball. Besides this game, which became vigorous on occasion, there was much fencing by the youth with the two-handed sword made familiar to the world by Japanese artists.

After the Restoration the old games fell into disuse, and none of a newer type appeared to replace them; even fencing lost much of its vogue, and, in fact, has never regained it. What little there is now of the old school of fence is confined largely to the spectacular display of the stage, or to a professional class. The police have a species of fencing, done with a bamboo stick, and of no very great practical value in these days of the shorter and more handy Western sword.

It speaks highly of the sagacity of Japan's nineteenth-century latter-day sponsors that they should appreciate the peculiar need to Japan of implanting in her boys a taste for healthful and vigorous physical effort, so that when they grow to manhood there should be a fresher and a sturdier mental activity, with its corresponding elevation of ideals. There was need in Japan of gymnastic training, from both a physical and a moral point of view, to counterpoise the evil consequences of a sedentary life, and as a means of developing the very much neglected body.

And at last, within very recent times, Japan, in her progressive strides, has also taken on one of the wisest features of modern civilization—athletics.

There are few countries in the world with a better school system than Japan has set in motion, and many countries with one very much inferior. At a considerable percentage of these schools, and invariably at those in towns of any consequence, a daily gymnastic drill is now added to the curriculum. At present it reveals itself in calisthenics, without dumbbells or wands or clubs of any kind, which lead into the familiar "setting-up" drill of the soldier. The pupils in all the movements accompany themselves with a chorus, a habit the Japanese seem to find useful on every effort-making occasion, as do our Anglo-Saxon sailors when hauling on a rope. At every government school there is an instructor, who leads the drills and gives some slight heed to the parallel and horizontal bars, which are usually to be found on the play-ground. Beyond this there is no gymnastic work, although in the military schools, of which there are several, fencing with the modern weapon is a supplementary course.

It is altogether likely that Japan has gone as far in school gymnastics as she ever will, or as indeed is wise. Japan is essentially an out-of-door country, and gymnastics will have served their purpose when they have set up the body of the youthful Jap and given him a desire for wholesome, vigorous, out-of-door games. Evidence of such a result is already forth-coming.

As yet there is no foot-racing, but there are contests in jumping and on the bars, and several of the schools have boat-clubs, which use a boat patterned after the English model, and provide some very good sport. Football has been tried, but is not popular—perhaps it is too vigorous—and has now no native following of any moment. To baseball, however, the Japanese take very kindly, and play so good a game that last spring the native Yokohama nine defeated a nine from the cruiser *Olympia*, the flag-ship of our Asiatic squadron. About the same time a cutter's crew from a Japanese man-of-war defeated crews from the United States, English, and German ships of war.

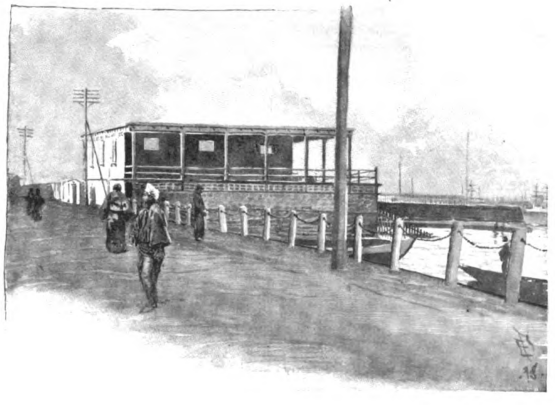
This is about all there is of school athletics, and although it is not very much advanced from our point of view, at least a beginning has been made which appears very gratifying to the progressive party of Japan. It is true one may not as yet discover the athletic movement without seeking, but it must be remembered that what there is of it is the development of practically the last two years. The Japanese reveals that notable deficiency of all Orientals, the lack of steadfastness and perseverance, and his athletic advance must be through holding his interest. Rowing and baseball seem to be doing this, and it is fair to assume that other games will, in due course of time, come into popularity in this country.

There is a species of physical culture current with the police of Japan which, while not bearing upon the athletic movement in the schools, or even the athletic awakening of the nation, is, I think, none the less worthy of mention. It is a kind of condensed wrestling rendered scientific to the last degree. I heard several names for it I could not put to paper, but one name for it at least is *yawara*. There is a school for teaching it at Tokio, where all police are obliged to study and pass examination in the art. *Yawara*, in brief, is the art of making the most of one's physical self, of getting the best results from the smallest effort, of worsting a stronger and larger opponent through a masterful knowledge of grips and muscles, and a speedy and absolutely exact application of that knowledge.

Practical physiology would not be an inappropriate name for *yawara*. The police employ it as a means of defence against attack, and as a means of quieting unruly ruffians, and judged by the exhibitions I saw of its efficacy, it must be very unpopular with Japanese hoodlums. The untrained eye can learn none of its secrets; and, indeed, so fast are the movements, that only the eye of an expert can follow them. From my knowledge of the catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling, I could in a general way follow the *yawara* expert sufficiently to see that the art was contained in a extensive knowledge of deadly grips, and of slipping out of tight places, but by a process and speediness not known to any other kind of wrestling which I have ever seen. Men held by others in every conceivable manner broke away with apparently the greatest ease when they brought their knowledge of this extraordinary kind of wrestling to their rescue.

The men I saw stripped for this work were small in stature, but finely muscled. The same may be said, in fact, of a majority of the Japanese who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. They are very dissimilar to the Chinese in this (as, indeed, in every other) respect. John Chinaman is rarely well muscled or shaped, however developing his work may have been.

Perhaps the boatmen as a class are the best muscled of all Japan's laborers. The boats they use are called *sampans*, and vary in size from fifteen or eighteen up to thirty feet. The former size, however, is the more general size for passenger and light-freight carrying; the larger ones are used for family or other large parties. At all times, however, the *sampan* is propelled by an oar sculled at the port side of the stern, the oar consisting of two pieces lashed together—the blade and the handle. Frequently two men scull at a



BOAT CLUB HOUSE, YOKOHAMA.

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JAPANESE SCHOOLBOYS ON PARALLEL AND HORIZONTAL BARS.

time, one at either side of the stern. Oftentimes there is impromptu racing by these boatmen, but there is no organized sport among the *sampans*.

There is no class of men in the world whose appearance conveys less suggestion of their trade to the foreign eye than the wrestlers of Japan. They are the least athletic-looking men I saw in Japan. They are the only large men in Japan, and therein lies their distinction as individuals and their wrestling prowess. There is less skill in Japanese wrestling than in any wrestling I have ever seen. After the *yawara* it is particularly insipid. The science of Japanese wrestling consists in one man pushing another outside of a ring, and weight first and strength second are the prime requisites.

The combatants squat facing each other, and as the referee gives the word they hurl themselves forward, and then begins the struggle. It looks like an unscienced tug between two big overfed creatures who would rather be sitting over a pipe and cup of *saké*. They would make but a short stand against a disciple of the catch-as-catch-can or Græco-Roman style of Anglo-Saxon wrestling. The Japanese wrestlers are all professionals.

There are abundant pheasants and splendid shooting in Japan, but natives hunt only for the market, and foreigners are not permitted to go outside of treaty limits, which extend to a twenty-five-mile radius around a treaty port; but there is some sport to be had within these limits. The common pheasant here is the, with us, highly prized Mongolian variety, and there is, besides, the copper pheasant, a beautiful bird with a tail from two to three feet long. Then there are snipe and quail like our ordinary species, hare smaller than in England, woodcock just like ours—but getting scarce, probably soon to be extinct—and wood-pigeon. The sacred stork, which all Westerners know pictorially, and which at one time was likely to cost a Japanese his head if he shot, is now extinct. There are some preserved, but they are said to have come from Korea. In the north of Japan there is a grouse something like the species seen in extreme northern latitudes. There are teal-duck most everywhere, and one variety of goose, the kind known as the barnacle-goose, that weighs from six to nine pounds.



JAPANESE SAMPAN, SHOWING INSIDE OF BOAT AND ARRANGEMENT OF OAR.

Wild boar are very plentiful in the interior, and very generally distributed over the island. With some knowledge of the country and careful hunting they may be found within treaty limits. There are also small black bear in the extreme north, and in the mountains is now and again seen a wolf, smaller than the European species, and much rarer. Foxes are very abundant, and a small stag may be had well back in the island. There are no tigers, despite picturesque and historical allusions to them.

Fish are almost too numerous in Japanese and Chinese waters to make of fishing a sport. They are richer in variety and quantity than elsewhere, though not in quality, so far as I discovered. The supply seems inexhaustible, though thousands upon thousands of these two peoples devote themselves to fishing, and many thousands upon thousands literally exist upon it. Yet is there no appreciable decrease in the supply.



JAPANESE BOYS GOING THROUGH CALISTHENIC EXERCISES.

Wherever there are Englishmen there is sport, and Japan is no exception. There are rowing, cricket, lawn-tennis, football, and racing. Yokohama has the largest English settlement, and pays most attention to sport. There is a splendid cricket and football field, with an attractive club-house; a rowing club on the Bund facing the harbor, with gymnasium, a dozen boats, dressing-rooms, and bathing-barge, and in the Public Gardens on the Bluff are the lawn-tennis courts. The most important sporting institution in Japan, however, is the Nippon Race Club at Yokohama, which has its meets each spring and autumn at its race-course back of the Bluff. Race week is to English-speaking Japan what the horse show in London or New York is to society. It provides entertainment and affords an excuse for social diversions of one kind and another. The ponies raced are about the size of polo-ponies, only much stockier, and are brought from Hakodate, on the northern island, or from China. Few Japanese own or race ponies, and fewer still ride them. The Japanese are not notable horsemen, and horse-breeding has not so far been very successful in the island. The Emperor has several large studs, however, and is continuously endeavoring to breed up the native stock; there is some indication that he may be successful.

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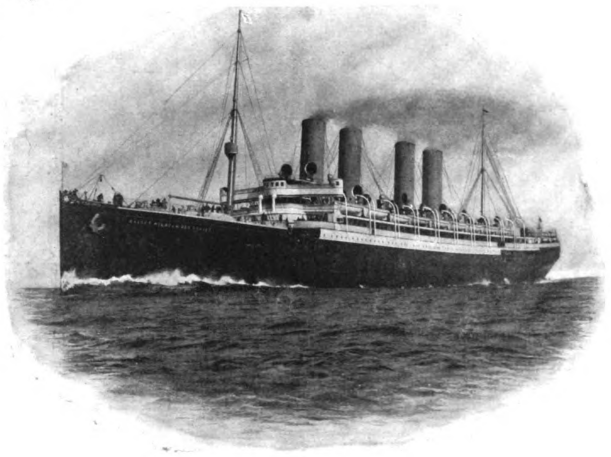
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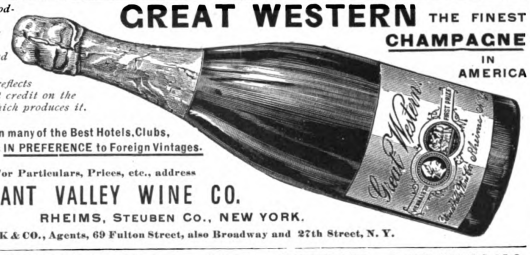
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From all other Sources	11,469,406 24
	$54,162,608 23

DISBURSEMENTS

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	$13,279,630 66
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	12,712,424 76
For all other accounts	10,132,005 57
	$36,124,060 99

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	$132,017,341 45
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	69,423,937 31
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	12,880,308 00
Real Estate	21,618,454 88
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	11,705,195 82
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,141,200 20
	$253,786,437 66
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities	218,278,243 07
Surplus	$35,508,194 59
Insurance and Annuities in force	$936,634,496 63

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.
CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

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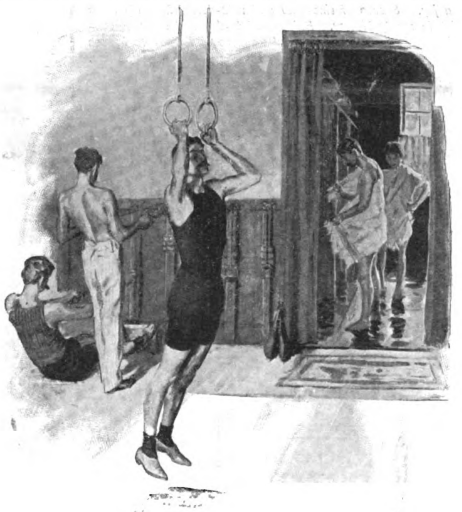
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT THE OLD VETERAN!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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SENATOR LINDSAY'S reply to the Kentucky Legislature was an excellent one—a good deal better and more to his credit than his vote for the TELLER resolution. He declines to surrender his commission as Senator at the dictation of the silver Democrats of his State because he is not only a Senator from his State, but a Senator of the United States, and that "when great public questions affecting alike every portion of the Union are to be acted upon, they are to be considered from the stand-point of the broadest patriotism."

THE effort of the Republican members of the New York Legislature to discipline Senator MURPHY for his vote in favor of the TELLER bill by a resolution of censure is an amusing rather than a serious incident in politics. As Mr. PERRY BELMONT has pointed out, Mr. MCKINLEY'S record is no better than Mr. MURPHY'S on this subject, and until BRYAN captured the Democratic party entirely the Republican party was no better than the Democratic party. Even now the author of the resolution is an old-time Republican, and its passage through the Senate was made possible by the votes in its favor of former Republicans, and of men who still claim to be members of the party. Silence on the part of politicians about records would indicate the attainment of a much-needed capacity to recognize frankly the facts of the situation.

WE regret to hear that Speaker REED is suspected of an inclination to decline two responsibilities and two opportunities. It is said that he will not insist upon the passage of a money bill. He may not be altogether to blame for this, for it has been stated that he cannot compel the Republican majority of the Banking and Currency Committee to report a bill, nor the majority of his party in the House to pass one if it be reported. If this be true, however, it is sad news, for failure to act will leave the country with no party pledged definitely to money reform for the next campaign. Such inaction will be bad not only for the Republican party, but also for the Speaker, because, after his last exhibition of power over the House, it will be difficult to convince the country that he cannot compel a report and a debate at least. If we cannot have action, let us have talk. If we cannot have a law, let us have at least the enlightenment that comes from discussion. It is also said that Mr. REED is about to abandon his opposition to the annexation of Hawaii, and in response to pressure from his party in and out of the House, he is ready to permit the passage of an annexation bill if the treaty fails in the Senate. If both these rumors turn out to be true, the country will lose the only Republican leader who has of late seemed to be thinking seriously of the public welfare, and acting strenuously for its maintenance.

THE trial of ZOLA in France is important mainly for what may result from it. In essence the struggle is between a few Frenchmen, with ZOLA at their head, who believe that individual rights ought to be respected, and the old system which so often makes the pretended republican form of government of France seem a hollow sham—the system which protects officialism against the accusations of private citizens, just or unjust. The whole energy of the French government is now directed to the protection of the secrecy of the trial of DREYFUS. Whatever the military officers determined in that trial must remain inviolate, and no one is to be permitted to question either the secrecy of the proceedings or their consequences, no matter what new evidence may have come to light. In order to protect officialism, the heads of the French government are endangering the safety of the republic; for though the Paris crowd is apparently with the government and the army, the agitation for the right of the individual against the wrong-doing of an official must eventually greatly increase the numbers of the socialists. JAURES is already triumphing. As to the fear professed by the government that the revelation of the evidence on which DREYFUS was convicted would endanger the national safety, we are inclined to think with M. LABORIE, ZOLA'S counsel, that "the allegation that the matter under discussion is connected with state secrets and the national defence is a mere jest." Apparently, at the most, a Russian would be revealed as the foreign trader in French secrets; but from such a revelation the essential unnaturalness of the recent treaty is likely to occur to the people who have as yet gained nothing from it.

THERE are several things to commend in the conduct of Judge WOODWARD, who is presiding at the trial of Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies for the shooting of the striking miners at Hazleton. Judging entirely from the newspaper reports, we should say that Judge WOODWARD'S conduct recalls the past days of the bench, and those judges whom the elder lawyers of the bar in this State remember as having once presided over criminal trials in New York with dignity and ability. Judge WOODWARD seems to have secured a jury in a reasonable time, and it is evident that he has a high respect not only for the law which he is administering, but for the proprieties of a court of justice and for the sanctity of judicial proceedings. He has notified the lawyers that they cannot indulge in the ordinary squabbles of the modern criminal bar in his presence, and he has told the writers of anonymous threatening letters that they are "scoundrels" and "cowards," and that they cannot intimidate him. He has also taken notice of the exaggerated reports in some sensational newspapers, and has notified the reporters of those papers that if the offences of which they have been guilty are repeated, he will exclude them from the court-room. It is high time that something were done to put an end to improper reports of criminal trials. After a bad but prevailing fashion, the daily reports of the trial in some newspapers are attacks upon the accused. The reporters are trying the defendants. The newspaper try the case. The gross impropriety of this does not seem to occur to the writer of the reports or to the publishers of the newspaper, but every properly instructed lawyer knows that such improprieties are insults to the court, and that they and the customary newspaper exaggeration of incidents of a trial are calculated to defeat the ends of justice. The newspapers are free in their denunciation of the bar and of the delays of the law, but very often the newspapers themselves do more to defeat the ends of justice than they are aware of.

THE incident which has embroiled the Spanish minister, DUPUY DE LOME, with the administration at Washington is greatly to be regretted. By his offensive letter Minister DE LOME has given the President and the country just cause of offence. It is true that the letter was private, that it was stolen from the desk of Señor CANALEJAS, and that the propriety of its publication by American newspapers, under such circumstances, is more than doubtful. Still, it is the fashion, in the open market of democracy, to respect no secrets, even when self-repression seems a patriotic duty. The letter was a private one, as the friends of the Spanish minister take pains to point out; but the trouble with this contention is that a minister to a foreign country is presumed not to believe that the head of the government to which he is accredited is "a coarse and low politician, weak and catering to the rabble." The letter appears on another page of the WEEKLY. The great pity of the incident is that it adds fuel to the mutual ill-feeling that exists in the United States and Spain. Senators MASON and CANNON spoke the glee of the Jingoes of this country when the unfortunate letter first made its appearance, and WEYLER and his friends in Spain are doubtless delighted that the governments of the two countries are at last embroiled in a personal controversy. Of course the thief who stole the letter was actuated by the desire to produce the same effect. Now all patriots, both in this country and in Spain, have one common sentiment and hope, and that is that peace may come to Cuba speedily, but that whether it come sooner or later, that it may come without war between the United States and Spain. DE LOME'S letter, now that it is made public, may be one of the causes that will eventually disappoint this hope; but DE LOME'S letter is infinitely less vicious, less malicious, less brutal, and much less vulgar than Senator MASON'S speech which was made on the day the letter first saw the light, and in which the Illinois Senator denounces Spain as without honor, WEYLER as a butcher, BLANCO as a bribe-giver. MASON and the other Senators who indulge thus in abuse of Spain make SAGASTA'S position all the more difficult, and a peaceful solution of the difficulty problematical. The situation is very grave, and if war comes out of it, the people of the two countries, who will bear the burden and pay the cost of war in life and treasure, will have the mouthing Jingoes of the United States and an indiscreet Spanish minister and the mediæval reactionaries of Spain to blame for the outcome. Aside from the writing of this unfortunate letter, which was never intended to reach the public, DE LOME has been a good minister, while his presence has helped to make for the peace which we believe that the responsible heads of the two governments really desire; but a minister cannot remain in a country whose head he has insulted, and, on our part, it seems that no consideration of patriotic duty or responsibility will restrain our Jingoes. Peace between the United States and Spain is apparently at the mercy of the reckless, the foolish, and the brutal elements of the two countries.

THE PENSION LIST.

THE WEEKLY has been in receipt of several courteous and moderate communications concerning its attitude as to the pension list. One of them is from Colonel JAMES A. CROZER, who is the commandant of the Michigan Soldiers' Home. Colonel CROZER admits that there are probably some pension frauds, although he does not know of any. He believes that the accusations of fraud are exaggerated, and, especially, he thinks that the cases of women who marry old soldiers for the sake of becoming their widows and drawing their pensions are overstated. We can assure him, on this latter point, that the experience of other homes is different from that of his. With what Colonel CROZER says concerning the soldiers who really fought through the war, or through any part of the war, we most heartily concur. They were not only patriots, but their hardships and sufferings led, in very many cases, to permanent ills. We believe that every deserving old soldier should have a pension. So long as he did his duty bravely and honorably to the country, we are not only willing that he should be the recipient of the country's bounty during his life, but we believe that the country should and does esteem it a privilege to make his last days as comfortable and pleasant as the last days of an invalid can possibly be.

We have received other respectful communications, coming from old soldiers who are as interested as we are in making the pension list a roll of honor. We have also received one communication of quite a different character. It is a resolution adopted by Lincoln Post No. 1, Department of Kansas, G.A.R. It is unnecessary to recite this resolution. It was spread upon the pages of the *Congressional Record* of January 27, by Senator HARRIS of Kansas, and any one of our readers who is interested in the matter can find it there. The attempt of the people who instigated it was to have it appear that the WEEKLY is making war on the veterans. This attempt is as honest as the statement in the resolution that HARPER'S WEEKLY during the war was a "disloyal sheet."

For the information of our friends among the real soldiers, however, we wish to state precisely why we believe that the pension list needs purging. In the first place, let us repeat that we are sure that a very large number of pensions are deserved, and so far as they are deserved we are sincerely in favor of paying them, even if payment involves an increase of the public debt. But what are the reasons for believing that the government has pensioned hundreds of people who are fraudulent recipients of its bounty, and how has the presumption been created that the list is tainted with fraud? In the first place, it will be recollected that JAMES A. GARFIELD stated in 1873 that the high-water mark had then been reached, and that from that time on the pension list would decrease. It must be admitted, therefore, that the enormous increases in the number of pensioners and in the annual appropriations for them since 1873 cause suspicion. In 1873 there were 238,411 pensioners on the rolls. Since then 321,485 pensioners have died, and there are now on the rolls 976,014 pensioners, of whom 733,527 are survivors of the war. In 1873 the amount paid to pensioners was $26,502,529, and now the annual appropriation is about $140,000,000.

There are now carried on the rolls 6405 more "survivors" than there are living survivors of the war. How is this consistent with the theory that the pension roll is entirely a roll of honor of veterans and their dependents? We are sure that candid men will agree with us that, on the contrary, this fact alone pardons suspicion; but, beyond this, it is within the knowledge of all men that the securing of pensions and of the passage of pension laws has been promoted by a set of men who are properly described as pension sharks.

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Sometimes these men cheat the old soldier, and sometimes they cheat the government. It has been well established in many cases that they have secured pensions for bounty-jumpers; for deserters; for men who never went into the war; for women who pretend to be widows of old soldiers to whom they never were married, or whom they married for the pension only. There are a hundred ways for the commission of pension frauds, and these sharks have taken advantage of every one of their opportunities. Some of them are now in jail for the frauds they have committed upon the government; many of them have been disbarred from practising before the Pension Bureau. When an applicant for a pension fails to prove that he comes within the provisions of the general laws, he usually applies to Congress for a special act. It is known that many of these special acts grant pensions to unworthy persons. A great many fraudulent bills have been vetoed. Many that have finally passed into law ought to have been vetoed. In one short special session of Congress, during Mr. CLEVELAND'S first term, nearly 450 special pension bills were sent to him for approval, having passed both Houses of Congress, and 111 were pending in Congress when the President called the attention of the legislative branch of the government to its pension industry.

During the same session, to give an illustration of the reasons which lead to suspicion of the roll, some fifteen pension bills were vetoed by Mr. CLEVELAND, and reported back to the Senate by Senator BLAIR, with the recommendation that they pass notwithstanding the veto of the President. It was then ascertained that Mr. BLAIR did not have the authority of the Committee on Invalid Pensions to make this recommendation, and that the bills and the veto messages had not been presented to the committee. In other words, it was shown in open Senate that Mr. BLAIR had been guilty of fraud upon the committee, and had attempted a fraud upon the Senate. Nevertheless, later in the session, Mr. BLAIR, with the consent of the committee, reported the bills again, and again recommended their passage.

On January 25 of this year Pension-Commissioner EVANS wrote a letter to Senator GALLINGER on the subject of claims for increase of pensions. It should be stated that there are now something over 650,000 claims pending before the Bureau of Pensions, 450,000 of which are claims for increase of pensions. Commissioner EVANS says that it is the experience of the bureau "that a considerable per cent. of the claimants, so soon as they get their certificates of allowance of pensions, file an application for increase, and set the machinery in motion to have that increase claim given preference over claims for pension that have been on file pending from one to seven or more years." That more fraudulent than honest attempts to secure pensions are made is shown in this very letter of Commissioner EVANS. For the years 1894, '95, and '96 sixty-eight per cent. of the claims for original pensions under the general law were fraudulent. For the same years fifty-six per cent. of the claims for pensions under the law of 1890 were fraudulent. For the same years sixty-eight per cent. of the demands for increase of pensions under the general law were fraudulent, as were eighty per cent. of the claims for increase under the law of 1890. These are a few of the reasons why the friends of the old soldier believe that the pension agents and complaisant or self-seeking Congressmen are making him the unwilling associate of fraudulent mendicants.

General SLOCUM, whose loyalty to the old soldier no one ever doubted, said many years ago that he believed that the tendency of the constant demand for pensions and increase of pensions would be "to lessen the esteem and affection which our people have always felt for the veterans of the late war.... There is great danger," he continued, "if we allow the pension-claim agents to represent the soldiers as a body of cormorants who are discontented with what they have received, that sooner or later we shall kill the goose that lays the golden egg. At the rate pensions are now being granted, the claim agents are in receipt of $3,500,000 per year." We are insisting that the pension list shall be purged for the same reason that moved General SLOCUM to utter this warning. It is time that the character of the pension-roll should be restored, and that it should become once more a roll of honor. In the effort to secure such an end, veterans and their friends should unite, and so far as the WEEKLY is concerned it will continue to do what it considers to be its duty to the country and to the old soldier, and it will not be deterred by the efforts of pension agents, bounty-jumpers, and deserters, and their allies the politicians, to make it appear that in endeavoring to cleanse the roll of fraud we are hostile to the old soldier. When the old soldier comes to realize the use that is now being made of him by men who would be injured by the disclosure of pension frauds, he will be grateful to those who are trying to get him out of bad company.

IMPENDING DANGERS.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

A NOTE of alarm was recently sounded in a speech delivered in Baltimore by Senator THURSTON of Nebraska, who believes "that the Republican party is in danger of losing the next Congress." The reason of his fear is that "the allied fusion forces of free silver, socialism, lawlessness, and anarchy are endeavoring to so falsely state the premises and frame the issues as to array every man without a dollar against every man with a dollar." To avert this danger Mr. THURSTON thinks that the Republican party "must have the courage, by adequate legislation, by uncompromising policy, by vigorous prosecution, to maintain all the rights and protect all the just privileges of all the citizens of this republic; it must stand eternally against all unlawful combination and unjust exaction of aggregated capital and corporate power; it must smite with the mailed hand of law every combination formed to artificially decrease the wages of labor or increase the prices of the necessaries of life; and if it use injunction against boycotts and unlawful assemblages, it must not hesitate to use injunction against monopolies and trusts." And then Mr. THURSTON farther advises that all attempts at legislation touching our monetary system or banking facilities be carefully avoided.

Mr. THURSTON is undoubtedly right in one respect—the danger that the Republican party will lose the next Congress really exists. The Republican leaders feel it in their bones. Mr. THURSTON has also the right instinct as to one of the things which create the danger he speaks of. It is the constantly growing impression that the Republican party is becoming more and more the servant of the "aggregated capital," of the "corporate power," of the "monopolies and trusts," against identification with which Mr. THURSTON raises his warning voice—in short, a servant of what a great many people have in mind when they vaguely speak of the "grasping money power." But if Mr. THURSTON'S hopes of salvation depend only upon the chance that the Republicans in Congress will speedily dispel that impression by passing effective laws against trusts, and the illegitimate use of injunctions, and so on, he is doomed to grievous disappointments. It is no doubt difficult for a Republican partisan, who has for many years been accustomed to shout for high protection as the only source of national prosperity, to recognize that high protection is, not indeed altogether, but to a very great extent, responsible for what Mr. THURSTON complains of, and that so long as the Republican party continues to be the champion of high protection, it will inevitably be compelled to do many things which will, justly or unjustly, subject it to the charge of playing into the hands of that same oppressive money power. But so it is.

The real strength of the Republican party, and its hopes of future success, depend upon the support it receives from the conservative sentiment of the country, which at present regards it as the only organized power capable of saving the republic from repudiation, bankruptcy, and dishonor. Now every clear-headed Republican acknowledges the fact that in the last Presidential election the Republicans could not have won without the active assistance of voters not belonging to the Republican organization—voters who were not in favor of protection, and who supported the Republican candidates only because they saw no other way to avert a great public calamity. There is no reason for thinking that in the Congressional elections before us, and in the Presidential election to follow, outside support will not be needed, at least as much as it was in 1896. It is equally well understood that a great many of those outside supporters became much displeased with the Republican party after they had helped it into power, partly on account of the preference given by it to the tariff over the money question, partly on account of the unwillingness of the Republicans in Congress to advance the cause of sound money and good banking by positive legislation, and partly on account of the conduct of the party in other respects. Nothing could be more evident than that, in order to bring about the necessary junction of forces again, the same motives must be appealed to that proved so potent in 1896; in other words, the Republican party must put itself in a situation in which it can with effect call for active co-operation to a common end upon the sound-money men outside of its ranks.

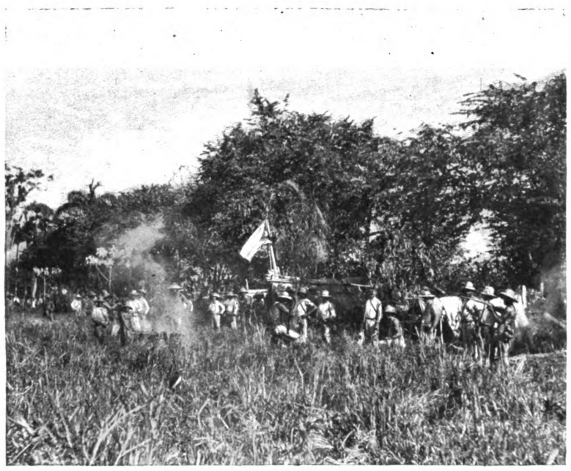
Whoever is acquainted with the current of feeling among the independent voters knows that while a great many of them would, in spite of their disappointments, still stand by the Republican party so long as it is the only bulwark against Bryanism, a not inconsiderable number are rather inclined to think that the Republican party needs a sound beating, at least at the Congressional elections, to put it in a proper state of mind for future action. This may appear illogical, but the reasoning of choler is but seldom governed by the strict rules of logic. Especially are those persons disinclined to help in re-electing Republican members of Congress who opposed every forward step in sound-money legislation for fear of displeasing some weak brothers among their constituents. To the independent sound-money man nothing is more repulsive than this sort of political cowardice. To recover anything like the outside support it had in 1896 the Republican party will have to manifest its earnestness of purpose as to the sound-money cause by taking a decided step beyond the mere negative vote by which it defeated the TELLER resolution in the House of Representatives. It must do just the contrary of what Mr. THURSTON advises it to do. It must not let the money question alone at a time when the money question will not let it alone. It must adopt a positive policy like that proposed by the monetary commission; it must raise a visible standard, no matter whether immediate success be in prospect or not. President MCKINLEY never spoke a wiser word than when, in a recent speech, he appealed to his party at least to try to do its duty, even if failure threatened, and thus to demonstrate its good faith and courage. Only with such a standard boldly raised can it expect men who are not impelled by partisan motives to rally to its support with spirit. Only thus can it hope to save itself at the present juncture.

There is another danger to the Republican party, which Mr. THURSTON did not mention. It is the disintegration of the party caused by the offensive character of machine politics and boss rule in it. Senator THURSTON gave the benefit of his eloquence to the PLATT machine in our municipal campaign last autumn, and predicted that, if the Republican machine candidate for Mayor were defeated, this generation would not see the election of another Republican President. It is not intended here to twit him with his prophecy, but he may live to acknowledge the fact that had the independent candidate been elected, and the Republican machine with its boss been buried beyond the hope of resurrection, the Republican party of this great State would be in a very much sounder and more hopeful condition than it now is. The Democracy of New York, Tammany-ridden, burdened with the Chicago platform, and torn by faction broils, still has one, and only one, hope of success—and that hope is not unfounded. It rests upon the disgust created and the animosities excited by Boss PLATT and his henchmen. Whether the attempt at organized revolt now going on inside of the party produce any permanent results or not, the very existence of that boss and his machine will cost the party thousands of Republican votes, as well as many other thousands that would otherwise have gone to it. In the same way Boss QUAY is gradually ruining his party in Pennsylvania, as Boss GORMAN has ruined his in Maryland.

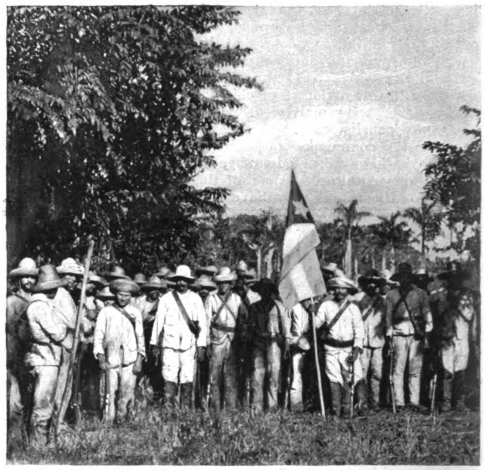
It is much to be deplored that President MCKINLEY, to so great an extent, surrenders to the Senatorial bosses the Federal patronage in their respective States; for by almost every one of the appointments so made he weakens the moral strength of the Republican party and undermines his own popularity, which might be of great value to the sound-money cause. Those who say that this is "good politics" in a personal sense, inasmuch as the favor of the bosses would insure his renomination, while, owing to the silver madness of the Democrats, the election would take care of itself, impute to him a motive which it would be unfair to admit, and a lack of political foresight scarcely creditable. For it is by no means certain that those bosses will, two years hence, still be strong enough to name the delegations of their States to the national convention, while it is exceedingly probable that the next Presidential election will be a very close one, and may be decided by comparatively slight causes, such as the feeling against those very bosses. Such causes may not prevail with men who carefully weigh the consequences of their acts; but experience teaches that many people, when disgusted with the party to which they had given their votes, are, by their desire to punish it, often blinded as to the worse failings of the opposite party.

These warnings are prompted not by a carping spirit, but by an anxious wish that the Republican party will preserve its strength for the service it may again have to render.

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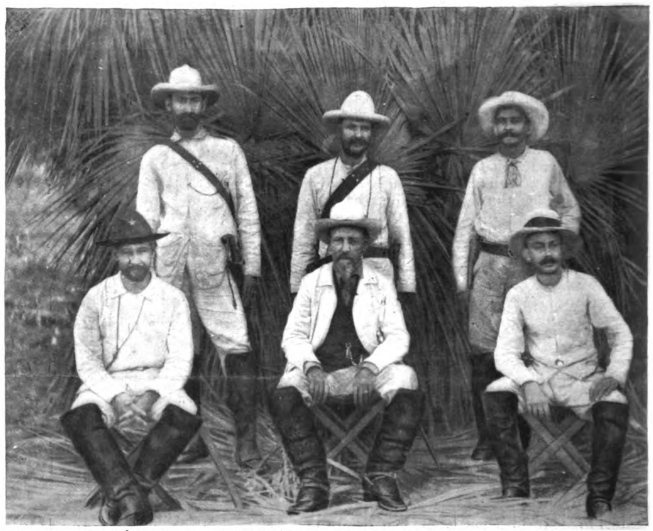
REGIMENT PANCHITO GOMEZ, FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT.



REGIMENT AGRAMONTE, FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT.



CAPTAIN PARDO, IN CHARGE OF CORRESPONDENCE GOING THROUGH THE TROCHA.



Ernesto Fons Sterling, Secretary of Treasury. Andrés Moreno de la Torre, Secretary of Foreign Affairs. José B Aleman, Secretary of War.
Vice-President Mendez Capote. President Bartolomé Masó. Manuel Ramon Silva, Secretary of Interior.

THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT.



LA ESPERANZA, SEAT OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT—ABOUT EIGHTEEN MILES FROM PUERTO PRINCIPE.



COLOR-BEARER.

LA ESPERANZA—THE CAPITAL OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. D. PAGLIUCHI, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 174.]

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CUBAN CAVALRY CHARGING SPANISH GUERILLAS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PUERTO PRINCIPE.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUAQUIN CASTILLO AND HIS STAFF.



THE LANDING OF GENERAL CASTILLO'S EXPEDITION IN CUBA.



GENERAL LACRET MERLOT AND HIS STAFF.



GENERAL CASTILLO'S EXPEDITION ASHORE.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.—From Photographs by F. D. Pagliuchi, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 174.]

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LIFE AND LETTERS

One of the penalties of primacy in any sort is that people who recognize it are apt to add years, if not decades, of unmerited age to the date of the person who enjoys an indisputable distinction. I have just read, for instance, a very friendly criticism of Mr. E. C. Stedman's *Poems now first Collected*, which, in hailing him greatest of our surviving poets, brevets him fellow-singer of Lowell, Holmes and Whittier, associates him with them in point of time as well as eternity, and makes him respectively seventy-seven, eighty-eight and ninety years old. He is really, however, only in his early sixties, one of the prettiest periods of adolescence, as I happen to know, who come halting a little after him in birthdays, and find the constructive gift of ten or twenty more of them than I have seen, an embarrassment of riches.

My contemporaneity with Mr. Stedman enables me to fix his date a little more accurately than the admirer, whom I would not otherwise dispute, unless it should be to suggest the poet's rather important difference from the great New England group in certain essentials. He is a New-Englander, of course, but he is not of the Bostonian New England, and he came early to New York, where he took on certain colors and qualities of the place, which he has given forth again in his poetry. He is, decidedly more than any one else, a New York poet, if New York cares for the fact, or indeed for anything but money; and if Fame should ever have leisure again, as she seemed once to have, for the classification of celebrities, I think she will make his name stand for this city. I do not mean in any gross or sprawling sort, æsthetically commensurate with her ungainly dimensions of length, narrowness and thinness, but in a fine psychical fashion. He has caught the spirit of the place, and has mused it forth again richly and sweetly, as no one else has done, that I now think of. Her harsh and panting breath has struck across the chords of his fancy, and transmuted itself to music that New York would never have dreamt she had in her, and knows too little that she has inspired, though I should like to prophesy that she will yet know it more fully, and renown her poet as she ought.

One finds strains of this music in his latest song-book, as one finds them in all his earlier ones, and there is often a note of the gayety which is temperamental, no doubt, and yet seems environmental, too, if I may be suffered the word. At least it would not have been by living in Boston that he would have struck that note which he has struck here time and again ever since he began to sing. I do not forget Dr. Holmes and his gayety; but that was something personal, something academic, something a little self-deprecating, and quite different from the freedom with which Mr. Stedman releases himself to his fun in a place so large and loud that it will not mind what he is doing.

I try to suggest a feeling which my words are too loose a fit for; and I do not care to insist, in the presence of the beautiful seriousness and the high significance of many poems in this volume, upon what is merely environmental and only partially temperamental. Till I went through them here, and renewed my pleasure in them, I did not realize how many of them I had known before, and how long it had been since Mr. Stedman had put together a book of verse. Now that the book is in the hands of all his lovers, they must know its range, from The Hand of Lincoln and The Old Picture-Dealer, through the ballads of The Dutch Patrol and Huntington House, and the fine commemoration odes, to the "carols free and bold" of the Carib Sea. They may, or they may not, agree with me that where he is most lyrical he is best; but I think we cannot dispute about the sort of lusty vigor in his ballads which makes the heart beat and glow as all true songs do.

They have a lilt, they have a go, which puts one in mind of Mr. Kipling's sturdy marches; but one must remember that they had it ten or twenty years earlier. I think any one will feel it in the Carib ballad of the buccaneer Morgan, and in that strong poem, Panama; but the last of these has another charm which seems to me as altogether Mr. Stedman's own as that gayety of his New York verse. It comes, as nearly as I can say it, from a true and penetrating historic sense aglow with humanity.

> "There's a heretic to singe to-day—
> Come out! Come out!" still strive to say
> The Bells of Panama—

are lines that flash a whole black period of the past into sight, at the end of a poem that expresses all that words could convey of modern dilapidation and decay.

Most of the pieces are of ten, twelve, fifteen years ago; but there are others of later date; and it is good to see how the poet keeps one youth in all. The only pity is that there should be little or nothing less than five years old; but perhaps he is letting some recenter things mellow in his portfolio. I hope he will not keep them so long that when he next prints he will be ranged with the poets who went before Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier, if there were any; and I think I may be forgiven the chronological insistence if I return to the question of his epoch.

He was certainly the contemporary of the poets named, but he was of the period of Bayard Taylor, of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, and of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and he was of the tendency in our literature to break New England bounds. When his verse began to make him known he was one of the group formed by these poets, together with Fitz-James O'Brien, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Mr. William Winter and others, who loved literature and lived by journalism in New York. It was not a very compact body, and it did not express a civilization, as the great New England group did, but it was the beginning of an era, and that was the end of an era. Its work was united to that of an earlier time by the gentle art of George William Curtis, who in date and culture and sympathy was a natural bond between the older and the newer periods. The Knickerbocker school of New York literature was quite extinct, but the impulse to something American had been given in the commercial metropolis by Putnam's Magazine, and it continued through the recognition which the Atlantic Monthly wisely offered to letters everywhere. Many of the group to which Mr. Stedman belonged are gone; but that does not push him into the past, and I hope yet to read him a quarter of a century before he is ninety. By that time I shall be—

But it is a vice to keep talking of one's age, and there is nothing in Mr. Stedman's book to make me think of mine, unless it is that note of gayety, of something Elizabethan in its hearty mood, that distinctly antedates our war-time, and has somehow got lost out of so much modern music.

W. D. Howells.

A GLIMPSE OF THE CUBAN WAR.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

After two months' stay on the island of Cuba, and after what I have seen and heard, I am able to state positively that Spain has lost forever the control of the Pearl of the Antilles.

Before going to the island I had made up my mind that I would have to go through great hardships and privations, but, once there, I found myself happily disappointed.

I found the cavalry well mounted, the infantry well armed and well trained; the only thing that they were in need of was clothes, and fortunately, owing to the mildness of the climate, that was not so great an evil after all. I travelled for twenty-one days in going to the seat of the Cuban government, and not once were we molested by the Spaniards, nor were we even obliged to change our route on account of the presence of the enemy, which I found conspicuous by its absence.

Every morning we enjoyed the luxury of plenty of fresh milk, and our food was always plentiful and of the best quality, consisting of beef, pork, mutton, cassava bread, sweet-potatoes, plantains, cheese, honey, coffee, etc. To give my readers an idea of what limited control the Spaniards have of the island, I can state that we camped at a ranch about ten miles from the capital of the province of Camaguey—Puerto Principe, a city garrisoned with 70,000 Spanish soldiers—without feeling obliged to set a guard at night.

In this province I saw a great number of cattle, the finest and fattest cattle I have ever seen; and when one considers that the Spaniards are obliged to import beef cattle not only in Havana, but also in this province, or rather in their only two strongholds, Nuevitas and Puerto Principe, one can easily see that their power is very weak.

The Cuban government I found to be working with just the same routine as any well-recognized government. Major-General Bartolomé Masó, the President of the Cuban republic, impressed me as being a very conscientious, energetic, and intelligent man, and, above all things, a great patriot, and one who has the reputation of being one of the most honest men on the island. He was born in Manzanillo in 1834, and took part in the insurrection of 1868. On the 24th of February, 1895, he left Manzanillo, and has been in the field ever since. He was elected Vice-President of the Cuban republic on September 18, 1895, and elected President October 29, 1897.

The Vice-President, Mendez Capote, is also an exceedingly bright and clever man, and is a great diplomat. He has the rank of Brigadier-General, and was born in Cardenas, in the province of Matanzas. He holds the degrees of LL.D. and Ph.D. from the University of Havana, and is secretary of the Spanish-American Light and Power Company, Consolidated, and was counsel for the Railroads of Havana.

The members of the cabinet are also very competent and intelligent men, belonging to some of the best families of Cuba. The Secretary of War, Brigadier José B. Aleman, is a native of Santa Clara, and is thirty-four years old. He is not only a planter, but the editor and owner of *La Defensa*, a Liberal newspaper published in Santa Clara, and has served as alderman of the Santa Clara Municipal Council.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Colonel Ernesto Fons Sterling, was born in Havana. He is twenty-eight years old, a property-owner, and belongs to one of the best families on the island.

The Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Colonel Andrés Moreno de la Torre, was born in Cardenas, in the province of Matanzas. He is thirty-eight years old, and holds the degree of LL.D. He is the owner of a sugar-plantation, and is a well-known lawyer of Havana and Cardenas.

The Secretary of the Interior, Lieutenant-Colonel Manuel Ramon Silva, was born in Puerto Principe. He is thirty years old, and holds the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and is a well-known physician in Puerto Principe.

To give a practical illustration of the power of the Cuban government, I can state that while I was there a delegation of sugar-planters came up to the government to see if by paying a heavy contribution they would be allowed to grind their crop. Although the money which they offered would have come very handy to the Cuban treasury, yet, after a long deliberation, the President decided that it would be detrimental to the Cuban cause to allow the planters to grind their cane—first, because it would necessitate the employment of many people who, if in a starving condition, would swell the insurgent ranks, and second, because if the grinding were permitted the Spaniards would give it out as a proof of pacification. The President, therefore, felt himself justified in refusing their petition, and they left us with the knowledge and understanding that if they should attempt to grind, their plantations would be destroyed by the insurgent forces.

Another thing that impressed me was the good order that prevailed, and the severe discipline in the insurgent ranks.

The insurgents are well supplied with workshops where arms are repaired, and where shoes, saddles, and other supplies are manufactured for the army. There are good schools in Cuba, and a very good postal service, using the well-known Cuban stamps.

The pacificos who are in the fields supply the food for the army, and are under military supervision. Their huts are often used as hospitals.

I interviewed men of all ranks from generals to common soldiers, regarding the acceptance of *autonomy*. They all have the same idea, and they all say the same thing, that even if autonomy should be granted to them on as liberal terms as that of Canada or of Australia, they would not accept it. Cubans consider the offer of autonomy a sham, a mere device on the part of Spain to lure the insurgents into laying down their arms. They have now fought for nearly three years, and they will continue to fight, no matter how long, to gain the end which Marti and Maceo indicated to them, and they will not lay down their arms until the flag of freedom shall float from Cape Maisi to Cape San Antonio.

F. D. Pagliuchi.

A NEEDED STIPULATION.

Come all ye merry Congressmen
And open up our doors,
Let in the lovely Islanders
Who cluster 'bout our shores.
Take in the festive Cubas, and
That soft Pacific spot
Where sugar grows and flourishes
More easily than not.

Annex fair Honolulu, sirs,
And take Havana in,
No matter what new citizens
You thereby chance to win.
Take in the vast tobacco-fields,
The acres broad of cane,
And let them both wax fat beneath
Your firm benignant reign.

But make this stipulation sure
When these twain are annexed,
By which our country as it stands
Shall be nó longer vexed,—
That Cuba builds a Senate house,
And Sandwich builds a hall,
The one to hold our Senators,
Where they may rant and bawl;

The other for our Congressmen,
Who tear us daily up,
Where they may be in exile, e'en
Though bitter be the cup.
Thus may the mainland thrive again
As in the days of yore,
When Congressmen were statesmen and
Not seekers after gore.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE GREAT STORM ON CAPE ANN.

The great storm that swept the Massachusetts coast on January 31 and February 11 was terrible enough on the land. The heavy damp snow clung to every exposed surface, and its weight was further increased by the driving saturating rain, that it absorbed like a sponge. Then the temperature fell and it froze, clinging solidly where otherwise the wind might have shaken it off. With tons and tons thus added to their weight, great trees were broken down; stout telegraph and telephone poles were snapped off like reeds under a strain that defied what seemed the safest engineering calculations; and even strong posts of steel, sturdily thick, carrying trolley wires, were bent over as a Sandow might bend a slender rod.

This on the shore. Then think of the same frozen sleet encrusting the masts and rigging of vessels at sea, or even anchored in ordinarily safe, well-sheltered harbors, burdening them with great weights high in the air—as if a large portion of their cargoes had suddenly been taken from their holds and slung about their mast-heads to make them stagger and reel under the swaying of inverted pendulums!

Gloucester Harbor, the haven of "Captains Courageous," is counted one of the safest on the coast in a northeaster. It has seen terrible wreckage before, and great loss of life; but that was in the autumnal gale of twenty years ago or so, when the wind from the southwestward, sweeping across the breadth of Massachusetts Bay, piled up a big sea into the harbor—which, with a gale from that quarter, is little more than an open roadstead—and carried a fleet of fishermen from their anchorage, to be pounded to kindling-wood in the heavy surf on Pavilion Beach, at the very threshold of the city. But nothing ever seemed safer than the snug enclosure of the picturesque rock-bound harbor on that Monday evening when twilight fell, and the air was filled with dry, powdery snow that concealed the many schooners waiting to weather the storm. It is thought that perhaps the sense of security in such a place, with the wind from that quarter, led some of the fated craft not to take the precautions that they otherwise might. The frightful gale tore over the Cape Ann granite hills and pounced down into the harbor with a rage whose fury might still have been unavailing had it not been for the vastly increased surface and mass opposed to its power by the sleet-clad masts and rigging. The wind caught here as it might catch in set sails, wrenched vessels from their anchorage, and carried them to the nearest shore, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks.

So when the people of Gloucester could see through the snow on Tuesday morning they found the shores strewn with wreckage and wrecked vessels. Eight craft were driven ashore, sunk, or capsized in the harbor, a total loss, and the bodies of four men were found on the rocks. Altogether thirty vessels went ashore or sank in Gloucester Harbor and on the Rockport shore of Cape Ann. In Gloucester the water-front along the wharves was bordered by a snarl of craft of all sorts and sizes, many ashore and many barely floating. Among a dozen or more fishing-schooners that went ashore at Rocky Neck was one that was gotten off in a leaking condition and towed around to the marine railway in East Gloucester, where she was hauled up. But some blocks slipped in the night, and she slid back into the water, where she lay on her beam-ends and her stern under the wharf.

Over in Rockport, at the tip end of Cape Ann, the full force of the gale was felt. In the little toll-harbor of Pigeon Cove—a private haven where vessels come to load with granite from the great quarries near by, and where the shore is gay with visitors through the summer—three stone-laden craft went down, a schooner, a steam-lighter, and a sloop. On the sloop, the *Daniel Webster*, the crew of three men were lost. One of the men on the steam-lighter was lost, and the men from the schooner were saved by the life-boat in the harbor. The loss to shipping on Cape Ann has been estimated at $200,000.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

A LIVERPOOL despatch represents Dr. Nansen as saying that lecturing in America is as bad as exploring, and that the American style of travelling is not to his taste. Major Pond, who saw a good deal of Dr. Nansen the last fortnight he was in this country, feels constrained to disbelieve that Nansen has been truthfully reported. He says that our late visitor spoke most sweetly of everything American, and doted especially on sleeping-car berths and dining-car victuals.

Every one is counselled to disbelieve all reports of sentiments casually expressed by Dr. Nansen about this country; but if he did say that lecturing was hard work and American travelling not to his taste, that was all right; the sentiments were reasonable, and no one need apologize for them. No true sport could find overmuch pleasure in lecturing for hire at one-night stands in scattered localities.

One of the advantages of going to the north pole is that when you get back you can speak your mind freely about the country you have seen, without giving serious offence to its inhabitants. In that particular the polar region differs from the United States, and the difference is in favor of the pole.

General Armstrong is dead, but his soul, like John Brown's, goes marching on. The Armstrong Association, formed to further the work that he started at Hampton, Virginia, held its annual meeting on Lincoln's birthday (February 12), at the Madison Square Hall, in New York. Mr. William E. Dodge presided, and among the speakers were Booker T. Washington, president of the Tuskegee Institute; Dr. Frissell, General Armstrong's successor at Hampton; President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the Union Theological Seminary; and Mr. William B. Ogden. The Hampton Quartette sung at this meeting, as it did at the Southern Song and Story entertainment, given (February 11) at the Astoria.

No one has said anything unkind of Cashier Quinlan, who made those unfortunate loans for the Chemical Bank. He has done no harm except to the bank, and the bank can stand it. The bank officers speak of him much more in sorrow than in anger. The lesson of his misfortune seems to be that two heads are better than one, and that one head which takes an annual vacation is better than one that takes none. It would be very much to the public advantage if all persons who occupy positions of trust, and who have not had a vacation within ten years, would come forward manfully and confess what it is that they have done or intend to do. And if they have not as yet committed any grave indiscretion, and are aware of no maleficent intentions, then they should indicate what particular line of error they think themselves likeliest to fall into as a consequence of impaired intellectual force.

It is permitted to wonder reverently how the trustees and session of Dr. Hall's church have managed for the last six weeks to look after their temporal concerns. Some of them have temporal concerns of considerable moment: that is notorious; but every newspaper reader must be convinced that all those trustees and deacons have worked of late at least ten hours every working-day at their ecclesiastical job, and have spent the balance of their time giving out interviews or making prudent and non-committal responses to reporters. Little by little the facts of the situation in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church have been leaking out. There seems to be a great deal to talk about, some things to regret, nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing to be angry about. There is evidently a good deal of friction, some sense of injured innocence, and some vexation, but not much wrath anywhere.

A high-class American church row (row is rather too violent a word, but it will do) is an interesting phase of modern life, which the American Trollope, when he comes along, will be able to make a good deal of. He will do a considerable public service if he makes it clear what a curious institution a modern church is, and what very different notions its supporters have of its functions. There is in every successful church the business man, whose notion of a good church is necessarily a church that pays its bills promptly, owns a good building, employs a competent pastor, and is thoroughly up with the times. And of course there must also be the other element, which finds the church's spiritual side all-important, and is afraid of nothing quite so much as that the church will degenerate into a Sunday-morning club for the entertainment of the well-to-do. To any observant layman it must seem a marvel that any clergyman should be able to suit any congregation. Yet the thing is done. If it is a miracle, grace is often equal to it. But it is not quite so impossible as it seems; for the true preacher, who has zeal and piety and perhaps magnetism, satisfies the people who want religion, and fills the church. Then the contributions are satisfactory, the bills are paid, the music is good, the church grows handsome outside and comfortable within, and every one is satisfied. A number of things are necessary to make a church go, but no one thing seems quite so indispensable as piety in the parson.

After all, a difference in a Presbyterian church is a much less complicated matter than one in an Episcopal church, where members can differ about everything that Presbyterians can, and over matters of ritual besides.

The newspapers have recently published the suggestion of a Mr. Riedel of Baltimore, described as a student of arctic exploration, that the true way to get to the north pole is to take along a submarine boat, and traverse the last five or six hundred miles of the journey under the ice. This is a good plan, and if Dr. Nansen has endorsed it, as is reported, and if the scientific members of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University decline to condemn it, as is also reported, it is no more than we should expect. A contemporary paragrapher (of the *Sun*) says, "The idea is novel, and, having once been broached, will no doubt attract attention." True enough, it is novel; but the novelty of it was contributed not so much by Mr. Riedel as by Mr. Frank Stockton. If there is no real need of going to the north pole as Mr. Riedel proposes, it is because the thing has been done already, and we have a record, exhaustive and complete, of how it came about. Samuel Block is the man who did it, and all the particulars of his trip in a submarine boat with electric gills have been perspicuously set forth in the work called *The Great Stone of Sardis* (Harpers), whereof the author is Mr. Stockton aforesaid.

Mr. Ogden's picture, in this number of the WEEKLY, of Washington's last birthday, illustrates an actual occurrence. On that day, February 22, 1799, Nelly Custis, Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, was married to Major Lewis, the General's nephew. The bride had lived at Mount Vernon since infancy, and was practically Washington's adopted daughter. The scene shown is in the banquet-hall at Mount Vernon when Washington proposes the health of the bride. In dress at this time French fashions — Directoire gowns — were beginning to supersede the fashions of the colonial period. It is told that Washington had in the house a new uniform, ordered for the expected French war, and that the bride asked him to wear it, but that he put on instead his old uniform of the Revolution.

Persons of average veracity never get entirely used to the resourcefulness of liars. In the WEEKLY of February 5 there was an allusion to a newspaper story of recent coinage about Miss Lucinda Day, of West Springfield, Massachusetts, of whom it was related that her lover went to sea and never was heard from, and that every night for seventy years she kept a light burning in the window against the chance of his return. This story appeared late last year, shortly after Miss Day's death. It is romantic and interesting, and there is no fault to find with it except that it is not true. Miss Day's nephew has taken the trouble to explain about it, and writes:

> Miss Day never had a sailor lover; she never kept a light in the window for him; the light did not go out the night that she died, etc. The story was a pure fabrication by some unconscionable reporter in Springfield, and has been sent over the whole world. I have myself received a copy of an editorial, a column and a quarter long, in an English newspaper, based upon it. The simple fact of the matter is that the light in the sitting-room of the old Day homestead at West Springfield was placed on the table, and ordinarily the shade in the window was kept down in the evening. A few years ago the Village Improvement Society raised the grade of the road in front of the house, which necessitated a couple of steps down into the yard. As there was no system of street-lighting, it made it a little dangerous for people to come to the house in the evening, and Miss Lucinda Day, in her desire that no harm might befall any of her callers, raised the shade of the window. That is absolutely all the foundation for this story.

Another correspondent who was interested in the story notes that it is a common custom in New England to put a light in the window to cheer, as well as guide, any one of the family who happens to be out late at night. "It is certainly so," he writes, "in my part of New England—the country about Hartford. None of the boys in our family was ever out late at night but that he found a light burning in the window for him."

A friend of the WEEKLY in Philadelphia thinks that the new organization called the Order of the Crown, the existence of which has been disclosed in Philadelphia, "makes the poor old Barons of Runnymede look sick-abed." There was something in the newspapers a short time ago about this "Order of the Crown," but to believe that it really existed seemed to involve more than a reasonable tax on the credulity of readers. In the Philadelphia *Press* of February 6, however, there is an amount of information about the new society that seems inconsistent with the supposition that the whole thing is a joke. The *Press* says that no society has yet been formed, but that the order is a-building, and that the wife of Provost Harrison, of the University of Pennsylvania, has been invited to represent the State of Pennsylvania in the Founders' Council. Mrs. Harrison is quoted by the *Press* as saying, in effect, that she thinks it is advantageous for Americans to know whom and where they came from, and that she favors such societies as this Order of the Crown because of the historical research that they induce, and because the consciousness of lineage does people good, and tends to make them worthier folks. The *Press* prints Mrs. Harrison's picture, which is very pleasing, and gives a brief diagnosis of her extraction from Hugh Capet. It gives, too, the pictures and derivations of several other ladies who would be eligible for membership of the order, but it does not appear that any of them have consented as yet to join. The order in its present stage seems to consist, officially, of founders from eight States, including Pennsylvania. The order appears to be intended as yet for women only. One excellent possibility in it is that it may help to familiarize American women with the outward manifestations of exalted lineage, so that they will recognize royal descent when they see it, and value it at its true worth. There has been a tendency among some of them to overvalue it, and excessive numbers of dollars have, in some instances, been paid for shares in it. If it can be shown that under the McKinley tariff we can produce at home lineage equal to any demands, it may save much good American money from exportation, and perhaps save American dames from making bad matrimonial bargains abroad.

It is grateful news that Lady Henry Somerset has abandoned the position she took about the regulation of vices induced by the British army in India, and is now again in full accord on all important points with Miss Frances Willard and all the rest of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Lady Henry said her position had been seriously misunderstood, and also that the measures she had thought it proper to countenance had not been carried out in the spirit that she had looked for, nor resulted as she hoped. So she does not approve them any longer.

After all, dukes are not without their uses. It was the Duke of Devonshire whose curiosity about the ultimate fate of Becky Sharp and other old acquaintances in *Vanity Fair* inspired Thackeray to write the letter which is published in *Longman's Magazine* for February. It has been widely copied in the newspapers, and is the most amusing and valuable morsel that Thackeray's literary remains have yielded since the printing of the Brookfield letters. It is the sort of letter that the average kind gentleman would only compose as a concession to some one with an extra good claim to indulgence—as a very nice child, or a sick person, or a friend whose quality warranted an unusual attention.

Remarks have been made heretofore in this page of the WEEKLY on the strong attachment of the Hoosiers for the State of Indiana, and of their willingness to stick to that State even after they have fairly won the privilege of living elsewhere. Examples of this Hoosier fidelity are afforded by Benjamin Harrison, the poet Riley, General Lew Wallace, and a good many other distinguished lights of literature and statecraft. Time and again the Indiana man who has been faithful in a few things has been called abroad—to Washington, London, Paris, Constantinople—to be ruler over many things. Time and again, too, when his rulership has lapsed, the faithful Hoosier has come back to the country of frosted pumpkins and fodder in the shock. So it was with Consul-General New; so it will be with Consul-General Gowdy.

New evidence of this strong home sentiment has just been given by General Wallace, in his formal announcement that at his death the city of Crawfordsville will become the owner of his handsome private library building, with all the books it contains. It was built by General Wallace (at a reported cost of $40,000) with the idea that it should eventually become a public library, and it is suited to that use.

General Wallace might do his city a good turn by making it a condition of his gift that the town should drop the outgrown final syllable from its name. "City of Crawford" sounds less tautological than "city of Crawfordsville."

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, writing in the *Dial* about "Literary Values," says of style that it is not single but complex; that it is hard to catch it in the act, and that, as far as prose is concerned, it seems to be "a vivid realization of all that can be said on a subject, and an apt selection of the most telling points." It certainly does not consist, he adds, in hunting for fine words; and with that most readers will agree.

The disposition to think of style as solely the result of a choice of words is so general that this idea of Mr. Moore that the choice of what to say is an element in it is worth considering. Of course a certain degree of familiarity with the dictionary is conducive to a pleasing style, but it is believed by persons who have meditated on the subject that the physical seat of style is not in the brain, where the apparatus of memory is located, but in the centre of the body, immediately below the front ribs. Whether that central point is the stomach, the solar plexus, the midriff, the diaphragm, or what, is best known to anatomists, but most writers can testify that when the sensations in that region are unsatisfactory, style is scarce, and that it is when those sensations are right that proper words find themselves legs and march out in proper order. It is suspected from this phenomenon that style is a form of energy, and that when energy flags, style halts.

The post-mortuary stories about Dean Liddell tend to make the speculative reader wonder whether there is any situation in any other world that is suited to the dignity of so august a person. After a man has been vice-chancellor of Oxford University, and has gone about in a scarlet gown and preceded by three mace-bearers, there is no such thing as promotion for him in this world, and there seems fair ground for doubt whether any change—even the last—must not involve some descent. The Dean enjoyed many honors, and there is concurrence of testimony that he personified in a remarkable degree the honors that he enjoyed. Other men before and since have been vice-chancellors at Oxford, others have been deans of Christ Church, but for this century at least the record in these offices seems to have been made by Dean Liddell. He had a remarkable "presence," and, indeed, was a very remarkable man, notable for scholarship, gumption, and tact, but somewhat hard, and perhaps a little in the shadow of his own greatness. His character, as it is pictured, renders it easy to believe the story that he thought it inexpedient for his daughter to marry Dr. Dodgson, and forbade that match, for he seems unquestionably to have been a man who could forbid, and abide by his prohibitions, whether hearts broke or not. His greatest monument is the famous lexicon that bears his name.

One of the more notable incidents of the recent visit of President Dole of Hawaii to this country was his reception at Chicago on January 24, on his journey from San Francisco to Washington. A picture on another page shows him in the hands of the Chicago reception committee. His visit in Chicago, though not long, was crowded with interests. He visited Fort Sheridan, came back to town to a Hawaiian lunch, and later attended a reception at the Union League Club, where a great many ladies and gentlemen shook hands with him, and where the president of the club, Mr. Thomas B. Bryan, addressed him in a courteous speech, to which he made suitable response.

President Dole has made a good impression wherever he has been. He is a man of dignity, good-looking, well-mannered, and an agreeable speaker. He has conducted himself discreetly, and has said nothing in public about the annexation of Hawaii, though, without doubt, he has dispensed abundant information on that subject in private. In Washington he saw and conversed with the President and many public men, but did not visit the Capitol, nor show himself to the Senate or the House. His visit has caused no excitement, but it has interested people, and he has been well received.

A special memorial exhibition of the works of William Hamilton Gibson and William J. Linton is to be given at the Century Club from February 19 to February 26, after which Mr. Gibson's pictures are to be taken, with several hundred more, to the American Art Galleries for a public exhibition, which will open on March 14. This latter public exhibition will include the water-colors, pastels, oil-paintings, and pencil and pen sketches left in Mr. Gibson's two studios.

It is to be hoped that the *World's* Court Chronicles may be gathered presently in a book, or as many books as it may take to hold them. They are very amusing, and possess at the same time many elements of edification and useful instruction.

E. S. MARTIN.

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THE DRAMA.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S series of "revivals" has served to restore to our stage one of the most delightful of the old comedies, "The Country Girl." If Wycherley were living to-day, he might derive considerable pleasure from this production. Of course he would have his opinion of Mr. Daly for cutting and slashing his work; but when the first sting of wounded sensibility had passed, he would probably realize that, after all, the American manager knew the fashionable New York public with its little conceits and prejudices. Other times, and other ways of dramatic expression. "The Country Girl" is now Wycherley with a dash of Mr. Daly, or rather, Wycherley after being dashed at by Mr. Daly. It has a flavor of its own, rather remote from the flavor of old comedy, to be sure, and yet very agreeable. But what modern production succeeds in giving the genuine flavor of old comedy? It is practically impossible, as Mr. Daly thoroughly appreciates, to persuade our audiences to accept the comedies as they stand in the original, and even if the text were reverentially treated, the actors could never preserve the illusion. A few of our actors, it is true, know how to assume the old-comedy manner. It goes without saying that Joseph Jefferson is one. In that clever imitation of old comedy, "Beau Brummel," Mr. Richard Mansfield displays it most exquisitely, and Miss Annie Clarke, now a member of Mr. Mansfield's company, has often displayed it during her long and honorable career at the Boston Museum. Miss Clarke, however, had the inestimable advantage of years of association with one of the greatest actors of his time, William Warren, who stood as the very embodiment of the old-comedy traditions. It might be possible to form in this country a company of actors that would give an ideal performance of such a work as Wycherley's; but as such an organization does not exist, it is only fair to say that Mr. Daly's comedians have done the work as well as might be expected.

More than this must be said of Miss Rehan's performance, however. Though absolutely modern, it was so spontaneous, so humorous, so radiant with spirit and archness, that it lent life and sparkle to the whole production. In recent years Miss Rehan has done nothing to compare with this characterization of *Peggy Thrift*. She interpreted the country girl with absolute sureness. There is no English-speaking actress now before the public who has such a delicious humor, or such skill in making her humor serve her purpose. It is nearly ten years since Miss Rehan first appeared as *Peggy*, but in this part she defies time, and in looks, manner, and bearing convinces you that she has never left her teens. Among the other actors, two distinguished themselves—Mr. Edwin Varrey as *Jack Moody*, and Mr. Herbert Gresham as the coxcomb, *Sparkish*. Mr. Varrey played with his characteristic ease and finish; it is always a pleasure to see him, for even when surrounded by those strange performers who, by mouthings and struttings, try to improve on nature, he never fails to be simple and true. Mr. Gresham gave a most elaborate and amusing performance of a part that presents many difficulties to the modern actor. Mr. Cyril Scott, facile as he is, was unsuited to the rôle of *Ned Harcourt*, and, in spite of his conscientious work, seemed curiously out of the picture. Mr. Scott invariably creates the impression of being almost painfully up to date. He has great talent, and Mr. Daly is now giving him the discipline that he needs. If he can only acquire repose and refinement of manner, he may become the best light comedian on our stage. A word of praise should be spoken for the *Lucy* of Miss Catherine Lewis, played in exactly the right key. The weakest figure in the cast was the *Dick Belville* of Mr. Charles Richman, who is unfortunately not fulfilling the promise he gave a few years ago by his performance in "Hannele," that fine dream-play by Gerhard Hauptmann, which was so disgracefully treated by New York.

"The Country Girl" was preceded by a clever trifle, "Subtleties of Jealousy," adapted from the French of Edmond Pailleron. It lost much in the transition from the sparkling French to our own more cumbersome speech, as well as in the interpretation, which required all the *finesse* that the best French actors know how to give to a piece of this kind. As to the wife, however, Miss Rehan played very charmingly, and looked extremely beautiful. Mr. Richman was quite unequal to the rôle of the husband. Mr. Daly certainly needs a stronger leading man.

In consideration of the difficulty of finding actors able to play in the old comedy manner, Mr. Eugene Presbrey showed considerable boldness in writing a work not merely modelled on the old comedies, but actually reproducing, with alterations, to be sure, some of their material. His task seems the more astonishing when it is known that he undertook it for the purpose of furnishing a medium to exploit the talents of that very contemporaneous and very American actor, Mr. W. H. Crane. He has acknowledged his indebtedness to Sheridan and others for suggestions of episodes and characters, and in this particular he has set to some of his brother playwrights a much-needed and a most commendable example. Indeed, for brazen impertinence there is nothing in the history of the literary craft in recent years to surpass the attitude of certain of the English and American "adapters" of plays from foreign sources.



THE *MAJOR* AND THE *WIDOW* (MR. CRANE AND MISS IRISH) IN "A VIRGINIA COURTSHIP," AS PERFORMED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.

We have had a recent case of flagrant stealing by one playwright from his fellow-workers, and the scandal over it has been treated by the offender as if he himself had a grievance, with a mighty superiority worthy of one of the early Christian martyrs. It has become a common practice for unscrupulous adapters to allow their work to be offered to the public as original.

In the present case of Mr. Presbrey, however, the association of "A Virginia Courtship" with the comedies that have become classic has an almost ludicrous aspect, for, in spite of its pretences, in spite of its attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of the early century, it has a strong kinship with the mediocre comedies that have done service on our stage for the past decade.

It is an actor's play, or rather a manager's play, which amounts to the same thing. The situations have been the first consideration, and they are developed with ingenuity, but at the sacrifice of all considerations of probability, as well as of characters. "A Virginia Courtship" is one of those tediously familiar dramas that rely for their chief episodes on the extraordinarily stupid blunders of the chief personages.

Sometimes a dramatist is clever enough to make the blunders convincing, and to carry them out to logical conclusions. Mr. Presbrey, however, has set up a case where the blunders would inevitably adjust themselves very swiftly; but, for the sake of the comedy, he defers the explanation till the climax.



HELENA MODJESKA.

At the close of his second act the device becomes so strained that the spectator very nearly loses all patience with it. Perhaps it is to Mr. Presbrey's credit that, notwithstanding this weakness, he keeps the audience entertained. Mr. Crane's admirers, however, are willing to go more than half-way in their desire to enjoy any play that introduces their favorite. The best way to describe "A Virginia Courtship" might be by saying that it is a bit of pleasant fooling. Of serious value, it has none. It gives Mr. Crane a part somewhat out of his usual line, but he has become altogether too "set" in his methods not to achieve the feat of drawing it into line. In spite of his silken breeches and hose, he was still our old friend the *Senator* all over again, playing with his usual blustering effectiveness. His company has changed somewhat since last year, but it keeps its place as one of the very best dramatic organizations that we have. Miss Annie Irish, who made a hit last season as *Marian* in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," holds the position of leading woman, and appeared as the fascinating widow, who of course marries the fox-hunting hero as soon as all those explanations are made. Her admirable acting greatly helped the piece. Another new member of the company is Miss Percy Haswell, formerly of Mr. Daly's forces, who made a most agreeable impression as the *ingénue*.

Madame Modjeska's return to the New York stage, after an absence of two years and a half, has been a cause for rejoicing. For her first appearance she chose Schiller's powerful tragedy, "Mary Stuart," which gives her opportunities for the expression of some of her strongest powers, but does not permit her to display those gifts as a comedy actress which she possesses to a remarkable degree. Her impersonation lacked none of its old grace and poetic sublimity. Those who have once seen it are likely never to forget it. Janauschek's characterization of *Mary Stuart* had greater dramatic intensity, but it is safe to say that no living actress can suggest more touchingly than Madame Modjeska the womanly qualities of the character. What a superb performance of this drama might be given with Modjeska as *Mary* and with Janauschek as *Queen Elizabeth!* If this is too much to be hoped for, a performance by these two actresses of the great scene between the rival queens in the park at Fotheringay might be within the range of possibility. Madame Modjeska's present companions, on the whole, gave adequate support. Mr. Joseph Haworth played the part of *Sir Edward Mortimer* with vigor and intelligence. The stage settings were bad.

That robust and tumultuous actress, Miss Fanny Davenport, lately presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre a new version of the story of the "Maid of Orleans," by Miss Fannie Aymar Matthews. After its first performance "Joan" received enthusiastic condemnation, and yet it was by no means a bad play. The author had planned it very carefully with an eye to dramatic effect, and she had succeeded in creating several striking situations. These, however, did not compensate for the weakness shown in developing the theme and the characters subordinate to *Joan*. The work was more like a series of dramatic pictures than a well rounded play. As *Joan* Miss Davenport appeared to excellent advantage, delivering the long speeches assigned to the heroine with a truly martial effect.

"Oh, Susannah!" now running at Hoyt's Theatre, is known to have had a long run at the Royalty Theatre, London. Its success there shows a most deplorable taste on the part of the English theatre-going public, and as on this taste we depend largely for the selection of our plays, we have good reason to grieve.

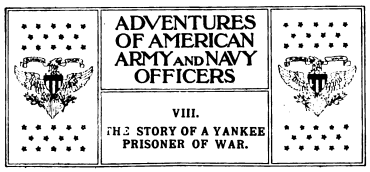
JOHN D BARRY.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.—Drawn by Anne A. Mhoon.—[See Page 184.]

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BY COMMODORE ALBERT KAUTZ, U.S.N.

PART II.

ONE morning we noticed in the Richmond *Examiner* that a Mr. Eyster would be removed from the tobacco warehouse to Castle Thunder for safe-keeping. That same afternoon, while taking a walk in the court-yard, I noticed a gentleman standing in one corner. He looked forlorn and friendless. On speaking to him, I found that he was Mr. Eyster, of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. He said he was glad to get out of the tobacco warehouse, but complained that he could find no place to sleep away from the filthy prisoners. I proposed that he come in with the Commodore and myself, as our room was a very large one. This he was delighted to do, and I soon found that we had quite an acquisition to our mess; and later on, as we grew short of funds, he was able to supply us by means of a draft on Baltimore. With such a variety of boarders we had much to amuse us, and time did not hang heavily on our minds. There was, however, an uncertainty about the future which made us wish at times that we were out of the hotel. One day a classmate called, who offered his services and money. I told him I did not think he could be of any service, though I would be obliged if he would find out precisely what my official status was. The next day he returned, with a copy of an order, signed by Jefferson Davis, directing that I should be confined in a cell, for the reason that Lieutenant Hudgings of the Confederate service was confined in the Tombs in New York city, and setting forth that in case Hudgings was hanged, I should have the same fate. The Secretary of the Navy told him I could not possibly be paroled. Another, a Major Gordon, called to see me and left fifty dollars on my table. He had no particular interest in me, but he was half-brother to the Captain Brown whom I met in Warrenton, and had been requested by his brother to call. Then Captain Crossen, who had captured me, came and offered his services.

He had an interview with Jeff. Davis, and tried to get a parole for me, so that he could take me back to North Carolina, but he was told that that was impossible as long as Mr. Hudgings was in the Tombs in New York. It was a great pleasure to me to see the tenacity with which my friends clung to me in my adversity. It contrasted strongly with the desertion of the friends of a number of inmates of the prison. My friend Mr. Eyster one day managed to get his release through the courts, and left me, but that same evening a Mr. Eagle came in. He was a brother of Commodore Eagle of the navy, and his home was in New York city. He proved to be a pleasant and agreeable companion.

All my companions who were in prison were married men, and said they owed their capture to a non-observance of the advice of their wives, and all swore by everything great and good that if they ever reached home they would never go contrary to the advice of their wives again. Their testimony was so identical that it afforded me many a hearty laugh, as one after the other recited it, without the knowledge that his predecessor had said the same thing. This occasion will not permit my relating the many amusing episodes in my prison life. Time rolled on, and I had been in prison about two months, when one day I had another call. As I went to the gate, to my surprise I found my old roommate at the Naval Academy, T. N. W. Davies. My friend, whom I shall call Tamerlane, for the reason that he was known at the Academy as Tamerlane the Tartar, seemed very glad to see me, and remarked at the outset that he was as good a friend to me as he had ever been, though he was a fire-eater of the William L. Yancey school. Before taking his leave he asked me if he could be of any service to me, and offered me money, which I declined, as I did not stand in need of any at that time. I told him, however, that I would like to get out of prison. He rather discouraged the idea at first by saying that we lived much better than the officers in the field, but as I seemed so anxious to get out he would make the effort, and he believed he could succeed. I was to write a letter that night to Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, asking him to grant me thirty days' parole for the purpose of visiting Washington with the view of effecting an exchange, and he was to call for it the next morning. The next morning my friend Tamerlane came, bringing me a set of chess-men and his photograph.

He read my letter, pronounced it satisfactory, and after a short call proceeded on his mission. That evening he returned and reported the result of his interview with Jefferson Davis. He read my letter to him, and Mr. Davis laughed. Tamerlane inquired why he laughed, and the President said, "At the idea of a Yankee prisoner asking for a leave of absence; for that is what that request amounts to." Tamerlane said, "Are you not in favor of an exchange of prisoners, Mr. President?" Mr. Davis said: "Yes, in favor of an exchange of prisoners, and sorry for your friend, but I cannot release him. The idea is preposterous; for were I to allow him to go North, they would not exchange him, but compel him to go into service again; and if he protested, they would dismiss him, and that would be the end of him. Now," he continued, "I have him in close confinement, in order that I may have him handy to hang, in case they hang one of the privateersmen in New York; and should I let your friend go North, and they should hang a privateersman, whom could I hang?" My friend Tamerlane looked his "commander-in-chief" squarely in the face, and said: "But my friend will *certainly* return if he does not succeed in getting an exchange. I *know* he will; he has given me his word of honor that he *will*." "But suppose," said Mr. Davis, "he found it impossible to return, and they were to hang one of our officers in New York, whom would I hang? I suppose I would have to hang you, as you are so ready to vouch for your friend; and you would look well, wouldn't you, hanging in a Yankee's place?"

Mr. Davis looked at my friend as though he had terminated the argument, but he did not fully understand his man. Tamerlane was thoroughly in earnest, and promptly said: "I'll run the risk of his not returning, should he fail to get an exchange. In that case you may hang *me*." When Davis heard this, he turned in his chair, and exclaimed, "Oh, shades of Damon and Pythias, look down and see yourselves eclipsed!" and added, "I will see that your friend receives his parole, and I hope he may effect an exchange."

It may not be inappropriate to remark here that had not this interview between Jefferson Davis and my friend Tamerlane taken place, I might have remained in jail for months, if not for years, and the hero of the contest between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, Lieutenant John L. Worden, might have been in durance vile in Montgomery, Alabama, when that celebrated action took place, for his exchange was but one of the results of this interview. The account of this interview was given me by my friend Tamerlane the day it occurred, and I have every reason to believe it to be a correct one. My friend had to bid me good-by and return to his regiment, but he assured me I would hear from my application for a parole the next day or the one following. The morrow came, but I heard nothing. My fellow-jail-birds began to talk about blasted hopes and ruined prospects, but I did not despair. The second day passed slowly, and I was getting very tired about 4 P.M., when I was relieved by the announcement that there was a young gentleman downstairs who wished to see me. I lost no time in gratifying him. He proved to be a nephew of the Secretary of the Navy, and a midshipman in the Confederate service.

He brought a message from Mr. Mallory that he wished to see me at the Navy Department, and he informed me that I was to have a parole. I jumped into the carriage with the midshipman, and we drove to Mechanics Hall, which had been converted into a War and Navy Department. On our arrival at the department I was introduced to Mr. Tidball, the chief clerk, who informed me that Mr. Mallory would soon come in. In a short time the Secretary appeared with his wife, to whom he introduced me, and they both congratulated me on my release. The Secretary at once produced the written parole, and I signed it. I pledged myself to return at the end of fifty days unless sooner exchanged. This was very liberal, as it gave me twenty more days than I asked for. I had addressed two letters to Secretary Mallory on the subject of exchange, both of which were treated with silent contempt. I was therefore somewhat surprised at the politeness expressed by the rebel Secretary in the wish that I would be successful in my effort to procure an exchange. The papers being signed, Secretary Mallory sent a message to Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of War, who was in his office immediately across the hall, and in a few moments the gentleman came in. I was introduced to him by the Secretary of the Navy, who at the same time briefly gave my status. The Secretary of War sustained his reputation for politeness and grace as he remarked that I was doubtless anxious to rejoin my friends, and it would afford him infinite pleasure to furnish the necessary pass. There were several routes by which I could travel to Washington, but he would suggest that I take the one by way of Winchester and Harper's Ferry, as he considered it the most expeditious. Being in an amiable frame of mind at this time, I at once accepted the Secretary's suggestion, and he sat down at Mr. Mallory's desk and wrote on a sheet of letter-paper:

To the Commanding Officer at Winchester, Va.:

SIR,—Pass the bearer of this, Lieutenant Albert Kautz, of the U. S. Navy, through our line of pickets, and restore him to his countrymen.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN,
Secretary of War.

The Secretary of the Navy gave me an ordinary printed pass, countersigned by his chief clerk, which enabled me to buy a railroad ticket, and asked me if I had all the funds I required for the journey; if I had not, he would be glad to furnish me with such as I might require. I thanked him for his kind offer, but as I was well provided, there was no occasion for my taking any. I had known Mr. Mallory's daughter, who was married to a Mr. Bishop, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and inquired after her of Mrs. Mallory, offering at the same time to carry a letter to her if she felt inclined to send one. With much difficulty she succeeded in writing a short note, being in great distress of mind as the separation from her daughter was thus forcibly brought up. And as she gave me the note she inquired how long I had been in Richmond; and when I answered two months, she added, in a most sympathetic manner, "But you haven't been locked up in a cell all this time, have you?" This was an embarrassing question, for I could not afford to tell what my friend Staples had done for me, and I knew I had been officially locked up. I would have liked it better if she had reproved me for not calling. However, Mr. Mallory himself relieved me by saying: "Yes, my dear, I am sorry to say he has been. They locked one of our officers up in the Tombs in New York, and we were obliged to retaliate." I felt satisfied that Staples was acting on his own responsibility from the first, still I was glad to have my view of the case corroborated by the head of the department.

After bidding adieu to the Confederate officials I walked out into the street, a free man once more. I felt very much better than I had at any time in the past two months. I had money in my pocket, and I might have gone to the Spotswood House or the Exchange, the leading hotels of Richmond; but I did not. I went back to jail, of my own free will and accord—the Henrico County Hotel, as we often called it. My companions were delighted to see me again. The old Commodore was especially wrought up to a high state of excitement, and we had quite a jollification, which was kept up until after midnight, and might have lasted longer had not Mr. Staples heard the hilarity in his residence. He thought some one was trying to break jail, but we assured him that it was nothing more than eloquence bursting through the grated windows on the still night air. The next morning I walked into the city and purchased a present for the wife of Mr. Staples, who had provided us with such a generous table. I spent the day strolling about the city and meeting people, my object being to find some one who would procure for me an interview with Jefferson Davis, as I wished to learn his views on the subject of an exchange of prisoners. I was finally introduced to Judge Lyon, who was a personal friend of Mr. Davis. The judge asked me how I came to be released, and before I had an opportunity to tell him what I wanted, he remarked that the President had made a great mistake, *a very great mistake;* he should have kept me in prison, *by all means*. It occurred to me at once that if Judge Lyon had the influence with President Davis he was reputed to have, I had made a great mistake in seeking his acquaintance, and that I would better take my departure from Richmond before Mr. Davis changed his mind. I at once determined to take the morning train for Winchester, and went to the Spotswood House for the night, where a number of people from Washington and Baltimore asked me to carry letters to their families in the North.

The next morning I had an early breakfast and then proceeded to the railway station, where I was met by a Commander Brook of the Confederate navy, who had kindly come to see that I would have no trouble in getting my ticket. I quietly took my seat in the car, and no one took any special notice of me. Shortly after dark we reached Strasburg, where we took the stage for Winchester, which latter point we reached at midnight. I was shown to a room with two beds in it, one being already occupied by a hospital steward belonging to some Virginia regiment. He asked me where I was from, and I answered North Carolina. Then he wanted to know whether I belonged to the army or not, and I told him I did not. He wanted to know why, and I answered, "Too much other business to attend to." This seemed to disgust him, as he remarked: "Business be blowed! North Carolina people seem to have a great deal of business. North Carolina is a mighty mean State anyhow." I thought he was somewhat free of speech, and asked him to what State he belonged, and he said New Jersey, when I remarked, "A meaner State than North Carolina." As he agreed to this, I bade him good-night.

The next morning, as soon as I had finished my breakfast, I proceeded directly to the headquarters of the commanding General and presented my pass from the Secretary of War. One of his aides accompanied me to the railway station, and ordered a locomotive and passenger-car to be gotten ready at once. This was the first special train I ever had to convey me from one point to another, and, so far as I can remember, it is the only one.

On our arrival at Charlestown, about twenty miles from Winchester, the Confederate Captain conducted me to Colonel Ashby's quarters, and ordered a horse and buggy to take me to the outer pickets at Harper's Ferry. The Captain had quite a complicated plan by which he proposed to restore me to my countrymen, but I prevailed on him to let me go at the foot of the hill, and walked down alone to the ruins of the old bridge, with a flag of truce in one hand and my valise in the other. I picked my way across the mouth of the Shenandoah on the bowlders, and then with some Confederate money I had left I chartered a scow, which took me across the Potomac to the Maryland shore; there I was arrested as a spy by a sergeant's guard, which escorted me to a small tavern about a mile from the Ferry.

I managed to obtain an interview with the officer of the day, to whom I told my story, and he said he thought I was a spy; at all events, my story was a queer one. No other person had ever come from Richmond on the terms I claimed to have. I asked him if it ever occurred to him that some one had to be the first to do a thing. But seeing that I was wasting time, I asked what he proposed to do with me. I wanted to know what to expect. I could get no definite answer, however, beyond the fact that I would be held as a prisoner until further orders. That night I had a soldier with a loaded musket guarding my door. "This was the unkindest cut of all." I had been a prisoner for four months in the South without ever being placed under an armed guard, and now I was subjected to this indignity by my own people.

I was quite indignant at the commanding officer, who had not even given himself the trouble to inquire into the merits of my case, but I was tired, and glad to have an opportunity to sleep. I therefore did not worry myself about the armed guard, and from the way he was snoring when I awoke in the morning, I concluded he did not allow himself to be worried much by me. After breakfast I wrote a note to Major Tyndale, the commanding officer, demanding an interview, and at ten o'clock I was taken before him. The Major had only been in the service a few days, and was full of self-importance. After talking with him for some time, trying to convince him that he ought to send an officer with me to Washington, and failing to carry my point, I lost all patience, and asked for pen, ink, and paper, so that I might file a written protest against this nonsensical business. This declaration seemed to open his eyes for him. He stepped into an adjoining room and consulted a few moments with two of his juniors, and on coming out asked *me* what I thought he ought to do. I told him either send an officer with me or let me go alone. He said he could not spare an officer, and that if I went alone I would never reach Washington, as I would be arrested. I said I would run the risk.

He finally gave his assent to my plan and let me go alone; all his foresight and zeal seemed to have vanished, and yet he was not at all convinced as to my true character. He asked me to telegraph him from Washington the next day in case I proved to be all right—a very brilliant remark, and one that any spy would appreciate. After settling my bill at the tavern I had only enough gold left to take me to the Relay House, near Baltimore, not enough to take me to Washington. I had Virginia money, but I knew that would not answer, and, besides, it might excite suspicion on the part of the authorities. I therefore represented the situation to the ticket agent at the Relay House, but he very frankly told me he could do nothing for me; he advised me to fight it out with the conductor on the train. I was much disgusted; but fortunately a Roman Catholic priest overheard the conversation and purchased a ticket for me. On my arrival at Washington that night it was raining in torrents, and I took a seat in the Kirkwood House coach, supposing of course that I could have my fare charged to me at the hotel; but I was told that the house was full when I went to register, and again I wanted twenty-five cents, as the coachman wanted his fare. I gave him a five-dollar Virginia bank-note, which he took under protest, and then I began to look round for a friend, as I felt very much in need of one. It seemed to me for

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a few moments as though I would be happier in Richmond jail than where I was; but it was only for a few moments, as on looking through the rooms on the office floor I discovered my old friend General Denver sitting at a table talking with some friends. Then my unpleasant thoughts vanished, for I had found a friend who would furnish me with all the money I required. He was very glad but greatly surprised to see me. We took tea together, and the General told me that my brother of the army was encamped on the outskirts of the city. As I had not seen him for nine years, this was very pleasant news. I told my story to the General, and had an attentive listener, for I was the first prisoner who had returned from Richmond. It was something new then, though later on in the war it became an old story. I found a room that night at the National Hotel, and the next morning drove with my friend the General to my brother's tent on Capitol Hill. It was raining in torrents, and I remember how wet the ground floor of the tent was. I could not help contrasting it with the dry state-room of a ship. We talked over the affairs of the nation, and then the General and I drove to the Navy Department. Here I was introduced to the Assistant Secretary, and then to the Secretary. The Secretary thought my mission an important one, and that I would better see the President, as he had really no authority to act; he could only recommend. We accordingly left the Navy Department and proceeded to the White House. We were kept waiting but a few moments, when Mr. Lincoln received us. The President shook my hand cordially, and welcomed me back to freedom.

I remarked that the Secretary of the Navy had advised me to tell my story to the "Commander-in-Chief," and after I had finished it, Mr. Lincoln replied, "I think you ought to be exchanged, by all means, but as the Secretary of State fathers all the eggs that the chickens lay about this place, we will send for him." A messenger was accordingly sent to Mr. Seward's office, and in a short time the head of the State Department appeared with a cigar in his mouth, puffing and blowing at a terrible rate. The first remark was made to Mr. Lincoln:

"Well, what is the matter now?"

Mr. Lincoln answered by introducing me, saying, "I told Lieutenant Kautz you fathered all the eggs the chickens laid about this place, and so I sent for *you*." To this Mr. Seward said, "Yes, and all that the *ducks* lay too." Mr. Lincoln smiled and turned to me, as he said, "That must be intended for you, you being a web-footed gentleman." I was then asked to repeat my story to Mr. Seward, and as I closed it I stated that Mr. Mallory, the rebel Secretary of the Navy, had expressed the hope that I might be exchanged for a Mr. Hudgings, of Hampton, Virginia, whom I knew personally at the Naval Academy, and who was at this time a prisoner in the Tombs in New York, under a misapprehension of his proper status, Mr. Mallory thought. Mr. Seward at once said I could not be exchanged for Mr. Hudgings, as he was a privateersman. I begged Mr. Seward's pardon, but thought he was mistaken, as I knew Mr. Hudgings had a commission from Jefferson Davis as a Lieutenant in the so-called Confederate navy, and I thought a distinction ought to be made between those who were thus commissioned and those who were serving on their own private vessels with only a "letter of marque."

The President showed that he agreed with me by saying, "Yes; the one is acting from mistaken motives of patriotism, the other is fighting for filthy lucre."

The Secretary of State, however, contended that they were all privateersmen—privateersmen because they were commissioned by Jefferson Davis, who was nothing but a private party. I don't think this was intended for a pun, but it is much more like one than it is like common-sense. When I asked Mr. Seward this question, "Do you think the rebels who are fighting against our government on the sea merit a severer punishment than those who are fighting it on land?" he answered, "That is my business, sir, not yours." I could not afford to give him such an answer as I felt he deserved, but contented myself by remarking that I thought I ought to be exchanged for Mr. Hudgings even if he was a privateersman; that our government had always claimed privateering as a right; that if there was anything wrong about this view it was the fault of my education, which I received at a government institution, where part of our text in international law was a pamphlet written by one of his predecessors, William L. Marcy, in which he claimed the right of privateering before a European congress, and he but voiced the sentiment of the American people. How, then, could we condemn privateersmen as pirates?

I was again told that it was not my business. I next remarked that in an interview I had with Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the so-called Confederate Secretary of War, he had asked me to say to the authorities in Washington—and bowing to Mr. Seward, I added, "I presume you are one of the principal authorities"—that this difficulty of an exchange seemed to be largely due to the fact that no correspondence could be carried on, for the reason that our people declined to address the Confederates as they claimed they had a right to be addressed; but, for the sake of an exchange, they would waive this formality, and if the Federal government would put a certain number of Confederate prisoners south of the Potomac under a flag of truce, they would put an equal number of Federal prisoners north of the Potomac in the same manner.

To this Mr. Seward said, gruffly, "I don't believe it." This was beginning to exhaust my fund of good-nature, and I asked, "What is it you do not believe, Mr. Seward? Don't you believe that Mr. Benjamin made this proposition, or, having made it, don't you believe he would act on it?" Mr. Seward condescended to say he did not believe Mr. Benjamin would do what he said he would. At this time Mr. Lincoln remarked, "Would it not be well to try them with a limited number of prisoners, and if they do not fulfil their part of the agreement, we will know that they cannot be trusted further in this business?" This good sense was wonderfully refreshing at this period of extreme depression. It did not seem to give that relief to Mr. Seward, however, that it did to me; on the contrary, it seemed to irritate him, and he boldly took the ground that to exchange me would be to recognize the Southern Confederacy as belligerent. As this was shortly after the battle at Ball's Bluff, where our troops had been badly routed, I replied that I did not consider it necessary to go through the form of recognition. That Bull Run and Ball's Bluff had determined the fact, and I added, "they will remain so for months, if not for years. They are as prosperous, apparently, and as confident of success, and I added, with more emphasis than sympathy, "*Yes, sir, I believe they would.*"

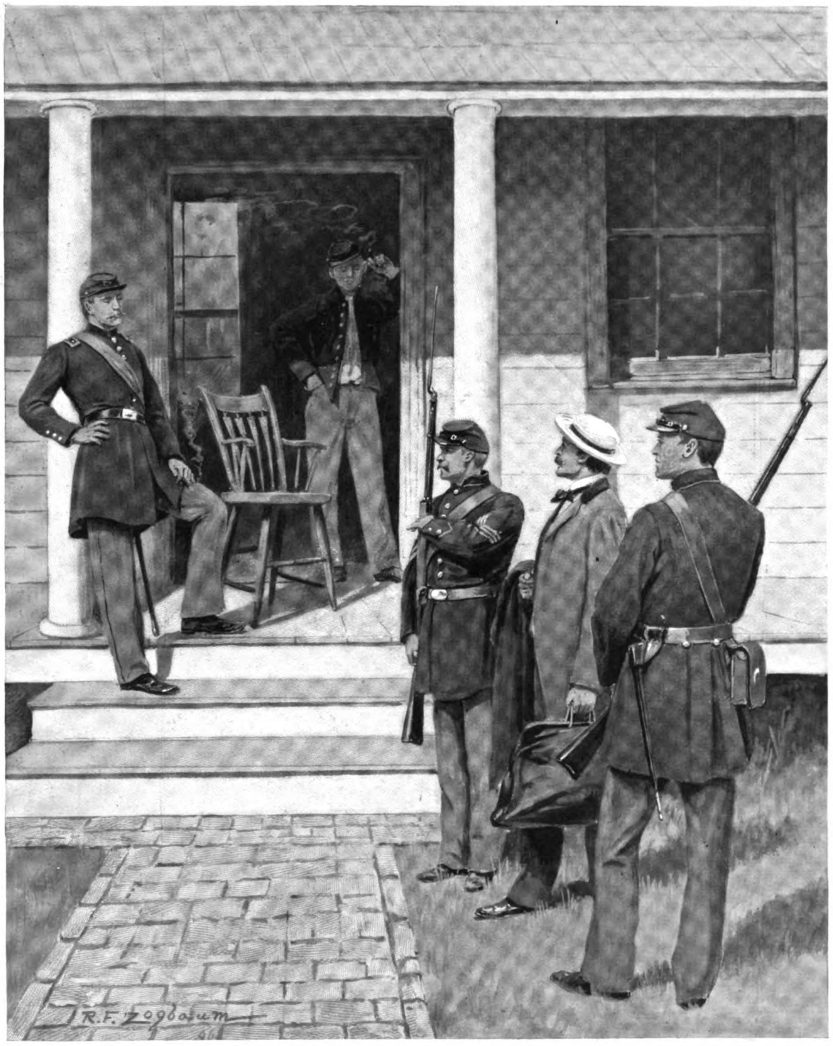
At this point Mr. Lincoln broke out into a loud laugh, and said, "I am glad you two have at last agreed on one point." The President's merry laugh was electric, and we *all* laughed. It was a great comfort to have one pleasant feature in what had been a most unpleasant interview.

My friend General Denver asked the President, aside, what we were to expect, and was told that there would be a cabinet meeting that night, and he would bring this matter up, but he added, "Your friend *must* be exchanged; it is the only honorable thing to do." The next day I was notified that I would be exchanged, and I afterwards learned that all the cabinet agreed with the President, with the exception of Seward.

It may not be out of place, in concluding my story, to give my reason for saying so laconically that Governor Winslow of North Carolina gave me a correct diagnosis of the Yankee character when he said, "It takes a long time to get the Yankee blood aroused, but when you do, it is hell."

During my short sojourn in Washington, waiting for the department to notify me officially of my exchange, I was seated one day at a table in the office of my hotel, writing a letter, when a tall, angular man from Massachusetts, not unlike President Lincoln in his general appearance, came up to me and said: "I have been told you are just from Richmond. Am I right?" I replied by saying, "You are very nearly so, as I left there only a few days ago." Upon which he added, "I thought I would ask you whether you saw anything of my son John or not while you were in Richmond."

The question might well have provoked a smile, had not the serious and troubled face of the man forbidden it. I answered him by saying that I was in the civil prison during my stay in Richmond, and saw none of our soldiers, who were in the tobacco warehouse. And he then continued by saying, "My son John was in the Ball's Bluff fight, and is reported as missing, so that I don't know whether he was killed or is in prison." I made an effort to comfort him by saying that I hoped he was among the prisoners, and that in a few days he would have a list of



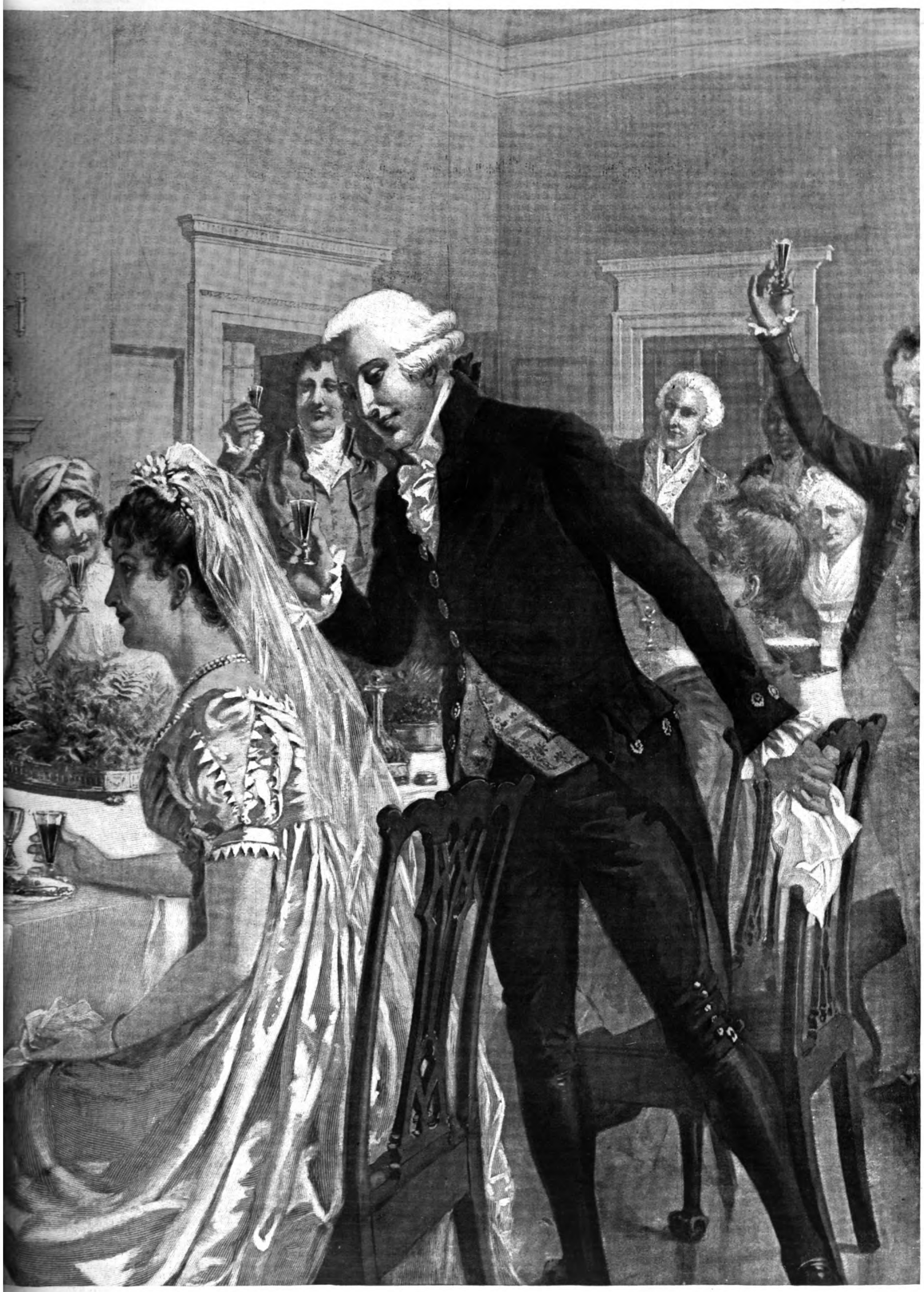
"I WAS ARRESTED AS A SPY BY A SERGEANT'S GUARD, WHICH ESCORTED ME TO A SMALL TAVERN ABOUT A MILE FROM THE FERRY."

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WASHINGTON'S LAST BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1799.

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THE PAINTING BY H. A. OGDEN.—[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD," PAGE 175.]

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them, so that he would hear of his whereabouts. The old gentleman thanked me and walked away. Two or three days afterwards, as I was going out of the hotel, I met this same man coming in, and naturally asked if he had heard anything about his son. He stopped, and standing erect as a statue, said, "Yes; I have heard that he is dead." After a moment's pause, which seemed almost an age to me, he continued: "I did not want John to go into the army, for he was only twenty-one years of age and engaged to be married. I advised and urged him all I could to marry, and told him, as an inducement, that I would give him money enough to start him in business; but he positively refused to heed my advice or accept my offer, and enlisted in the army." Another short but very painful pause, and then he concluded by saying: "*He would go*, and he has gone from me forever. Now I have but one son left, and he will have to enlist. If he *won't*, I *will*." He then turned on his heel and walked away without uttering another word. As I looked at his compressed lips and determined expression, I could not refrain from saying to myself, "Governor Winslow was right, and this is a case in point."

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN INDIA.

General Sir William Lockhart, who had handed over the command of the Indian frontier field force to his successor, Sir Arthur Powell Palmer, with the intention of returning to England, whither he had been called by the British government to confer on the condition of the army and the advisability of continuing the campaign, has been obliged to defer his departure, owing to a disaster to one of his brigades and disquieting reports from across the frontier. In the mean time the British War Office has, so it is stated in correspondence from England, called for a collective report by the different commanding officers in the Tirah campaign, in addition to the report Sir William Lockhart will make, in order to have as complete an expression of opinion as possible on the whole subject.

Letters from India state that there are unmistakable symptoms that, unless public opinion in England pronounces authoritatively against it, the forward policy is to be taken up and pushed to the conclusion intended in the last Afghan war. It now transpires that but for the insuperable difficulties of that campaign and the miscalculation of the Afghan resistance, the scientific frontier, about which there was so much talk at the time, would have been established. No indications were given as to where that frontier was to be drawn, and the vagueness of the phrase left it open to speculation. There is now, however, no longer any reserve on the subject, and the line that was in the minds of the men who put the phrase into the mouth of Lord Beaconsfield turns out to be that of the Helmund, to be covered by the British occupation of Kabul, Ghazni, and Kandahar What view of the matter the Ameer of Afghanistan and his people may take does not appear to be thought worthy of consideration. The presumed interest of England in India is the justification for carrying out the scheme of the Kabul-Ghazni-Kandahar line, and an authority on the question frankly says, in a communication to the London *Times*, that if the Ameer cannot be convinced that it is to his interest that British armies should have free access to Afghanistan, the sooner his attitude in the matter is known the better. It was about fourteen years ago that a suggestion appeared in an English paper that this very line, now proclaimed as the scientific boundary of India, was the ultimate limit of both the Russian and British advance in that part of Asia; but the British Foreign Office denied the existence of any idea of the kind. This was naturally to be expected. It would not have been politic to let the Ameer think that such a policy was entertained, especially after Lord Roberts had apparently given in his adhesion to that laid down by Lord Lawrence in his celebrated despatch of January, 1869, in which he said:

> Our true policy, our strongest security, would then, we conceive, be found in previous abstinence from entanglements at either Kabul, Kandahar, or any similar outpost, in full reliance on a compact, highly equipped, and disciplined army stationed within our own territories, or on our own border; in the contentment if not the attachment of the masses; and in the sense of security of title and possession, with which our policy is gradually imbuing the minds of the principal chiefs and the native aristocracy.

But this policy was too tame and unexciting for the men thirsting for military distinction and weary of the monotony of administrative work and ordinary garrison life, and the forward policy, so far from being killed, was hardly even scotched. The onward movements of the Russians, through the spaces intervening between the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea and the Afghan territory, were the arguments on which the adherents of the forward school relied to obtain the adhesion of the British public to their views. In their treatment of the question, they include Afghanistan within the sphere of Indian defence, and for this purpose they call for the right to move British troops freely about within the recognized boundaries of the Ameer's dominions, with a threat, that can scarcely be called veiled, should he refuse to accede to their demands. At the same time they pretend to have a care for the rights and interests of the Ameer, whose territory they propose to occupy, but their expression of it is couched in phraseology that to accept it unreservedly would require one less versed in Oriental statecraft than the Ameer. He is less likely than ever, after he learns the meaning and locality of the scientific frontier, as he probably has by this time, to lend an ear to any suggestions leading to the entry of British troops into his territory. He is no doubt fully acquainted with the terms of the Memorandum of Sir Robert Sandeman, written in 1890, in which the latter says:

> Treat the Ameer with all fairness and honesty; be conciliatory in all matters in which conciliation is compatible with our own vital interests; but at the same time, where the welfare and even the existence of the British Empire in India are at stake, we must be firm in protecting them if necessity arise, and in insisting on their recognition.... It is an absolute military necessity that we should defend the Kabul, Ghazni, and Kandahar line in Afghanistan in case of war with Russia. Were this not the case, I would be an advocate of masterly inactivity instead of conciliatory intervention, and I should consider it a mistake to make any attempt to include within our control the fringe of independent tribes which lie between ourselves and Afghanistan proper.

At the time this Memorandum was written a Conservative government was in power in England, with a not very strong man at the head of the Indian Department. The forward policy was again reviving, and though a Liberal government was in office for a time after that, the period was too brief in which to give its Indian policy a decisive direction, and indeed there is some reason to believe, from the existence of a private telegram about the Chitral policy of the Viceroy, sent to him on May 30, 1895, by Sir Henry Fowler, the last Liberal Secretary of State for India, which has been ruthlessly given to the light by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, that he had been drawn within the attraction of the forward policy. The wording of the telegram is—

> [Private.]
>
> Chitral.
>
> No doubt you have considered probable charge of inconsistency between terms of your proclamation to tribes and policy advocated in your despatch of May 8. As strong feeling on this subject exists here, I should be glad if you would telegraph privately any observations or explanations which occur to you.

The Liberal ministry fell a few weeks after the despatch of this telegram, and the "inconsistency" to which Sir Henry Fowler alluded developed into the "breach of faith" policy, as it has been termed, which stirred all the frontier tribes to strike for the maintenance of the independence which their instinct told them was threatened.

It is now perfectly plain that the recent campaign against the tribes has not been a success. It has been punitive in a double sense, and, had not the British forces been withdrawn when they were, on account of the inability of the native troops to stand the cold, might have been disastrous. The ever-present difficulty in these campaigns among the Afghan mountains and the frontier country is the excessive heat of summer and the rigorous cold of the winter, in either of which one portion of a mixed army of British and native troops is bound to suffer.

According to the belief prevailing in India, the intention of the planners of the campaign now suspended was to obtain permanent control and occupation of the mountains flanking the Khyber Pass, and push a force through to the exit close to the Afghan frontier, within easy reach of Jelalabad, from where a road runs up the valley down which flows the Kunar River, that rises in the Chitral country. There appears to have been an intention, so it is also stated, to press any difficulty with the Ameer to extremes, and then take advantage of the circumstances to advance from Quetta to Kandahar simultaneously with a forward movement at the other points of the line.

The effective resistance of the tribes and the very great difficulties of transport the moment touch is lost with the railways have, for the present, broken down this plan, and the condition of India will render it imperative on the British government to find the funds for its further prosecution, if that should be decided on. In other words, the British tax-payers will have to pay the cost of the forward policy, which may incline them to ask for an explanation of the bill—a thing which both the British government and the administration in India are studiously anxious to avoid giving. Meanwhile the problem of how to restore the prestige lost through the failure of the Tirah campaign remains to be faced. The Ameer of Afghanistan has been, according to all reports, most careful to avoid giving the British government the slightest pretext for accusing him even of want of fidelity to his engagements. He has almost ostentatiously asked for advice as to what reply he was to make to the deputations which the tribes have sent asking for aid. At the same time his gun and ammunition factories have been kept busily at work turning out supplies for his army, the regular force of which is estimated at about 60,000 men, with another 120,000 good fighting-men to draw upon, without counting local levies. His resources in every respect are superior to those of his predecessor when war was declared against him in 1879, and with the growth of his power his determination to maintain his independence has proportionately increased. How far he has been cognizant of the traffic in arms and ammunition that has apparently been going on through Afghanistan between Persia and the frontier tribes it is impossible to say, but it is certain that Birmingham has contributed directly, though perhaps unintentionally, to the failure of the frontier campaign.

The traffic appears to have been carried on from some point on the Persian coast through southern Persia, Beluchistan, and Afghanistan, and the price of the Lee-Metfords and Martinis, with their ammunition, must have been considerably enhanced between the time they left Birmingham in England and the time they found their way into the hands of the Afridis on the Tirah mountains. It is the possession of these weapons and the presence of so many of their countrymen among them who have been trained in the native regiments in the Indian army that rendered complete victory for the British forces impossible. It is difficult to see what course the British government can follow, after the failure to subdue these tribes, except to renew the campaign with increased forces so soon as the season permits, and carry it through to the end.

A conciliatory policy now appears impossible while the tribes retain their arms, and the sentiment of revenge for their losses in life and property is still fresh. But it would be very inconvenient, to say the least, for the British government, in the present uncertain aspect of its relations with other countries, to have the flower of its army in India struggling among the passes and defiles of the frontier mountain ranges, with the Ameer of Afghanistan prepared to resist its advance into his territory. To advance under such circumstances would involve a struggle the issue of which might be even less favorable than that of the last war. A retreat back to India, with the mountaineers dogging every step, might be as disastrous as was that of 1842.

The consequence of the failure of the Indian government to achieve success in the campaign just suspended must be regarded with the grimmest satisfaction at St. Petersburg, if any hostile intentions are entertained there against British rule in India. The forward men in India have destroyed the barrier against a Russian advance that a broad acceptance of the policy of Lord Lawrence would have made impregnable to assault from without. The Russian troops reported to be assembling on the line of the Oxus and at other points on the Afghan border would not need to be moved a step across the frontier so long as the British troops refrain from entering Afghanistan. Should they do so contrary to the wish of the Ameer, the Russians would march in as friends, and the struggle invited by the advocates of the forward policy would have begun, and would have to be fought out under circumstances that could hardly be less favorable for England than the present.

The Russians are known to be actively preparing for important operations in Central Asia. They are increasing their transport flotilla that plies on the Oxus between the railway bridge at Charjui and the Afghan frontier, from where there are several roads leading to Kabul. By these means the transport of men and material to the frontier is made easy. The railway now begun from Merv to Kushk on the Murghab, within easy marching distance of Herat, will be completed in a comparatively short time. The movement of Russian troops through Central Asia is not open to the risks that would attend the transport of British troops to India by sea, and the conditions generally are more favorable. It is all these considerations that no doubt will weigh in the councils of the Ameer of Afghanistan as well as of the British government. He certainly has no reason for allowing one or other of his neighbors to be the first to enter his territory, and thereby give the other the pretext for doing the same. The day they both enter, the independence of Afghanistan will vanish, ground out between the upper and nether millstones of British and Russian interests, which, if one or other of them did not absorb the whole of the country, would be reconciled by the partition of Afghanistan, with the frontier drawn down the valley of the Helmund in advance of the Kabul-Ghazni-Kandahar line, with a railway from Peshawur to Kabul, and that from Quetta prolonged to Kandahar. The northern end of this frontier would rest on the Hindu Kush range, and the southern end pass through a desert.

This is the ideal scientific frontier of which Lord Beaconsfield spoke, and for which the forward party in India, that appears now to control the administration, is striving. But, under the circumstances developed in the first stages of the attempt to reach it, the British tax-payers see that, whatever may be said as to the cost of the operations, they will have to bear the ultimate burden in men and money, which will be neither light nor small. There is therefore just a chance left that the money question, if no other, may prevent the consummation of what, from this distance, would seem to be a fatuous step on the part of the British Indian administration. A free and independent Afghanistan is a cheap and effective defence of India. If it did not already exist, it would be the policy of a sensible government in England to create it. On the other hand, a scientific frontier such as described means costly fortresses with expensive garrisons in the midst of hostile populations, and behind them an impoverished and discontented population.

THE WHITE WOOD'S WINE.

Pungent fir and frost and shine
Go to make the white wood's wine—
Wine of the North, that's in the air
Of upland woods, snow-hushed and fair,
Of swamps where snow and cedar-tree
Show pure green-white like a wintry sea.

This wine for thirst of sinewy lynx;
This wine the shaggy moose bull drinks;
The red deer tastes, and grows more fleet;
And it's got into the white hare's feet.

A spirit, a force, that's half divine
Is yours—O drinkers of white wood wine!

Francis Sterne Palmer.

BOGUS MUSICAL HISTORY.

What shall we do with these makers of lachrymose musical history? Shall we forgive them utterly because they may enlist a philistine interest in the personality of a composer or artist, otherwise not quickened? But they need not gild refined gold, nor paint the lily. Here is a story, originating in no less responsible a periodical than *Temple Bar*, steadily making its rounds from newspaper to newspaper all winter, and, as yet, rich in the vitality that sentimental stuff, true or false, seems to possess. The author is a lady; and she is telling circumstantially a most languishing tale of Beethoven's closing hours. She sends Beethoven "from Baden to Vienna," in consequence of a letter from his dissolute nephew Carl, "so poor that the journey is made on foot." Overcome with fatigue, the composer seeks shelter in a peasants' hut. He shares their meagre supper. A family concert follows, and "after it is over," Beethoven finds that the Allegretto from the Seventh Symphony was played. He proposes "to finish the piece" (evidently the author of this lovely fiction confuses the movement of the Symphony with the whole work), declares himself to the household, and plays on the humble piano-forte in the cottage. Next, he dies, the guest of its owners, with the friends "sent for" from Vienna standing around him, and the words, "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent." Mark how plain a tale shall set down Miss Alice Quarry's muddle of this factitious stuff. Beethoven did not leave Vienna and his old lodgings in the "Schwarzspanierhaus" (near to-day's Votiv Kirche) for months previous to his death, except for a visit to his brother's house at Baden (a town near Vienna, and not Baden the German spa), and he came back from it in a country vehicle—though not in a post-chaise. He did not walk, and he journeyed directly. Every minute was occupied with hard work, and with suffering from his chronic malady. He was in tolerably comfortable circumstances, and he left to the ungrateful Carl a considerable sum in bank shares. His end was slow in coming, and he was affectionately surrounded by his friends, and by many new ones, including Moscheles, Breuning, and Schindler. Hummel, a boy of fifteen years only, was presented to him by Hiller on March 8, but, needless to say, no such remark as that above reported was made. On the 24th of March, 1827, he received the sacraments, and a state of coma ensued until the moment of his death, as night was closing in on the 26th. So much for the difference between falsehood and verity.

E. I. S.

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "Lochinvar," "The Gray Man," "The Stickit Minister," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITTLE PLAYMATE SETTLES ACCOUNTS.

BUT I admit that the smile discouraged me. Nevertheless, I proceeded gallantly.

"Ah, Jungfrau Texel," said I, "you cannot know how your presence brightens our lives here in the Red Tower. Wherefore will you not come oftener to our grim abode?"

I thought that, on the whole, pretty well; but, looking up at Helene, I saw that her smile (so different from that of the Io-Cow Katrin) had become a whole volume of scathing satire. God wot, it is not easy to make love to a lass when your "Little Sister" is listening—especially to a woman-mountain set on watch springs like Katrin Texel.

But, after all, Katrin was noways averse to love-making of any kind, which, after all, is the main thing. And as for the Little Playmate, I did not mind her a bonnet-tag. She had brought it upon herself.

Michael Texel indeed!

So I went on. It was excellent sport—such a jest as may not be played every day. I would show Mistress Helene (so I said to myself) whether she would like it any better if I made love to Katrin than if I went over on an occasional wet day to clean pistolets and oil musketoons in Christian's guard-house.

So I began to tell Katrin how that woman was the sacredest influence on the life of man, with other things as I could recollect them out of a book of chivalry which I had been reading, the fine sentiments of which it was a pity to waste. For our Helene would have stamped her foot and boxed my ears for coming nigh her with such nonsense (that is, at that time she would, doubtless—not, however, always). And as for the lass over the way—Christian's Elsa—she knew no more of letters than her father knew of the mathematics. Plain kissing was more in her way, as I have been told.

So I aired my book of chivalry to Katrin Texel.

"Fair maid," said I, "have you heard the refrain of the song that I love so well? It is like sweet music to me to hear it—I love sweet music. This is the latest catch:

'My true love hath my heart and I have his.'

How goes it, Helene?" I asked, turning to her as she stood smiling bitterly by the window. For I knew that it would annoy her to be referred to. "Goes it not something like this?"

And I hummed, fairly enough:

"'My true love hath my heart and I have his.'"

"An it goes like that," said she, quickly; "it goeth like a tomcat mollrowing on the tiles in the middle of the night."

Now, this being manifestly only spiteful, I took no notice of it. "Helene does not love good music," said I; "'tis her only fault. But I trust that you, dear Katrin, have a greater taste for angelic song?"

"And I trust you love to scratch upon the twangling zither as cats sharpen their claws upon the bark of trees? You love such music, *dear* Katrin, do you not?" cried Helene over her shoulder from the window.

But Katrin, the divine cow, knew not what to make of us. I think she was of the opinion that Helene and I, with much study upon books, had suddenly gone mad.

"I do indeed love music," she said at last, uncertainly; "but, Master Hugo, not the kind of which my gossip Helene speaks. I love best of all a ballad of love sung sweetly, as from a lover by the wall to his mistress aloft in the balcony, like that of the lover of Italy, who sings,

'O words that fall like summer dew on me!'

How goes it?

'O breath more sweet than is the growing—the growing—'"

She paused, and waved her hand as if to summon the words from the empty air.

"The growing garlic, if it be a lover of Italy," cried Helene, still more spitefully. "This is enough and to spare of chivalry, besides which Hugo hath his lesson to learn for Friar Laurence, or else he will repent it on the morrow. Come, sweetheart, let us be going. I will e'en convoy thee home."

So she spoke, making great ostentation of her own superiority, treating me as a lad that must learn his horn-book at school.

But I was even with her for all that.

"And so farewell, then, dear Mistress Katrin," said I. "The delicate pleasure of your presence shall be followed by the still more tender remembrance which, when you are gone, my heart shall continue to cherish of you."

That was, indeed, well minded. A whole sentence out of my romance-book without a single slip. Katrin bowed, with the airy grace of the Grand-Duke's monument out in the square. But the little Helene swept majestically off, muttering to herself, but so that I could not hear her. "'O wondrous, most wondrous,' quoth our cat Mall, when she saw her Tom betwixt her and the moon."

The application of which wise saw is indeed to seek.

So the two maids went away, and I betook me to the window to see if I could catch a glimpse of Christian's Elsa.

But I only saw Katrin and Helene going gossiping down the street, with their heads very close together.

At first I smiled, well pleased to think how excellently I had played my cards, and how daintily I had worked in those gallant speeches out of the book of chivalry. But by-and-by it struck me that the Little Playmate was absent a most unconscionable time. Could it be—Michael Texel? No, that at least was plainly impossible.

I got up and walked about. Then, for a change, I paused by the window.

I had stood a good while thus moodily looking out at the casement, when I became aware of two that walked slowly up the street and halted together before the door which led to the Red Tower.

By the thirty thousand virgins—Helene and Michael Texel!

And then, indeed, what a coil was I in; how blackly deceitful I called her! How keenly I watched for any token of understanding and kindness more than ordinary that might chance to pass between them! But I could see none, for though the great soft lout of a youth tried often to look under the brim of her hat, yet she kept her eyes down—only once that I could observe raising them, and that was more towards the Red Tower than in the direction of Michael Texel.

I think she wished to see whether I was watching. And when she saw it I wot well that she became much more animated, and laughed, and spoke quickly, with color in her cheeks and a flash of defiance in her countenance, which were manifestly wasted on such a boastful callow lout as Michael Texel.

Then it was: "Adieu to you, Master Texel!" "Farewell to you, fair maid!"

And Helene dipped a courtesy to him, dainty and sweet enough to conquer an angel, while the great jelly-bag shook himself almost to pieces in his eagerness to achieve a masterly bow. All this made me angry—not that I cared though Helene had coquetted with a dozen lads, an

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it had liked her. It was only the poverty of taste shown in being seen along with such an oaf as Michael Texel. He had first been my friend, it is true, but then at that time I had not found him out.

By-and-by Helene came up the stairs, tripping light as a feather that the wind blows. Perhaps she had turned in the doorway, where I could not see her, to throw the lout a kiss—so I thought, jealously.

"You have convoyed your gossip Katrin home in safety, I trust," said I, sweetly, as she came in.

"Yes," said she; "but I fear she has left her heart behind her. So wondrously rapid a courtship never did I see!"

"Save on the street," answered I; "and with a pale soft jack-pudding like Michael Texel! That was a sight, indeed."

At which Helene laughed a merry little laugh — well pleased, too, the minx, as I could see.

"What are courtships on the street to you, Sir Hugo," she returned, "with your 'Twinkle-Twankle' singing women over the way?—and, Lord, how went it?

'My true love hath my heart and I have his.'

Ha! ha! Sir Gallant, what need you with more? Would you have as many loves as the Grand Turk, and invent new love-makings for each of them? Shall we lasses petition Duke Casimir to banish all the other lads of the town, and leave only Hugo Gottfried for all of us?"

And then she went on to other such silly talk that I think it not worth reporting.

So I was about to leave the room in a transport of just indignation, and that without speaking, when Helene called to me.

"Hugo!" she said, very softly, as she alone could speak, and that only when it liked her to make friends.

I turned me about with some dignity, but knowing well that it was all over with me.

"Well, what may be your will, madam?" said I.

Helene came towards me with uplifted, petitionary eyes.

"You are not going to be angry with me, Hugo!" she said. And she lifted her eyes again upon me—irresistible, compelling, solvent of dignities, and able to break down all pride.

Oh, all ye men who have never seen my Helene look up thus at you, but only common other eyes, go and hang yourselves on high trees for very envy. Well, as I say, Helene looked up at me! She kept looking up at me.

And I—well, I hung a moment on my pride, and then—clasped her in my arms.

"Dear minx, thrice wicked one!" I exclaimed, "wherefore do you torment me—break my heart?"

"Because," said she, escaping as soon as she had gained her pretty rascal way, "you think yourself so clever, Hugo, such an irresistible person, that you must be forever running to this window and getting this book of chivalry by heart. Now you are going to be cross again. Oh, shame! and with your little sister—

'That never did you any harm,
But killed the mice in your father's barn.'"

With such babyish words she talked the frowns off my face, or, when they would not go fast enough, reaching up and smoothing them away with her finger.

"Now," she said, setting her head to the side, "what a nice sweet Great Brother! Let him sit down here on the great chair."

So I sat down, well pleased enough, not knowing what mischief the pranksome maid had in her head now, but judging that the matter might turn out well for me.

Then Helene stole round to the back of the chair, and taking me by the ears, she gave first one and then the other of them a pull.

"That," she said, pulling the right, "is for listening to the little cat over the way that squalls on the tiles! And *that*" (giving the other a sound tug) "is for being a dandiprat when my gossip Katrin was here!"

She paused a moment, as if to summon courage, and then she stooped quickly and kissed me on the neck.

"And *that* for Michael Texel!" she cried, and ran out of the room before I could get clear of the wide arms of the chair and so run after and catch her.

She turned in the doorway and wafted me a kiss from her finger-tips, airily and a little mockingly.

"That for Hugo Gottfried!" she said, and was off to her own chamber with the *frou-frou* of a silk skirt, the slam of a door, and the shooting of a bolt.

And after all that, it was heart's pity that ever anything should have come between us again, even for a moment.

Though, indeed, it was but for a moment.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO WOMEN—AND A MAN.

It was the morning of a Sunday—a dull, sleepy time in all countries, and one difficult to get overpast. I was, as usual, busy with my accoutrement, recently bought with the loan of Master Gerard. The Little Playmate was just returned from the cathedral, and had indeed scarcely laid her finery aside, when there came a loud knocking at the outer gate of the Red Tower. Then one of the guard tramped stolidly from the wicket to the door of our dwelling.

"A lady waits you at the postern," said he, and so tramped his way unceremoniously back to his post.

I knew without any need of telling that it was the Lady Ysolinde. So I rose, and hastily setting my fingers through my hair, I went to the gate. There, attended by the respectable servitor, was, as I had expected, the Lady Ysolinde.

"Good-morrow," she said, very courteously, to me, and I duly returned her greeting with a low obeisance of respect and welcome.

She wore a large garment fashioned like a man's cloak over her festal attire, which, with a hood for the head, wholly enveloped her figure and descended to her feet.

"I have come, as I promised, to see the Little Playmate." These were her first words, as we paced together across the wide upper court under the wondering eyes of the men of the Duke's body-guard.

"Pray remember, Lady Ysolinde," said I, with much eagerness, "that I have said nothing of the matter to Helene, and that my father only knows that I am to ride to Plassenburg in order to exercise myself in the practice of arms before becoming his assistant here in the Red Tower, and in the Hall of Judgment across the way."

My visitor nodded a little impatiently. She, who knew so many things, of a surety understood so much without being told.

In the inner doorway Helene met us. And never had it been my fortune to see the meeting of two such women. The Little Playmate had in her hands the long Flemish gloves and the little illuminated Book of the Hours which I had given her. She had been about to lay them away together, as is the fashion of women. And when she met the Lady Ysolinde I declare that she looked almost as tall. Helene was perhaps an inch or two less in stature than her visitor, but what she lacked she more than made up in the supple erectness of her carriage and the extraordinary alertness of all her movements.

"Lady Ysolinde," said I, as they met one another with the mutually level eyeshot of women who measure one another, "this is Helene—whom, for love and kindliness, we call the 'Little Playmate.'"

The daughter of Master Gerard impetuously threw back the gray monk's hood which shrouded the masses of her tawny hair. She put out both her hands to Helene, held her a moment at arm's-length to look into her eyes, even as she had done with me, but in a different way. Then, drawing her nearer, she leaned forward and kissed her on the brow and on both cheeks.

Now I am not ordinarily a close observer, and many things, especially things that pertain to the acts of women, pass by me unnoticed. But I saw in a moment that there was not, and never could be, more than the semblance of cordial amity between these two women.

I saw the Little Playmate instinctively quiver like a taken bird when she was thus embraced. It was, I think, the undying antipathy of Eve for Lilith, a hatred which is mostly on the side of Eve, the Mother Woman, its place being taken by sharper and more dangerous envy in the breast of the Lilith without the wall.

There, face to face, stood the two women who were to make my life, ruling it between them, striking it out between the impact of their natures, as underneath the blows of two smiths upon the ringing anvil, the iron, hissing-hot, becomes a sword or a ploughshare.

It was impossible to avoid contrasting them.

Helene, of a bodily beauty infinitely more desirable, bloomful with radiant health, the blush of youth and conscious loveliness upon her lips and looking out under the crisp entanglement of her hair, simple purity and straightness of soul in the fearless innocency of her eyes: the Lady Ysolinde, deeper taught in all the mysteries of existence, more conscious of power, not so beautiful, but oftentimes giving the impression of beauty more strongly than her fairer rival; compact of swift delicate graces, half feline, half feminine (if these two be not the same); all these, passing like clouds over the unquiet sea of her nature, reflecting the changing skies of circumstance, were fitted to produce a fascination ever on the verge of repulsion even when it was strongest. Ysolinde was ever ready of speech, but her words were touched constantly with dainty malice and clawed with subtle spite. She catspawed with men and things, often setting the hidden spur under the velvet foot deeply into that which she seemed to caress. Such as I read them then and largely, as even now I understand them, were the two women who moulded between them my life's story.

I suppose it is because I am of this Baltic North that I must need think things round, and prose of reasons and explanations — even concerning beautiful maids, forever dreaming and dividing, instead of going straight, sword in hand, for their hearts, as is the way of the folk from the English land over seas, or simply lying about their favors, which, I hear, is mostly the Frenchman's way.

But enough of intolerable theory.

Instinctively the Lady Ysolinde spoke to our maid of the Red Tower in a manner and tone different from that which I had ever yet heard her employ, at once more equal and more guarded.

"I was told by Master Hugo Gottfried here (whose acquaintance I made at my father's house on the day after the foolish boy's prank of the White Swan) that here in the Red Tower of the Wolfsberg dwelt one of mine own age, like myself a maid solitary among men. So to-day I have come to solicit her acquaintance, and to ask her to be kind to me, who have ever been in this city and country as a stranger in a strange land."

It was prettily enough said, and our Helene, easily touched, and perhaps a little ashamed of her first stiffness, put out a hand, which the other quickly and securely clasped. Then those two sat down together. Ysolinde von Sturm kept her eye fixed on the Playmate, but our shy and slender Helene looked steadily past her, out over the tumbled red roofs and gables of the city of Thorn to the Wolfmark plains which lay spread out beneath our windows.

At intervals, as it came near the hour of their mid-day meal, the blood-hounds howled in the kennels, and by their tone I knew that my father had left the Hall of Judgment, where he had been detained all the morning. Also, I knew very well that the Lady Ysolinde wished me to go out, in order that she might talk alone with her companion. But I saw also the appeal in the eyes of the Playmate, and I was resolved not to give her the chance.

"Are you never weary in this dull tower?" asked the lawyer's daughter, still holding the Playmate's hand.

"It is not dull," replied Helene. "I have my work. There are two men as shiftless and helpless as babes to attend to, and none to help me but old Hanne."

"Let men attend to themselves," cried Ysolinde; "that is ever my motto. They ought to be our servants, not we theirs."

It was said smilingly, yet there was bitterness under the words as well.

"But," said Helene, smiling back at her with a fresh directness all her own, "one of the men saved my life, and brought me up as his own daughter, and the other is —is Hugo, here."

And as she spoke of my father and of me, I saw the eyes of the Lady Ysolinde fixed upon her as it had been to read her inner soul.

"And, by-the-way," she said at last, after a long pause, "you have heard how this same Master Hugo proposes to himself to escape from the prison-house of this city, for a season exercise himself in arms, and in roving adventure fulfil that which is not granted to a maid, his wandering years. He goes (so my father told me) to the Court of the Prince of Plassenburg, with the promise of a company to command. And I am glad, for I shall ride thither with him, under his escort. Indeed, and in truth, my home is far more there than here in Thorn. But I would fain have a companion of my own sex; so I have come to beg of you, Mistress Helene, that you will accompany me. The Princess, I know, has great need of a maid of honor near her person, and will gladly welcome a friend of mine for the post."

The Little Playmate looked up astonished, as well she might, at this direct assault, which was spoken with a pretty shamefacedness and the air of asking too great a favor. And, indeed, if there was any patronage in the thing offered, it was at least carefully kept out of the manner of asking.

"Lady Ysolinde, I cannot accept your too overpowering favor," said Helene, after a pause, "but your kindness in thinking at all of me will always warm my heart."

At this critical moment came my father in, looking more than ordinarily grave and severe, so that I judged at once that he had been talking to the Duke Casimir, and had found his post of chief adviser more than ordinarily difficult. I knew it could be no matter of his office which worried him, for he wore his holiday attire of white Friesland cloth, and the broad bonnet in which I loved best to see him. There was no mark of his calling about him anywhere, save a little Red Axe sewed upon his left breast like a veteran's decoration.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine's day in the old times possessed a popular significance that we of these degenerate days of filigree paper and printed rhymes can hardly appreciate. Popular tradition had it that the birds mated upon the good bishop's natal day, apropos of which Old Drayton, in Shakespeare's time, writing a verse to his "Valentine," begins his pastoral thus:

"Muse, bid the morn awake;
Sad winter now declines;
Each bird doth choose a mate;
This day's St. Valentine's"—

and so forth, to his mistress's eyes, lips, and other charms.

Following these supposed habits of the feathered creatures, it became by-and-by a custom in the generation or so following for the men and women of that day to choose each his or her Valentine, to whom he or she was supposed to remain mated for the rest of the year. The gentleman generally entered into the compact with a poetic effusion and a gift, of more or less value, to the lady of his choice, and for the twelvemonth following he was supposed to devote himself exclusively to his chosen mate.

Usually the element of accident entered not a little into the choosing of the Valentine, for the first man and the first woman who met in the morning were supposed to remain Valentines and mated for the year to follow.

As witness to this, Gay, writing early in the eighteenth century, and beginning with the same theme that inspired Old Drayton—

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours, with mutual chirpings, find"—

says,

"Thee first I spied—and the first swain we see
In spite of Fortune shall our true love be."

Old Pepys in his immortal Diary—that great reservoir of dead and bygone gossip—gives us a number of glimpses into the Valentine's day of his time.

Once, mounting to the Olympian altitude of the gossip of White Hall, he tells us, apropos of Miss Stuart (afterward Duchess of Richmond), that "The Duke of York being her Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Maudeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300." Descending thence to the platitudes of his own private affairs, the good gentleman tells us very soberly that "I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5"; and adds, naïvely, "but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines."

In another entry in his Journal he tells us how his wife hid her eyes lest she should see the masons working about the house, and so should miss choosing her proper Valentine; and in another place informs us that "My wife, hearing Mr. Moore's voice in my dressing-chamber, got herself ready, and came down and challenged him for her Valentine."

From all of which we of these days may catch a certain remote notion of the importance of St. Valentine's day in those far-distant old times so long passed away and gone.

As illustrating the importance of this one-time notable feast-day, Miss Mhoon has given a pictured image of the transplantation of the custom of the time into Puritan New England of, say, the year 1655.

We know what strong testimony the Puritans bore against the puddings and the "meat pies" (probably the mince pie of our day), and all the jocularities of the old Christmas season, and we also know that they made a point of studiously ignoring the anniversary of the King's birthday. It is altogether likely they would look with even less favor upon the suggestive levities of Valentine's day.

The somewhat seedy Cavalier, who is doubtless offering the Puritan maiden an effusion in these, in which dove is made to rhyme with love, and eyes with skies, and dart with heart, has perhaps been spending the whole long winter in the dull, cold little settlement for the sake of escaping, let us say, from the pressure of his debts at home. One can imagine how greatly a man of his parts must have been wasted in such surroundings as the picture indicates. As for the Puritan maiden, either her heart inclines more kindly toward the young Presbyterian minister who, clad in black, and with a voluminous theological volume under his arm, regards the pleasantries of the stranger with such manifest mislikings — either this, or else she has been so well brought up that even a cavalier in a red cloak and with high London manners cannot melt her reserve. Who shall say? The ways of women are passing strange!

I confess to a sympathy for the poor Cavalier fellow, and wish that a good tight ship may be lading with sassafras-wood at some near-by port, and that he may thence get a safe passage back to England again, and into more congenial surroundings.

HOWARD PYLE.

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WRECK IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR.



WRECK OF THREE-MASTED SCHOONER NEAR MAGNOLIA, DAY AFTER THE STORM.



WRECKAGE AT PIGEON COVE.



SCENE IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR.



WRECKAGE ON THE MAGNOLIA SHORE.



HAULING OFF WRECKAGE ON THE MAGNOLIA SHORE.

EFFECTS OF THE GREAT STORM ON CAPE ANN, MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 174.]

Miss Bryan. General John C. Black. Fred. W. Job, Hawaiian Consul. Major Iaukea, A.D.C. to Pres. of Hawaii. Judge Grosscup. Thomas W. Cridler, Third Asst. Sec'y of State. Charles Page Bryan, Minister to Brazil. Mrs. Brooke. Major-General Brooke. Hon. Francis M. Hatch, Minister of Hawaii.



Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, Pres. Union League Club. Mrs. John C. Black. Mrs. Thomas B. Bryan. Com'r. Phelps, U.S.N. President Dole. Major Heistand, U.S.A. Mrs. Dole. Mrs Grosscup.

THE PRESIDENT OF HAWAII'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES—PRESIDENT DOLE AND THE CHICAGO RECEPTION COMMITTEE AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.—[See Page 175.]

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BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



IV.—WHAT HARD TIMES TAUGHT THE FARMERS OF THE MIDDLE WEST.

It should be recorded, in strict regard for truth, that in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven Corn ceased to be King in Kansas. The empire was overthrown by a revolution, and that revolution consisted of changes in farming methods. To go back further in the logic of events, it is truthful to say that the hard times in a great measure brought about these changes and developed the new farming in the Middle West. In his report in March, 1896, the secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture said,

"In no year of the State's history has the value of the wheat approached in magnitude that of the same year's corn."

That statement was true then. In the twenty-five years closing with the year 1895 the average annual value of the Kansas corn crop was $31,000,000, and the total value of the corn raised in those years was the enormous sum of $776,000,000. The crop in 1896 was worth $35,000,000. It had been worth as much in one year as $52,000,000. In 1897 it was worth $28,000,000, a falling off of $7,000,000 in a year of plenty from the crop of the previous year. The wheat crop for the year 1897, according to the State statistics, was worth $34,000,000. Up to last year it was noteworthy that when there was a decline in the corn crop there was no decided increase in the wheat crop. In 1896 the wheat crop of the State was worth only $13,000,000. Corn for that year was worth $35,000,000. In 1895 wheat was worth $7,000,000; corn, $46,000,000. In 1894 the wheat was worth $11,000,000; corn, $25,000,000. In 1893 wheat was worth $10,000,000; corn, $32,000,000. But in the year 1897 wheat jumped past corn, and these figures, issued by the State Department of Agriculture, show it: Value of 51,000,000 bushels of wheat, $34,000,000; value of 152,000,000 bushels of corn, $28,000,000.

Corn was dethroned in Kansas then and there. No crop of importance in the State had ever shown such a percentage of increase in one year as the wheat of 1897. The increase in production was a little more than 100 per cent., and the increase in value was almost 160 per cent. over the previous year. Corn fell off in production, not in price, but was displaced as the leading crop of the State. It may have been a mere coincidence that prosperity for the Kansas farmer arrived at the same time, thus enabling Governor Leedy to say, in his Thanksgiving proclamation,

"The attacks upon the State, to which it has been so long subject, have been discontinued, and the reputation of Kansas is again as good as its character always has been."

The great lesson shown by the dethronement of corn in Kansas is that the farmers of the State are diversifying their crops. To put it in another way, they are no longer carrying all their eggs in one basket. Although it has not paid to raise corn exclusively for several years, the Kansas farmers kept on doing so. The hot winds in 1890 and 1894 reduced the crops to almost nothing, and in the other years the low prices had practically the same effect upon the farmer. Still, the farmer kept raising corn. It had become second nature to him. It was cheaper to burn it as fuel than to sell it, but there was one thing in its favor: it could be fed to cattle, hogs, and poultry, and these could furnish food, at least for the farmer. He could live during the hard times and the low prices, even if he could not pay interest.

Feeding the corn to live-stock had one other important effect. The Hon. T. A. Hubbard, president of the Kansas Swine-Breeders' Association, called attention to it in 1895, when he said, "Why do farmers market 15-cent corn, when it will bring them 30 cents if fed to hogs?" The farmers not only learned that the best way to sell corn was by transforming it into hogs, but into cattle and poultry, and the result was that of the $40,000,000 increase in the productivity of Kansas in 1897 one-half and a trifle more came from the increase in live-stock. In other words, by the time that 1897 arrived the Kansas farmer had found out that there were other things than corn worth while raising, and that although corn was the largest crop, and must continue to be the largest crop, in the State, there were profitable ways of disposing of it other than by selling it at cost price or lower.

The farmer of the Middle West last year adapted his methods to his soil and to probable prices. It should be remembered that the State is a sloping plain. At the eastern end it has an elevation of 765 feet above the sea-level, and at the western end the elevation is 3365 feet, or a rise which is about seven feet to the mile. In the south-eastern quarter of the State the crops almost never fail. The western half is given up to native grasses, and is called the short-grass country. It is not productive of cereals under cultivation, owing to the altitude, the lack of water, and the condition of the soil. Nature intended it for a live-stock-grazing country. The Hon. Thomas M. Potter, president of the State Board of Agriculture, is responsible for the statement that his cattle have gained three pounds a day in weight by feeding on these native grasses. It is in the western part of the State that the abandoned towns and farms of the State are found. Farming, as carried on elsewhere, did not pay; but it is in the western part of the State also that the revived cattle industry of Kansas is flourishing. It was in the central west that the great wheat crop was raised. An analysis of the farm report is interesting.

The reports for 1897 show an increase of 300,000 head of cattle for slaughter in one year. That increase alone brought more than $11,000,000 in the year's prosperity for the State. Last year the cattle for slaughter in Kansas numbered 1,600,000. In 1896 they numbered 1,300,000. The milch-cows increased 37,000, showing a considerable increase in the dairying industry. It is interesting to know that since the year 1887 the average product of a cow has increased from $7 01 in cheese, butter, and milk to $9 65. This is due to a constant improvement in the grade of stock, and shows another change in the farming methods. The increase in the dairy products in 1897 over 1896 was $300,000. The cost of maintaining a cow in Kansas is said to be 50 per cent. less than in New England.

As indicating that the dairy business will return a liberal profit if conducted wisely, the annual report of the Commissioner of Labor—the man who collects most of the Kansas statistics, except those collected by the Department of Agriculture—said, in 1895:

> There has never been a time in western Kansas when a farmer out of debt, and with a family of five, could not make a good living with twenty cows, provided he devoted enough time to the raising of Kaffir corn to make feed for them. . . . An investigation of results, made by J. E. Nissley, a practical Dickinson County creamery man, develops the fact that good milch-cows average $35 to their owners a year, that the average feeding expense is about $20, and that the average value of the cows is $28. An average profit of $15 per cow, on an investment of $28, besides the raising of a calf, is not a bad business transaction, considering that the feed is raised without expense other than the time of the farmer.

Another interesting exhibit in the crop figures for 1897 is that the number of swine increased more than 500,000 over the previous year. That shows that Mr. Hubbard's advice as to the disposition of corn must have been followed extensively. Sheep increased in numbers more than 200,000; but there was a decrease in the number of horses in the State over the previous year. In 1896 there were 846,000 horses in Kansas. In 1897 there were only 801,000 horses; but the satisfactory side to this decrease was the fact that, although there were 45,000 fewer horses, their value was 10 per cent. greater than that of the horses of the previous year, representing an increase in value of more than $2,000,000.

So many persons have looked upon Kansas as a "one-crop State" that it is worth while to go further into the analysis of what she produces. One of the most noteworthy items of her resources is that of poultry and eggs sold. To show how great is the value put upon this item, let me insert here a quotation from the report of the secretary of the Board of Agriculture on this topic, dated March 31, 1897. Mr. Coburn says, in his interesting Western way of grouping statistics:

> In the year ending March 1, 1895, the value of Kansas poultry and eggs sold was $3,608,815, or 19 per cent. more than the entire value of the rye, barley, buckwheat, castor-beans, cotton, hemp, tobacco, broom-corn, milo maize, Jerusalem corn, garden and horticultural products marketed, wine, honey, sheep, and wool of the same year. No field crops, with the exception of wheat, corn, and hay, equalled in value the surplus sold from the Kansas hens, ducks, turkeys, and geese in the year named.
>
> It was a sum sufficient to pay all the State and city taxes of the preceding year and leave on hand the comfortable nest-egg of $175,000. Its value was nearly twice (or 95 per cent.) greater than the same year's output of lead and zinc from our mines, conceded to be of great richness, and within 23 per cent. of the value of all the coal mined during the preceding year. It was 23 per cent. greater than the total paid in the State for teachers' wages and school supervision; more than three times as much as the total combined amounts paid for school sites, buildings, furniture, rent, repairs, district library and school apparatus, fuel, incidentals, and all other school purposes except salaries. In fact, the poultry came within about 14 per cent. of paying the entire cost of the public schools.

The poultry and eggs in 1897 brought $250,000 more to the State than in 1896, and much of it may have been due to the fostering care of the Department of Agriculture. Here it is proper to call attention to the work that this department does for the farmers of the State. Not only has it a system of correspondence probably unmatched by any other State in the Union, but it keeps constantly in touch with all sorts of farmers, and notifies them frequently as to the results in important experiments. It issues its reports quarterly, and they are not the cut and dried affairs that such documents usually are. They not only contain information, but entertainment. They are prepared by Secretary Coburn, whose work is so valuable that he is the only Republican official of importance that the Populists did not oust when they came into full possession of the State government. Mr. Coburn is a man of decided sentiment, which is mixed up in a picturesque way with the practical method he employs in looking after the affairs of his department. His reports bear in red ink such titles as these: "Cow-Culture," "The Helpful Hen," "The Beef Steer and his Sister."

These reports contain not only a "breezy introduction" by Mr. Coburn, but miscellany of all sorts relating to the subject dealt with. There are not only long tables of statistics in them, but excerpts from newspapers, and also essays and pictures. So desirable are these reports that on the morning of my visit to Mr. Coburn he asked me to lift a basket full of letters and guess the weight. There were twenty-five pounds of letters that had just arrived, and all were requests for copies of the "Helpful Hen." Illustrating the sentiment that lies under the surface in Mr. Coburn, one may find printed in red ink on the cover of this book, and directly under its title, these words, which, being without quotation marks, and also being somewhat sentimental and eloquent in a Kansas way, I take to be the output of Mr. Coburn:

> While everything else was going to rack and ruin, she (the "Helpful Hen") increased and multiplied; she supported herself and the family, too. The very insects that would have despoiled the farm she fattened upon, laying her daily egg—the blessed egg that took the place of beef and milk, mutton and pork—and in good time, after all these services, surrendered her toothsome body to the cause of humanity.

Almost the first article in this report is one clipped from the *Western Farmer* and written by A. L. Crosby. It gives, in imitation Biblical language, the conversation between a husband and wife as to their experiment in raising poultry. The wife had agreed to buy all the grain needed for the poultry of her husband, and he in turn agreed to pay her the market-price for all the eggs and chickens that were consumed in the household, and this account of their settlement is given:

> Then the lord of the manor taketh out his little book, and showeth unto his wife how many measures of grain she had bought of him and the price thereof, and that she was indebted unto him to the amount of seventy-five dollars lawful money.
>
> Then his wife said unto him: "Give me the price of a measure of corn, also of oats and of other grains, that I have had of thee," and he having done so, she looketh over her parchment whereon she had marked the price of the merchant for those grains, and putting down some figures, reduceth the amount of dollars to sixty and five, which she showeth to the lord of the manor, and explaineth the matter unto him, and sayeth unto him: "My lord is a just man and would not defraud even his wife; behold, this is the price of the merchant who keepeth the market at the place where the roads do cross."
>
> And the lord of the manor said: "Let it be as thou wilt." (For he thought he was very safe.)
>
> Then the woman gathered herself up, and with a voice of exceeding sweetness did tell unto the lord of the manor how many score of dozens of eggs they had consumed, and how many dozens of chickens they had eaten, both fried and roasted, and the price the merchant received for the eggs and the chickens, and the price thereof was for the eggs from fifteen to thirty cents per dozen, and when the blizzard arose in the land the price for the space of two weeks was forty cents.
>
> And the price of the chickens was from two to four dollars a dozen, and the sum of the whole was just one hundred and twenty-five dollars more than the cost of the feed.
>
> And the woman said: "Pay unto me one hundred and twenty dollars, and take thou the five dollars and buy thyself a piece of sackcloth, and I will furnish the ashes free." (For there was nothing mean about this woman.)

Is there any wonder that the requests for such an attractive official compilation come in by the pound, and that the result is that the farmer of Kansas profits by the serious side of the story it tells?

There are other interesting items in the list of Kansas's crops and products, and although figures are dry, I venture to reproduce some more, because, like pictures, they tell a story in their own way, one that cannot be told so well in any other manner. The value of the oats in the State for 1897 was nearly $4,000,000; Irish and sweet potatoes, $2,600,000; millet, $2,000,000; sorghum, Kaffir corn and maize for fodder, $6,000,000; tame grasses, $3,000,000; prairie grasses, $4,300,000; horticulture, garden products, and wine, $1,500,000. The wine in this list is the greatest surprise of all, for it must be remembered that Kansas is a prohibition State in theory. I am sorry that the item escaped my notice until after I had left the State, so that it was too late to ask what becomes of the wine and how the valuation is put on it if it is not sold in the State.

I find, however, by the report of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, issued early in January of this year, that wine was made in no less than 82 of the 106 counties of the State; that the vineyards number 7121; that the number of gallons of wine produced was 231,364, which, at 75 cents a gallon, was worth $173,523—a neat little sum for such an industry in a prohibition State! Closer examination of the tables shows that the county raising the most wine is Doniphan, which has a record of 497 vineyards, producing 49,892 gallons of wine, worth $37,419. An examination of the map of Kansas shows that Doniphan County is in the very northeastern corner of the State, adjoining the States of Nebraska and Missouri. Nebraska and Missouri are not prohibition States, and if this fact has any relation to Doniphan County's wine production other than a mere coincidence, of course that is another story.

Perhaps one hint as to the consumption of Kansas wine may be had from an experience I had at supper in a hotel in Marysville, in the northern central part of the State, one evening. I noticed a decanter in the centre of the table filled with something red, and said to the waiter-girl,

"What is in that decanter?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Is it wine?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, it's something to drink?"

"It looks that way."

"Is it given away with the meals here?"

"See here, mister, I think you had better taste some of that, and if you are the kind of man you look, you won't ask any more questions of me in this prohibition State."

Although I was squelched, I did follow directions. It was a fair brand of port wine, and although it may be a style known only in Kansas to furnish such a product at supper, I purposely refrain from mentioning the name of the hotel. I was told that they had free sherry for breakfast. It was in that same town that I found a big wooden sign stretching clear across the sidewalk from building to the curb, on the busiest block in the main street, which read, "Are you dry?" Then a hand with a finger pointed straight at the door of a saloon in full blast. I went in, and found that in no way did the place differ from saloons in other States. There were six saloons in that town of about 3000 persons, and the monthly fines, in lieu of license, went a great ways toward the support of the schools and other institutions. Perhaps Kansas wine goes into many of these saloons.

It is not easy to get crop statistics in Nebraska, for the reason that the State Board of Agriculture devotes itself chiefly to a State fair once a year, and not to the kind of work that is done in Kansas. You may gather facts about Nebraska mortgages easier than about Nebraska crops and products. The Omaha *Bee*, early in October, published an estimate of the quantity and value of crops in that State for 1897, and Governor Holcomb sent me personally what he said was the estimate of the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. The figures in both

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cases are identical, and I am unable to say whether the secretary got them from the *Bee* or the *Bee* got them from the secretary, inasmuch as neither gives the other credit.

The chief fact about the Nebraska figures is that they show that corn is still king in that commonwealth. The value of the 33,000,000 bushels of wheat raised was, in Nebraska, $23,000,000; of the 230,000,000 bushels of corn raised, $42,000,000; of the 69,000,000 bushels of oats, $10,000,000; of the 5,000,000 bushels of rye, $1,800,000; of the 4,600,000 tons of hay, $14,000,000. The total value of the farm products at local market-prices was $99,000,000; dairy products, $9,500,000; eggs, $2,250,000; poultry, $5,500,000; live-stock, $44,000,000—a total of more than $161,000,000, against a total of $230,000,000 for 1897 raised in Kansas.

There has been so much diversity of opinion as to the cost of raising wheat and corn by the acre and bushel, and the consequent profit in that branch of farming in the West, that I append here a statement given to me in type writing by Secretary Coburn as to wheat-culture:

James Glover, of Harper County, Kansas, sends the State Agricultural Department an estimate, which he says many good farmers approve or have verified, showing the cost at which wheat can be and is raised for in that county, on lands that can be bought for $10 to $12 per acre, and give yields ranging anywhere from 15 to 40 bushels per acre. His figures are as follows:

COST OF AN ACRE OF WHEAT.

Interest on land ($15 per acre), at 8 per cent.	$1 20
Taxes	13
Ploughing	80
Harrowing twice	20
Drilling	25
Heading	1 00
Seed, average	60
	$4 18

On the foregoing basis he places the cost per bushel on different yields per acre, including 6 cents per bushel in each instance for thrashing, thus:

15	bushels per acre cost	34	cents per bushel.				
18	"	"	"	"	29	"	"
20	"	"	"	"	27	"	"
25	"	"	"	"	22¾	"	"

It is on record that in 1889 E. F. Burchfield, of Harper County, raised an average of 42½ bushels on a 20-acre field; J. P. Marker, of Ellsworth County, the same year raised 50 bushels per acre on 130 acres; Israel McComas, of Jackson County, had 51 bushels average on a 19-acre field; and Warren Fulton, of Pottawatomie County, harvested 54 bushels per acre from 18 acres. Secretary Coburn has no doubt later thrashing will show that these figures have in many instances been surpassed this year (1897) in Sumner, Cowley, and other counties, but suggests it would be a mistake for everybody to "rush into wheat," expecting to acquire fortune through often realizing the phenomenal yields mentioned.

Bank-Commissioner Breidenthal tells me that in some of the places where the phenomenal wheat yields have come he has known of instances where the cost of raising it was even as low as 10 cents a bushel. But those, of course, are extreme cases, and for the purposes of computing general profits are useless. As to the cost of raising corn, perhaps the best figures to be obtained are those furnished by J. W. Robison, of El Dorado, Kansas, who is known as the "Corn King" of the State. Mr. Robison has had an experience covering forty-seven crops in Kansas and Illinois, and has had recently nearly 3000 acres under cultivation. He gives as the cost a bushel of raising corn by what is known as "check growing," 17½ cents; by listing, 15 cents. He tells of some phenomenal crops where the cost of producing the corn up to the time it was stored in the cribs was only 7¼ cents a bushel. One of those years was 1889.

So much also has been said to the effect that a good crop is the exception rather than the rule in the Middle West that I here reproduce a little table that was compiled for me by a State official in Nebraska:

The large yields of grain in Nebraska since the settlement of the State are sufficient guarantee for great crops in the future. The Nebraska crop report, compiled from official information, shows the following condition for each year from 1869 to 1897.

1869	Big crop.	1884	Good crop.
1870	Failure.	1885	Good crop.
1871	Good crop.	1886	Good crop.
1872	Good crop.	1887	Short crop.
1873	Short crop.	1888	Good crop.
1874	Failure.	1889	Big crop.
1875	Good crop.	1890	Failure.
1876	Good crop.	1891	Big crop.
1877	Good crop.	1892	Good crop.
1878	Good crop.	1893	Short crop.
1879	Good crop.	1894	Failure.
1880	Short crop.	1895	Fair crop.
1881	Good crop.	1896	Good crop.
1882	Good crop.	1897	Big crop.
1883	Good crop.		

In other words, there have been in twenty-nine years in Nebraska four big crops, sixteen good crops, four short crops, one fair crop, and only four crop failures. The same weather conditions practically prevail in

(*Continued on page 189.*)



WE publish, as a great curiosity, the following characteristic letter, received more than forty years ago by Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., from the "Rebel Chief," or usurping Emperor, of China, in acknowledgment for quantities of his CHERRY PECTORAL and CATHARTIC PILLS—then, as now, famous for their curative virtues—which the Doctor sent him as a present:

TO DOCTOR AYER IN AMERICA,

The great curing Barbarian of the outside country.

Your present of sweet curing seeds (*Pills*) and fragrant curing drops (*Pectoral*) of the Cherry smell, has been brought to Hugsen-Tsene—the mighty Emperor (Kwangto) of the terrible, stout Ming Dynasty, by grace of Heaven restored after an interval of ages—Prince of Peace (Ta-ping-Wang) of China, the central flowery land. He directed his powerful Mandarins to give them to the sick according to what the Interpreters read from your printed papers (*directions*). Be profoundly happy, O wise Barbarian! for I, Yang-seu-Tsing, say it. Your curing seeds and sweet curing drops were given to the sick in his army of the Winged-Sword, and have made them well. Be profoundly happy while you live, for this is known to the Mighty Emperor of China, who approves your skill and permits you to send more of your curing Medicines for his fierce armies of myriads of men.

They may be given to Chiang-Lin, chief Mandarin of the Red Button, at Shanghai, who will repay you with Tea, or Silk, or Gold.

The high Mandarins of China have heard of your great knowledge, surpassing all other foreigners, even aspiring to equal the divine wisdom of our own healing teachers, who make remedies that cure instantly. We are pleased to know you bow in trembling terror before our Mighty Emperor.

Written by YANG-SEU-TSING,

Minister-in-chief of the restored Imperial Ming Dynasty, destined by the heavenly wisdom to rule in China.

(*Translated by the American Consulate at Hong-Kong, China, 3d May,* 1855.)

—From Cowley's "History of Lowell."

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THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Of the United States.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1897.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$36,175,726.10
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	26,622,906.53
United States Stocks, State and City Stocks and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 31, 1897 (market value over cost, $7,496,631.93)	126,237,940.98
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 31, 1897, $14,976,578.00)	12,051,800.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	13,790,363.88
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	16,267,823.83
Balances due from agents	459,058.67
Interest and Rents due and accrued	588,746.05
Premiums due and unreported, less cost of collection	2,483,313.00
Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection	2,198,629.00
Total Assets	$236,876,308.04

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1897, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 31, 1897.

Francis W. Jackson, Auditor. A. W. Maine, 2nd Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve (or Assurance Fund) on all existing policies, on the Legal Standard on which it is calculated that future interest earnings will be at the rate of 4%	$184,191,538.00
All other Liabilities	2,141,595.20
Total Liabilities	$186,333,133.20
Surplus	$50,543,174.84

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$38,563,273.65
Cash received for Interest and from other sources	10,008,995.88
Income	$48,572,269.53

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$11,723,453.58
Matured and Discounted Endowments	1,160,578.65
Annuities	515,692.00
Surrender Values	3,157,494.68
Matured Tontine Values	2,205,199.00
Dividends paid to Policy-Holders	2,343,896.23
Paid Policy-Holders	$21,106,314.14
Commissions, advertising, postage, and exchange	4,624,913.04
All other payments; Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, etc.	3,912,050.43
Contingent Guarantee Fund	3,500,000.00
Disbursements	$33,143,277.61

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	$951,165,837.00
New Assurance written in 1897	$156,955,693.00
Proposals for Assurance Examined and Declined	$24,491,973.00

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1897, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. Boudinot Colt, T. S. Young, G. W. Carleton, H. J. Fairchild, } Special Committee of the Board of Directors.

The average rate of Interest earned on the Assets of the Society in 1897 was 4.60%.

On a calculation that the Society will receive only 4% as its future average rate of interest, the surplus, after deducting all liabilities, is $50,543,174.84.

On a calculation that the Society will receive only 3% as its future average rate of interest, the surplus, after deducting all liabilities, is $29,014,300.00.

The surplus of the Society is greater than the surplus of any other life assurance company in the United States or Europe, on similar computations.

Whatever percentage of interest the Society may receive in the future in excess of the rate used in the above computation is accumulated and invested for the greater increase of its surplus for the benefit of its policy-holders. An apportionment of profits will be made as usual to policy-holders during the year 1898 in the manner specified in their respective policies.

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

George W. Phillips, Actuary. J. G. Van Cise, Assistant Actuary.

STATE OF NEW YORK, INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

I hereby certify that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1897, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be $184,191,538.00.

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(*Continued from page 187.*)

Kansas as in Nebraska, and it is safe to assume that the same statistics are true of the neighboring State. If the law of averages holds good in farming as in other callings, it would seem to be not a difficult thing to prepare for the poor years in farming in those States. There have been more than twice as many good and big years as short years and failures. The rule seems to be that twice out of three times will be either a good or a big crop.

The hard times not only taught the farmer the need of diversification in his crops, but it taught him one other most important thing. That was to care for his machinery. Up to 1890 the farmer of the Middle West had no great amount of drudgery to do in raising his crops, such as the Eastern farmer knows. He put his wheat and corn in the ground and worked over them, but they grew without much trouble. Prices were high, and it was one of the commonest sights in the West to see expensive farm machinery standing out exposed to all sorts of weather. Such carelessness was almost criminal. Splendid reapers and the other costly machinery of modern farming were treated as though there were of no more value than the ordinary wheelbarrow. You see the same carelessness to some extent nowadays. In my recent trip through the eastern end of the State from north to south I saw perhaps fifty farms where farm machinery was left exposed to the weather, but it was the rare exception and not the rule.

Another thing that the hard times taught was economy in little things. The farmers of Kansas are now saving manures and making use of them. They are improving their breeds of cattle and poultry. They are studying markets and prices. One of the most successful farmers in Nebraska, who has made more than $100,000, starting with nothing, told me that one of the secrets of his success was to take "sure winnings," and not hold on for fabulous prices with the ruin that often follows in their trail. The farmer has also learned to plough deep and to keep on giving the soil on which his crops are raised the benefits of air and sunshine. He has learned that a small bunch of cattle or sheep is a desirable thing to raise, in addition to corn and wheat, and that hogs are the best paying scavengers a farm can have. In other words, he has become convinced that farming is not only a business, calling for the exercise of business principles, but that it is a science, and to some extent an art, requiring a delicate adjustment of nature's gifts to sound economic principles. One man put it in another way that is blunter and perhaps more expressive when he said to me, "You will see very little more fool farming in this State hereafter."

After one studies what has been accomplished in Kansas in about thirty-five years, all practically through the farming industry, he will be inclined to think that there has been after all very little "fool farming." Agriculture has developed there logically and along simple lines, the lines of least resistance. What it has accomplished in those years has been summed up best, I think, in an address given by ex-Governor Felt at Topeka recently, before the State Board of Agriculture. He said:

"Kansas is not poor; she is rich. A State whose population has gone from 107,000 in 1860 to 1,334,734 in 1895 is not poor, and cannot be made poor save by her own people. Of that population 1,000,000 dwell outside of the ninety-five towns and cities having over 1000 population. Our increase in population since 1887 is 45 per cent.; increase in acreage of winter wheat, over 200 per cent.; increase in acreage of corn, 50 per cent.; increase in acreage of tame grass, 120 per cent.; increase in acreage of all field crops, over 100 per cent.

"Kansas cannot be poor when in thirty-five years she has built 5000 churches, at a cost of $6,000,000. Kansas is not poor; she pays less than $120,000 a year to support paupers; but she has built in thirty-five years 8000 public-school houses, and owns $9,000,000 worth of public-school property. No people can be poverty-stricken whose homes have $2,000,000 in private libraries, and where more magazines and newspapers are read at the farmer's fireside than under any other sky.... The prosperity of Kansas is in the growth of her farms and the abiding success of the brave men and patient women who have made the farm a home, and from the homes have builded a State. Only the secret archives of God's recording angel can reveal the secret, patient, long-suffering, heroic struggle of the brave, loyal wives and mothers who have presided as ministering angels at the homes and firesides on the plains of Kansas."

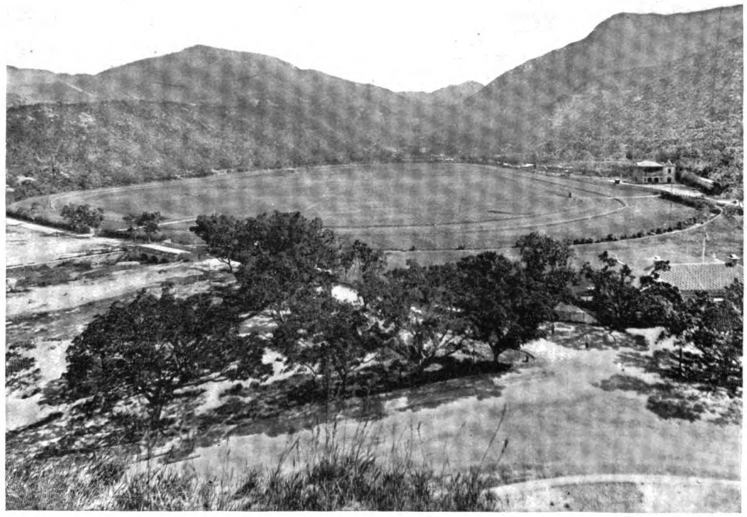
What Governor Felt says is true. I can bear personal testimony as to the reading the farmers do. I stopped in one of three book-stores in a town of 8000 people, and asked the proprietor how large a sale of monthly magazines and weekly periodicals he had. He told me that he sold more than 500 copies of the various magazines a month, and that his sale of weeklies was also large. He mentioned that he sold 75 copies each week of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and at the time he gave me the information he had no knowledge that I was more than an ordinary visitor to the town from New York. This was the record in only one of three stores, and, of course, was in addition to what came to town by subscription through the mails.

One of the foremost editors in Chicago said to me, when I started for Kansas and Nebraska:

"A great public man said to me twenty-five years ago, 'An American race of giants is to come out of the Middle West.' I think you'll find indications of it. They are the most intelligent people on earth. The native-born population number 90 per cent. of the whole. They have had hard times and have been in distress, but whatever may be said of them and their vagaries, they are already beginning to produce giants in intellect."

In such a country one would scarcely look for so modern an institution as organized athletics. In some of the schools, now and again, an exuberance of animal spirit spends its energy in native games of one kind and another that have to do with sticks and stones, and are best suited to girls. Occasionally, too, on the streets in China, one sees the boys at play with a bit of wood, kicking it about in a primitive sort of hop-scotch. In some of the missionary schools there has been an effort here and there by an athletic teacher to introduce baseball and association football, but as yet with no satisfactory results, although I was told of a school up country which actually played football regularly. My informant was not very certain of his knowledge, however.

Not even is there the scrub *sampan*-racing in China by the boatmen that may be seen once in a while in Japan, although 20,000 men live with their families, day and night, on boats in the Hong-kong harbor, and in the harbor of Canton the floating population is estimated at ten times that number—a separate class from the landsmen—



RACE-COURSE, STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE, POLO AND FOOTBALL FIELD, AND GOLF-COURSE IN THE WONG NEI-CHONG VALLEY (HAPPY VALLEY), HONG-KONG.



CHINESE SAMPAN.

AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport. The next number will contain the first of a series of articles entitled "A Harvard Man at Oxford,"* by JOHN CORBIN.

NON-ATHLETIC CHINA.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

THERE is no native athletic movement in China. The only suggestion I saw of anything so modern was furnished by two Chinamen mounted on bicycles, one at Shanghai and one at Hong-kong, and they were probably servants of Europeans. This is not because the Chinaman is lacking in ability, for, on the contrary, he has a much better head (and heart too) than the Japanese, but because unity of purpose or endeavor or progression of any sort is foreign to China.

Poor John Chinaman is as much underrated as the Jap is overrated. The coolies, as the very lowest class is called, are a miserable lot that eke out an existence by any means, and are dense to solidity in heart and head; but the tradesmen, and all classes above them, are as quick-witted as the Japanese, much more persevering, and infinitely more dependable. The Chinese merchant will fulfil his contracts even though he be a loser by a turn in the market; the Japanese has no sense of moral responsibility whatever. He breaks his contracts as readily as he makes them. The Japanese is not apt to improve on acquaintance; the Chinaman is. In Japan the government is not polluted by corruption; in China the government simply reeks of corruption. What can be expected of a nation whose sponsors lay waste her resources while she is fighting for very life.

It is difficult to believe that Chinese officials actually supplied the army with worthless guns and dummy shells to use against the Japanese—pocketing the difference in cost—and yet such scandalous thieving was frequent and well authenticated during the war. There is no such thing in China as loyalty to country, and the difference between China and Japan, as shown by the progressive prosperity of one and the uncivilized condition of the other, is best and most briefly expressed by the fact that Japan is a nation, China a race.

with boats arranged in streets and blocks in the harbor, and whose owners are born, marry, and die on them.

At least one explanation of the total absence of occasional *sampan*-racing may be that the motive power in China is usually a woman, who, with a baby strapped on her back, propels the *sampan* or attends to the simple housekeeping with equal facility.

But the real reason for no athletic activity is found in the disposition of the Chinaman himself. He has no athletic tendencies whatever. His day's work, often carried far into the night, leaves him with no inclination for further physical effort, and his environments all offer a silent if powerful protest against unusual or unnecessary endeavor.

The Chinaman finds his relaxation in gambling, and of games of chance he has an infinite variety. Perhaps, could he be introduced to the intoxication of horse-racing, with its attendant betting-ring, he would become a heathen gentleman of pronounced and emphatic "sporting" habits. As it is, when he can, he makes a holiday of the days upon which the Shanghai and Hong-kong English jockey clubs hold their races.

It is really only using up good space to discuss further the Chinaman's relation to sport. He has none, and, from the present outlook, it will be many years before he acquires any. But that is not to say there is no sport in China; for, on the contrary, there is perhaps more than in any other country in the far East, save India, and it is practically confined to Shanghai and Hong-kong. It is unnecessary to say that it is English, although in Shanghai there are a few Americans, and several of them join in the sport. There is a country club at Shanghai, and the most popular game is of course cricket; but lawn-tennis, boating, and a little football are also played. There is not a great deal of football in China, however—the climate is not conducive to such vigorous effort, especially at Hong-kong. There is, besides, much paper-hunting, and an occasional drag-hunt; but the soil is too wet for great success in this direction, and fox-hunting is impossible altogether.

Inter-port matches are often arranged between Shanghai, Hong-kong (China), and Singapore (on the Malay Peninsula)—most generally in cricket—but these do not always, or even frequently, represent the actual playing strength of the visiting port. The average man in the far East is not one of leisure—if he were, he would take the first ship for a more agreeable country—and therefore not once in twenty times are the best players able to represent their town. So the visiting teams are usually made up of whoever can arrange their affairs to take the trip. At all events, it provides sport and some excitement.

The most exciting sporting events of the China year, at both Shanghai and Hong-kong, are the races held in the spring and autumn. The excitement, however, is by no means furnished by the speed of the ponies,

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which are the small-stock variety indigenous to the country, and have all the Chinaman's disinclination to extra physical effort. The excitement is furnished by the frantic efforts of the gentlemen jockeys to move their mounts to unusual pace. Sometimes they succeed; more often they do not.

Whatever the quality of the racing, there is no question of the social success of the events. Race-week is the gala-week of the far East—Europeans come in from the outlying provinces, the men-of-war of all nations steam to the favored port, and the holiday-making is general. It even includes some of the Asiatics, and the stand reserved for natives, especially at Hong-kong, holds a motley crew indeed, what with Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Malays, Parsees, Sikhs, Hindoos, Turks, and Eurasians.

The race-course at Hong-kong, in, as the Europeans call it, Happy Valley, is one of the most picturesquely situated bits of sporting-ground I have ever seen. It is situated in a pretty little valley, with high hills on two sides, and the ends narrowing so as to render the outlets almost invisible. It has a beautiful piece of turf, sufficiently large to permit of an oval running-track seven furlongs around. The horse-racing has been found so tame here that it is supplemented in the season by monthly gymkhana meetings, to which fun-making sport the native pony is better adapted. There are also a steeple-chase course and a polo-field, although the ponies are not very good at this game either, being too sluggish, and the play becomes on that account slow. The regiment puts forth a majority of the players, and holds also an annual series of sports for the men. There is a boat-house near the cricket-ground, with a fleet of very fair boats, and, most luxurious of all Eastern luxuries, a swimming-tank. The ladies' tennis-ground is one of the most attractive bits of landscape-gardening to be found in the country. There are seven concrete courts, arranged in terraces of two courts each, one above the other. The arrangement is made necessary on account of Hong-kong's situation at the base of and running back into and up a huge hill—considering it is 1500 feet high, perhaps mountain would be the more appropriate term.

There is golf here, as well as at Shanghai—I have, indeed, yet to find a port at which civilized men congregate where golf is not. There is pheasant-shooting, and there are some snipe, quail, and a few woodcock; far inland, tigers are to be had with careful hunting.

Hong-kong, *November 2, 1897.*

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES F. ROE.

The appointment by Governor Black of Major C. F. Roe, commandant of Squadron A, the crack cavalry organization of the National Guard of New York, to be Major General commanding the State troops has met with general commendation as the best possible selection. No better test of skill and capacity could be needed than this officer's work in making his squadron the most admirable of its kind in the United States. Aside from the fitness of the promotion, the fact is of special interest as forecasting the immediate reorganization of the State National Guard. It is understood that General Roe's appointment was made at the instance of Adjutant-General Tillinghast, who himself had been supposed to be an active candidate for the place. The plan of the reorganization includes the separation of the present First Brigade into two brigades, and the formation of the entire Guard of the State into a single division under the new Major-General. The Naval Reserve, however, is not included in the command. There were several names well known in State military affairs spoken of in connection with the major-generalship, but all of the competitors have most cordially acquiesced in the excellence of the choice. It has been understood from the first that General Roe only permitted the use of his name on condition that no influence should be brought to bear for his appointment, and that it should be a matter independent of all politics.

The new Major-General is a New-Yorker by birth, and entered the West Point Military Academy in 1864, somewhat too late to participate in the experiences of the late civil war. On graduation in 1868 he was gazetted to the First Cavalry as Second Lieutenant. He served on the frontier in the First and Second regiments of cavalry till he was mustered out in 1870 on account of the reduction of the army. On the reorganization in 1871 he entered the Second Cavalry again, and became a First Lieutenant in 1880. He resigned in 1888 for family reasons. During his regular service he signalized himself by gallantry on different occasions. He led the first column which went to the assistance of General Custer in June, 1876, but arrived on the fatal field of the Little Big Horn too late. For a considerable time he was adjutant of his regiment, a detail which is always a high certificate of professional excellence. The year after his resignation from the army he organized Troop A, which attracted so much attention, by the results of his ability as disciplinarian and drill-master, that it was successively enlarged to two and three troops, known as Squadron A. General Roe's appointment may be regarded as a noble omen of what will come from the new military organization.



MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES F. ROE,
The new Commander of the National Guard of New York.

THE SPANISH MINISTER'S LETTER.

The following letter was published in the daily press on February 9. It purports to be a private letter written by the Spanish minister to this country to Don José Canalejas which had come into the hands of the Cuban Junta. Our government at once demanded Mr. De Lome's recall, but the situation was relieved by the minister's resignation.

Legation de España, Washington.

Exímo Señor Don José Canalejas:

My Distinguished and Dear Friend,—You need not apologize for not having written to me; I also ought to have written to you, but have not done so on account of being weighed down with work, and *nous sommes quittes.*

The situation here continues unchanged. Everything depends on the political and military success in Cuba. The prologue of this second method of warfare will end the day that the Colonial Cabinet shall be appointed, and it relieves us in the eyes of this country of a part of the responsibility of what may happen there, and they must cast the responsibility upon the Cubans, whom they believe to be so immaculate.

Until then we shall not be able to see clearly, and I consider it to be a loss of time and an advance by the wrong road—the sending of emissaries to the rebel field, the negotiating with the autonomists not yet declared to be legally constituted, and the discovery of the intentions and purpose of this government. The exiles will return one by one, and, when they return, will come walking into the sheepfold, and the chiefs will gradually return. Neither of these had the courage to leave *en masse*, and they will not have the courage thus to return.



ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LOME,
Late Spanish Minister to the United States.

The message has undeceived the insurgents, who expected something else, and has paralyzed the action of Congress, but I consider it bad.

Besides the natural and inevitable coarseness [*groseria*] with which he repeats all that the press and public opinion of Spain has said of Weyler, it shows once more what McKinley is: weak and catering to the rabble, and, besides, a low politician, who desires to leave a door open to me and to stand well with the Jingoes of his party.

Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, it will only depend on ourselves whether he will prove bad and adverse to us. I agree entirely with you; without a military success nothing will be accomplished there, and without military and political success there is here always danger that the insurgents will be encouraged, if not by the government, at least by part of the public opinion.

I do not believe you pay enough attention to the rôle of England. Nearly all that newspaper canaille which swarms in your hotel are English, and at the same time that they are correspondents of the *Journal*, they are also correspondents of the best newspapers and reviews of London. Thus it has been since the beginning. To my mind, the only object of England is that the Americans should occupy themselves with us and leave her in peace, and if there is a war, so much the better; that would further remove what is threatening her—although that will never happen.

It would be most important that you should agitate the question of commercial relations, even though it would be only for effect, and that you should send here a man of importance, in order that I might use him to make a propaganda among the Senators and others in opposition to the Junta, and to win over exiles.

There goes Amblard. I believe he comes too deeply taken up with little political matters, and there must be something very great or we shall lose.

Adela returns your salutation, and we wish you in the new year to be a messenger of peace and take this New-Year's present to poor Spain.

Always your attentive friend and servant, who kisses your hands,

Enrique Dupuy de Lome.

PRESIDENT BARRIOS.

A stormy career was ended by the assassination, on the evening of February 8, in Guatemala city, of President José Maria Reina Barrios of Guatemala. The assassin is reported to have been a man named Oscar Zollinger. Barrios was walking at the time near the palace accompanied by five guards, by whom the assassin was shot and killed in flight. We are told that the assassination was not immediately a political act, but it was doubtless a result of the animosities excited by the measures which the late President used to put down the revolution which broke out in the republic last fall. In connection with that he ordered a number of arbitrary and deplorable executions, and in particular ordered the death of Señor Don Juan Aparicio, a very well known merchant. Señor Aparicio's death was understood to have been a consequence of his refusal to advance money to President Barrios for use in suppressing the revolution.

President Reina Barrios was born in 1854, and was a nephew of President Justo Rufino Barrios, who was killed in 1885 in the war with Salvador. He was a fighting soldier from his youth up. When thirteen years old he took part in an unsuccessful revolutionary movement, headed by his uncle, against President Carria. When that failed he took refuge in Mexico. His uncle finally became President, and after his death, in 1885, the younger Barrios was made General of Division by the Guatemalan legislature in recognition of his gallantry in battle. In 1886 President Barillas appointed him Minister of War, and Congress elected him Vice-President. Soon Barillas became jealous of him, and he was banished, and went to San Francisco, where he married an American lady, a Miss Benton of New Orleans. In due time he went back to Guatemala with his wife, and in March, 1892, became President. The term is six years, but the Constitution prohibits re-election, and Barrios should have gone out of office on the 15th of March next, but there were very serious doubts whether he would go. Some time ago he caused the legislature to declare him Dictator, and that was understood to mean that he would hold on to power.

It is reported that Señor Cabreda, First Vice-President, has assumed the Executive chair, as the Constitution provides; also that General Morales, former Secretary of War under Barrios, and now in Mexico, will be the next President. He was the leader of the latest revolution, which seems to make him the logical candidate for the succession.

General Barrios is said to have accumulated a large private fortune, as is the wont of Central American Dictators.



ÉMILE ZOLA,
The Champion of ex-Captain Dreyfus.—[See Page 170.]



Photograph by Taber.

PRESIDENT BARRIOS OF GUATEMALA,
Assassinated February 8, 1898.

"WHIST LAWS AND WHIST DECISIONS."—By Major-Gen. A. W. Drayson, Hon. Member of American Whist League.—Cloth, $1 00.

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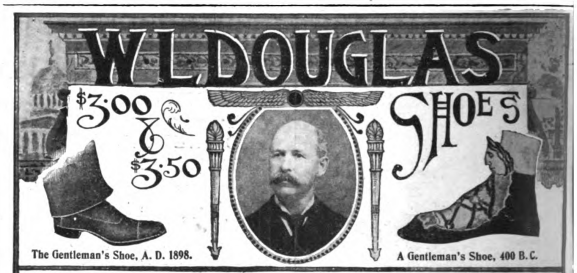
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

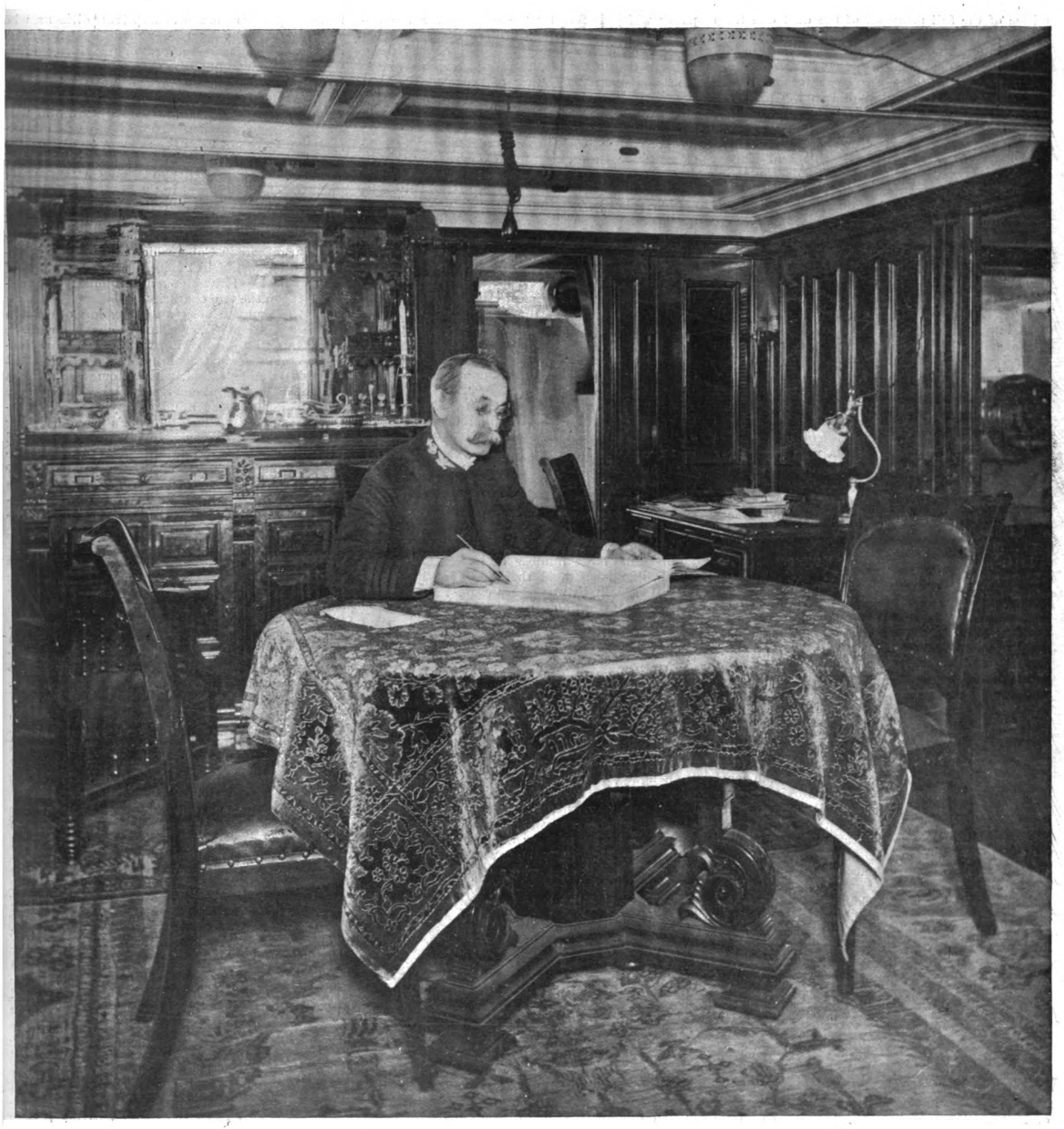
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CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, U.S.N.,

IN HIS CABIN ON THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."

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THE administration has directed the acceptance from the Union Pacific Reorganization Committee of the full principal of the debt due from the Kansas Pacific Railroad. This is a surrender of all the interest, which is about equal to the principal, the whole debt being nearly $13,000,000. Only a few weeks ago there was some reason to fear that the government might bid in the property. Rather than that this should happen, it would be better for the government to surrender its whole claim; and now that the transaction is finally closed, and both the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific have passed into private hands, the country ought to congratulate itself on the important step that has been taken towards freeing it from the imminent danger of further communism.

THE United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, composed of Supreme-Court-Justice HARLAN and Circuit-Judges TAFT and LURTON, has decided that the Iron Pipe Trust is illegal. This trust came within the province of the anti-trust law because it undertook to limit the prices of its goods, and was therefore a conspiracy to control prices. In this respect it differed from the Sugar Trust case, the proof in which was simply of a conspiracy to control manufacture. Every decision that weakens controlling and tyrannous combinations of capital is a decision against the growing communistic tendencies of our politics and legislation. The socialists who regard the great trusts with complacency are wise in their generation, for they believe that trusts of this sort will eventually lead to a great and all-embracing trust which will be managed by the government at Washington.

IT is not astonishing if Mr. DINGLEY contemplates proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States for the purpose of equalizing the hours of labor throughout the country. He believes, although with not much foundation of fact, that one reason for the depression of the cotton industry of New England is that the laborers in the Southern mills work more hours and receive less pay than the operative of the New England mill. It is logical, therefore, in Mr. DINGLEY'S mind that New England should be protected against the outrage of long hours and small pay in the South; and if protection is proper in a statute, why not in the Constitution of the United States? Moreover, if protection is good for the whole country against the competition of the foreigner, why shall it not be good for New England against the competition of the Southern negro? But no law, whether statutory or constitutional, can provide lasting protection for Mr. DINGLEY'S mind against the competition of enlightened intelligence.

THERE is in New York State just at present a striking illustration of the ill effect that can be produced by boss and machine politics upon the material and essential interests of a community. New York city is not enjoying that large percentage of the foreign commerce of the country that it once possessed. Other cities are overtaking it. It is probably true that the canal system is not now the effective competitor of the railroads that it once was, and that this is the reason why other cities are receiving so much more than their old proportion of the grain and other agricultural products of the country. Under these conditions, it would seem as though all the people of the State of New York would be interested enough in its welfare to do their utmost to meet new conditions, and to improve the canals to a point which would increase their effectiveness as promoters of the commercial importance of the State of New York. But the politicians have taken advantage of the misfortune of the city and State to further their own interests, including their pecuniary interests. They have persuaded the people of the State to vote $9,000,000 to improving the canals, and the amount turns out to be not much more than half enough for the object contemplated. There are charges of gross corruption and mismanagement, and the Republican politicians meet the charges by passing a measure permitting Governor BLACK to carry on the pretended investigation, one that may, and probably will, cover up any frauds that may have been committed. The point of the matter of greatest importance is this: that the politician is perfectly willing to make himself rich upon the ruin of the people whose affairs he is managing.

THE destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana is a terrible national calamity. Although the ship was lying in a friendly port, whither she had gone on a friendly mission, many of the people in Havana—especially of the Spanish party—are bitterly hostile to the United States. There is, however, no evidence that the disaster was the work of an enemy, but intruding upon the sympathy which is felt by the country for the victims and for their friends, upon the admiration expressed for the heroic qualities displayed by Captain SIGSBEE and the other survivors of the ship, and upon the feeling of warm gratitude to the Spanish captain of the *Alfonso XII.* and the Spanish authorities on shore for the ready aid extended to our officers and sailors, comes a harsh note of suspicion of murderous treachery. Chief-Constructor HICHBORNE and Constructor BOWLES decline to accept the theory that the cause of the explosion was accidental or within the ship. In stating this view, in newspaper interviews, they are open to the suspicion of considering the reputation of their corps of constructors before their duty to their country, which requires that every one who speaks with authority shall be silent so long as he is ignorant. They should imitate the wise discretion and advice of Captain SIGSBEE and of other brave men of the fighting branch of the navy, and suspend judgment until they have evidence on which they may base opinions. The naval constructors have been echoed by some Jingo Congressmen and some sensational newspapers. There is not a particle of evidence that the disaster was caused by a Spanish or Cuban enemy of the United States, while the destruction of war-ships by explosives is to be expected, because, as Senator HALE says, the ships are floating volcanoes. Under the circumstances, every decent American will refrain from hostile speech towards Spain, and will rejoice if it can be clearly proved that the loss of the *Maine* was purely accidental.

THE WEEKLY has heretofore refrained from joining the large number of its contemporaries which, like itself, hold themselves at liberty to speak the truth, by way of criticism of Mr. MCKINLEY'S administration, in alluding to Secretary SHERMAN'S condition; but the country is even more deeply interested in the question of the capacity of its Secretary of State than Mr. MCKINLEY or the Republican party. It is perfectly well understood that Mr. SHERMAN is at the head of our foreign-affairs department because it was deemed well to make a vacancy in the Senate for Mr. HANNA. Certainly the Senate has not gained by this bargain, for incapacitated as Mr. SHERMAN may be by advanced years, he was at one time a great figure in the nation and in the Republican party, and is the last of the public men who belongell to a day when Senators were selected because they were statesmen, while Mr. HANNA is simply rich. In making and carrying out this bargain Mr. MCKINLEY, however, not only offended against the Senate, whose traditions he ought to have respected, and whose present tendencies he ought certainly not to have furthered, but he has placed at the head of his cabinet a man who is unfitted by years and infirmities for the performance of the duties of his office. We have hesitated to say this before, because we have greatly respected Mr. SHERMAN'S past, notwithstanding our many differences of opinion with him. But the time has come when it must be noticed, for the sake of Mr. SHERMAN himself, and especially for the sake of the nation, that Mr. SHERMAN has been unable to act as Secretary of State in the present emergency in which Spain and this country are mutually concerned, and that his incapacity has been recognized by the administration. He has known none of the facts of the situation; he has not been taken into the confidence of the President; his duties have been performed by a subordinate, Judge DAY, who has had no previous experience either in foreign affairs or in national affairs, and it is the country's right to demand that this state of affairs shall cease; that Mr. SHERMAN shall be permitted to retire before he has further stained a record that is far more brilliant than that of any other living Republican, and that the State Department shall be entrusted to some one who has at least the full use of all his faculties; and to this demand it is Mr. MCKINLEY'S duty to render instant obedience.

OUR JINGOES AND SPAIN.

THE DE LOME incident could not have become a subject of the excited controversy it aroused if there were not in this country persons who desire immediate war with Spain. We say this notwithstanding a suspicion that is widely entertained, and which is reasonable, that much of the Jingo talk against Spain is for home consumption. We are ourselves inclined to believe that bitter, malicious, and untruthful speeches, like those of Senator MASON and Senator MORGAN, for example, are directed rather to constituents than to the Senate or to the Executive. There is some reason also for believing that there is a commercial spirit underlying some of the Jingo sentiment, and that there are public men, as well as private citizens, who are quite ready to see money made by gun-building, armor construction, and in providing other war material, without regard to the safety or welfare of the country. But, aside from this, it is clear that there are many persons in the United States who are ready to go to war with Spain, and who are seeking an occasion. There is no other interpretation to be put upon the attempt to distort the meaning of the DE LOME incident, and to misrepresent the minister's letter to Señor CANALEJAS, or upon the effort involved in the MORGAN and WILLIAMS resolutions adopted by the Senate and House, respectively, on Monday, February 14. These resolutions seek to make public the opinions of our consular officers in Cuba, which are shrewdly supposed to be hostile to Spain, and the exposure of which will therefore still further intensify the feeling between the two countries.

That letter was simply an expression of opinion by the Spanish minister as to the character of the politicians who are making warlike and threatening speeches against Spain, and of the President and his administration, with whom Spain must reckon in the present emergency. Probably there was no doubt in the mind of anybody at Washington as to the Spanish minister's private feeling towards our public men. In view of the strained relations between the two countries, it would have been strange if his feeling had been friendly either for the President, who had severely criticised the WEYLER administration in Cuba, or for the politicians who were making use of Spain's misfortune in aid of their personal interests. Minister DE LOME wrote a private letter, as he had a perfect right to do, to a public man of Spain who was in America on a special mission. In that letter he expressed himself freely and contemptuously concerning President MCKINLEY. It may have been an error of judgment to write such a letter, but if it was, it was the kind of error of which every diplomat is often guilty. When Minister DE LOME'S opinion of President MCKINLEY was revealed, however, it was impossible for him to continue on friendly relations with the government to which he was accredited, and he was forced to go. Before our government could demand his recall he resigned, and his resignation was accepted by the Spanish government before it, in turn, knew that our government had made its demand for his recall. Here the incident should have ended, because, as we believe, both the SAGASTA and the MCKINLEY governments are strongly in favor of maintaining the peace between Spain and the United States, and any one bent upon maintaining peace must have realized that the sooner the incident closed the better, and this on account of the presence in each country of a large number of influential politicians willing to bring on a war.

But the friends of war in this country were not content to let the incident close with the resignation of Minister DE LOME. They seized upon an expression in his letter which, they averred, indicated that Spain was trifling with the United States. The expression indicated, indeed, that the minister was perfectly willing to resort to pretended negotiations for commercial relations between this country and Cuba, but that is all, and that alone certainly is not a reason for forcing the Spanish government into an explanation that it does not share its late minister's views on the subject. It is also pretended that the letter reveals the minister's belief that the scheme of autonomy is not sincerely meant, that its offer to Cuba is to be withdrawn, and that its main purpose is the deception of the United States for the purpose of preventing our intervention. There is, however, positively nothing in the letter from beginning to end that will sustain this interpretation, which, therefore, is precisely what we have already called

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it, a misrepresentation, and it is a malicious and wicked misrepresentation, for it was invented and is pressed for the purpose of embroiling the two countries in war.

It is because of the excited and mendacious discussion and misinterpretation of the DE LOME letter that we can say that the incident is one more bit of evidence as to the existence in this country of a faction desiring war with Spain. A calm consideration of the letter and of the incident would convince any fair mind that no cause of war exists here; and in this respect the incident is not unlike all the pretended occasions for complaint and intervention on our part upon which our Jingoes are basing their harangues, and their appeals to the government to break the peace that now exists between itself and a friendly nation. The other causes of war—for we assume that a demand for intervention at least contemplates war—are that Spain is injuring our commerce, that it is carrying on the war in an uncivilized and barbarous manner, and that it is inflicting almost unheard-of cruelties upon the peaceful people of Cuba who refuse to take sides either for or against the insurgents.

In the first place, the question as to whether the time has come for our interference because the war in Cuba is injuring our trade is a very delicate one. If this country has the right to insist that Spain shall not subdue the rebellion because the armed effort that is involved must injure the commerce between Cuba and the United States, then no European power has any right to take any warlike step for the retention of her American colonies when she is threatened by an armed insurrection of her own subjects. This, of course, is absurd, and the government has taken no such position. It has, however, taken the position that this country cannot sit quietly by for an indefinite time, but that the war must be ended within a reasonable period. The question is when that reasonable period shall occur; and on this point one thing is certain, that it has not yet been reached, and that it rests with us to suggest a time when the war shall end before actually intervening; to reach an agreement on the subject, if possible, with Spain, or, if that be impossible, to fix the time when our interests demand that the conflict shall come to an end. We have not fixed such a period mainly because Spain is trying a new experiment, and, as the administration evidently believes, is honestly trying to bring about peace by a grant of autonomy. It is true that the evidence points to the failure of the attempt, but we have waited so far, and we must continue to wait until the Executive shall decide, on the evidence before him, that the time has come for intervention. It is clear, moreover, to every one not eager for war, that the time is not yet for declaring a date at which Spain must conquer or yield, and that the administration is right in waiting for a still further trial of the plans of autonomy. In the mean time, of course, Spain owes it to herself and to us to push the conflict to an end as rapidly as possible, or to come to the conclusion that she must abandon the island.

As to the other causes for our intervention, they no longer exist. Since WEYLER'S departure and BLANCO'S appearance as Captain-General the war has been carried on in a civilized manner, without brutalities, and the peaceful inhabitants have been permitted to return to their homes, where they may plant if the insurgents are willing. In fact, whatever obstacle may now exist to the return of the Cubans to their usual industrial and agricultural habits is interposed by the insurgents. We have as our authority for the statement that the war is carried on in accordance with the rules and sentiments of civilized countries the testimony of a very distinguished insurgent officer.

We have no cause for war, therefore, in the DE LOME letter, or in the refusal of Spain to disavow his utterances; we have no right to declare belligerency, which would, at the most, be more of an injury to our own citizens than a help to the insurgents or harm to Spain; we have no right to interfere because of the brutal character of Spanish warfare, because that evil has been cured; we have no right to interfere on the ground that the war should have come to an end, because we have not declared when, in our opinion, the end should be. All these pretended causes of war or of interference are so trivial, so far-fetched, so much the creatures of the desires of the men who urge them, that it is clear that these are searching for war; and yet no party in the United States will take the responsibility of declaring war, and no President will dare to risk his own future and the standing of his party by doing anything that will precipitate it. The consequence of the efforts of the Jingoes may be to induce Spain to strike the first blow, and to so excite the reactionary parties of the monarchy that the Liberal policy will be overthrown. In that event a blow will be struck against free government by the Spanish faction which hates both Liberalism and this republic. Our Jingoes are inviting the domination of WEYLER in Spain, the suppression there of Liberal power and Liberal views, and the miseries and cost of war to two countries between which there is at present no just cause of quarrel.

ANNEXING HAWAII BY JOINT RESOLUTION.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE Hawaii-annexation treaty lags in the Senate. The number of votes needed to make up the required two-thirds majority, it seems, will not come forth. The advocates of the scheme are now preparing to resort to the expedient of accomplishing their end by means of a joint resolution, which may be put through by a simple majority in each House of Congress. It has even been suggested that, in order to avoid the danger of being balked by dilatory tactics on the part of the opposition, the resolution should be attached as an amendment to an appropriation bill. This, however, is hardly probable. For the idea of rushing through Congress a measure of such incalculable importance as the annexation of a distant country by such a trick is so monstrous that even the most fanatical Jingo may well recoil from it.

Senator MORGAN has introduced a resolution in the Senate which, in case of failure of the treaty, is to serve the same purpose in the regular course of legislation. In its averments as well as in its omissions it is characteristic of the whole movement. In view of the fact that the legitimacy of the present government of Hawaii might be questioned, it affirms "that the republic of Hawaii, established in and based upon its present constitution, is a rightful government, and has been, and still is, recognized as such by the United States of America and by other great powers, without any question by any nation of its rightful and sovereign independence; and said constitution is the true and recognized authority that fixes the measure and the distribution of the rights and powers of government in that republic while said constitution remains in force." Now, that the present Hawaiian government is recognized by the United States and by other powers as the government *de facto* is true. But it is not the whole truth; and the unusual verbiage employed in the resolution to define and describe the right of that government to recognition can hardly be intended for any other purpose than to make us forget that part of the truth which in its bearing upon the annexation scheme is of the highest moral importance to the American people, namely, that in January, 1893, the native government of Hawaii was overthrown by a revolutionary movement; that this revolutionary movement was assisted by the American minister causing the commander of an American man-of-war to land a force of troops in aid of the insurgents, who were weak in numbers, and in great part aliens; that the leaders of the insurrection constituted themselves as a provisional government "to exist until terms of union with the United States of America shall have been negotiated and agreed upon"; that then in hot haste the successful conspirators—successful by the aid of our own forces lawlessly offered—presented an annexation compact to our government; that when that compact failed to be ratified by the United States, the chiefs of the revolution in Hawaii, hoping for better times, constituted a more permanent government under a republican name, which, as the only existing government, has secured foreign recognition, but which, having sprung from the annexation conspiracy of 1893, and being identified with it by its very *personnel*, exists only for the purpose of carrying out the original object of the plot in which officers of the United States lawlessly took an active part.

Senator MORGAN'S resolution affirms further "that, in conformity with the existing Constitution of the republic of Hawaii, and so long as the same is in force, the powers of government reside in and are to be exercised by the incumbents of the departments, tribunals, and offices created by said Constitution, and filled in pursuance of law, and the lawful electors under said Constitution who qualify as such by taking the oath of allegiance prescribed therein, are entitled to share in the government of Hawaii, according to the rights secured to them in said Constitution, and to the extent and in the manner therein provided, so long as the same is in force." This again is true as far as it goes, but again it is not the whole truth; and again that part of the truth which is hidden under a heap of pompous words is the most important part to the American people in judging of the moral merits of the pending question—namely, that under the present constitution of Hawaii only a small minority of the Hawaiian people are "entitled to share in the government"; that this so-called republican government is essentially an oligarchy; that political rights are substantially restricted to the supporters of those in power, it being a notorious fact not seriously denied by anybody that if the people of Hawaii were permitted to vote on the main object for which that government exists, annexation of Hawaii to the United States, an overwhelming majority would vote in the negative. Senator MORGAN has therefore every reason to point out with the severest precision that in Hawaii nobody has anything to say with regard to this matter except the "lawful electors under said constitution who qualify as such by taking the oath of allegiance prescribed therein," which oath of allegiance substantially sanctions the revolution of January, 1893, and, by implication, the object thereof.

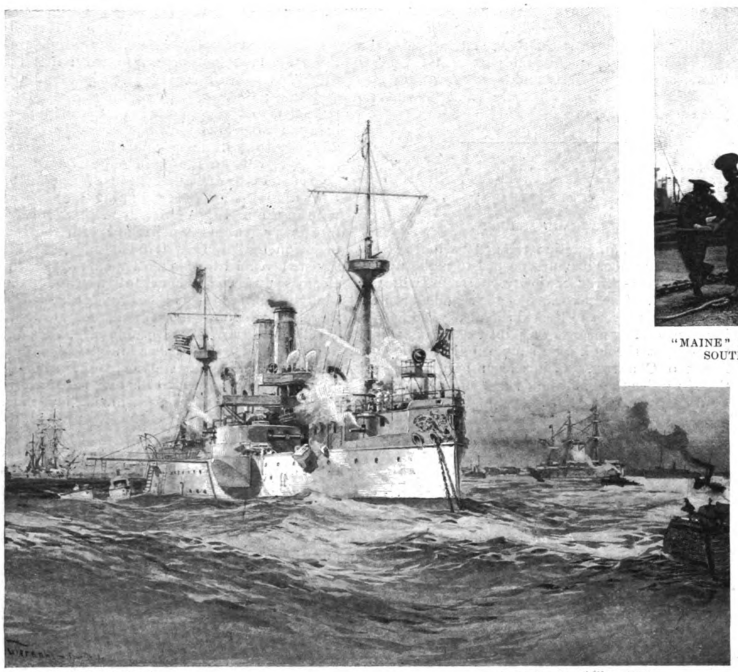
Having thus by his statement of Hawaiian constitutional law proved to his own satisfaction that the present Hawaiian government has the right to sell or give away its country without the assent of a majority of the people, Senator MORGAN, in his resolution, proceeds thus: "And said government of the republic of Hawaii having in due form signified its consent that the Hawaiian Islands shall be annexed to and become a part of the United States of America, it is hereby enacted and declared that said cession is accepted, ratified, and confirmed, and that said Hawaiian Islands are annexed as a part of the territory of the United States of America, and are subject to the sovereign dominion thereof."

Senator MORGAN no doubt thinks that if the present Hawaiian government can be shown to have, in point of form, the right to cede, and the United States the right to take, there is nothing more to be considered than the question whether the bargain would be advantageous to the parties respectively. He simply overlooks the moral side of the transaction. It does not seem to have occurred to him that, even if the bargain were ever so profitable, there might be motives of conscience, considerations of national honor, rendering its consummation morally impossible. Had the Hawaiian Islands been voluntarily offered to us by the native government, or even had the revolutionary movement in behalf of annexation been carried through without being countenanced and aided by officers and forces of the United States, then, the assent of the Hawaiian people being obtained, the American people might be governed by mere considerations of expediency in deciding the question whether to accept or not to accept the offered territory. But when we are confronted by the universally recognized fact that the revolutionary movement in favor of annexation was wrongfully aided, if not instigated, by our own officers, and carried to success by the wrongful co-operation of our own forces; that the government offering us the Hawaiian Islands is the direct offspring of that revolutionary movement; and that, as everybody knows, an immense majority of the Hawaiian people are most earnestly opposed to annexation—we must admit that this republic can hardly accept the offer without placing itself in the attitude of a receiver of goods stolen with its connivance.

This might be brought home to doubting minds in Congress by moving for the joint resolution above quoted a substitute containing a plain statement of the facts, somewhat in this wise: "Whereas, in January, 1893, the native government of Hawaii was overturned by a revolutionary uprising which was actively aided by the minister of the United States and a detachment of United States forces landed at the minister's request from a United States man-of-war; and whereas the said revolutionary uprising was made and a provisional government set up avowedly for the purpose of effecting the annexation of Hawaii to the United States; and whereas the present government of Hawaii is the offspring of the said revolutionary movement, and is in part composed of its very leaders; and whereas the said government is essentially an oligarchy admitting only a small minority of the people to the exercise of political rights; and whereas the said oligarchy offers to transfer the sovereignty of Hawaii to the United States without the assent of the Hawaiian people, it being well known that an overwhelming majority of the Hawaiian people are opposed to such transfer—be it resolved, etc., etc."

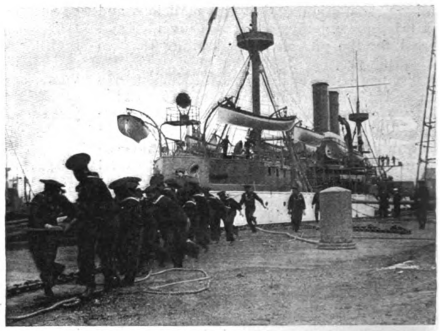
The truthfulness of the preamble being conceded, which it must be, as the facts recited are notorious, it may well be questioned how any American solicitous of the honor of his country can think of following it up with a resolution favoring the proposed annexation.

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German School-Ship "Charlotte." Spanish Flag-Ship "Alfonso XII."

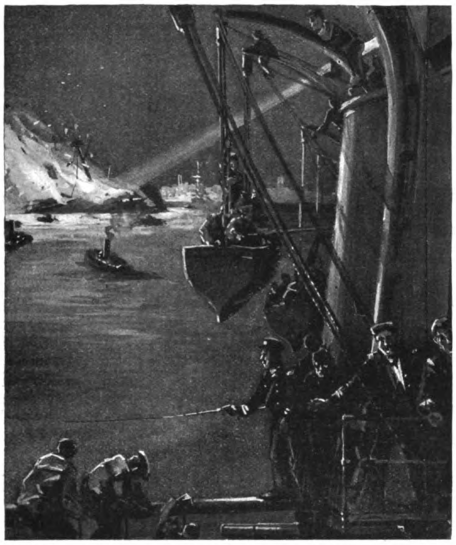
"MAINE" SALUTING SPANISH FLAG-SHIP ON ARRIVING IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.



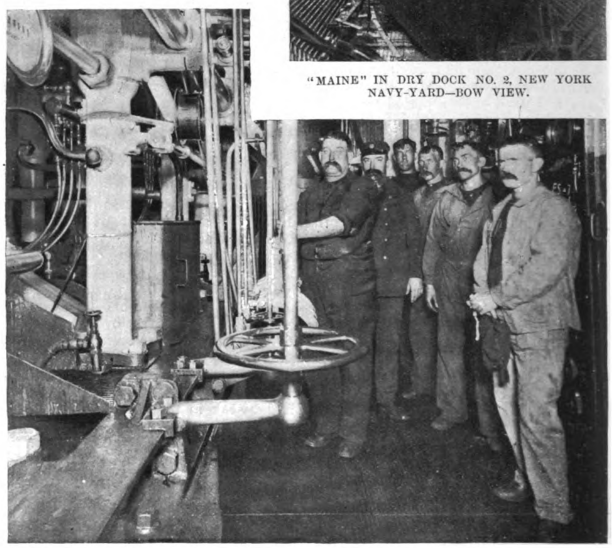
"MAINE" LEAVING THE NEW YORK NAVY-YARD FOR THE SOUTH—HAULING ASHORE THE MOORING-CHAINS.



"MAINE" IN DRY DOCK NO. 2, NEW YORK NAVY-YARD—BOW VIEW.



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE SPANISH FLAG-SHIP HASTENING TO THE RESCUE.—[Drawn in Accordance with Havana Despatches.]



IN THE ENGINE-ROOM OF THE "MAINE."



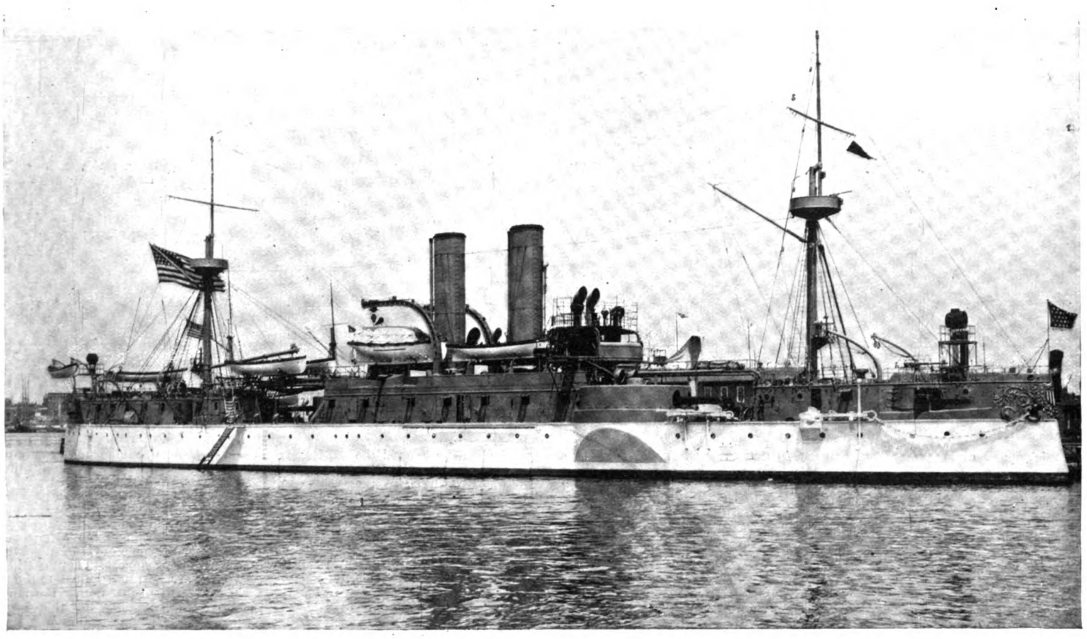
IN THE MAGAZINE.
Each tightly sealed Copper Tank contains a Half-Charge.



THE "MAINE'S" FORWARD TORPEDO-TUBE.

LOSS OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.

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UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" JUST BEFORE SAILING FOR SOUTHERN WATERS.—PHOTOGRAPH BY E. MULLER.

THE DISASTER TO THE BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."

THE country was startled on the morning of February 16 by the news that an explosion had occurred on the United States battle-ship *Maine*, and that in consequence the vessel was a total wreck and most of the ship's company had been lost. When details of the disaster reached us it was found that all the officers had been saved except two. These two were Lieutenant (junior grade) Friend W. Jenkins, of Pennsylvania, and Assistant-Engineer Darwin R. Merritt, from Iowa. The other casualties are mentioned below, in a despatch from Washington.

The *Maine* had gone to Havana under orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and although there was peace between Spain and the United States, there is intense hostility on the part of the extreme Spanish party in Havana towards the United States. The knowledge of this at first caused the feeling that probably some enthusiastic or demented Spaniard had blown up the ship in some undefined way, but our Washington despatch says the cause of the accident is a mystery. But while the cause of the accident is a mystery, the belief is growing that it was purely accidental, and that the explosion came from the inside of the ship.

This explosion occurred about 9.45 on the evening of Tuesday, February 15. The night was intensely dark; the *Maine* was anchored about five hundred yards from the arsenal, and two hundred yards from the floating dock. The American Ward Line steamer *City of Washington* was about two hundred yards away, and a little farther off still was the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XII.* Captain Sigsbee, who was in command of the *Maine*, was in bed in his cabin; Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, the executive officer, was in his own cabin smoking; the crew were asleep—when suddenly without warning came the terrible explosion which instantly killed most of the sailors, the explosion having taken place forward under the men's quarters.

The force of the explosion was great enough to shake the whole city water-front, put out the electric lights near the shore, and throw down many telegraph and telephone poles. The officers knew at once from the force of the explosion that the ship was wrecked, but, after the manner, we are proud to say, of American naval officers, they behaved with the coolness and courage which the terrible circumstance demanded. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, the ship being in perfect darkness, struck a match and hurried at once to the Captain's cabin, where he found Captain Sigsbee thrown from his berth, but uninjured. The Captain's first order was given to a seaman to flood the magazine containing about five tons of gunpowder. The man jumped away, did his work, but never returned.

Almost immediately after the explosion a great flame broke out from the *Maine* and illuminated the dark harbor. In the mean time, the city having been aroused by the noise, the people rushed to the water-front to learn its cause. They do not seem to have been long in doubt, and everything possible was done by the Spanish officers on shore and on the war-ship in the harbor to aid the survivors. The harbor was lighted up not only by the glare of the *Maine*, but by a number of search-lights and electric lights, and boats were at once lowered from the Ward steamer and from the *Alfonso XII.*, and hastened to the *Maine*. The boats from the Spanish ship carried away thirty-seven of the wounded men, and those from the *City of Washington* twenty-four. With the men who were carried to the *Alfonso XII.* went the ship's chaplain, the Rev. J. P. Chidwick, who rendered both spiritual consolation and physical aid.

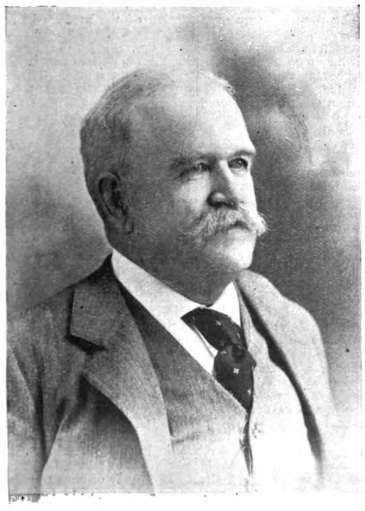
Captain Sigsbee seems to have been among the coolest of all the brave men who were working to save the lives of the wounded and to secure a refuge for those who had not been injured. Of the ship's company of 353 not more than 48 escaped without injury. Boats from the *Maine* that were not wrecked were filled with wounded, who were carried to Havana, where they were cared for in the hospital, all the available forces of the city being employed in taking care of the injured. General Blanco himself was at the head of the forces who cared for the Americans. Captain Sigsbee was the last man to leave the ship, and stepped into a boat only when he had seen that every living man who could be reached had been taken out. After this he went in the launch to the *Alfonso XII.*, and tendered his thanks to the Captain and his officers for their help. From there he went on board the *City of Washington*, where he arrived at midnight, and met Consul-General Lee and others.

The news of the disaster came from various sources. Captain Sigsbee himself reported at once, and with characteristic forethought begged that the public judgment should be suspended until an inquiry could be had into the cause of the accident. He seems to have realized that the sensational newspapers and the Jingoes would make the most of the accident to inflame the passions of the people against Spain. This they did, with all their malignant ingenuity. A special cabinet meeting was held at Washington, but it was wisely decided that nothing should be said of the disaster until the government was in possession of some evidence as to the cause of it.

Captain-General Blanco cabled to Madrid and to Washington, and Señor du Bosc, Chargé d'Affairs of the Spanish Legation at Washington, called at once at the State Department to express his sympathy. Flags have been half-masted on the public buildings of Havana, as well as on the public buildings of this country. Resolutions of sympathy have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, and the feeling is that the men who perished by this disaster are entitled to that sympathy and affectionate remembrance which men who fall in battle for their country always receive.

The news of the disaster is horrifying the whole civilized world, and expressions of sympathy for the sufferers, for the nation, and for the navy, and of admiration for the manly and intelligent conduct of Captain Sigsbee, have been received at our foreign legations and at Washington from the Queens of Great Britain and Spain, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, from Emperor William of Germany, from President Faure of France, and from the Spanish cabinet, which in the midst of the excitement has also sent to the President a disavowal of sympathy with the contents of Minister De Lome's letter. The disaster has also been made the subject of remarks in the British House of Commons, where John Dillon asked the First Lord of the Admiralty for information. The tone of the remarks of British officers and public men, including Lord Charles Beresford, has been most friendly towards this country; and Lord Beresford was especially eulogistic of the conduct of Captain Sigsbee and generally of the officers of the American navy, with many of whom he is well acquainted. This is also characteristic of the remarks of the English newspapers, who seem to be as much gratified and as proud of the conduct of our officers as if they had been officers of their own navy.

In the mean time, although, as we have said, some of the Jingoes and the sensational newspapers have done their best to promote ill feeling by spreading abroad

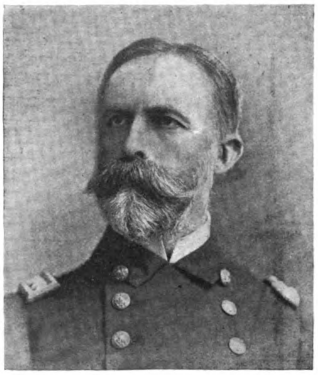


HON. JOHN D. LONG,
Secretary of the United States Navy.

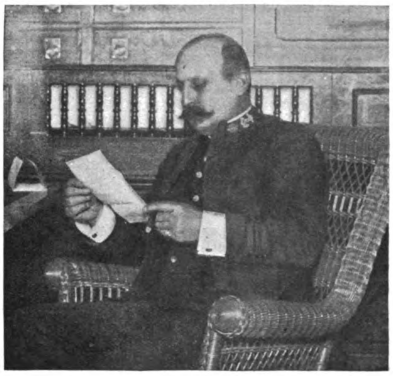


REAR-ADMIRAL SEGISMUNDO BERMEJO Y MERELO,
Spanish Minister of Marine.

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CAPTAIN WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U.S.N.
President.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ADOLPH MARIX, U.S.N.



CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK, U.S.N.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—MEMBERS OF THE NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY.

every suspicion and every rumor hostile to Spain that springs from excited imaginations or half-information, there have been much self-restraint and a strong and praiseworthy disposition on the part of the public to wait for an investigation and to hope that the explosion resulted from accident.

As time went on, the sympathy manifested by the Spaniards in Havana for the victims of the disaster seemed to allay the excitement stimulated in the public mind by sensational newspapers, every one of whose rumors indicating that the explosion had been caused from without, by some one from the shore or in the harbor, having been proved to be a wilful and malicious untruth. Not only had General Blanco turned over the public hospital to the use of our officers and men, but a plot of ground in the cemetery of Havana was given to them for the burial of their dead. On Thursday nineteen of the dead sailors were buried, with great ecclesiastical, naval, and military ceremonies. Fifty thousand people crowded the streets of Havana and paid respect to the dead. The Bishop of Havana, General Parrado, and Admiral Manterola took charge of the arrangements, by order of the Spanish government. The bodies, having first laid in state, being covered with floral and other emblems presented by officials of Havana and by private citizens of the city and of the United States, were carried to the cemetery, escorted by General Parrado—General Blanco looking at the procession from the balcony of his palace—and by foreign consular officers. Consul-General Lee, Captain Sigsbee, Lieutenant-Commanders Wainwright and Cowles, and all the officers and men of the *Maine* surviving accompanied the remains, General Lee, Captain Sigsbee, and Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright being chief mourners. All bodies washed ashore since the funeral have been or will be buried with only a private service.

The government had by Friday, February 18, made arrangements as to setting divers at work for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the disaster, in aid of the investigating officers, and it was further determined that the inquiry should be made by Americans alone, and without the co-operation of the Spaniards. Congress appropriated $200,000 for the work of saving as much property as possible from the sunken ship, and bills were introduced for the relief of the survivors, who lost all their personal effects on account of the suddenness of the disaster. It was found impracticable to preserve any of the remains for transportation to the United States. Congress has appropriated money to pay the surviving relatives of the dead seamen the amount of pay these men would have received during the next twelve months. The President, with the first official confirmation of the news of the disaster, ordered a cessation of all official receptions, dinners, and other festivities at Washington, and as Lent is so near at hand the season may be said to have been brought to a close. The Spanish cruiser *Vizcaya* reached the outer harbor of New York on February 18, and anchored off Staten Island on Sunday, February 20. She is closely guarded by federal and city authorities.

The Department has appointed the following officers to investigate the cause of the disaster: Captain W. T. Sampson of the *Iowa*, Captain F. E. Chadwick of the *New York*, Lieutenant-Commander W. P. Potter of the *New York*, and Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix of the *Vermont*.

The following comes to us from Washington, and gives the feeling and opinion of the Navy Department on the matter:

The latest news received from official sources at the Navy Department up to noon of Monday, February 21, left the disaster to the *Maine* as much a mystery as ever. The Department had ordered an investigation by the use of divers and every other available means, and that the work be pushed with all the speed compatible with accuracy. Out of this fact grew a report, which was discredited at the Department, but widely circulated elsewhere, that one of the divers employed had discovered a percussion hole in one of the outside plates on the *Maine*, under the magazine, indicating that the explosion was caused by a torpedo striking the ship from without.

The theory entertained by the Secretary of the Navy is that the disaster was the result of pure accident. Even if a torpedo had blown a hole into the ship and exploded the magazine, the direction of the explosion might not be ascertainable, for, in the judgment of experts, the explosion inside would be quite likely to widen the hole through which the missile entered and reverse all the signs. Little hope is entertained, therefore, of obtaining positive proof as to the source of the disaster. As one old sea-dog expressed it, the historians of the civil war are still quarrelling as to whether the *Tecumseh* was sunk by a torpedo when she entered the harbor of Mobile. Some who have combated that theory have insisted that the ship was overturned by the shifting of her guns; others have gone so far as to assert that her own spar-torpedo was in some way twisted back upon itself and blew a hole into her prow. In like manner he believes that the fate of the *Maine* will continue an unsolved mystery for historians to wrangle over. Meanwhile all that we shall positively know is that the explosion occurred forward, and hence that the seamen rather than the officers were the sufferers; that not more than 26 of the men remained uninjured, 57 being wounded and 246 killed, and that two of the 24 officers are certainly lost. If the disaster were the result of design and not of accident, it is considered probable that the blow would have been dealt the ship on the very spot where the explosion occurred—not because it would be more desirable to destroy the men than the officers, but because the magazine is always a preferable point of attack, just as, when ships are in action, it is the great guns which attract the fire of the enemy, and not the conning-tower, although the tower shelters the captain, while only a subaltern stands behind the guns.

F. E. Leupp.



LIEUTENANT FRIEND W. JENKINS, U.S.N.
Killed in the Explosion on U.S.S. "Maine."

MUSIC.

The past fortnight has been one of attractive musical schemes, as well as a brisk term of delightful music itself. Desire for a symphonic orchestra local to New York, established on a basis that might make its working membership really "permanent," and concerned only with straightforward interests of the best concert kind, is not a new thing. Over and over has our public been shown that Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, and smaller communities are better off than are we in this respect. True, New York has its Philharmonic and its valuable Symphony Society's band. We have Mr. Seidl, nominally possessed of his own orchestra, to be heard under one set of circumstances or another. We have lately heard Mr. Franko's promising associates. But we have nothing that means a given and large number of the best sort of players, decently salaried to play and rehearse, to rehearse and play in New York city, under a single and capable leader; this to the exclusion of all other professional work and responsibilities on their part, from season to season. The men in all our present symphonic bands are obliged to do many kinds of commonplace, hack musical duty. They must do this merely to make income enough to live on. Often they go from symphony concert to a ball-room; and equally often the same men that one hears in the afternoon, playing Beethoven and Wagner—and very likely blamed for rough or dull interpretations—have not had sleep enough from their night's hard work at some fashionable or unfashionable dance to read their notes clearly and to handle their bows and keys save as rather superior machines.

Rehearsals, too, cost. All our important or unimportant orchestral societies save every penny on them that they possibly can. New works should not be played without full and careful study by any band; but again and again New-Yorkers must pay to hear concerts where the programme, to all artistic result, is one that is being read off at sight. The Philharmonic Society's government, our oldest and most severely respected orchestra, has not yet changed the title of its Friday afternoon performances. They are still styled "rehearsals." There are no interruptions to the music, to be sure, for the purpose of instructing the musicians in niceties that may escape them. But the old title is not yet inappropriate, for the rehearsal-quality is strong in them obviously, and it would be better to go back to the old afternoon liberty of stopping the music and of going over passages whenever the conductor might discern his players to be at fault. A scrambling, partial rehearsal, on an earlier day in the week, held chiefly for the benefit of the soloist's work, is not adequate preparation. A large repertory of standard and classical musical compositions must be played actually at sight; and even difficult novelties are sometimes nearly so delivered. Under such poor conditions for an orchestra's actual drill and for its preserving due feeling for music, what wonder if standards are forgotten save when merely the honored guests in our seasons remind us of them?

Take also the weekly work and annual livelihood of a high-class orchestra-leader here. So long as he is not salaried, and salaried well, by a guaranteed organization, so long as his talent is not concentrated on its interests, he always has an unsatisfactory berth in the musical ship. He is never sure of a real competency. He is dependent on all sorts of fluctuations of musical politics. He can be out of the best kind of a professional job at scurvily short notice. He must likewise find out all the different or indifferent work that he can get his hands on, not seldom sailing pretty close to the wind of professional indignities. He must forego constant association with the same set of players under his care. He must dismiss the idea of the incessant personal touch with them that makes for an ideal orchestral performance. He is apt to be blamed for poor playing, and finds himself scolded because the Heroic Symphony or Goldmark's "Sakoontala" Overture came clumsily off. The important factor in the unsatisfactory interpretation will have been that the men have had no opportunity to be freshened up in feeling and technic. Worse yet, some of the best players have had to be fiddling or blowing at a ball, and have sent what "substitutes" they could procure for their concert duty.

The committee on organization of the projected permanent orchestra last week reviewed the situation and discussed the amount of the fund desirable for putting the scheme on a sound basis. One million dollars was urged as needful, rather than any smaller guarantee. This is sensible. It is certainly by no means extravagant. A million dollars is not too much for meeting the pros and cons of a large symphony band's livelihood and business, especially at the outset. With careful management and with very considerable patience on the part of the stockholders, one is inclined to think that even in New York—where the really public interest in music has been full of disagreeable and discouraging surprises—the undertaking, by-and-by, can become totally self-supporting. In Boston and in Chicago that happy result has been more nearly idea and view to be encouraged and made much of in the reached every recent year. But that is not the particular plan's outset. The class of subscribers to be drawn toward the scheme includes a splendid group of very rich men, of very rich women. But, be it remembered, such a class must be considerably distinguished from the annual opera subscription and the Metropolitan's list of stockholders. A large fraction of the Metropolitan's wealthy and official attendance know next to nothing of symphonic music, care less about it, and they would be in their boxes evening by evening were the performances of no artistic consequence whatsoever. Opera is a social duty to these. The symphonic public is of them, but by no means wholly of them. It is stated that of the fund to be built up there is already pledged $35,000; that Mr. Grau will engage the orchestra for operatic work bringing in $60,000; and that Brooklyn would guarantee for concerts there about $25,000. It is to be greatly desired, nevertheless, that such an orchestra be kept clear of hack operatic duty. Perhaps this reserve cannot possibly be managed. But an opera season—five or six performances a week—brings much of the overwork and underwork of the present order of things.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

THE summons of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to President Dwight of Yale is somewhat peremptory, but not on that account any the less interesting. Pointing out that most college boys are young, and that rum is bad for them, it invites Dr. Dwight, first, to "forbid students under his charge to enter places where alcoholic liquors are sold for beverage use, to keep such liquors in their dormitories or rooms, or to have them furnished at their class or other spreads and banquets"; second, to "use his great influence to secure prohibition of the sale of intoxicants within the city of New Haven, the same as has been secured at Cambridge." Until the action indicated is taken at Yale the W. C. T. U. will "feel compelled to send its sons and brothers to institutions where these provisions for safety against intoxicating drinks have been adopted." The communication which conveys this information is signed by the officers of the national organization of the W. C. T. U., and is understood to express the sentiments of some 300,000 members.

This suggestion to Dr. Dwight seems part of a general movement seeking to restrict the bibulous opportunities of all college undergraduates, and perhaps of college graduates also. It appears to be related, in sympathy at least, to the recent effort to abate the Princeton Inn, and it follows a succession of stories, which have been circulated as widely as possible, which have represented Yale to be exceptionally and deplorably reprobate and drunken, and much more in need than most large colleges of having its propensities restrained. Yale men insist that such representations are slanderous, and that Yale, like most other American universities, is steadily growing more and more abstemious. Judge Howland of New York, a representative Yale graduate, is even reported to have declared that Yale is just as temperate as Harvard, an institution which the W. C. T. U. holds up as a model of restriction. This seems an adventurous claim, but no representative of Harvard has yet disputed it, and if it is true it is very much to Yale's credit, since for many years past the periodical incentives to conviviality following athletic events of various kinds have been much oftener operative in New Haven than in Cambridge.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, who thinks he knows something about the state of things at Yale, seems loath to believe that the university is as badly off as has been represented. He says:

> I have been acquainted with Yale for twenty years, and I have never seen the university in as good condition religiously as now. My oldest son graduated here; and if my other son, who is now in the Freshman class, gets as much good out of Yale as his brother did, I shall have reason to thank God through time and eternity.

If the W. C. T. U. ladies believe, as appears, that abhorrence of all forms of alcohol is the fruit most to be desired from a university education, it is proper to point out to them that there are a number of bibulous influences at Yale, for the disuse of which they seem to have forgotten to stipulate. In the study of the classics students are permitted to become familiar with sentiments of many heathen writers which the ladies could not approve. Horace, a scandalous person in several particulars, betrays unmistakably his toleration of the "beverage use" of alcoholic fluids, and most of the Greek and Latin poets exhibit analogous latitudinarian tendencies. That our young men, "lads in their teens and away from the restraining influences of home," may have their principles undermined by these dissolute ancients is a possibility which the W. C. T. U. ought not to overlook. It is the consenting mind that is really at the bottom of intemperance. To close the saloons and forbid lads to drink or harbor liquor is a futile expedient, as every one knows, if the prohibited indulgences are still desired. Until the Yale faculty has been constrained to use classical textbooks purged by the W. C. T. U. of bibulous incentives and allusions, it will be vain to expect the cause of prohibition in the university to make satisfactory progress.

Still, temperance may prosper even where prohibition lags. St. Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Yale is full of men who strive for the mastery, and strive to good purpose, and to such men it makes no difference whether there are fifty saloons in New Haven or five thousand. Such men, whether they are scholars or athletes, are bound, as an incident of effort, to "keep under the body and bring it into subjection." They do not need prohibitory rules. If the W. C. T. U. ladies have sons or brothers of this quality, let them send them to Yale by all means. They will be perfectly safe there, and will do the university good. But if the sons or brothers are weak in the knees and ill-adapted to cope with ordinary temptations, it is very possible New Haven is not a good place for them.

The name of Miss Frances Willard is the first of those signed to the communication to President Dwight. The newspapers print the unwelcome news of her death at midnight on February 17. However any of her contemporaries may have differed from her views of what restraints or reforms are expedient or practicable, there was no difference of opinion about her fidelity to a high purpose to make this world a better place, and to make people in general fitter to live in it.

The Boston *Transcript* reports that the trustees of the Lowell estate in Cambridge have notified the committee in charge of the proposed Lowell memorial park that the option given on that part of "Elmwood" which is in the market will be withdrawn on March 1. Unless the money for the park is raised this month, the land is to be cut up into building-lots. The latest effort to raise this money seems not to have been especially fruitful. The amount still lacking was, at last accounts, about $14,000.

Recent newspaper reports of very large sales of birds and feathers in Boston for millinery purposes gave the impression, which was regretfully recorded on this page of the WEEKLY, that the Audubon Society's work in Massachusetts was not as effective as it deserved to be. The society, however, continues instant in well doing, and does not repine. Its secretary writes that it prospers beyond anticipation, and its report, issued last October, shows a membership of nearly two thousand, and an organization which reaches into all parts of the State. No doubt the society feels that the work of exciting an effectual public sentiment for the protection of birds and against the use of them for purposes of adornment must necessarily be slow, but it has no idea of abating its efforts.

At the recent annual meeting of the Audubon Society of New York the Massachusetts society was held up to admiration because it had five times as many members as the New York society, and an income proportionately larger.

The story of the rescue of the passengers and crew of the *Veendam*, on February 7, in mid-ocean, by the *St. Louis*, makes delightful reading, of the sort that puts us all into conceit with human nature. It is pleasant that an American liner should have had this opportunity, and should have proved so admirably equal to it. To transfer 212 people in so short a time—three hours and ten minutes—in mid-ocean, with a high sea running, was an exploit to be proud of. Indeed, the whole transaction seems to have been creditable to every one concerned in it, and not less to the rescued than to the rescuers. There were order and discipline aboard the sinking ship, and very skilful and willing work by the men of the *St. Louis*. It came so near to being a tragedy, and, as it was, not a life was lost. That was grand! Fine things happen at sea, where the obligations of human brotherhood seem somehow to be much more imperative and more readily acknowledged than ashore.

The *Critic* says that Mark Twain has reached the terrible frankness of maturity and fame, and "tells tales like Bismarck, regardless whom he hits, so long as the blow is deserved." The example given is this Pudd'nhead Wilson sentence at the beginning of a chapter in his latest book: "She was not what you would call refined; she was not what you would call unrefined: she was the kind of woman who keeps a parrot."

That is indeed an illuminating instance of the working of Mark's mind. A private letter from Mr. Clemens to a friend in New York who is interested in statistics affords an analogous example of candor in this passage:

"The books which have most influenced my life? With pleasure. This is the list: *The Innocents Abroad, Roughing It, Tramp Abroad, Prince and Pauper, Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, Yankee at the Court of Prince Arthur, Personal Reminiscences of Joan of Arc, Pudd'nhead Wilson, Following the Equator*, and the publications of the late firm of Charles L. Webster & Co."

Yes, and that veracious story-book, *The Jumping Frog*, the predecessor of all the works named, and possibly the most influential of the lot.

A contemporary suggests that when Señor de Lome spoke of the President as a "*politicastro*" he dropped a useful suggestion for the enrichment of English as we speak it. "Politicaster" is a pretty good word, not new (for Milton used it), but fallen into disuse, which seems to have at least as good a title to patronage as "poetaster." We don't often speak of "poetasters" nowadays; we call them "minor poets," or "humbler poets," and thihk those epithets imply sufficient disparagement. Perhaps we might spare "poetaster" without inconvenience, but it cannot be supposed that if it had been foreseen with what constancy and variety of denunciation the Americans would revile their public servants so convenient and euphonious a term as "politicaster" would have been suffered to drop out. The word is still in the dictionaries; it would be gratifying to see it in the newspapers. It is less clumsy than "pothouse politician," and meets about the same needs.

On February 6 there was a little news in the papers about Mr. William M. Evarts. He was eighty years old on that day, and we were told something about the condition of his health. His name is still a name to conjure with, but the infirmities of age press heavily upon him. His eyesight is impaired, and though he still often receives his old friends, he never leaves his house, and the inadequacy of his strength constrains him to a very quiet life.

Barnard College is fortunate in having Mr. Abram S. Hewitt accept, even temporarily, the chairmanship of its Board of Trustees, left vacant by Dr. Brooks. Mr. Hewitt brings zeal to the service which he has undertaken. He proclaims his wonder at the miraculous progress the college has made in the last three years, and calls for $100,000 to cover the cost of the equipment of the new buildings, and the preliminary cost of getting the institution in full working order. He starts the new subscription list himself with $1000, and already a month ago five other subscribers had pledged each that same amount.

The London *Spectator*, in discoursing about English and American clubs, notes, as a well-known phenomenon, "the very exclusive and aristocratic character of certain of the smartest American clubs," which, it says, approach more nearly to the nobles' clubs in a Continental provincial capital than to anything in Great Britain. The example it gives is a club for shooting and fishing, with a small membership, and an entrance-fee of £300.

There are a good many such little clubs in the country, but they are not so much clubs in the usual sense as organizations of intimates who unite to share the expense of some common pursuit or amusement. An association of gentlemen to hire a salmon river in Canada, or a game preserve in the Adirondacks or North Carolina, is nominally a club, but actually it is hardly more of a club than would be an organization to build an apartment-house in which each member should have a city home. "There are clubs in America," says the *Spectator*, "where, practically, admission cannot be gained unless the would-be member belongs to, or is connected with, the local group of first families." Can the Knickerbocker Club of New York be so described? or the Rittenhouse of Philadelphia? or the Somerset of Boston? If not, and the description seems not quite applicable to either of them, it would be interesting to know where these exclusive American clubs flourish. "Here," says the *Spectator*, "we seldom or never blackball because a man has not sufficient pedigree or family connection, but rather on personal grounds. There in the best clubs a man is not 'put up' unless he is 'one of our set.'" That will be news to most Americans who know or care anything about the clubs of their own country. It certainly is not true of the best clubs in New York, though it might be rash to say that a basis for it may not be found among clubs in other American cities. The social conditions in some of the older American cities are very curious, and probably without parallel in England. Where else in the world, for example, is there such a town as Philadelphia, which is old and rich and big, but very conservative, and not particularly cosmopolitan? Is there not a reasonable basis for the belief that there are a dozen American cities, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco, which have more individuality and more social independence than any British cities except London and Edinburgh? Still, only in the very largest cities, in New York and Philadelphia especially, would one look for such clubs as the *Spectator* tells about.

The twenty-second annual report of President Arthur Von Briesen, of the Legal Aid Society, tells of legal assistance given during 1897 to 5350 persons, of $35,979 actually collected in the office of the society, and $36,839 recovered by settlement outside the office. At least 3000 other applications received attention, but did not require actual legal service, and were not recorded. The society's business is to give legal assistance to persons too poor to engage counsel. It undertakes many cases where the claims would cost private counsel more to collect than they are worth. The recovery of a sewing-girl's four dollars, or an artisan's five or six dollars, honestly earned but withheld, comes within the scope of the society's good offices. Mr. Robert Goeller, the society's attorney for five years, has retired, and his successor is Mr. Carl Lincoln Schurz, who is in charge of the new offices at 239 Broadway. The expenses for 1897 were $7953; income from members, $4670; from clients, $1132. For the necessary balance the society had to beg, and it wants more members at $20 a year, and more associate members at $10, to increase its income and enable it to cover the larger field of Greater New York.

A plan is afoot in New York to build one or more hotels for the exclusive use of self-supporting women. The proposition is to organize a corporation to be known as the Woman's Hotel Company, with a capital of one million dollars, the corporation to be formed when $500,000 is subscribed. Then land is to be bought, and a hotel built to hold about a thousand boarders. Plans for such a hotel have been drawn, subject to change, and subscription papers circulated. The list of subscribers is headed by Mr. John S. Kennedy and Mr. Morris K. Jesup, each of whom takes 200 shares, worth $20,000. The committee on organization includes Messrs. H. B. Turner, C. S. Fairchild, C. F. Cox, J. Kennedy Tod, and Charles D. Kellogg, the last-mentioned gentleman being the acting secretary of the proposed company, with offices in the United Charities Building.

People who know about the self-supporting women of New York say that such a hotel as is planned is urgently needed, and would be sure of patronage. Various authorities submit that there are 2000 art students in town every year, 2000 students of music, 2000 trained nurses and medical students, and thousands of journalists, stenographers, physicians, and other business and professional women. It is estimated that there are 40,000 self-supporting women in this city who could afford to live at such a hotel as is planned. The minimum cost of board and lodging in it would be six dollars a week. It is computed that a hotel containing 825 rentable rooms (besides lodgings for its house-staff) would pay, when full, a gross income from all sources of $435,456. Its estimated expenses would be $253,053, which gives an apparent surplus of $182,403. These expense estimates, which have been verified by five widely known and successful hotel-managers, seem to show that the hotel would pay, though, whatever the profits, shareholders would not receive more than five per cent. interest on their investment.

The project is interesting, and, in view of the success of the Mills Hotel, it will not be surprising if it is really tried. Of course the scheme projected calls for a scale of entertainment very much superior to what the Mills Hotel attempts; indeed, it seems like a revival of A. T. Stewart's ill-fated project, of which the Park Avenue Hotel is the lasting memorial.

One thing about which subscribers to such a scheme would seem likely to want information is rules. By what regulations are the boarders in this hotel to be governed, and will they be subject to restrictions which other hotels do not find necessary? On this point the preliminary prospectus does not give information.

It is rumored that the spring fashions for women show a continuing subsidence of the puffed sleeve. The sleeve some time ago ceased to be a cause of alarm, and in its present proportions might easily have been tolerated for a long time to come. But that, of course, would not suit the fell purposes of the fashion-mongers, whose scheme is to let the sleeve dwindle until it reaches its lowest possible limits, and then gradually swell it again to the full balloon size. The prime purpose of the artificers of fashion is to induce the greatest amount of change which womankind will endure. In order to be adopted, changes in costume must be gradual. Woman will not adopt a new fashion of garb which makes all her old clothes impossible; and yet it would not please her to have the gowns of two successive seasons made alike. A change always, but not too violent a change—that seems to be the requirement the designers have to meet.

There has been a great and general improvement within fifteen years in the phrasing of obituary resolutions. Persons, still pitiably young, may remember when almost all the formal obituary resolutions that appeared in the newspapers began: "*Whereas* it has pleased an inscrutable Providence to remove our late neighbor, James Smith, *Resolved*, That we submit," etc. This form seems no longer to be in general use. The resolutions of the day take some things for granted, and are a good deal more tersely and simply contrived.

E. S. MARTIN.

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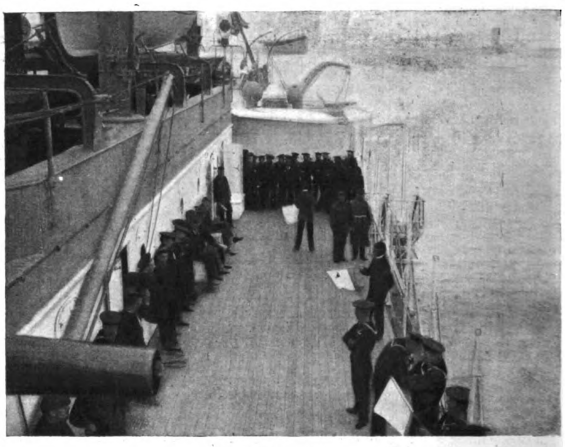
JUNIOR OFFICERS.



MEMBERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY UNION.



CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS' MESS.



SIGNAL DRILL.



COAL-PASSERS.



Lieut. Jenkins. Lieut.-Com. Holman, Navigator. Paymaster Whitehouse. Lieut.-Com. Marix.

WARD-ROOM OFFICERS IN THEIR MESS-ROOM.

CHARACTERISTIC VIEWS ON UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."—[See Page 197.]

[The above Pictures were made just previous to the "Maine's" last Cruise, when she was under command of Captain Crowninshield. Since then a number of changes have taken place in her Officers and Crew.]

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PRESIDENT MASÓ AND HIS MILITARY STAFF.



GENERAL VEGA AND HIS FORCE.



THREE YOUNG INSURGENTS.



GENERAL QUINTIN BANDERAS'S FORCES, AFTER CROSSING THE JUCARO-MORON TROCHA.



THE ONLY PRIEST WITH THE INSURGENT FORCES.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.—From Photographs by F. D. Pagliuchi, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE rise of the theatre trust is a fact of modern economics which I find full of suggestion, if not encouragement, for it shows how easily and completely the principle animating the combination may be applied to almost any branch of art, science, ethics, or religion. I have never myself been able to see how this principle differed from the principle animating any form of business; it seems to me that the distinction, if there is any, is quantitative rather than qualitative, and that the trust is only a business organized so vastly and powerfully as to crush out at once the competition which smaller businesses are slower in killing. But this preconception of mine is of little moment in the presence of this latest manifestation of the commercial spirit in regions hitherto fancied safe from it; though they were really never safe from it.

It is only a few years since the philosophical observer began to be amused by the tendency of all the theatres in New York to group themselves under one management, and he had hardly had his laugh out when the colossal joke of a theatre trust was sprung upon the public. This might very well have been supposed to end the pleasantry, but it was merely the beginning of the fun, and now we are told that the trust, in its droll way, controls all but seventeen of the principal theatres throughout the country; that it supplies the dramatic entertainments everywhere, and employs most of the histrionic talent. It has indeed driven some great actors who oppose it to making speeches against it, but in the houses which it pre-empts it causes the band to play when they come before the curtain for this purpose, and drowns their voices quite as if it were a paternal power dealing with oratory on the scaffold.

This behavior of the trust has of course threatened the prosperity of the theatrical profession. It is apparent that it must hereafter greatly limit the number of actors, not to say actresses, and there is a good deal of anxious inquiry among them as to their respective fitness to survive in circumstances so much beyond their control. If we had any drama, it would be equally fatal to our drama, but as we have none, our dramatists can safely challenge the trust to do its worst. Upon the same ground our public may defy it, for in the sense of a public with taste of its own, or any intelligence concerning the theatre, we have no more public than drama. But the phenomenon which we are confronted with has a vital interest for actors; and I do not deny them my sympathy in speculating upon the extension of the trust principle (if there is such a thing) in other walks of life.

One cannot say where the trust will next appear, to decimate and devour. I was thinking that it might be the pulpit which would fall under its sway, but I reflected in time that there have always been trusts in matters of religion, and that every church has been a trust which suffered no sort of competition if it could help it. The trust methods in past ages (not to say our own) have been so perfectly applied by the different sects according to their power that it might almost be supposed the business trusts had studied their methods from the history of the ecclesiastical trusts.

In fact the business trusts have not yet gone to the extremes which the ecclesiastical trusts reached in dealing with competition; but in modern times there has been a growing laxity in the treatment of rival beliefs, and perhaps the time will come when a number of long-headed business men will combine to control the churches of the country, and to supply the pulpits with ministers in their employ, and so far dictate the doctrine the public shall receive from them.

There is no reason why we should not expect the application of trust principles to the supply of literature. If the magazines go on multiplying and cheapening themselves at the ruinous rate they have done of late years, some shrewd financier will see his way to buying them all up and issuing one great trust periodical in which the public would be given what the trust chose to offer it. All the leading writers could be hired to write for it at a very low rate, since there would be nothing else to write for, and the cost of literature, like kerosene, could be enormously reduced in price to the masses, as long as competition threatened, and correspondingly increased when the danger passed. The advantage to the public of having its fiction supplied by a trust will be apparent to any one who considers how very little variety there is in novels, and how easily they could be written by a trained corps of well-paid romancers from a selection of favorite patterns. Trust criticisms, all of an appreciative brand, could be furnished by the same combination.

In journalism a trust is even more feasible. One Republican and one Democratic newspaper could be edited in the metropolis under a central control and simultaneously issued throughout the country, with an incalculable saving of expense and no loss of principle.

A medical trust could probably doctor the community as effectively as the present multiplicity of practitioners, and on the whole save as many lives and limbs, for infinitely less money. There are some reasons why patients might prefer physicians supplied by a medical trust: they would be in less danger than they are now from beginners, for the trust would no doubt train its employés by long experiment *in corpore vile* before turning them loose on a paying clientage, and would retire them with suitable pensions before they were superannuated.

As for the fine arts, I see almost unlimited opportunity for the extension of the trust in their direction. In fact men much younger than myself can remember that after the war, when a grateful country began to put up monuments to its heroic dead, the demand for them was so great that a monument company was formed to supply them in the requisite number and ugliness. There has lately been talk of a building trust which should contract at once for the architecture and the construction of every sort of edifice; and every one who is in the habit of visiting our art exhibitions must own that it would save a vast deal of suffering on all sides if a large landscape and figure trust would undertake to cater to our art-loving public, which commonly does not know a good picture from a bad one, and is always in danger of imposition. There are only a few interesting artists in the country, and these might be bought up by the trust and set to work on subjects selected by the directors, who would know much better what our people want. In the case of artists of too great originality, who insisted upon doing incendiary novelties, the trust could take a hint from the method of some monopolies in buying up rebellious inventors, and pay them not to paint.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RED AXE IS LEFT ALONE.

GOTTFRIED GOTTFRIED bowed to the guest of his house with the noble manner which comes to every serious-minded man who deals habitually in the high matters of life and death. I made his introductions to the Lady Ysolinde, and as readily and gracefully he returned his acknowledgments. But I allowed Master Gerard's daughter to develop her own projects to him, which, indeed, she was no long time in doing.

As she proceeded I saw my father change color, and become, as to his face, almost as white as the Friesland cloth in which he was dressed. Presently, however, as if struck with the sound of a well-known name, he looked up quickly.

"Plassenburg, said you, my lady?" he inquired.

The Lady Ysolinde nodded.

"Yes, to Plassenburg, where the Princess has great need of a maid of honor."

"Her Highness is often upon her travels, I hear it reported," said my father, "while the Prince keeps himself much at home."

"He esteems his armies more than all the marvels of strange countries," replied Ysolinde, "and thus he holds the lands and folk in great quiet."

"And your father, Master Gerard, would have my son engage with him for a space? Well, I think it may be good for the lad. For I know that the shadow of the Red Tower stalks after him through the city of Thorn, and there is no need that he should lie down under it too soon. But this of my little maid is a matter apart, and means a longer and a sorer parting."

"Fear not, my father," cried the Playmate, eagerly; "I would not leave you alone, even to be the Princess of Plassenburg herself."

My father took another strange look from one to the other of the two women, the import of which I understood not then.

"I know not," said he; "I think it might all be for the best. As I see it, there are strange times coming upon us in Thorn. And the town of Plassenburg under the Prince Karl is a defenced city, set in a strong province, content and united. It might be for the best that you should go, little one."

"I cannot go," said Helene, "and leave you alone."

Gottfried Gottfried smiled a sad smile, wistfully pleasant.

"I am wellnigh an old man already, and it is the nature of my profession that I should be alone. I work among the issues of life and death. Every man must be lonely when he dies, and I, who have lived with dying men, am perforce lonely while I live. It is well, a clearer air for the young bird. But yet it will be lonesome to miss you when I come in—the empty pot wanting the flower; the case without the jewel; silence above and below; your voice and Hugo's, that have changed the sombre Red Tower with your young folks' pleasantries, heard no more. Ah, I had thought—I had dreamed—"

He stopped and looked from one to the other of us, and I saw that Ysolinde of the White Gate read his thought. Whereat right suddenly the Little Playmate blushed; and as for me I watched the dull gold flash on the spangles of our guest's waist-belt, which was in form like a live serpent, with changeful scales and eyes of ruby red.

My father went over to where Helene sat. She rose to meet him, and put her arms about his neck. He laid his right hand on her head—that terrible hand that was not dreadful to us who loved him.

"Little flower," he said, in his simple way, "God be good to you in the transplanting! It is not fair to your young life that the stain should lie upon your lot. I have given you a quiet hermitage while you needed it. But now it is right that my house should again be left unto me desolate. It is already late summer, and high time that the young brood should fly away!"

He turned to me.

"With you, Hugo, it is a thing different; you were born to that to which you are born. And to that, as I read your horoscope, you must one day return. But in the mean time care for the maid. I lend her to you. I give her into your hand. Cherish her well. Let her enemies be yours, and if harm come to her through your neglect, slay yourself ere you come before me. For, by the Lord God of Righteous Judgment, I will have no mercy!"

I saw the eyes of the Lady Ysolinde glitter like those of the snake in her belt as my father delivered Helene over to me.

But my father had yet more to say.

"And if any," he went on, in a deep still voice, keeping his hand upon the downcast head of the Little Playmate—"if any, great or small, prince or pauper, harm but a hair of this fair head, by the great God who wields His Axe over the universe and sits in the highest Halls of Judgment, whose servant I am, I, Gottfried Gottfried, swear that he shall taste the vengeance of the Red Axe and drink to the dregs the cup of the agony in his own blood!"

So saying, he kissed Helene and stalked out, without turning his head or making any further obeisance or farewell.

We sat mazed and confounded after his departure.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

The Lady Ysolinde it was who first recovered herself. She put out a kindly hand to Helene, who sat drooping by the window, looking out upon the roofs of Thorn, though well I wot she saw nothing of spire, roof, or pinnacle.

"God do so to me and more also," she said, in a low solemn voice, "if I keep not this charge."

And I think for the moment she meant it. The trouble was that the Lady Ysolinde could not mean one thing for very long at a time. As indeed shall afterwards appear.

So it was arranged that within the week Helene and I should say our farewells to the Red Tower which had sheltered us so long, as well as to Gottfried Gottfried, who had been my kind father and to the little Helene more than any father.

But in spite of all we wearied day by day to be gone. For, indeed, Gottfried Gottfried said right. The shadow of the Red Tower, the stain of the Red Axe, was over us both so long as we abode on the Wolfsberg. Yet what it cost us to depart—at least till we were out of the gates of the city—I cannot write down, for to both of us the first waygoing seemed bitter as death.

My father had been busy all the morning with his grim work on the day when we were to ride away. A gang of malefactors who had wasted a whole country-side with their cruelty had been brought out. And as it was suspected that other more important villains were yet to be caught, there had been the repeated pain of the Extreme Question, and now there remained but the falling of the Red Axe to settle all accounts. So that when he came to bid us farewell he had but brief time to spare. And of necessity he wore the faithful crimson, which fitted his tall, spare figure like a glove.

"Fare thee well, little one!" he said, first, to Helene. "Not thus, had the choice lain with me, would I have bidden thee farewell. But when it shall be that I meet you again, I shall surely wear the white of the festa day. I commit you to Him whose mistakes are better than our good deeds, whose judgments are kinder than our mercies."

So he kissed her, and reached a hand over her shoulder to me.

"Son Hugo," he said, "go in peace. You will return to succeed me. I see it like a picture—on the day when I lie dead you shall stand with the Red Axe in your hand waiting to do judgment. It is well. Keep this maid more sacred than your life—and meantime, fare you well!"

So saying he left us abruptly.

Our horses were saddled in the court-yard, and as I rode last through the rarely opened gateway, I saw Duke Casimir looking out from his window upon the lower enclosure, as was his pleasure upon the day of execution. I heard the dull thud which was the meeting of the Red Axe and the redder block as that which had been between fell apart. And for the last time I heard the blood-hounds leap and the pattering of their eager feet upon the barriers.

Thus the latest I heard of the place of my nativity was fitting and dreadful. I was mortally glad to ride away into the clear air and the invigorating silence. But on my heart there still lay heavy the twice-repeated prediction of my father and of the Lady Ysolinde, that I should yet return and hold the Red Axe in his place.

But I resolved rather to die in the honest front of battle. Nevertheless, had I known the future, I would have seen that they, and not I, were right.

I was indeed fated to return and stand ready to execute doom with the Red Axe in my hand and my father lying dead near by.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRIME OF THE MORNING.

NOW so strange a thing is woman that so soon as we were started down the High Street of the city of Thorn the Little Playmate dried her eyes, turned towards me in her saddle, and straightway began to take me to task as though I had been to blame.

"I have left," said she, "the only home I ever knew, and the only man that ever truly loved me, to accompany a young man that cares not for me, and a woman whom I have seen but once, to a far land and an unkindly folk."

"It is not fair," I said, "to say that I love you not. For, as God sees me, I have ever loved you—loved you best and loved you only, Helene! And though you are angered with me now, I know not why, still till now you have never doubted it."

"I doubt it sorely now, I know," she said, bitterly; "yet indeed I care not whether you or any love me at all."

And this saying I was greatly sorry for. It seemed a sad wayfaring from our old Red Tower and out of my native city of Thorn.

"Helene, little one," said I, "believe me, I love none in the whole world but my father and you. Trust me, I am to keep you safe with my life in the far land to which we go. Do not let us quarrel, littlest. There are only the two of us here that remember the old man my father, and the little room to which you came as a babe, all in white."

So presently she was pacified, and reached me a hand from the back of her beast, on pretence of leaning over to avoid a swinging sign in one of the narrow streets, near by the White Gate, where we were to meet the Lady Ysolinde.

"And yet more, Little Playmate," said I, keeping her hand when I had it, "do not begin by distrusting the noble lady with whom we are to travel. For she means well to us both, and in the strange country to which we go we may be wholly in her power."

"You are sure that you do not love that woman, then?" said Helene, without looking at me. For, indeed, in many things she was but a child, and ever spoke more freely than other maids, perhaps with being brought up in the Red Tower in the company of my father, who on all occasions spoke his mind just as it came to him.

"Nay," said I, "believe me, little love, I do not love her at all."

And now on horseback Helene looked all charming, and, what with the exercise, the adventure, and the reassurance, she had a glow of rose-color in her cheeks. She had never before been so far away from the precincts of the Wolfsberg. I had even taught her to ride in the court-yard, of a summer evening, on a horse borrowed from one of the Duke's squires.

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We found the Lady Ysolinde waiting for us at her house, Master Gerard talking to her in the doorway, earnestly, and apart. Both of them had a look of much solemnity, as though the matter of their discourse were some very weighty one.

Presently her father kissed her, and she came down the steps. I leaped from my horse to help her to the saddle, but the respectable serving-man was before me. So that instead I went about and looked to the buckles and girths, which were all in order, and patted the arching neck of the beautiful milk-white palfrey whereon she rode. Then Master Gerard waved a hand and went within.

And as we went out of the Weiss Thor into the keener air of the country, I thought what a charge I had to keep two ladies so surpassingly fair, each in her own several graces, as our Helene and the Lady Ysolinde.

No sooner, however, were we past the outer barriers, at which the soldiers of the Duke Casimir kept guard, than a vast ungainly wight started up from the road-side.

Having shaken off the earth roughly, he pulled out a sheath-knife and trimmed the branches, till he had made him a kind of club, with which he threatened me, saying, "If I catch that young man at any tricks, with this club will I break every bone in his skin like the shells of so many broken eggs."

Then laughing a little, and seeing that nothing could be made of the fellow, the Lady Ysolinde rode on and we followed her. We thought that surely there would be no difficulty in shaking him off long ere we reached our lodging-place of the evening, and that he would find his way back to the city of Thorn.

But even though we set our horses to their speed, it seemed to make no difference to the unwieldy giant. He merely stretched his legs a little further, and caused his great gaskined feet to pass one another as fast as if they had been shod with seven-league boots. So he not only kept up with us easily, but oftentimes made a détour through the fields and over the wild country on either side as a questing dog does, ever returning to us with some quaint vagrant fancy or quip of childish simplicity.

But what pleased me better than the appearance of the Lubber Fiend was that ere we had gone quite two miles out of the city we found two well-armed and stanch-looking soldiers waiting for us at a kind of cross-road. They were armed with the curious powder-guns which were coming into fashion from France. These went off with a noble report, and killed sometimes at fifteen or twenty paces when the aim was good. The fellows had swords also, and little polished shields on their left arms—altogether worthy and notable body-guards.

"These two are soldiers of the Guard from Plassenburg," said the Lady Ysolinde, "though now they are travelling as members of a Free Company desiring to enter upon new engagements. But they will make the way easier and pleasanter for us, as well as safer, being veterans well accustomed to the work of quartering and foraging."

As indeed we were to find ere the day ended.

So we rode on in the brilliant light, and the long, long day seemed all too brief to us who were young, and scarce delivered from the prison-house of Thorn. And, to my shame, I admit that my heart rose with every mile that I put between me and the Red Tower.

Indeed, I hardly had a thought to spend on my father. The hot quadrangle of the Wolfsberg, the howling fox-colored demons in the kennels, the black Duke Casimir—I forgot them all. Aye, I forgot even my father, and everything save that I was riding with two fair women through a world where all was love and spring, and where it was ever the prime of the morning.

The Lady Ysolinde could not make enough of our Little Playmate. She laughed back at her over her shoulder when she let her horse out for a canter. She marvelled loudly at Helene's good riding, and at the unbounded beauty of the crisp ringlets which clustered round her head like a boy's. And our Helene smiled, well pleased, and ceased to watch my eyes or to grow silent if I checked my horse too long by the side of the Lady Ysolinde.

Mostly we three rode abreast over the pleasant country. So long as we were crossing the plain of the Wolfmark we saw few tilled fields, and the farm-houses were fewer still. But wherever these were to be seen they were fortified and defended like castles, and had gates, great and high, with iron plates upon them and knobs like the points of spears beaten blunt.



"'I COMMIT YOU TO HIM WHOSE MISTAKES ARE BETTER THAN OUR GOOD DEEDS.'"

"Jan Lubber Fiend!" cried the Lady Ysolinde, "what do you here?"

The oaf grinned his awful writhed smile.

"Think you, my lady," said he, cunningly, "that your poor Jan would abide within the precincts of the city house with that funeral ape bidding me do this and do that, sit here and sit there, come in and go out, at his pleasure? A thing of dough that I could twist into knots as easily as I can crack my joints."

And of this latter accomplishment he proceeded to give us certain examples which sounded like cannon-shots at close quarters.

"Get home with you!" cried Ysolinde; "I cannot have thee following us. There are two men presently to meet us to guard us to Plassenburg, and we do not need you, Jan Lubber Fiend. Get back and take care of my father."

"Oh, as for him," said the monster, sitting down squat upon the plain road in the dust, "he is a tough old cock, and will come to no harm. We can e'en leave him with a good cook, a prime cellar, and an easy mind. But this young man is not to trust to with so many pretty maids. Jan will look after him."

And with that he nodded his head of a haystack three times at me, and going to the hedge-root, he laid hold of the top of a young poplar and turned him about, keeping the stem of it over his shoulder. Then he set himself to pull like a horse that starts a load, and presently, without apparently distressing himself in the least, he walked away with the young tree, roots and all.

The Lady Ysolinde, who had often ridden that way, told us that these were all in the Duke Casimir's country, and were mostly possessed by the kin of his chief captains, feudal tenants, who for the right of possession were compelled to furnish so many riders to the Duke's Companies.

"But wait," she said, "till you come to the dominions of the Prince of Plassenburg. You will find that he is indeed a ruler that can make the broom-bush keep the cow."

So we rode on, and passed pleasant and exciting things, more than I had ever seen in all my life before.

Once we saw half a dozen men driving cattle across our path, and it was curious to mark how readily they drew their swords and couched their lances at us, turning themselves about this way and that like a quintain till we were quite gone by, which made us laugh. For it seemed a strange thing that men so well armed should fear a company of no more than their own numbers, and two of them maids upon palfreys.

But Ysolinde, said: "It is not, after all, so strange, for over yonder blue hills dwells Joan of the Swordhand, who can lead a foray as well as any man, and once worsted Duke Casimir himself when he beset her castle."

So the day went past swiftly, with good company and the converse of folk well liking one another. And ever I wondered how we were to spend the night, and what sort of cheer we should find at our inn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HOW PEOPLE COME AND GO IN NEW YORK.

BY RICHARD BARRY.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DART WALKER AND L. A. SHAFER.



PROBABLY over three hundred and fifty thousand brain-workers, manual toilers, and wage-earners daily enter the artery centre of the Greater New York —the place where its pulse is to be felt, the commercial heart, which might now well include the busy district from Thirty-fourth Street south to the Battery. Between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the morning this great inrush is going on, and the hordes of Uitlanders are settling down to begin the work-day.

But to digress at the outset to gain an idea of proportion: Supposing that a city of the size and importance of Cincinnati should be threatened with some direful disaster, making it expedient and necessary to move every man, woman, and child to a distance of from twelve to forty miles in a limited space of time, what hubbub and confusion would follow! How long would it take for this to be accomplished? It would be a hard thing to state; and yet more people than the city of Cincinnati holds pour regularly into New York and regularly pour out again every day!

Where do they come from, where do they go, and how do they do it? Where stand the towns and villages that are populous at night and as deserted in the daytime as if the country had called their young and the willing to the defence of her frontiers. Where are they? They are scattered in so many directions and at such varying distances that the exodus and the influx of the inhabitants are hardly noticeable. It is only when they gather at the congested points where they deliver their bodies into the care and keeping of the common carriers that the strength of the commuter army is recognized.

Although these men (some of whom travel a distance equal to the circumference of the earth at the equator every year, and spend a large proportion of their lives on train or trolley or boat) arise with the crowing of cocks and the early morning twitter of birds in their ears, and at night may awaken to listen to the melancholy hooting of an owl in the orchard, they are nevertheless men of the city. Town has stamped them in appearance, speech, and manner, and so accustomed do they become to the diurnal pilgrimage that they have grown to regard it in a philosophical spirit. With the adaptability of the American temperament, they have begun to utilize it in one way or another to their advantage. To a man unaccustomed to this life and forced to make these journeyings for a week, say, they would seem most probably a bore; but to the philosophical commuter the time is not altogether spent amiss. He makes business appointments on the train, or finds time for amusement in conversation and companionship; he devotes himself to contemporary literature, or familiarizes himself with the news of the day; and in some cases he carries his club with him, as it were, claims his favorite seat and corner, and gains the relief and excitement that the "whister" derives from the game of "Master" Cavendish.

The comic papers have taken the commuter for one of their butts in stock; but over this he triumphs, and his absolute importance to the business life of the metropolis is evident. It was noticed at the time of the great blizzard, when suburban traffic was blocked completely and business came almost to a standstill.

But various are the classes and distinctions of these workaday pilgrims, and the routes and methods they take of reaching shop, store, or office have developed individual habits—habits of promptness and habits of perpetual haste. Many, alas! are at the mercy completely of the corporation that for a yearly price contracts to start them on time, deliver them safely, and return them to the bosom of their families. There are some who boast with proper pride that they have never missed a train; there are others who apparently never succeed in catching one without having to run for it. They chase from the breakfast table to the suburban railway station, and from the uptown surface cars they rush through the waiting-room, greet the ticket-taker with a friendly nod of recognition, and settle themselves in the smoking-car just as the train-despatcher rings his bell. The railway hands know them by name and sight, the conductor is a conspicuous friend, and the brakeman is especially polite at the Christmas season.

The inhabitant who lives south of the Harlem River cannot be classed among the pilgrims. He is independent of time-tables. He has no intimacy with minor officials, and he disdains the carrying of bundles. But the citizen of the Greater New York who depends upon these things is often the shopper for the family. He disdains disguise, and boldly carries out a pocket full of quail, a basket of peaches, or a sugar-cured ham, and is willing to tell you where he *always* procures them. There is one class, however, limited in numbers, but none the less to be recognized, whose daily goings and comings are somewhat in the sense of the recreations of a prince of royal blood. His pilgrimage is witnessed by thousands, and the money he spends in one week going from his mahogany desk to his mahogany dinner table would keep the average pilgrim's coal-cellar filled for a decade. His yacht anchors near the river-bank up the Hudson or in one of the shallow inlets of the Sound, where the rich man's sloping lawn reaches down to his private pier-head. He enters his gig or launch, puts off to his graceful craft, dons a yachting-cap, leans back in a wicker chair, and is transported as smoothly and delightfully as the prince in a fairy tale, into the world of turmoil and the country of bonds and stocks and profits. Late in the afternoon he drives to the city water-front, gives his orders to the belettered sailors in true naval fashion, is greeted at the gangway by a steward with the latest popular beverage, and off he goes homeward, the cool breeze fanning him, while countless thousands of his kind swelter in the crowded cars, or cling helplessly to the greasy straps of the suburban trolley lines.

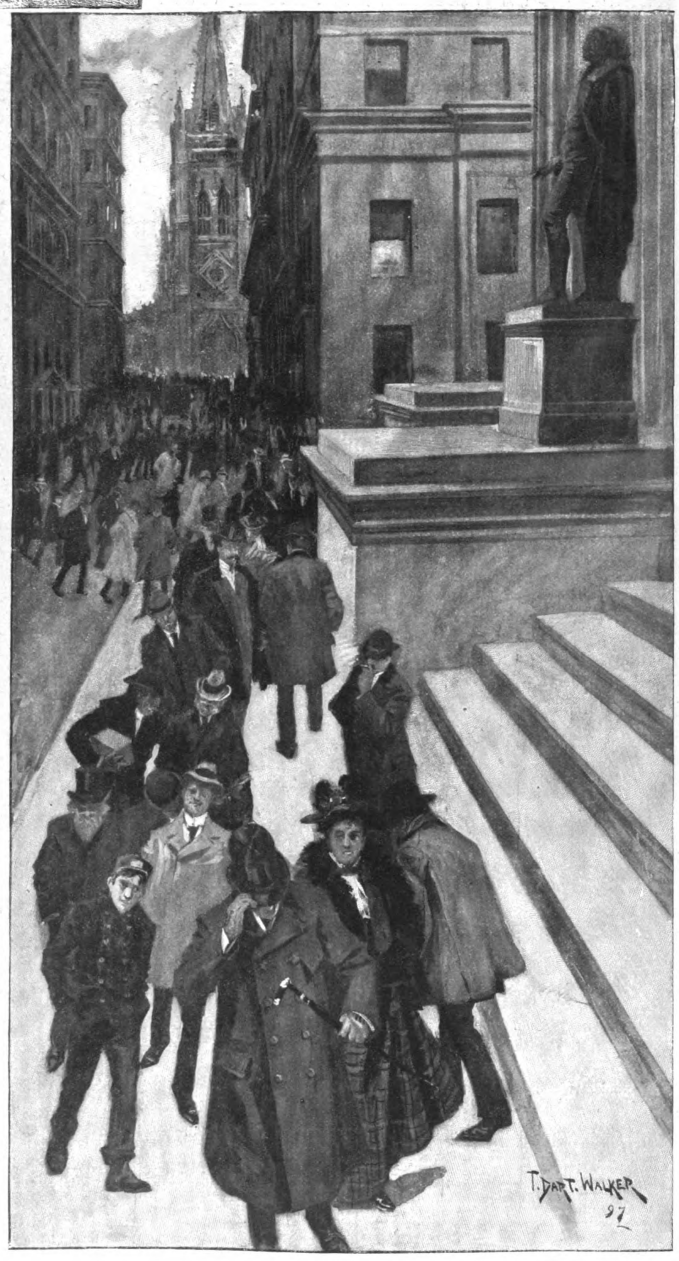
It would be rather interesting to draw the distinction between these, and to note the methods that are employed by some of the latter class to reach their journey's end. They are men whose fingers are ink-stained from handling the pen, and whose forefingers are calloused from following columns of figures in the ledger, who every night and every morning pull in small boats some two or three miles from their little cottages along the Great South Bay.

From Brooklyn, over bridge and ferry, comes a mighty army. See the net-work of surface and elevated roads that land them at their doors!

Others leave the trolley at the corner of some country lane and strike out through the dust or mud or snow to be welcomed at the hill-top like returning mariners by their expectant youngsters and their faithful spouses—sometimes at night to be guided by cheerful lights placed in the windows.

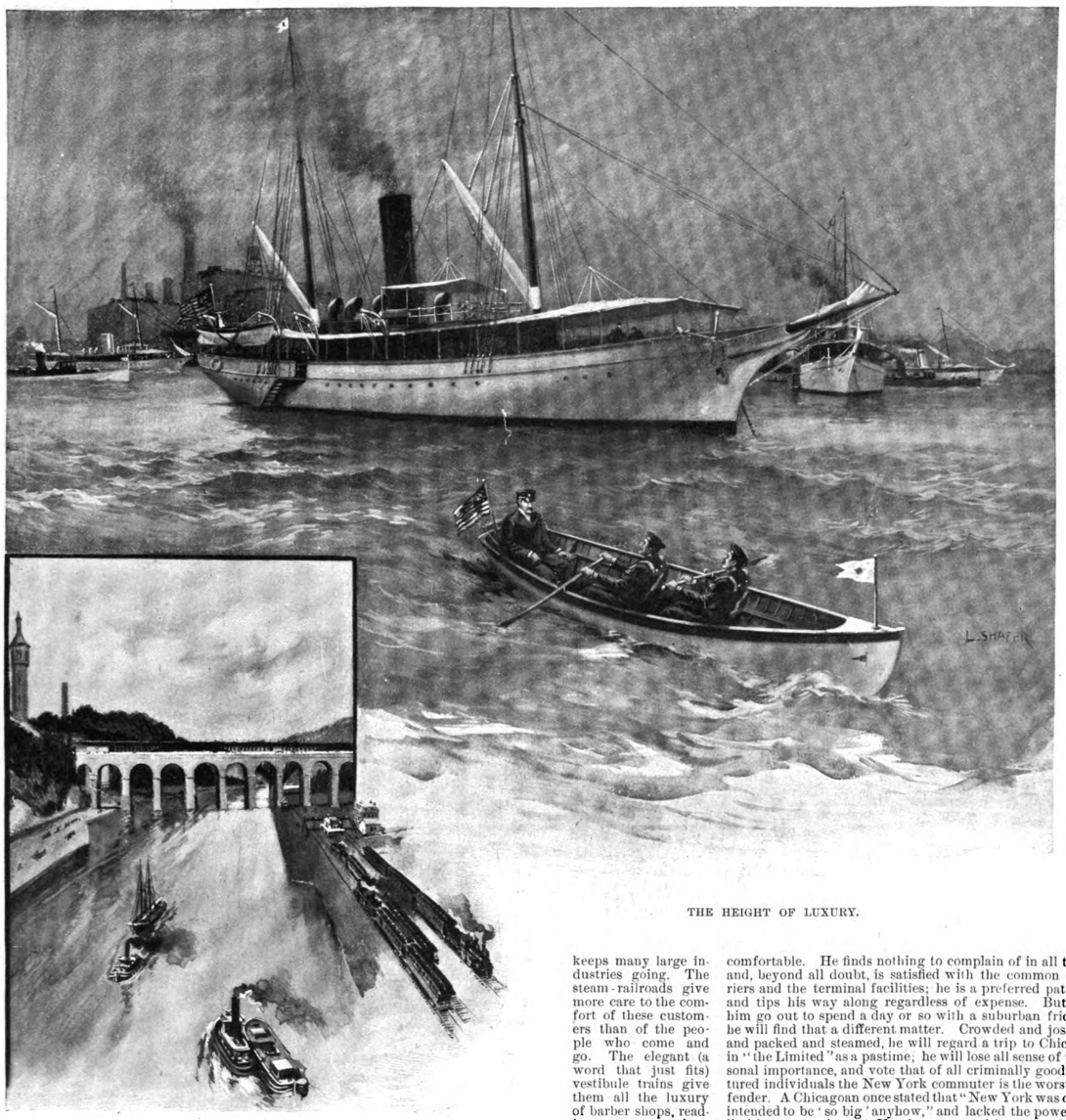
It would be hard to estimate the number of people who cross from Brooklyn by ferry and bridge to their daily work. But, beyond all doubt, this army, a fair proportion of which is women, amounts to something in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand. From the towns of Long Island come about thirteen thousand, while the ferry-boats from Staten Island and the south carry about seven thousand. New Jersey adds its great proportion to the total sum. The five great railroads and their branches terminating along the western shore of the North River carry commuters in the following proportions: the New York, Susquehanna, and Western, two thousand; the New Jersey Central, eight thousand; the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, twenty-five thousand; the Erie, thirty-eight thousand; the West Shore, two thousand; and the Pennsylvania road, thirty thousand.

But it is surprising to learn what a great proportion enters the city from the north through the Grand Central Station, coming in by the net-work of roads that terminate in that small and confined space. It is marvellous how such crowds can be handled. But what is yet more



WALL STREET WHEN THE BANKERS SHUT UP SHOP FOR THE DAY.

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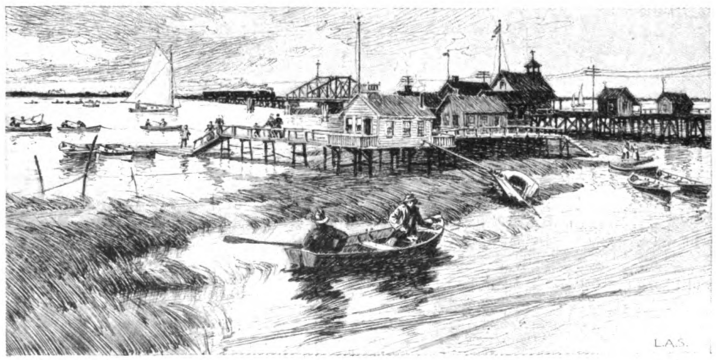


THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY.

ALONG THE SHORES OF THE HARLEM RIVER.

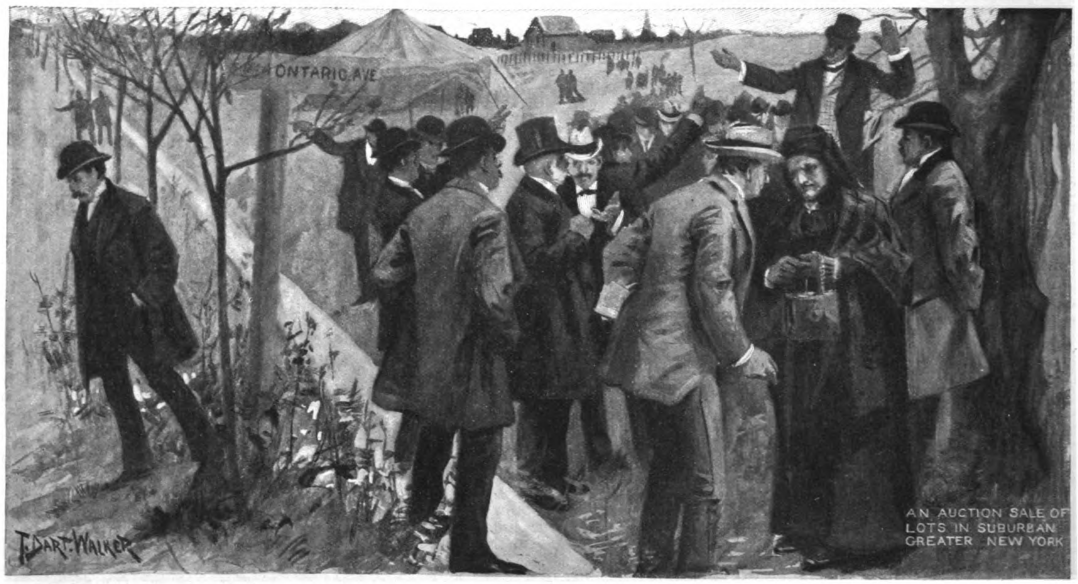
remarkable is the facility and the mystery of their disappearance once they reach the street. From all the downtown ferries, during the opening and closing of the business day, march columns of hurrying figures. They overrun the sidewalks, and, unless it is too muddy, often take to the middle of the streets. Like a daily tide they set in and out at stated hours, gathering numbers from every doorway and corner. But at the entrance of the Grand Central Station one sees no such evidence of the march to a common dispersing-point—which downtown is Broadway. At Forty-second Street the crowds scatter in all directions—across town they go in the horse-cars, or up or down by elevated roads or the trolley. A few figures readily show the amount of this augmentation of New York's mercantile and business army. New York Central carries about forty thousand; the New Haven and Hartford, twenty-eight thousand; the Harlem, twenty thousand; the New York and Northern, ten thousand; the Suburban, that joins the Third Avenue Elevated, carries twenty thousand.

The sojourners or the visitors for pleasure cut but small figures when compared with these daily travellers, but a glance at the number of great hotels shows that New York is growing to be the great pleasure city of the continent. Every facility is pushed to its utmost to accommodate the transient public. During one week of the early winter every hotel in town was full of visitors and sight-seers, and some thoughtless people who counted on finding plenty of room at the fashionable and expensive hotels were forced to take lodgings or go to boarding-houses—*pensions* they would call them on the other side. The money spent in the city by the dwellers in other places, spent in the mere gratification of pleasure, keeps many large industries going. The steam-railroads give more care to the comfort of these customers than of the people who come and go. The elegant (a word that just fits) vestibule trains give them all the luxury of barber shops, reading-rooms, valets, maids, and stenographers as they roll toward the Mecca of their hopes. The luggage of the money-spender is taken direct from the railway station to the numbered room at the chosen hotel; a special cab-service, at reasonable rates, takes the owner of the luggage and deposits him at the doorway. Nothing could be more simple or more comfortable. He finds nothing to complain of in all this, and, beyond all doubt, is satisfied with the common carriers and the terminal facilities; he is a preferred patron, and tips his way along regardless of expense. But let him go out to spend a day or so with a suburban friend; he will find that a different matter. Crowded and jostled and packed and steamed, he will regard a trip to Chicago in "the Limited" as a pastime; he will lose all sense of personal importance, and vote that of all criminally good-natured individuals the New York commuter is the worst offender. A Chicagoan once stated that "New York was only intended to be 'so big' anyhow," and lacked the power of limitless expansion. "You have to go either up or down or out of it," said he. Perhaps that is true enough, but it has grown to be a pretty long "up or down," and is still growing; as for the getting out, that implies a getting in, and is becoming another question to face. Another bridge or two across the East River would help out the difficulty—comparatively a simple matter of investment of capital. What has been done once so successfully can be done again. The bridges will come in good time, and there may be before long one linking us to the Jersey shore. Few people know that the tunnel underneath the North River was ever completed. The gigantic failure of the

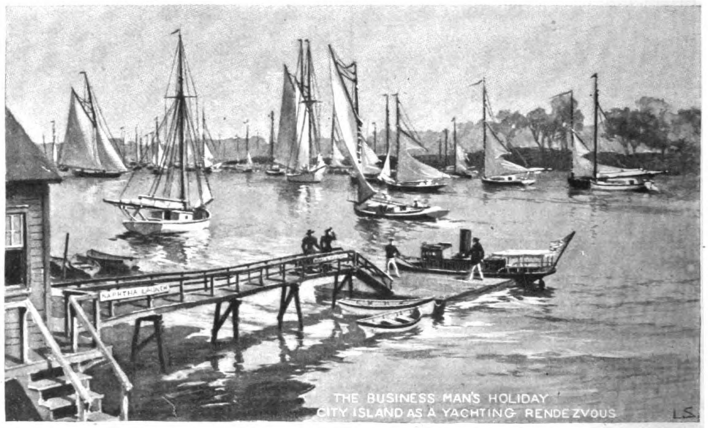


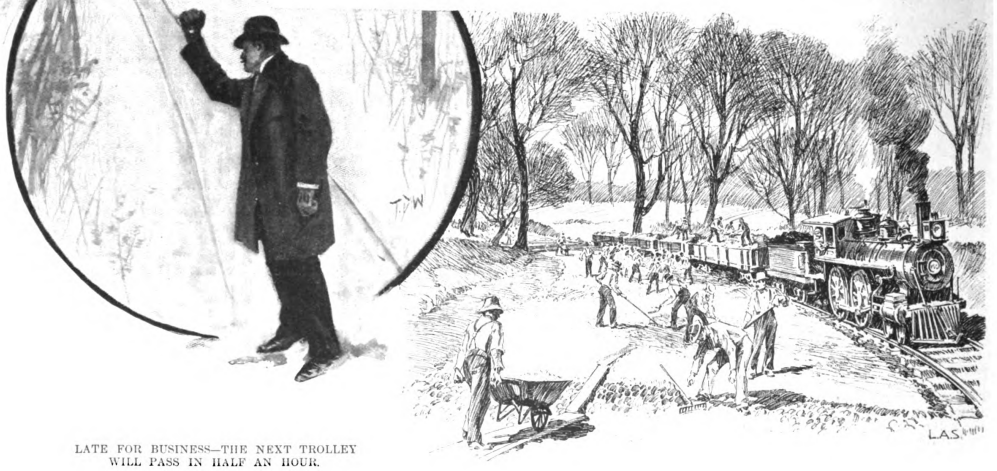
SWAMPS, BOGS, AND BAYS TRAVERSED DAILY BY SOME NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN.

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LATE FOR BUSINESS—THE NEXT TROLLEY WILL PASS IN HALF AN HOUR.

UP-TO-DATE ROAD-BUILDING—ON THE NEW PELHAM ROADWAY.

scheme, the great sums of money lost in the undertaking, would make a story worth the reading. The tunnel is filled with water, and the project is as good as abandoned. The bridge is the more feasible proposition now. But the Borough of the Bronx will soon be densely populated, and here will be the quandary for the "rapid-transit" people.

The great problem that confronts the city is how to handle the multitudes that in the future will inhabit the upper reaches of the great avenues that at present stretch through the sparsely settled city blocks above the Harlem River. These lands, principally owned by syndicates and land companies, are being bought by people who wish to own their own homes, and yet whose active interests centre about the markets and business of the great city to the south.

Every now and then excursions are run to these "parks," or "hursts," and there, on the spot, the lots are sold by auction. Building and Loan Associations are eager and willing to put up houses on tempting terms. Values are increasing, the country is becoming thickly settled, and the number of those who come and go is swelling to vaster proportions every month. No one can look ahead fifty years hence and state exactly what will be the methods of handling or managing the multitudes. The lack of an adequate system of rapid transit is now felt sorely; the need for some decisive plan of action grows each day. But the situation will have to be faced sooner or later. Even with the introduction of better means of transportation and the passing of the car-horse it is imperative to

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adopt some design of adequate proportions to the magnitude of the proposition. In fact, the daily pilgrim, although perhaps the most long-suffering and the most patient of men, is growing to be a force in the community, and now that the majority of him has a voice in municipal affairs, he had best be considered before, rising in his might, he presents a *sine quâ non* at some election-time that will be discomfiting to present property-holders in the heart of the Borough of Manhattan.

Whether it is possible to adopt the underground system, a crude and unsatisfactory first edition of which is in vogue in London, is a question; but the continued inability of the Rapid Transit Commission to formulate plans for the proposed tunnel that meet the unrestricted approval of the courts and the city government leads the casual observer to the conclusion that the urgency of the demand is not sufficiently recognized by those in authority.

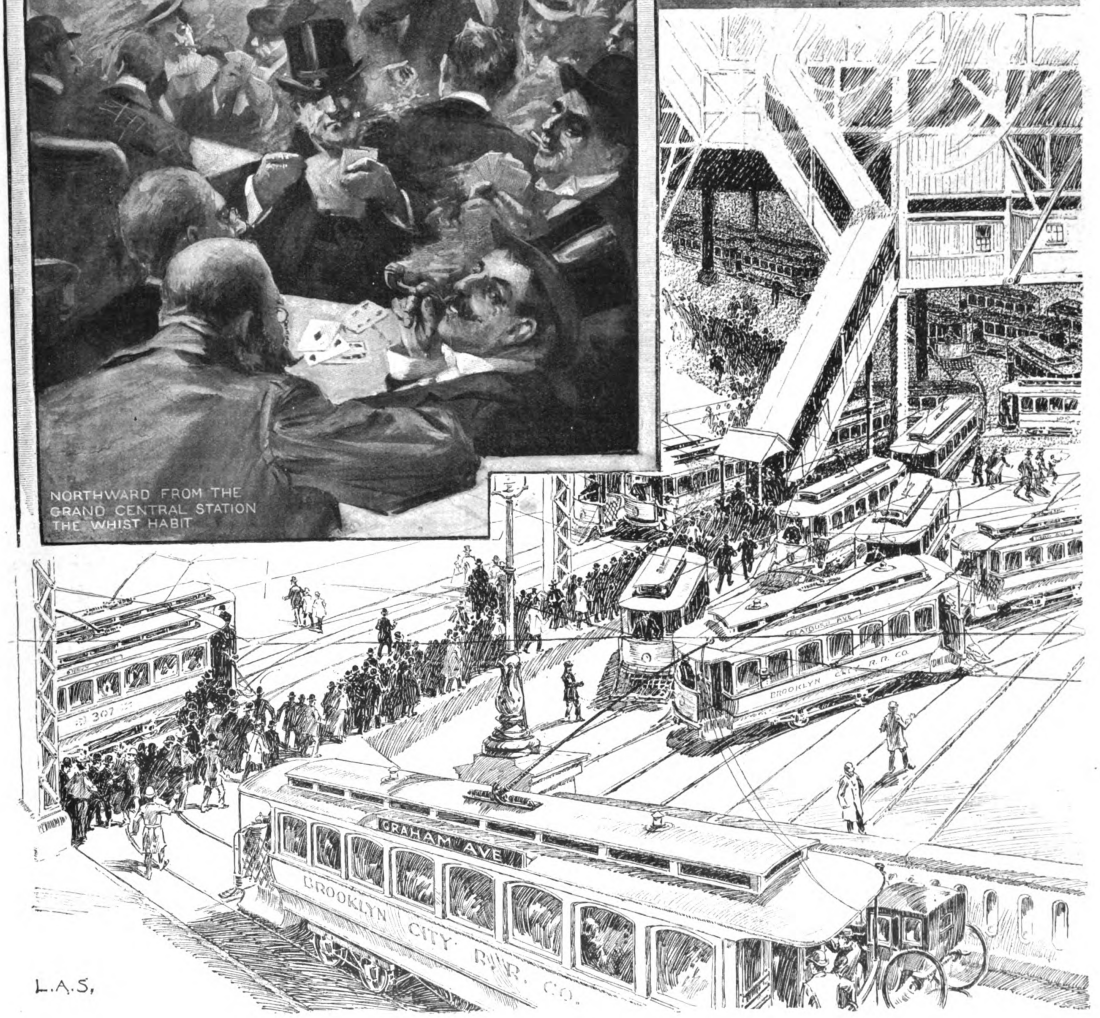
The construction of any system that will meet the situation will be the result of long labor and the overcoming of what appears at the first glance to be an insurmountable difficulty. But the vexatious delays and obstacles placed in the way of the commission might cause it to be supposed that New York was waiting for the invention of a successful air-ship. This may come all in good time, perhaps, but from present indications people would rather travel on terra firma or below it. At least they demand some tangible and structural connection with Mother Earth. A man bound for Wall Street has no anxiety to put in at the Azores because of a strong westerly gale.

As the various boroughs of our new and ponderous city lose their *rus in urbe* aspect, the problem becomes more and more formidable. For the lack of building-space (judged by ground-space) will never prevent the city from its commercial expansion. There is the atmosphere above in which to project business enterprises; and if we should take and form a city, composing it alone of the buildings shorn of their six lower stories, we would have yet a city of the first magnitude, for more people, by six or eight times, travel perpendicularly in the elevators or lifts of the city than ride on the cars of the combined railroads.

And now the only person who is undisturbed by all this—so far as his bodily comfort is concerned—is the man with the steam-yacht who owns his private pier.







AT THE BROOKLYN END OF THE BRIDGE.
Slightly confusing to a Stranger.

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BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

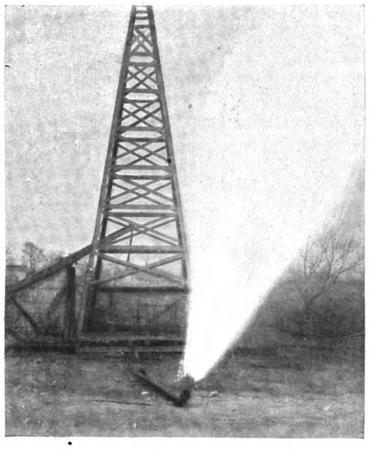
BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



V.—THE UNEXPECTED IN KANSAS.

THE Eastern visitor to Kansas, as a matter of course, expects something of the unusual. He has read and heard more or less exaggerated accounts of her statesmen, her crops, her live-stock, her women orators, her bewhiskered men, her treeless plains, her cyclones, her grasshoppers, her fine schools, her debts, her deserted counties, and a lot of other things, and perhaps he is disappointed when he finds the commonplace everywhere, just as he does in any other place where men and women have met and formed a commonwealth. Moreover, he is so prepared for the unusual that any subject, material or otherwise, to be classed with the unexpected, must be little short of extraordinary. Notwithstanding these high requirements as to the unexpected, there are surprises at every hand in the State for the inquiring visitor. Her own people know all about them, and they in turn are astonished that intelligent persons from the East should know so little as to the mental and physical characteristics of the Sunflower State. This article will tell a few of the things that were downright surprises to me, although I visited the State prepared, let it be said frankly, not to be surprised at almost anything.



A BURNING GAS-WELL AT IOLA, KANSAS.

I had occasion to visit the largest general store in Topeka to inquire as to the prosperity of the masses. One of the proprietors had just come in from making the first of the usual two daily deposits of receipts in the bank. The store does a business of more than $250,000 a year. The proprietor said:

"Oh yes, times are greatly improved. Where a year ago we took in one $20 gold piece a day we now get a dozen of them."

"Gold?" I said, in surprise.

"Why, yes, gold."

"Gold in Kansas? And in circulation among the people like that?"

"Why, certainly. I have just deposited $150 in gold that we took in this morning. I wish you had dropped in a little earlier, so that you might have seen it."

That was on November 23 last.

This gentleman was one of the firm of Kemper & Paxton, owning the "Model Supply Store" of that city, and if mentioning the name gives them any advertisement they are welcome to it, for the story told by this member of the firm was so extraordinary to me that I feel I must give my full authority for it. It was Mr. Paxton who spoke. He said that the firm made a practice to cash the checks of the Sante Fe Railroad employés in the general offices of the company, situated in Topeka, and that frequently on pay-day, which comes monthly, their bank would send down to the store as much as $1200 in gold, which would be given out in one day in exchange for the checks. Of course that gold remained in circulation for several days about town. Other stores and other banks also in Topeka took in and gave out gold, and the result was that in that city of about 35,000 or 40,000 inhabitants several thousands of dollars in gold was being used from day to day as a medium of exchange. When the full extent of this information dawned upon me I could express my surprise only by saying:

"Why, out in the East, if we had read or known that there was $5000 in gold in actual circulation in any place in Kansas—in this State, which has seemed so wedded to silver—we should not have been surprised to have heard as the next thing that a mob had taken possession of the place, and that a dozen or more gold-bugs—that is to say, persons having gold in their possession—had been hanged on the street corners, despite the strenuous efforts of the State militia to prevent it. That shows how little we really know about the actual condition of affairs beneath the surface in Kansas."

Mr. Paxton laughed, and said that he was glad that HARPER'S WEEKLY had sent some one out there to study the prevailing conditions, so that, as a result, there might be a better understanding between the East and the Middle West. The conversation recalled the remark made to me the night before by a young woman at whose home I had called to see her father. I complimented her on having a beautiful home, and—delicately, as I thought—upon the delightful taste displayed in it. With a saucy roguishness that typical Western girl's eyes took on a merry twinkle as she said:

"Although you may not know it, we have seen you before—that is, persons like you. I suppose you thought that out here the buffalo rubbed their sides up against our front fences every day, and that every night wild Indians danced around our houses, uttering war-whoops, in their eagerness to get at our scalps. You are not the first person from the East to visit Topeka, please remember."

I had another surprise when I went into a large book-store and asked the proprietor what the people of Kansas, so far as he could observe, were reading. He showed me a stack of the recent novels in vogue, a great many volumes of historical works of the highest grade, attractively bound copies of the poets, and added that there was probably a larger sale proportionally of high-grade books in Kansas than in the East, where there was a large foreign population. I was prepared for that; but, in return for his thrust and as an ardent gold-standard advocate, I asked,

"How about *Coin's Financial School?*"

"Why, we haven't sold a copy of that book in more than a year. I don't believe that fifty copies of it have been sold in Kansas in all that time."

Book-store proprietors in other places in Kansas told me the same thing, and I mention it not in disparagement of the free-silver propaganda—I admit that there are two sides to that—but as illustrating vividly the fact of the decadence of feelings of hostility of the West toward the East which such works inspired. The *Seven Conspiracies* and *Great Red Dragon*—books the circulation of which was not conducive to good feeling between Eastern and Western commonwealths—also have ceased to be sold in Kansas. The people of Kansas are great readers. The daily newspaper is common at the fireside of the farmer even in the remote counties—far more common, I believe, than in the East. To fancy that the Western farmer is not well informed as to the questions of the day is as serious an error as to imagine that the men out there invariably wear long whiskers; and although it is a digression, it is proper to remark that, for its size, I never saw so many barber shops as there are in the city of Topeka. There seemed to be two or three on every block of the main street of the place.

Interesting as such incidents as the circulation of gold and the sale of books are, there is another matter of far greater importance worthy of being classed with the unexpected. It is the growth and extent of the mining industry in the State. In Kansas information regarding this industry is a matter of common knowledge; to the Eastern visitor it is a surprise. How many people in the East know, for example, that Kansas, in the production of salt, is surpassed in quantity by only two States in the Union—New York and Michigan? How many persons in the East know that what are said to be the most extensive zinc and lead mines in the world are in Kansas? How many persons in the East know that Kansas has produced as much as $4,000,000 of coal in one year, and that she has an unlimited supply of the product? In the East we are prone to call Kansas a "one-crop State," and that crop, until last year, was supposed to be corn. Wheat became king in 1897; but whether corn or wheat rules in Kansas, the prevalent idea has been that Kansas, however diversified were her crops, was an agricultural State almost exclusively. The fact that her mining is worth from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 a year is most astonishing to the visitor. Down in the southeastern corner of the commonwealth, where most of the coal and lead and zinc mines are situated, the smoke of furnaces clouds the air as it does along the rivers in Pennsylvania, and the click of the miner's pick reverberates through the corridors of the coal-tunnels as it does in a score of other States. In the southern central part of the State the steam from the salt-manufactories arises in plants that cover many acres, and produce a quality of salt that is not surpassed anywhere. This wealth of coal and salt has been of great influence in the agricultural development of the State. It has increased the mileage of railroads, and it has saved the packing industry thousands upon thousands of dollars in freight rates upon salt from the East.

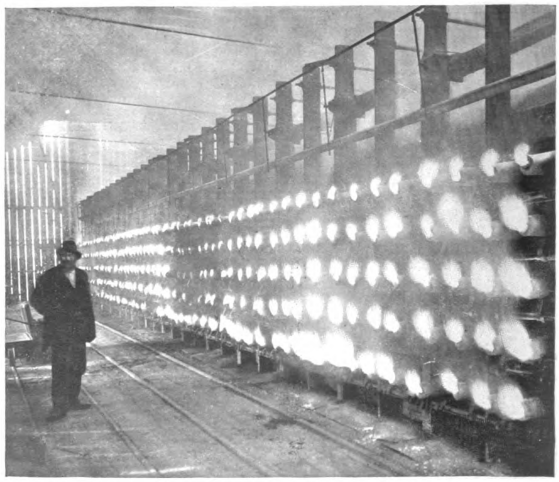
The Kansas boom was responsible for the discovery of salt in inexhaustible quantities. Up to the year 1887 the only native salt that was known in Kansas came from a dozen salt-marshes that were found in various places in a line in the centre of the State—practically from the northern to the southern border.

Crude kettles were set up at some of the places, and salt was manufactured. It is on record that "as late as 1870 the pioneer could get ten cents a pound for salt evaporated from the water of these marshes." Seventeen years later the boom-time came. Some of the promoters of enterprises at Hutchinson, in Reno County, in the southern central part of the State, thought it would be a good idea to bore for natural gas. The suggestion was enough for the formation of a company, and forthwith the drills began working at a hole in the ground, and Hutchinson began to figure up what she would do with the gas, and splendid air-castles were erected beside the others that were crowding one another for room all over the State. Now it is a fact that they did get some natural gas out of that well, although it was sunk with absolute blindness. The promoters might as well have been trying to find vast deposits of prehistoric remains as natural gas, so far as external evidences indicated that valuable results would follow.

Late one night Benjamin Blanchard, who was sinking the well, came into the hotel and began to ask about salt-mining. He said that his drills had gone through a stratum of more than 300 feet of rock-salt. It was not long before he got full information about the salt, and soon the New York capitalist was on the ground, and within a year the production of the State in salt reached more than three-quarters of a million of barrels. The production of the nearly thirty firms and companies engaged in the business at present is from 1,200,000 to 1,500,000 barrels a year, and is only limited by the lack of demand. The market, of necessity, must be limited in extent, owing to competition in other States.

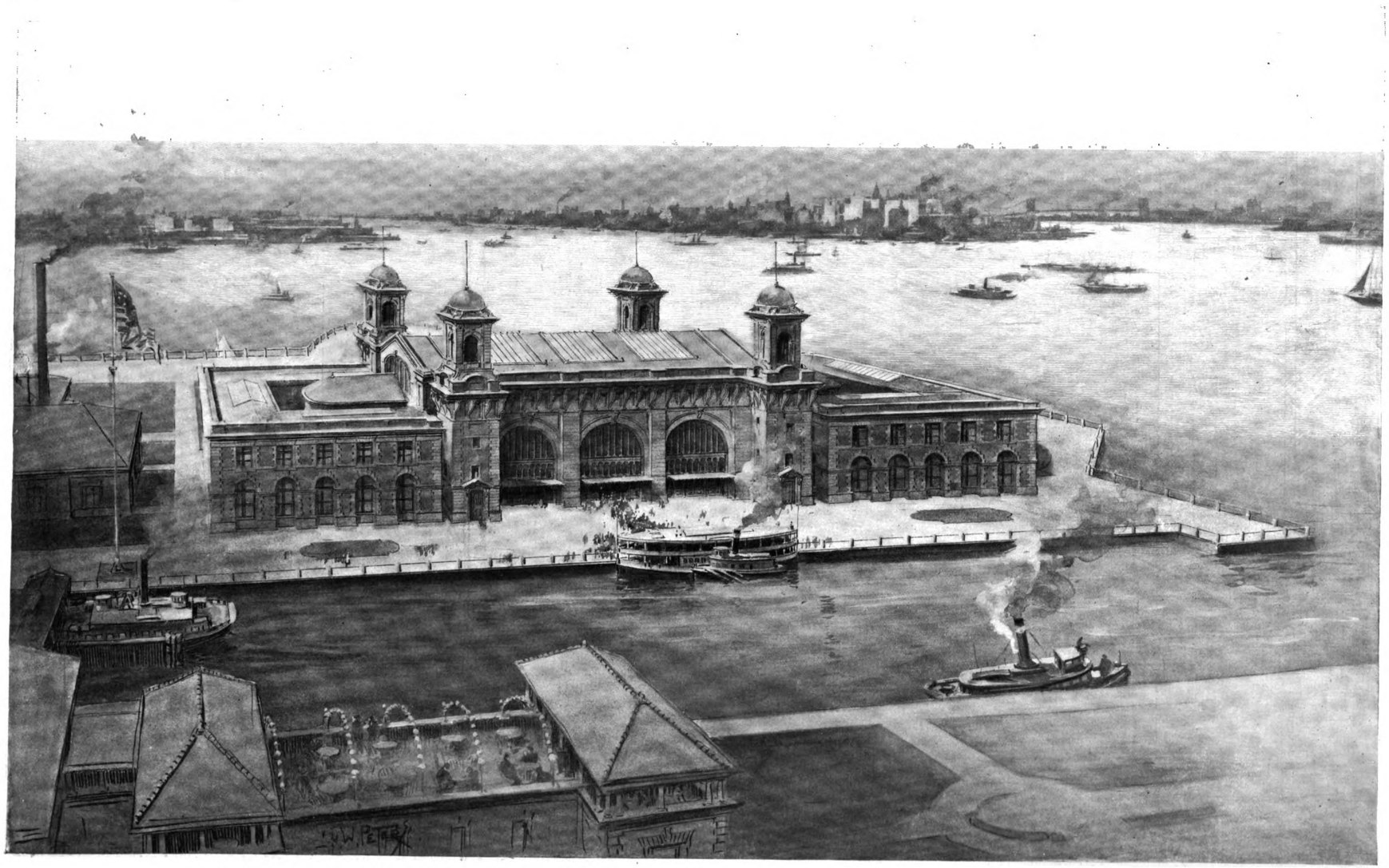
The salt belt in Kansas runs in a general southwestern direction across the State. It is nearest the surface in and around Hutchinson. The vein is from 100 to 400 feet thick. It is of the highest grade of purity. The area is said to be from twenty to fifty miles wide. According to Professor Hay, who in 1893 made an extensive report on the mineral resources of the State, "a single acre of salt would yield 2,178,000 barrels. Six acres would supply the whole consumption in the United States for a year. There are 1,000,000 acres in Kansas. This would supply the entire world for centuries to come." Kansas is therefore rich in one of the essentials to the development of herself as a live-stock raising and packing State, and as a leader in the dairy industry.

Only in one or two places is the rock-salt mined with pick and shovel, and these plants are small affairs. The common way of reaching the salt is to sink a pipe of about eight inches diameter down into the vein of rock-salt. Then inside this pipe a smaller one of from two to three inches is put down. Fresh water is forced down the small pipe. When it reaches the bottom it has no other place to go than to return to the surface, after being saturated thoroughly with the salt against which it is forced. It is water charged with as much salt as it can hold. In purity the salt runs from 98 to 99 per cent. The brine is pumped into great tanks of wood that rest on uprights, a story or more from the ground. The usual process of extracting the salt is by the open-pan process or evaporation. The brine is run into one or two settling-tanks, and then drawn into a boiling-pan, on an average 25 feet wide by 115 long. The pans are of boiler steel, probably three-eighths of an inch thick. Each pan is heated by furnaces beneath, and kept at a temperature of about 175 degrees. The steam rises in clouds, and every two hours workmen rake the crystals to one side and toss the salt up on a landing called a dripping-board. Here the water is allowed to run off, and after it is comparatively dry, workmen shovel it



RETORTS IN A ZINC-SMELTER OPERATED BY NATURAL GAS AT IOLA, KANSAS.

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NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE IMMIGRANT STATION, ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.—Boring & Tilton, Architects.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 210.]

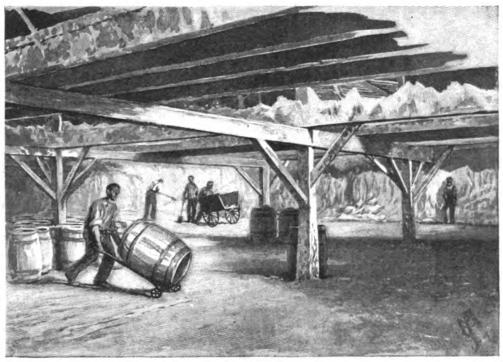
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into carts, and it is carried along a runway and is dumped into a storage-room, which is one story lower than the place where the brine is heated. The storage-room has loose boards for a floor, so as to allow the drippings to escape, and is on a level with the floors of the cars that run alongside the place. The salt remains in the storage-room "curing" itself from fifteen to sixty days, according to the grade of salt that is to be made. The ordinary salt becomes an article of commerce direct from the storage-room, where in some plants as many as 115,000 barrels of the material can be kept.

When especially fine table salt or dairy salt is to be made extra care is taken to have the brine free from impurities, and then it is kept sixty days in the storage-room. It is then run by an endless chain into a great wooden cylinder that revolves and is heated by steam-pipes. This takes all the moisture out of the salt, and makes it hot enough to cook an egg merely by placing it under the surface. The salt is then run over bolting-cloths of varying degrees of fineness, through which the salt passes, and then it goes into receptacles from which it is packed into bags, barrels, and other kinds of packages for shipment.

The business not only calls for extensive railroad arrangements, but immense cooperage interests. The chief company in Hutchinson has its cooperage plant in Texas. The barrels are put together in Hutchinson, the parts being shipped there from Texas. This company has five large plants in town, each having four or five immense pans. These plants have a capacity all told of about 2000 barrels a day when they are working twenty-four hours a day. The plants are shut down about once in thirty days to remove the scale from the pans. The scale consists of the impurities in the salt, which sink to the bottom and scale the pans, so that the heat does not cause rapid evaporation. Sometimes when the pans are steaming it is necessary to remove the scale.

There are two other processes of making salt in use in Kansas. One is the grainer process. In that case hot steam-pipes run through the brine in the large pans and heat it. By that process the scale clings to the pipes, which have to be cleaned at regular intervals. The other process is called the vacuum process. By this method the brine is treated by steam in a closed receptacle, and a vacuum pump removes the air and pressure as it is being heated. Evaporation takes place at a lower temperature than by the other methods. The salt falls from the great kettles into bins underneath them. The value of this process lies in the fact that it is a labor-saving system. The output of the salt-factories, before being marketed, represents probably a value of fifty cents a barrel to the manufacturer. The industry is thriving, and is destined to hold command of the central West in its line. The supply is inexhaustible and is cheap in manufacture. The refined product for table use may be found even in Europe. The industry has already brought millions of dollars in revenue to the people of the State, and must continue to be a source of employment to thousands upon thousands in the years that are to come.



PACKING-ROOM OF A HUTCHINSON, KANSAS, SALT-WORKS.

Of even greater importance to the State is probably the zinc and lead industry. It centres in a district said to be no more than six miles square, in and about Galena, in the very southeast corner of the State. This industry is worth millions of dollars to Kansas, and it has made Galena what might be called a model town. I quote from what the Hon. W. F. Sapp says on this subject.

"In the midst of this mining activity, this push, this energy, lies the city of Galena, a city that did not feel the panic, a city that has no bonded debt, with money in its treasury, a city with stone sidewalks, streets paved with flint-rock which comes from the mines, a fine city hall . . . . a place where labor is always employed at fair wages and capital can always find safe investment."

Few are the cities in this country of which the like can be said truthfully. The mines in and about that town were discovered in 1877, but it was not until about seven years later that returns of noteworthy extent were secured. These figures show the zinc product of the State in short tons since that time: 1885, 8502 tons, 1886, 8932; 1887, 11,955; 1888, 10,432; 1889, 13,658; 1890, 15,199; 1891, 22,747; 1892, 24,715; 1893, 22,815; 1894, 25,588; 1895, 25,775; 1896, 20,759. For the first half of 1897 the output was 15,722 tons, indicating that the output for the year would reach at least 30,000 tons, an enormous jump in one year, and the greatest in the history of the industry in the State. The full figures for 1897 had not reached the Commissioner of Labor in Topeka when he furnished me with these statistics. The value of this output for 1897 was probably $2,000,000 in round numbers. Is not that a splendid showing for an agricultural State?

Moreover, this activity affects more than the State of Kansas. It is on record that shipments of zinc ore are made to Belgium, in competition with the great mines in Huelva, Spain. The treatment of the ore requires, also, large industrial establishments called smelters. Many of these are near the coal-fields. The largest of these in the State disposes of 4200 tons of the ore a year, and one of the new features is that gas-firing is used throughout. Lead-mining is said to be simply an incident of the zinc, the minerals being found together. Much of the lead is shipped to other States for treatment.

Probably it is not known generally what use is made of zinc. I know that until I looked it up I had very vague ideas on that subject, and hence do not hesitate to make mention of the uses to which the mineral is put. The most common use, so far as people generally know of the mineral, is for thin plates, resembling tin in appearance, for use in and about stoves. But that is a small affair, comparatively. Its most extensive use is to coat iron-ware, thus producing the product known as galvanized iron. Its most important use is as an alloy. It is said to form one-third of ordinary brass, and of course is also used in bronze. Salts of zinc play a part in medicine, and the mineral, in a transformed condition, is used largely in paints.

Perhaps we can best understand the extent of the coal industry of Kansas by printing the following table, prepared especially for this article by the Deputy Labor Commissioner of the State:

COAL PRODUCT OF KANSAS SINCE 1885.

Year.	Short tons.	Value.	Average price per ton.	Average number of days active.	Average number of men employed.
1885.	1,212,057	$1,485,002	$1 23	...	....
1886.	1,400,000	1,680,000	1 20	...	....
1887.	1,595,879	2,295,631	1 40	...	....
1888.	1,850,000	2,775,000	1 50	...	....
1889.	2,221,043	3,296,888	1 48	....	5956
1890.	2,259,922	2,947,517	1 30	210	4523
1891.	2,716,705	3,557,305	1 31	222	6201
1892.	3,067,276	3,955,595	1 31½	208	6529
1893.	2,652,546	3,375,740	1 27	147	7310
1894.	3,388,251	4,178,998	1 23	164	7329
1895.	2,926,870	3,481,981	1 20	159	7482
1896.	2,884,801	3,295,032	1 15	168	7127

The quality of the coal is said to be excellent. It is all of the bituminous grade, and it is consumed chiefly by the railroads and in the smelting industry. Much of the coal is near the surface, and one may see little mines adjoining corn-fields as he travels through the southwestern part of the State. It is found in paying quantities in more than twenty counties. There are said to be not less than two hundred and fifty mines in active operation.

The natural-gas product of the State has also assumed proportions of importance. The value of the product has grown from $15,873 in 1890, to $124,750 in 1896. It is found in five counties, and has been reached at a depth of only 325 feet. It is said to be singularly free from sulphur. Petroleum naturally exists in a country which is rich in coal and natural gas. In 1889 only 500 barrels of petroleum were produced in Kansas. In 1895 the production was 44,430 barrels, and in 1896 it was 113,571 barrels, an increase of more than 155 per cent. There are more than one hundred producing wells in the State, and they are found in eight counties.

Another source of mineral wealth in the State is found in the gypsum beds in the Fort Riley region, and also in Barber County, the home of Congressman Jerry Simpson. Thousands upon thousands of barrels of plaster of Paris are made from these beds. Co-ordinate with this industry is the discovery and operation of beds of a natural cement. It forms a superior brown plaster, and needs no grinding at all. The fine white plaster made in Barber County is used all over the country in the most expensive building work. In addition to all these there are large quarries of stone of various kinds. Within a few years the development of mineral-water plants has been put on a profitable and extensive basis.

All these things are likely to surprise the man who has thought that the chief industry of Kansas was to raise corn and such other agricultural products as are necessary to feed the people of such a commonwealth. But the surprising things are not confined to mineral wealth. Kansas, and indeed the entire Middle West, has taken a new grip on the cattle industry, and some of the methods and results will be considered in another article. Then, too, it has found a way of partly defeating nature under the affliction of drought. The introduction of Kaffir corn and alfalfa hay, as will be told later, means thousands upon thousands—it is no exaggeration to say millions—of dollars to the central West. Hereafter, under new farming methods, the blasting winds may scorch the State and its agricultural products, but the farmer may be resigned somewhat to it, for in alfalfa and Kaffir corn he has two products that are able to withstand the parching winds where other grasses and corn dry up and die.

If one opens his eyes and looks about, the unexpected is to be found on every hand in Kansas. Its agricultural and mineral resources and strength can no more be understood and studied at long range—say a thousand or fifteen hundred miles—than can its people's characteristics be understood thoroughly at the same distance.

THE THRESHOLD OF AMERICA.

Last year, when the flames of the burning immigration buildings on Ellis Island illumined the waters of New York harbor with a fierce glare that made the Liberty statue's electric beacon appear pale and insignificant, there were many in the crowd watching the fire from the Battery sea-wall and Castle Garden who openly rejoiced over the destruction of those monuments of ugliness.

Even among the Federal office-holders of the Immigration Bureau the first feelings of regret at such quick destruction of the laborious records of many years soon gave way to satisfaction at this irrevocable doom of the wretched barns and architectural rubbish heaps where the great majority of our would-be citizens were wont to receive their first disagreeable impressions of America.

The sanguine view that anything, no matter what, must result in improvement was received but dubiously by those of us that have no fondness for certain types of governmental architecture.

Apprehension was relieved when the announcement came from Washington that a trial was to be given at last to the long-deferred Tarsney act—passed during Secretary Carlisle's administration, and put into practice by Secretary Gage—according to the provisions of which the designs for future Federal buildings are no longer to be furnished by selected government architects, but by independent competitors, our best architects pledging themselves either to act as expert judges or to enter such competitions without hope of compensation in case of failure.

How well the architects have lived up to their pledges may be judged from the fact that for this, the first important trial under the new act, the following architects consented to submit plans: McKim, Meade, & White, Carrère & Hastings, Boring & Tilton, Alfred Barlow, and Bruce Price, all of New York, and J. L. Smithmeyer, of Washington; while Theophile Chandler, of Philadelphia, and Robert S. Peabody, of Boston, agreed to act as judges together with J. K. Taylor, the supervising architect. Messrs. Boring & Tilton of New York won the prize.

The difficult problem to be solved in the establishment of this, the greatest immigrant station in the world, as called for by the government programme, lay in planning a fire-proof structure which would keep immigrants free from all outside interference until discharged, while affording conveniences to resident relatives or friends to communicate with them at the proper time, at the same time providing all facilities required by the officials of the Immigration Bureau, Quarantine station, and Custom-house for the proper discharge of their varied duties. Compliance with these fundamental principles demanded a new station that would be adapted to the housing and despatching of thousands of immigrants, together with provision for the countless relatives and professed friends flocking to the island simultaneously with the arrival of each new ship-load.

This meant immense waiting-rooms, men's and women's dormitories accommodating a possible total of fifteen hundred sleepers, a restaurant capable of supplying food to thousands, a hospital equipped for the treatment of any disease or emergency, docks and wharves with immediate transportation facilities for passengers and baggage to all points on this continent, a special post-office, custom-house, and telegraph station, with numberless administration offices, courts of inquiry, witness-rooms, and detention pens, quarters for physicians, missionaries, employment and information bureaus, and sundry charitable enterprises, besides baths, lavatories, laundries, and abundant toilet facilities, and all the other needs of this greatest of caravanseries perched on an island of diminutive size.

According to the accepted plans, illustrations of which are furnished, there are to be a main building and a separate hospital.

The immigrants, after landing from the barges that convey them from their vessels to the island, will come up to the front entrance and pass up the main stairway, fenced off from the public, landing in the centre of the front hall, thence pass by the examining surgeons and matron to detention pens for men and women, and into separate medical inquiry-rooms, or pass directly into the general examination-room with a large central space for the chief registrar and side aisles for his assistants. After passing the medical examiners and registrars, those who may have been detained may go into their respective detention pens, while the main stream of discharged immigrants descend the main stairway, then pass to the left along a mezzanine gallery, enclosed with glass so that all will be plainly visible to the persons in the general information-room, as well as to those still waiting in the detention pens. Arriving at the foot of the stairs, the discharged immigrants may go either into the Italian and German bureaus, and thence to the New York ferry, or down stairs to the large railroad and steamship rooms with long central ticket-counters and adjoining baggage-rooms, express offices, and lunch-counters, connected by a covered passageway with the mooring-places of the various barges that will convey passengers direct to their respective railroad stations.

Contract-labor suspects will be detained in a special room, where they and whatever witnesses may appear will be examined, and will then be either liberated into the main exit stairway or consigned to the special-inquiry room, connecting with strongly guarded detention pens for men and women. Above, on the second and third floors, will be the administration offices and dormitories, with special sleeping-rooms for detained and excluded immigrants. In a wing at the northern end of the building, next to the New York ferry, will be the restaurant and lavatories, with special dock facilities for taking in supplies, and with a roof garden on top for recreation.

The hospital building is to be sufficiently detached to allow the air to pass freely about all sides of the building, and is to be raised a few feet above the level of the ground as well, to allow air to pass underneath, and to give room for all proper heating and ventilating apparatus below. The general plan of the interior is promised to be such that there will be no dark corners, and an open air passage will isolate the special wards from the main halls. Ample balconies will extend along all sides, and a roof garden and enclosed solarium on top are to connect with all the floors by an electric lift large enough to admit patients on stretchers.

While it is to be assumed that all these practical purposes of the new immigration station would have been met by a government architect selected according to the plan of political expediency, it may safely be asserted that old Ellis Island and the harbor of New York would probably have suffered in consequence. For, after all, the chief merit of the plans presented by Messrs. Boring & Tilton is that the little island, as such, is to be allowed to retain some of its green spaces, while the buildings are to be so placed that, unlike the former immigration station, they will show to best advantage to ships approaching them from the Narrows, and to those who pass to and fro between the island and the city of New York.

Edwin Emerson, Jr.

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ART.

IN 1867 the art world of London was considerably fluttered by the exhibition of Gainsborough's famous portrait of a boy in a Vandyck suit, popularly known as the "Blue Boy." The interest of the matter was that this picture belonged to a Mr. J. Sewell, whereas every one had supposed that the "Blue Boy," hanging at the same time in Grosvenor House, the property of the Duke of Westminster, was the only one in existence. It was clear, however, that there were two renderings of this same subject, almost identical in size and treatment; both of them clearly the work of Gainsborough. Immediately arose a question as to which of the two claimants had the right of precedence. The question has never been settled. But Mr. William H. Fuller, into whose hands the, so to say, newly discovered picture passed, has published in a monograph a summary of all the available data—which is not much—as to the devolution of ownership of the two paintings; and makes out a good *primâ facie* case in favor of his own. Upon one point, however, critics are agreed—that Mr. Fuller's "Blue Boy" is the better picture of the two.

It is now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, New York city, preparatory to the sale on February 25 of his collection of Early English and Barbizon paintings. There is an interesting story, whether true or not, that Gainsborough painted the "Blue Boy" as a refutation of the fallacy contained in Sir Joshua Reynolds's eighth lecture. The rivalry of the two as portrait-painters was keen, even to personalities. Sir Joshua had said that the masses of light in a picture must be of a warm, mellow color; that the cold colors, such as blue, must be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and used to set off the warm colors. "Let this conduct be reversed," he said, "and it will be out of the power of art....to make a picture splendid and harmonious." Gainsborough's retort was the "Blue Boy."

Mr. Fuller's fondness for the work of the Barbizon painters drew him to the study of the earlier English landscapists — Wilson, Gainsborough, and Constable. Both schools were a reaction from the artificiality of the so-called classical style of landscape, in which the painters make up nature according to set rules of composition, instead of studying her as she is. If the Frenchmen carried their study farther, and reached a profounder knowledge in their interpretations of nature than the Englishmen had done, still the latter, as far as they went, had pursued the same path. They studied nature as the painter of the human form his subject. Not satisfied with surface appearances, they sought out the anatomy of the scene: the solidity of the earth and the great trees upon it, the depth of water, the volume of the clouds and the immensity of the sky, the receding planes of the landscape, its perspective of form and of atmosphere. Moreover, with as much skill as the classical landscapists, they selected such bits of nature as should compose to a beautiful picture, and to a faithful rendering of nature's tints, often added a beautiful suffusing glow which bathes the whole in an imaginative splendor. Best of all, being Englishmen, they drew all their inspiration from the simple English scenes they loved. This was one of the sources of strength of the Barbizon artists; as also of our own men—Wyant, Inness, Homer Martin, and Winslow Homer. A landscape-painter may learn his craft abroad, but it is the familiar scenes of his own native land that he must paint, if he would do great work.

The vanity—in its real meaning of "emptiness"—of human affairs is never so exemplified as when a private collection is brought into the unsympathetic atmosphere of the market and broken into bits by the blows of the auctioneer's hammer. This is especially the case when the collector amassed his treasures from the pure love and knowledge he had of them; where his collection is a part of his very personality, and not the least sacred one. The dispersion becomes a ripping open of the man's secret soul to the gaze of all the world. It is difficult to avoid a feeling of this sort at the approaching sale of the Oriental porcelain collected by the late Mr. Charles A. Dana; the more so as the integrity of the collection adds to the value of the individual gems. An English expert, after mentioning the three great collections in Europe which have an educational value—viz., that made by Sir Wollaston Franks, the Grandidier collection at the Louvre, and the Porzellan Sammlung of the Johanneum at Dresden—says, "That all three of these should, from a historical point of view, be distinctly inferior to a private collection (Mr. Dana's), made, as I assume, for individual ends and the gratification of good taste, impresses me as quite unusual and remarkable." Is it not a thousand pities that the collection, accumulated with such knowledge, discrimination, and labor, cannot be preserved in its integrity, and for the nation of which Mr. Dana was such a stanch supporter?

It is now on exhibition at the galleries of the American Art Association, to whom the sale is intrusted. It illustrates the best work of the Chinese, the fathers of porcelain, during the most flourishing periods of the art, under the Ming and Tsing dynasties, extending from A. D. 1368 to 1875. The object of the Greek potters was to secure beauty of form; with the Chinese, and the Japanese, who assimilated their cunning, the aim, is firstly perfection of color and surface. All the examples in this collection are choice, many of them the finest of their kind known to experts; and the most famous is the "peach blow" vase. It is eight and a half inches in height, and "one of the most prized shapes among the beautiful and infrequent vases of the peach family." The body is in the form of an egg, with flutings surrounding the base; it has a slender neck, and "flaring" or out-spreading mouth. The glaze is intended to imitate the tint of the ripening peach, a dimpled surface of gray and bluish rose, as pure and limpid as a polished gem. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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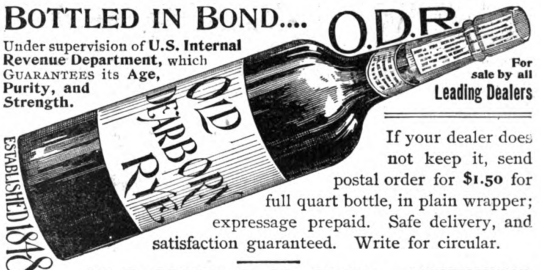
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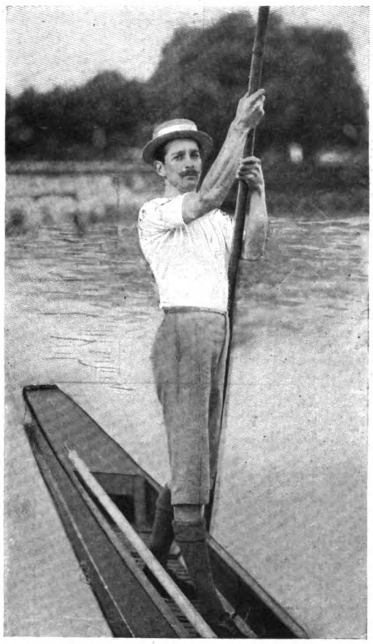
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THE ENGLISH RACING-PUNT AND PUNTER.

AMATEUR SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

I. SLACKING ON THE ISIS AND THE CHAR.

IT has been the reproach of the English people that they take their pleasures sadly ever since a Frenchman hit upon the striking phrase; and we of transatlantic stock have accepted the saying without question. In the light of recent international contests, however, the English have charged us with taking our pastimes fiercely, and in the absence of any just sense of what the essence of sport consists in. The pot has, so to speak, called the kettle blacker. The question at stake has no doubt an intrinsic interest, but it has also a far more general bearing than the critic of yachting, boating, or track athletics has grasped as yet. Like the songs of a nation, its recreations have a definite relation to its welfare: one is tempted to say, let me mould the sports of my countrymen and who will may frame their laws. At all events, it is worth while to take a glimpse of John Bull at play, even if it ends only in sharing in imagination his far from sombre recreations.

I.

Of all the many play-grounds in England, none is so delightful as Oxford; and an afternoon of "slacking" on the Isis and Cherwell (or *Char*, as the university insists on calling it) will, in a general way, suggest better than anything else I know the ease and enjoyment of out-of-door life in England.

You may not know what a slacker is; and if I should go to the pains of defining the word, you would probably say that it applies to all English undergraduates. But the true slacker avoids the worry and excitement of breakfast parties and three-day cricket matches, and is more apt to conserve his energies by floating and smoking for hours at a time in his favorite craft on the Char. He is a day-dreamer of the day-dreamers; and despised as he is by the more strenuous Oxford men, who yet stand in fear of the fascination of his vices, he is as remote and appealing a figure to the average American as a negro basking on a cotton-wharf. Merely to think of his uninterrupted calm and his insatiable appetite for doing nothing is a rest to Occidental nerves; and though we may never be roustabouts and loaf on a cotton-wharf, we may at any time go to Oxford and play through a summer's day at being a slacker.

II.

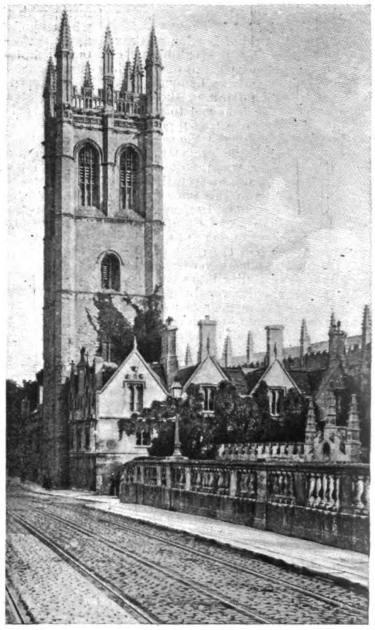
Before you come out you must make the acquaintance of the O.U.H.S.—that is, the University Humane Society. In the winter, when there is skating, the Humane Society man stands by the danger spots with a life-buoy and a rope; and in the summer, when the streams swarm with pleasure-craft, he wanders everywhere, pulling slackers out of the Isis and the Char. In view of the fact that, metaphorically speaking at least, you can shake hands with your neighbors across either of these streams, the Humane Society man is not without his humors; but by-and-by one gives over being amused, and is thankful for his patient presence and kindly eye. He might almost be taken as an emblem of the thoroughness and conservatism with which the English go in for their amusements.

You may get yourself a tub or a working-boat or a wherry, a rob-roy or a dinghy, for every craft that floats is known on the Thames; but the favorite craft are the Canadian canoe and the punt. The canoe you will be familiar with, but your ideas of a punt are probably derived from a farm-built craft you have poled about American duck-marshes—which bears about the same relationship to this slender, half-decked cedar beauty that a long-boat bears to a racing-shell.

During your first perilous lesson in punting you will probably worry in apprehension of ducking your mentor, who is lounging among the cushions in the bow. But you cannot upset the punt any more than you can discompose the Englishman. The punt simply upsets you without seeming to be aware of it. And when you crawl dripping up the bank, consoled only by the fact that the Humane Society man was not at hand with his boat-hook to pull you out by the seat of the trousers, your mentor will gravely explain how you made your mistake. Instead of bracing your feet firmly on the bottom and pushing with the pole, you were leaning on the pole and pushing with your feet. When the pole stuck in the clay bottom, of course you stuck with it. According to the tradition of the English comic paper, you are supposed, when you do this, to be left hanging to the top of your pole, like the monkey climbing up the stick.

Steering is a matter of long practice. When you want to throw the bow to the left, you have only to pry the stern over to the right as you are pulling the pole out of the water. To throw the bow to the right, ground the pole a foot or so wide of the boat, and then lean over and pull the boat up to it. That is not so easy, but you will learn the wrist motion in time. When all this comes like second nature, you will feel that you have become a part of the punt, or rather that the punt has taken life and become a part of you. That is what makes punting so graceful. You will be surprised at Henley to find that women are the most graceful punters of all—a fact which has only to be recognized in America to thin the ranks of the women golfers.

A particular beauty of punting is that, more than any other sport, it brings you into personal contact, so to speak, with the landscape. In a few days you will know every inch of the bottom of the Char, some of it, indeed,



MAGDALEN TOWER, FROM THE BRIDGE OVER THE CHAR.

by more intimate experience than you perhaps desire. Over there, on the outer curve of the bend, the longest pole will not touch bottom. Fight shy of that place. Just beyond here, in the narrows, the water is so shallow that you can get the whole length of your body into every stroke. Sometimes your pole suddenly sticks in a clay bottom, and at the end of a stroke comes within an inch of jerking you out of the boat. On a soft mud bottom, on the other hand, the pole sinks so rapidly that when you lean on it you are likely to pitch overboard. And as for the shrubbery on the bank, you will soon learn these hawthorns and blackthorns, if only to avoid barging into them. And the branches of the Magdalen chestnuts, which spread their shade so beautifully above the water just beyond, become quite familiar when they have once caught the top of your pole and torn it out of your hands.



THE OLD LOCK AND MILL AT IFFLEY.



MORNING AMONG THE LILY-PADS OF THE UPPER CHAR.

III.

The slackers you see tied up to the bank on both sides are always here after luncheon. An hour later the craft will be as thick as moneybugs on the water, and the joys of the slacker will be at height. You won't, as a rule, detect his happiness in his face, but it is always obvious in the name of his craft. One man calls his canoe *Vix Satis*, which is the mark the university examining board uses to signify that a man's examination paper is a failure. Another has *P. T. O.* on his bows—the *Please Turn Over* which an Englishman places at the bottom of a card where we say *Over*. Still another calls his canoe the *Non-Conformist Conscience*—which, as you are expected to remark, is very easily upset. All this makes the slacker even happier than if he were so un-English as to smile his pleasure, for he has a joke ready-made on his bows, where there is no risk of any one's not seeing it.

These pollard willows that line the bank are not expected to delight your eye at first sight, but as you see them day after day they grow on you like the beauty of a bull-terrier pup. They have been topped to make their roots strike deeper and wider into the soil, so that when the freshets come in the spring the banks will stand firm. The idea came some centuries ago from Holland, but has been so thoroughly Englished that the university, and, indeed, all England, would scarcely be itself without its pollard willows. And though the trees are not in themselves graceful, they make a large part of the beauty of the river scenery. The sun is never so golden as up there among their quivering leaves, and no shadow is so deep as that in the water at their feet.

The bar of foam ahead of us is the overflow from the *lasher*—that is to say, from the still water above the weir. The word is obsolete almost everywhere else in England,

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GAINSBOROUGH'S "BLUE BOY."

From the Collection of Mr. William H. Fuller, by Courtesy of the American Art Association.—[See Page 211.]

and even to the Oxford mind it describes the lashing overflow rather than the *lache* or *slack* water above. When we "shoot the lasher," as the phrase goes, you will get a hint as to why the obsolete term still clings to this weir. Those fellows beyond, who have tied up three deep to the bank, are waiting to see us get ducked; but it is just as easy to shoot the lasher as to upset in it; and with that swarm of slackers watching, it makes a difference which you do. We have only to get up a fair pace and run into it on a diagonal. The lashing torrent will catch our bows, but we shall be half over before it sweeps them quite around; and then it will catch the stern in turn, and whirl the bow back into the proper direction. A sudden lurching of the bows, the roaring of water beneath, a dash of spray—and we are in still-water again.

We will lie up here a bit with these people who are watching for upsets. When the lasher is running as strong as now, a dozen men, on an average, go under every day. If we feel inclined to reproach ourselves for our malicious expectations, we have only to regard the O.U.H.S. man who stands, pole in hand, in a huge punt just where the lasher eddies against the roots of a willow on the opposite bank. He looks respectable enough, but what he really wants is to have his next victim get his lungs full of water so that he may claim a Society medal for saving a life. And the fellows here are just as bad. A recent American visitor remarked that you might loudly confess a murder on the Char, or make love to the girl in the bow, and no one of the swarming slackers would stop pulling the ears of his fox-terrier or considering the bowl of his pipe. It may be doubted whether an American would ever be inspired to make love to an English girl; and it is certain that undergraduates have plenty of amiable curiosity and of the old English love of horse-play. To be sure they are considerate enough to stop laughing when the victim splutters up to the surface—a fact which may perhaps explain why the recent American traveller did not observe them. As you already know what a ducking is, we will pole on in order to reach the inn at Marston by four. If we were true slackers, to be sure, we should have brought a spirit-lamp and a basket of "tea," and tied up in the first convenient nook on the bank; but these are heights of slacking to which the novice cannot aspire.

Just beyond here we shall have to give the Thames Conservancy man threepence to roll the punt around a weir. If there were ladies with us we should have to let them walk half a mile round, for just above is Parson's Pleasure, the university bathing-hole; and these men who would not let the Yale and the Cornell athletes row in sleeveless "zephyrs," plunge naked into a frequented waterway and are unashamed.

Above Parson's Pleasure we emerge from Mesopotamia—as the pretty river bottom is called in which the Char divides into several channels—and come in sight of the 'varsity cricket-ground. There is a game on against a picked eleven from the Marylebone Club; and every few minutes, if we waited, we might see the statuesque figures in white flannel chase a ball or trot back and forth between the wickets. Here again the true slacker would perhaps pause to enhance his feeling of repose by contrast with the cricketers; but any one who has ever hustled in America lacks a sense of the finer shades in the art of loafing.

Few slackers, at any rate, have had energy to get beyond this point; and as we pole among the meadows the cuckoo's homely voice emphasizes the solitude, singing the same two notes it sang to Shakespeare—and to Chaucer before him, for the matter of that. You can reproduce them exactly by blowing between the joints of your thumbs

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into the hollow of your hands; or, if you can't, the first street boy you meet in town will teach you for sixpence.

At Marston, having ordered tea of the red-cheeked housewife, it is well to ask the innkeeper for credit. He is a Parisian whose sociological principles, it is said, were the cause of his venturing across the Channel—a man will go to great lengths in Paris for his opinions; and while his cheery English spouse, attended by troops of his red-cheeked boys, brings out the thin-buttered bread, he will revile you. What business have you to ask an honest yeoman to lend you money? If he were to go down to Oxford and ask the first gentleman he met to lend him half a crown to feed his starving family, should he get it? Should he? And what right have you to come to his house—his *home!*—and demand food at his board? You are a gentleman; but what is a gentleman? A gentleman is the dregs of the idleness of centuries! Then he will declaim about his plans for the renovation of the world. All this time his well-fed wife has been pouring out the tea and slicing the Genoa cake; and now, with a smile of reassurance, she takes our names and college. But the innkeeper's eloquence does not flag, and it will not until you tell him with decision that you have had enough. This you are loath to do; for the word "gentleman," in its English connotation, is the subtlest of flattery to the born democrat; and he has furnished you besides with a new idea of happiness. The cotton-wharf negro sometimes wants leisure, the repose of the cricketer is at times rudely broken in upon, and even the slacker is liable to his ducking; but to stand up boldly against the evils of the world and to picture the new Utopia while your wife averts all practical consequences, this is *otium cum dignitate.*

IV.

This journey up the Char, though all-popular with the undergraduate, is not the only one worth taking. We might have gone down the Isis to the Iffley Mill and the sleepy little Norman church near by. This would have taken us through the thick of the college crews training for the summer eights. But the rules of the river are so complicated that no man on earth who has not given them long hours of study can understand them; and if an eight ran into us we should be fined a quid or two—one quid for a college eight, and two for the 'varsity. Below Iffley, indeed, there is as much clear punting as you could desire, and here you are in the full current of Thames pleasure-boats. The towing-path skirts the water, so that when you are tired of punting you can get out and tow your craft. The stretch of river here I hold memorable as the scene of the only bit of dalliance I ever witnessed in this most sentimental of environments. A young man and a young woman had tied the painter of their punt to the middle of a paddle, and shoulder by shoulder were loitering along the river-side. Twenty yards behind, three other men and a baffled chaperon were steering the punt clear of the bank, and boring each other.

The best trip on the Isis is into the backwaters. These are a mesh of tiny streams that break free from the main current above Oxford and lose themselves in the broad bottom-lands. The islands they form were chosen in the Dark Ages as the sites of religious houses; for not only was the land fertile, but the net-work of deep, if tiny, streams afforded defence from the heathen, while the main channel of the Thames afforded communication with the Christian world. The ruins of these, or subsequent monasteries, remain to-day brooding over a few Tudor cottages and hamlets, with a mill and bakery and an inn or two to sustain life in the occasional undergraduate who lazes by in his canoe.

The most interesting of these ruins is Wytham. The phrase is exact, for the entire hamlet was built from a venerable religious house shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries. You can imagine the size of Wytham. If you don't watch very closely as you paddle up the sedgy backwater you will miss it entirely, and that would be a pity, for its rude masonry, thatched roofs, and rustic garden-fronts seem instinct with the atmosphere of Tudor England. The very tea-roses, nodding languidly over the garden wall, smell, or seem to smell, as subtly sweet as if they had been pressed for ages between the leaves of a mediæval romance.

I am not quite sure that they do, though, for these ancient hamlets have strange ways of pulling the wool—a true golden fleece, to be sure—over American eyes. Once at twilight I heard a knot of strolling country men and women crooning a tune which was so strangely familiar that I immediately set it down as a village version of one of those noble melodies of that golden age when English feeling found its natural vent in song. As it drew nearer I suddenly recognized it. It was a far-away version of the latest negro song—"Mammy's Little Alabama Coon."

I have still faith, though, in a certain mediæval barmaid I chanced upon in the backwaters. The circumstances of our meeting were peculiar. As I drifted along one Sunday, perched on an after-thwart of my canoe, the current swept me toward a willow that leaned over the water, and I put up my hand to fend off. I chanced to be laughing to myself at the time at the thought of a fellow who, only the day before, had tried to do the same thing at the lasher. The force of the current had carried the punt to the very roots of the willow on the opposite bank, whereupon, to my heart's delight, he tried to fend off from it with his arm, and stooped, with great apparent deliberation, plump into the water. He had to be hauled out by the O.U.H.S man hard by.

I was interrupted in these pleasant thoughts by a boorish guffaw from one of the fellows behind me. . . . But I started to tell about the mediæval barmaid. I was directed to a bakehouse up the stream. Here I hung my coat and trousers before the fire on the long baker's pole, and put my shoes inside on a dough-tray. My companion of the horse-laugh hung my shirt on a blossoming almond-tree in the garden, and then left me—for the lunch-hamper. He had scarcely gone, when I heard a rustle of skirts at the door.

"What do you want?" I cried.

"I want my dinner," was the reply.

It was the barmaid of a neighboring public-house, in her Sunday frock. When she saw me she smiled, but maintained a simplicity of port that—I insist upon it—was instinct with the simple and primitive modesty of the Middle Ages. The Adam of the Chester Miracle Play had the quality to a marvel, who, as the stage direction requires, was to "stand neckede" on the pageant before the multitude and "not be ashamed."

My barmaid, after some simple rustic expressions of sympathy, advised me to take off my stockings and hang them up before the fire. The advice was capital. For one happy moment I lived in the broad wholesome atmosphere of the Middle Ages. It was like a breath from Chaucer's England. Then the baker rushed into the room, in a cut-away coat of the latest style. He had baked for an Oxford College so long that he had become infected with the squeamish leaven of the nineteenth century. Taking the girl by the shoulder, he hustled her into the garden, and then passed her plum pudding out to her through the door. He heaped me with apologies and lent me a bath-robe; but I did not mind either, for as the barmaid ran back to the inn she was laughing what I still insist upon believing to have been the simple joyous laughter of the Middle Ages.

V.

But we must hurry to get back to college in time for dinner. And even at that we shall have to land here at Magdalen bridge and give a street boy sixpence to take the punt the rest of the way. We land at the foot of the Tower just as the late afternoon sun is gilding its exquisite pinnacles, and the chimes in its belfry are playing the prelude to the hour of seven. It is a melody worth all the Char and the Isis, with all their weirs and their willows. Other mediæval chimes fill you with a delicious sorrow for the past; but when they cease, and the great bell tolls out the hour, you think only of the death of time. They leave you sadly, as it were, in the musty cellarage of the tower. But the melody that the Magdalen chimes utter is full of the simple faith, the aspirations, of our fathers. It lifts you among the gilded pinnacles, or perhaps ever so little above them.

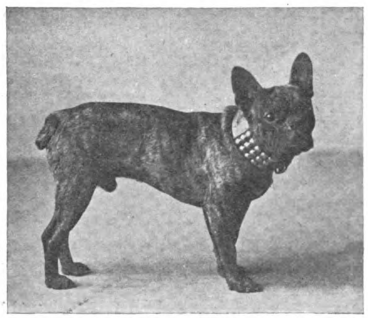
THE FRENCH BULL-DOG.

A good deal of interest was attracted by the toy bull-dogs, which class, by-the-way, has excited some attention, owing to the discussion that has been going on in the English sporting papers over the different points enacted in America, and English fanciers preferring the type that is merely a diminutive bull-dog with a rose ear, *while French* and American fanciers *declare for the type with the large erect bat ears.*

The above extract, taken from the New York *Herald* of Sunday, May 23, 1897, does not to the average reader have any particular significance, but to the lover of the dog it contains a depth of meaning and is intensely gratifying, since the extract was written in the home of the French bull-dog, and echoes the sentiment of every sportsman who believes in the preservation of the purity of the breeding of this grand little dog.

Some twenty years ago the French sportsmen revivified, as it were, a diminutive breed of bull-dogs that in the early century was very popular, and they used every effort to breed them with all their former attributes and characteristics. To attain this result, no pains were spared to secure the best specimens obtainable for breeding purposes, and the outcome of it all was that within the last decade success to an eminent degree has crowned their efforts.

The bull-dog is perhaps the best known of all the canine race—so known undoubtedly on account of the apparent ferocity of its aspect, while, in truth, it is one of the best



dispositioned dogs we have about us. The English fanciers of this breed spared neither time, labor, nor money to breed the dog in all its perfection, and the dog of to-day is as near perfect as is possible to breed it.

In the early Paris dog shows this national little dog was enthusiastically received by the public, and grew in popular favor, till the introduction of some eminent English judges at their shows. At the first show, where two English gentlemen officiated in conjunction with one French judge, the question of the ear became the subject of discussion. Naturally the insular tendency of the English judges caused them to proclaim in favor of the rose ear—that is, an ear that drops like a rose-leaf. Acting upon the suggestions of the islanders, the French fanciers soon adopted, or rather leaned to, the rose ear, to the decided detriment of the national bat ear.

During the last few years some of our citizens travelling about France saw beautiful specimens of the breed and brought them home, and all at once, as it were, this cocky little chap bounded into popular favor here, especially with the ladies. The Boston dog show of 1897 brought out a goodly number of this breed, but it remained for the Westminster Kennel Show of last year to bring out a grand entry from all parts of the country—even as far West as Chicago.

Mr. Mathews was to have judged these classes, but at the last moment he resigned in favor of the great English judge, Mr. George Raper. Among the entries were some with the English rose ears, and others with the typical bat ears. The supporters of each of the varieties were pleased with the substitution; but when the English judge decided by his awards that the rose-eared specimens had received premier honors, those gentlemen who were in favor of the breed being preserved as originally bred in France formed a club, under the name of the French Bull-dog Club of America, sending forth the edict that the bat ear, broad at its base and gently tapering to the top, should hereafter be the only type recognizable at our shows.

Scarcely had the standard been formulated than the English sporting papers opened a relentless fire upon our devoted heads; but it falls now harmless, since "the French fanciers declare for the type with the large erect bat ears." The toy bull-dog is naught else than a diminutive English bull-dog, with all its exaggeration of flat face, undershot jaw, profuse wrinkles, broad deep chest, with straight legs, and the cutest of little tails—that to many is a subject of much merriment. The French congener differs very little from the English toy dog, the greatest divergence being that it is not so much undershot in the jaw, not quite so deep nor wide in front, is more cobby and active in movement, and has the traditional bat ears. The ears, when the dog is in action, are always carried erect, and are so distinctive and characteristic that, once being seen, they are never forgotten.

The following standards will enable the novice to understand the distinctive qualities of each breed, and so not have palmed off upon him one of the English type, which, if shown, will be sure to be disqualified at any of our shows.

THE AMERICAN STANDARD.	THE ENGLISH STANDARD.
The general appearance is that of an active, muscular, intelligent dog, smooth-coated, compactly built, and of small stature.	The general appearance is that of a smooth-coated, *thick-set*, broad, powerful, and compact dog.
Head large, square, and broad; cranium almost flat; jaws large and powerful, deep, square, and undershot. The "stop" should be strongly defined, causing a hollow or groove between the eyes, extending well up the forehead.	Head *very* large—the larger the better—forehead flat, and skin about the head very loose, hanging in great wrinkles. Frontal bone very prominent, broad, high, and square, causing a deep groove between the eyes.
Eyes wide apart, set low down, round, of moderate size, neither sunken nor bulging, and very dark. No haw, and no white showing when looking forward.	Eyes set low in skull, as far from the ears as possible, round, very dark, almost black, and showing no white when looking forward.
Muzzle, nose, and lips should be black. The lips should be thick, *hiding the teeth*, whereas on each side they should overlay the lower lips. Nose deep, and nostrils broad.	Muzzle short, broad, and *upturned*, and very deep from corner of eye to corner of mouth. Flews thick, broad, pendent, and very deep, hanging over lower jaw at sides (not in front). Nose *very* large, broad, and black, deeply *set back, almost between the eyes.* Nostrils large, wide, and black. *Teeth* should show when mouth is closed.
Neck short, thick, and well arched.	Neck very deep, thick, and strong, well arched, with much *loose skin at throat.*
Body short, and well rounded; chest deep, broad, and full, well ribbed, with belly tucked up; back short and strong, broad at shoulders, narrow at loins, and forming a wheel or "roach" back.	Body well ribbed, round, and deep, with belly well tucked up. Back strong and short, very broad at shoulders, narrow at loins, forming "roach" or wheel back.
Fore legs short, stout, straight, and set wide apart. Feet of moderate size, compact, and turning very slightly *outward.* Stubby nails.	Fore legs wide apart, very stout, strong, and straight. Fore feet straight. Toes compact and thick.
Hind legs strong and muscular, longer than fore legs, so as to elevate the loins above the shoulders.	Hind legs large, muscular, longer in proportion than fore legs.
Coat moderately fine, short, and smooth.	Coat fine, short, close, and smooth.
Colors—dark brindles; dark brindle and white; all other brindles; all other colors.	Colors—if bright and pure of its sort—first, brindles, reds, white, with their varieties, as whole whites, fawns, etc.; second, pied and mixed colors.
Tail either straight or screwed, short, hung low, downward carriage, thick at root, and fine tip. Short straight tail preferred.	Tail set on low, jutting out, then downwards, free from coarse hair, rather short than long, tapering to a fine point, and carried downward.
Ears, as shall hereafter be known as the bat ear; shall be large in size, broad at base, well elongated, with rounded top, set high on the head, not too close together, carried erect, with orifice visible when seen from the front.	Ears set high, small, and thin. The rose ear being preferred.
Weight, 22 pounds.	Weight, 50 pounds.

It will be seen that the ear is the feature most divergent from the English dog's, and therefore should not be lost sight of. The dog is essentially a pet dog, and particularly acceptable to the ladies, who can tuck it under the arm and carry it with the greatest ease. About the house small-sized dogs are preferable, so the French Bull-dog Club of America did wisely in making the weight limit twenty-two pounds.

STORM.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE gale sweeps in across the bay,
You hear the breakers' boding cry,—
Come down, along Plum Island way
And see the white-caps at their play,
And see, with rainbows in the sky,
The wind blow rainbows from the spray!

The low and level sun strikes sheer
In purple east a brow of storm,
And all the great sea-horses rear
Along the bar, and far and near
In angry troop the sea-crests swarm,
Singing their war-cry wild and clear.

Come where the island surges call,
And measure with the gale your strength,
And halt you,—for no sail at all
Flits homeward from the deep-sea haul,
But in the midnight's weary length
Black wreck shall in our footprints fall.

Too fierce the winds about us blow,
The sleet is frozen as it drives,—
To-night let music softly flow,
Lest thinking, when the fire falls low,
Of drowning men and hapless wives,
We shiver in the embers' glow!

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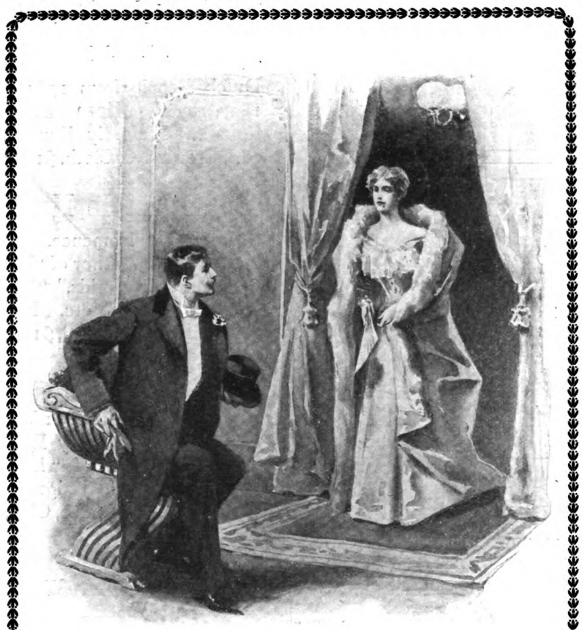
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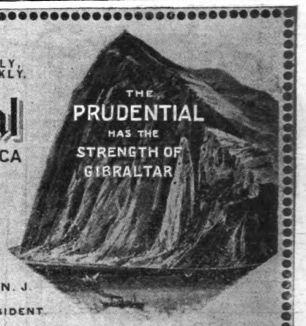
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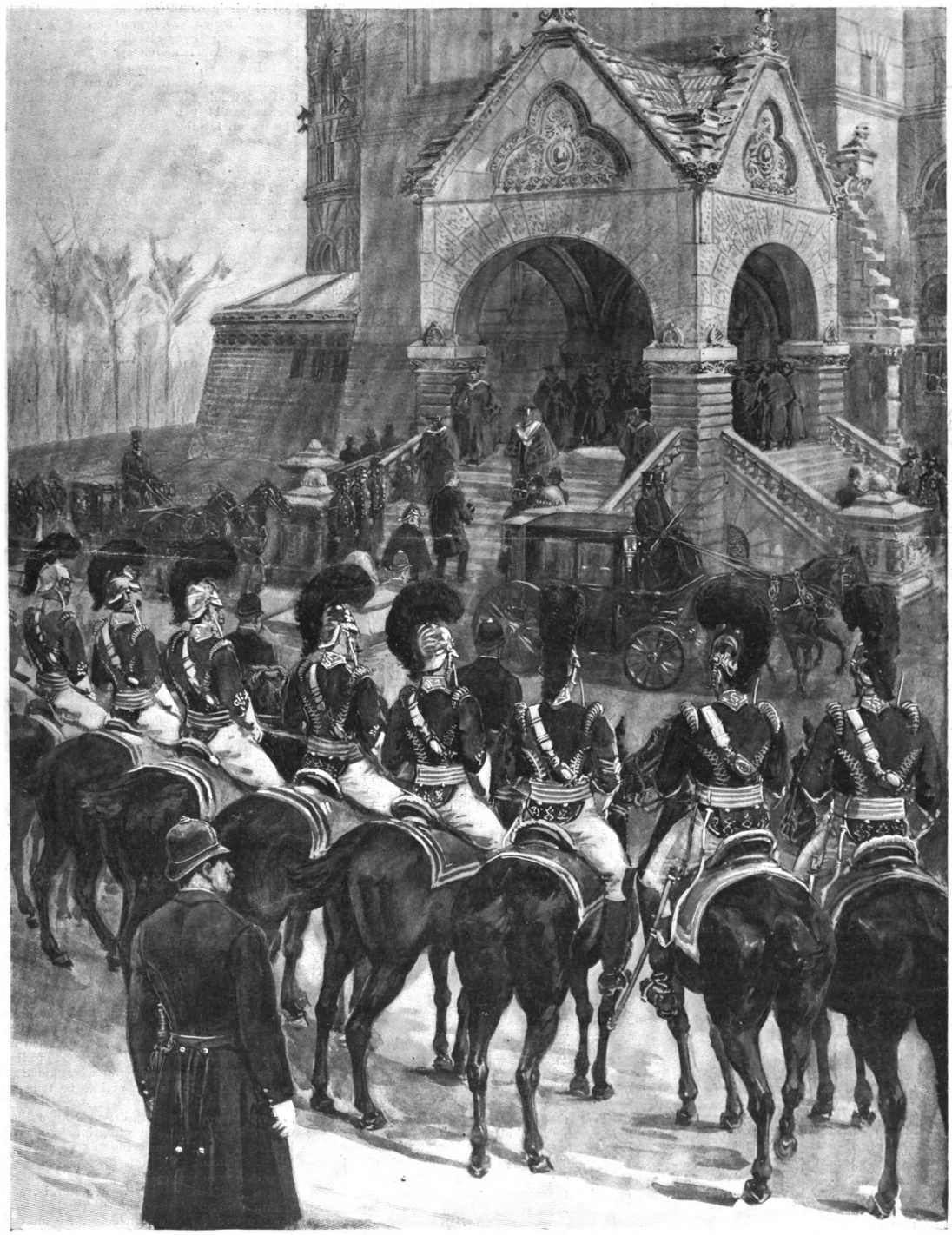
WRECK OF THE "MAINE."—ZOLA TRIAL.—SPANISH NAVY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S RECEPTION AT THE LIBRARY BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 235.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 5, 1898

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THE German agrarians are determined on a tariff war with the United States, and it is probably because the government wishes at least to appear to favor their purpose that orders have been issued shutting out American fruit and American horses until they pass inspection. The matter is really of but very little moment, because the very large majority of the sensible German press and of all the commercial classes of the empire understand that a tariff war with the United States would mean nothing but disaster and ruin to the material interests of Germany.

IT is announced that Mr. CROKER does not know when he will sail for Europe, but that he intends to sail some time in the spring is not doubted. We think ourselves that it will be after the adjournment of PLATT'S Legislature; but we are unable to guess which of the rumors concerning his intended visit to England is true—whether he goes to look after his race-horses, or to close his establishment, or to discover why the London press treats Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GLADSTONE with more respect than the New York press accords to him and PLATT. Of one thing we are sure: he will be with us during the working months so long as Tammany has control of the public funds.

THE Senate the other day had an opportunity to make some amends for its hasty and ill-considered conduct in the past on the question of our attitude to Spain and the Cuban insurrection. Senator ALLEN insisted on inserting in the diplomatic and appropriation bill a resolution offensive to Spain, charging that country with barbarity and cruelty, and practically recognizing belligerency. This was too much even for the bellicose MORGAN, who announced that he was ready for declaring war against Spain, but not ready to provoke her to war in an indirect way by an amendment to an appropriation bill. Jingoes are ready for war so long as nothing but talk is involved, but they are often unprepared for the final step. Perhaps MORGAN'S self-restraint is a sign of gravity. Mr. ALLEN'S resolution received only five votes in a total of fifty-six.

THERE is likely to be trouble between France and England growing out of the invasion by the former of the kingdom of Sokoto, in the Legos hinterland. Whether the French are determined to vindicate their army, whose honor has been so vigorously assailed, in the opinion of the army chiefs, in the ZOLA trial, by giving it an opportunity to glorify itself in war, or whether they are determined simply to make a clear pathway for themselves from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, it is clear that they are willing to provoke Great Britain into war; and as Great Britain is the friend of free commerce in Africa, as she is in China, where, we are glad to say, her loan has been accepted, she ought to have the sympathy of this country. In fact, international affairs throughout the world are so shaping themselves that England and the United States are coming to be the sole representatives of popular and free government against militarism and arbitrary power.

NOTWITHSTANDING the undoubted public excitement caused by news of the disaster to the *Maine*, we are glad to say that the visit of the *Vizcaya* was attended with no unpleasant incident beyond a characteristic display of bad manners by Mayor VAN WYCK, who received a visit from Captain EULATE in stupid and ill-mannered silence. Mayor VAN WYCK may be ignorantly or purposely boorish. If he is ignorant of the requirements of good manners, he is to be pitied; but at least he ought to know, if he regarded Captain EULATE as a possible enemy, that all men, not wholly barbarous, are especially polite to those with whom they expect to fight. Even prize-fighters, with whose customs the Mayor may be familiar, shake hands when they enter the ring. The *Vizcaya* came to New York to make a return visit for that of the *Maine* at Havana, and while she was guarded with the utmost care by both Federal and city authorities, there was no attempt made by any insane or wicked person to blow her up; and we have no doubt that so far as our government was concerned it manifested precisely the same feeling that the Spanish authorities would have manifested in protecting the *Maine* if they had been aware that any danger threatened her.

WE do not mean to intimate our belief that the destruction of the *Maine* was not due to accident. We think that it is the duty of every citizen to follow the admirable example set by Captain SIGSBEE, who says, "It is better to know than to think." As a matter of fact, we know nothing about the cause of the accident to the *Maine*, and all insinuations that are made by persons in authority, or having the public ear, suggesting that the explosion was not due to accident, but to a malicious purpose to destroy her on the part of Spaniards or of Spanish authorities, are wicked incitements to causeless war. We say causeless war, referring entirely to the incident of which we are now speaking, because if it cannot be shown that the *Maine* was blown up purposely, and if we cannot connect the Spanish government with that purpose, there is no cause for war. If the ship was destroyed by design, the government will probably have a claim for damages against the Spanish government, but a claim for damages is not in itself a cause for war. The coolness, self-restraint, and dignity which have characterized our government and most of the public afford occasion for pride in the nation. The tone which the country, through its government, has maintained indicates that the real character of democracy is not shown by the noisy Jingoes, whose outcries are not inspired by patriotism, but by a desire for ignorant votes, or contracts for war supplies, or larger circulation, depending upon the trade in which each particular Jingo is engaged, whether it be politics or speculation or newspapers.

WHAT sensational newspapers have done may be shown by a brief examination of one number of an excitable journal which has been doing its best to stir up a war feeling in the country. It ought to be said that its special rival in this field is not worthy of further notice than the statement that nearly every one of its head-lines has been contradicted by that part of its news which bears a semblance to truth, and that most of its news has been plainly untrue. The paper first mentioned gave, the other day, a pretended statement of the number of guns in place in New York Harbor. It is unnecessary to examine this statement in detail, but the importance of it may be judged from the fact that every gun that has been delivered, whether it is mounted or not, was counted as in place and ready for use, while in one instance at least the number of mortars in a fort was exactly doubled. At the head of a long despatch the paper's efforts to secure control of the investigation of the wreck by its own divers were mentioned in large and black type, but there was no allusion to the fact that in the despatch, which was dated Havana, it was stated that no dirigible torpedo could work such havoc over such a wide area as had been worked in the *Maine;* that there was no knowledge whatever possessed by any one as to the cause of the disaster; that the wounded sailors of the *Maine* were so well treated on the *Alfonso XII.* and in the hospital at Havana that visitors were told by the wounded that they were not afraid of dying there except from the gout. There was no occasion for suppressing these facts, unless there was a general desire on the part of the author of the head-lines, and the editor who passed them, to suppress all news that would allay resentment against the Spanish. In another part of the paper the head-lines told its readers that Professor ALGER, the naval authority on explosives, said that the force was terrific, and that only a submarine mine of great size could have caused such destruction. The despatch showed that Professor ALGER'S statement was that *if* the explosion was caused by a mine, an immense charge of a great many hundred pounds of powder would have been required. Professor ALGER meant to throw doubt upon the theory that the explosion was caused by a mine, so that the head-line deliberately misrepresented him. Moreover, the despatch contained Professor ALGER'S reasons for not believing in the mine theory. They were that if a mine had been exploded, there would have been sea enough raised in the harbor to rock the great ships anchored there and to swamp small boats. There was no such sea raised, so far as Professor ALGER knew. Moreover, a mine explosion would have filled the harbor with dead fish, if living fish had been there before the explosion. Moreover, Professor ALGER said that the noise from an exploded mine would have been a dull and heavy sound, and not the sharp one described in the despatches. That was such a sound as would have come from an explosion in the ship. These statements were suppressed for the same reason for which the paper suppressed statements of the kindness of the Spanish surgeons to the wounded sailors of the *Maine*. Such conduct is worthy of only the severest treatment. There ought to be a law for the punishment, and even the suppression, of a newspaper that will incite to war.

PRIMARY REFORM.

THE whole country is interested in the movement which has begun in New York for reforming the primary election law. It is true that the motive which actuates the Republican politicians in this State is not of the highest, and is not that which governs those who are simply desirous that our whole electoral machinery shall come as near as possible to guaranteeing purity of elections. The reason for the reform movement here is Mr. PLATT'S desire to bring back to the machine the honest elements of his party who have been driven away by his bad management and by the corruption of his followers and his methods. The Republicans who are hostile to Mr. PLATT, but who wish to save the organization by weakening him and strengthening themselves, have demanded such reform of the primary as will make effective the votes cast against the machine. They believe that good men now stay away from the primaries because they know that, whatever vote they may cast, the machine will win—the henchmen of the "boss," in other words, will count in their own people even if there be an adverse majority. This Mr. ROOT and his friends think may be changed by providing for a new enrolment, which may be made on registering, and under which, we suppose, all those who declare themselves to be Republicans or Democrats shall be considered as having the right to vote at the primaries of their respective parties, the primaries themselves being presided over by the regularly chosen election officers. These are officers of the state, and therefore the proposed primaries will be official; but it is suggested that the election officers who will preside over each party's primaries shall be the election officers appointed to represent that particular party, and to that extent the primary will continue to be partisan. This, as we understand it, is substantially the plan discussed by the representatives of PLATT'S machine, and by the various persons who represent the Republicans who are dissatisfied with PLATT rule and PLATT methods, although we understand that there is a radical difference as to methods of enrolment. Of course the law applying to both parties will be of as great advantage, or disadvantage, as the case may be, to the Tammany machine as to the PLATT machine.

The step proposed is in the right direction, but it is a very short step, and while short steps towards reform are necessary in a democracy like our own, it is well, now that the beginning of primary reform is under discussion by the practical politicians, for reformers to determine and to work for the end which ought to be eventually reached. Stated broadly, that end is the absolute control by the state of the whole machinery of elections. At present private citizens, generally those who are pecuniarily and selfishly interested in the emoluments of politics, select the candidates to be voted for. This is practically a limitation upon the power of choice which the citizens are supposed to exercise. Except where there is an independent revolt, like that which made Mr. LOW the candidate for Mayor of this city last fall, the choice is limited between candidates selected by two machines, whose bosses and leaders are not in politics for the purpose of transacting the public business honestly and efficiently, but for the purpose of making money for themselves. The state is interested in making the choice of candidates for its offices as free as possible; the machine is interested in narrowing it, really in depriving citizens of all choice whatever, leaving the selection of candidates to the boss alone. This is the evil to be remedied by primary reform.

Everything, of course, depends upon the good citizen. If he will not go to primaries, or will not interest himself in securing proper nominations, the law cannot help him. The present evils are largely due to the fact that good citizens have permitted bad citizens and their natural leaders to obtain control of the political parties. All that the law can do is to provide for the most liberal methods of making nominations, and to guarantee

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orderly primaries and a fair count. That being done, it rests with the good citizen to avail himself of the provisions of the law and to attend to all his political duties.

The ultimate end to be reached in primary reform is the making of the machinery of nominations official. Nominations must be made at primary meetings or on the petition of individual citizens, and the law should permit the greatest freedom in making nominations that are not partisan. It should encourage bolting from the regular party nominations by providing machinery for an immediate and effective protest against bad nominations made at a primary. At the basis of all nominating machinery, at least for some time to come, must be the party primary, because partisanship is at present an ingrained habit of the American voter; and whatever we may think of ingrained habits, they must be recognized and reckoned with in dealing practically with a principle or an institution that they effect. Nominations should be made at the primary of the party and not at a convention. When the state assumes the task of controlling nominations, the machinery of nominations must become as simple as possible, and to that end the convention should be eliminated. Moreover, it would be impossible for the state to control a convention as it may control a primary, and if the primary was held for the purpose of choosing delegates instead of making nominations, it would be extremely difficult to regulate it also, while the chances of managing it by combinations of bad men would be greatly increased. If the primary is to be controlled by the state, it must be made wholly non-partisan. Here we come in contact with a very defective provision in the proposed measure, which seems to have been agreed upon by the Republican factions. The measure appears to treat a primary as wholly a party concern. It is wholly a party affair at present, and it is because it is so that it has become such an evil thing. No reform is possible unless the primary is made a state affair, and being a state affair, party politics must not be recognized in its management. If it is proper for both parties, or all parties, and for independent citizens to be represented on the board of election officers, it is also proper that all parties should be represented on every board of primary officers. We do not think that election boards are properly constituted, but representation of the various parties is for the purpose of securing a fair count and a proper observance of the law, and these objects are quite as sacred in a primary as at an election. It ought to be possible to provide a body of men whose interests are wholly removed from partisan politics, and whose duty shall be to preside both at primaries and elections,—both at the nomination of candidates and at the choice of officers. We are well aware that this suggestion will be regarded as undemocratic by all the machine politicians and by some of their opponents; but we are convinced, nevertheless, that the democratic policy should seek the absolutely free exercise of the citizen's choice in nominating candidates, and in electing between them when they are nominated; and to gain this end it seems to us absolutely essential that the machinery of making nominations and of electing officers should be in non-partisan and impersonal hands—that is, that the men who receive the votes, administer the law, and count the ballots should be absolutely free from preferences based upon their individual interests. They should know that their official careers and their personal fortunes depended on nothing but the proper and thorough discharge of their duties.

This, it seems to us, should be the basic principle of primary reform. Nominations ought to be made for each party by the untrammelled expression of the choice of its members, and for those who are outside of parties, or who, being inside, are dissatisfied with the choice of the majority, there should be abundant and liberal provision for independent and bolting nominations. It is true that the machine will still have an opportunity even when nominations are made at primaries officially and fairly conducted. Its operation will begin a step back, and its candidates will be selected for the primaries as they are now for the elections. But at present the citizen who does not belong to a machine has no opportunity to express any effective opinion as to who should be candidates of his party, and the man who does belong to a machine is merely the servant of the boss. Under such a system as we suggest, this at least would be changed. The machine could only cast its own vote at the primary, and it is only that vote that would be counted, while good citizens could also unite upon candidates, and their votes would be counted also. As we have already said, real reform, after all, depends upon the willingness of the good citizen to do his duty in politics. If he will not do his duty he must submit to the kind of government of which he now complains; but whether he is willing to perform his duty or not, it is the duty of the state to take charge, under machinery that shall be wholly non-partisan, of every act that makes for the selection of its officers, while it is incompatible with the dignity of the state to neglect that duty, and to leave to private citizens, and to public machines, and to bosses like CROKER and PLATT and QUAY and HANNA, the control of the very sources of its political power.

ABOUT WAR.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

LET us imagine the first news of the destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana had been accompanied by clear proof that the catastrophe was caused by a torpedo or a mine—what would have been the duty of our government? Would it have been to rush forthwith into a war with Spain upon the assumption that Spanish officials and, with them, the Spanish government were responsible for the calamity? Or would it not rather have been to inquire whether Spanish officials were really responsible, and, if they were found to be, whether the Spanish government were willing or not to make due atonement for the acts of its agents? What man of good sense and of sound moral instincts would wish that war be resorted to while an honorable adjustment seems attainable? And yet a resort to war is on every possible occasion spoken of, not only by the miscreants with whom the stirring up of a war excitement is a mere business speculation, but even by otherwise rational and respectable persons, with a flippancy as if war were nothing more serious than an international yacht-race or a football-match.

That war has in the history of mankind sometimes served good purposes in forming nations, in repressing barbarism, in enforcing justice, in removing obstructions to the spread of civilization, will hardly be denied by anybody. How much of such work is still to be done, and how far the instrumentality of war may still be required to that end, it is needless to discuss here. In any event, it will be admitted that whatever object is to be accomplished, war is to be regarded as the last expedient to be resorted to, and not the first. What does civilization mean if not the progress from the arbitrament of brute force to the arbitrament of reason and the maintenance of justice by peaceable methods in the righting of wrongs, and in the settlement of conflicting opinions or interests? If it were proposed to abolish our courts, and to remand the decision of difficulties between man and man to trial by single combat, or by street fight between armed bands enlisted by the contending parties, it would be called a relapse into barbarism too absurd as well as too dreadful to be thought of. We denounce the application of lynch law as a practice utterly repugnant to the fundamental principles of civilized life, and as a blot upon the character of a civilized people. What a strange anachronism it is that while we abhor the arbitrary resort to brute force in private life as a crime against human society, the same arbitrary resort to brute force in deciding differences between nation and nation, although infinitely more horrible in its effects, has still remained the custom of the civilized world, and is surrounded with a halo of heroic romance! It may, indeed, be said that it is far more difficult to find and institute practical methods for the peaceable adjustment of some kinds of disputes between nations than between individuals, so that occasionally war remains the only expedient. This is true, just as it is true that occasionally the social order may become so disturbed that the individual man has no refuge for the protection of his rights except in self-help outside of the rule of law. But in each case this should be regarded only as the very last extremity when everything else fails.

General SHERMAN once said: "You would know what war is? War is hell." He knew what he was speaking of, and he meant it. Was it an exaggeration? When the news of the destruction of the *Maine* arrived we threw up our hands in horror. Two hundred and fifty men killed by the explosion! What a frightful calamity! Thus we feel, and thus we speak, in a state of peace. How in time of war? Two hundred and fifty men killed? Only a skirmish, a slight brush with the enemy. Nothing of importance. A pitched battle comes. Five thousand killed and fifteen thousand wounded on our side; the loss of the enemy believed to be greater. A hard fight, but, perhaps, not decisive. Then more battles; more thousands of killed, more tens of thousands of wounded; the hospitals crowded with countless multitudes of sick. Naval fights also; of those mysterious monsters called battle-ships some go to the bottom of the sea, some of our own as well as some of the enemy's. How many men perish with them? Two hundred and fifty? A mere trifle. It must be many times two hundred and fifty to make a sensation. What is then our first thought? The gaps must be filled, and more of our young men are sent to the front and upon the ships. And the crowds of parents made childless, and of widows and orphans! "Well, very sad, but war is war. Let us take care of them the best way we can to keep them from starving." But more than this. Wherever the armies operate, devastation, ravage, and ruin; wherever the war-ships sail, destruction of commerce and mutual havoc—the fruit of years of patient industry and exertion ruthlessly wiped out; and those agencies of intercourse and mutual advancement by which modern civilization has made the nations of the world dependent upon one another disastrously interrupted, and loss, desolation, and misery spread broadcast. Was General SHERMAN wrong when he said that "war is hell"?

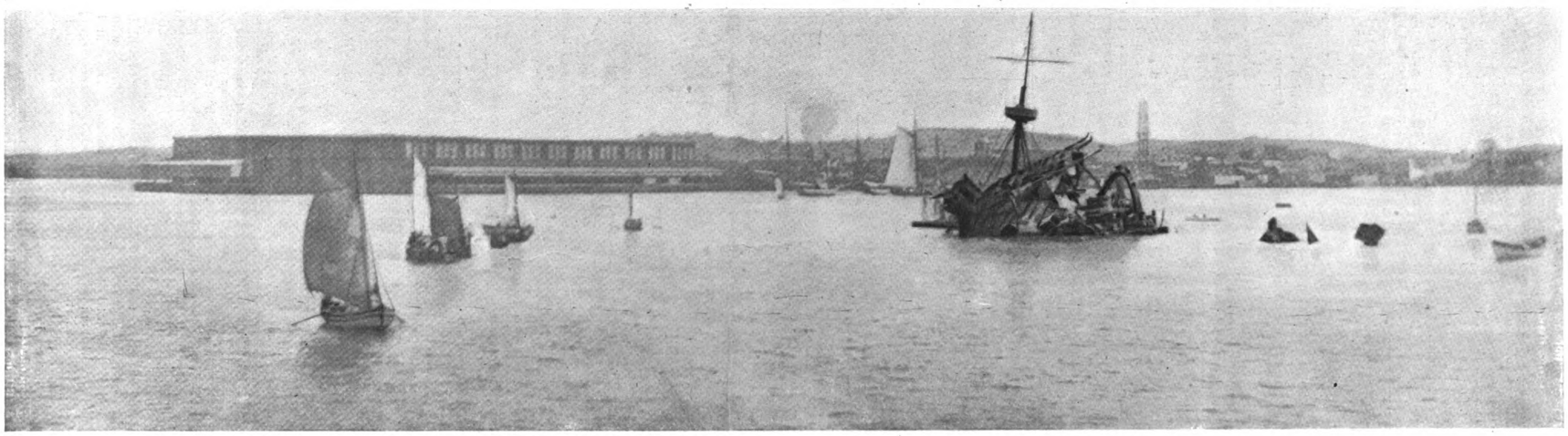
But we are told that a nation needs a war from time to time to prevent it from becoming effeminate, to shake it up from demoralizing materialism, and to elevate the popular heart by awakening heroic emotions and the spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice. This has a captivating sound. But is there not something intensely ludicrous in the idea that the American people, while the rugged work of subduing this vast continent to civilization is yet unfinished, need wars to save them from effeminacy? Were we more effeminate before our civil war than we have been since? As to the demoralizing materialism, was the pursuit of money, the greed of material possession and enjoyment, less prevalent after the civil war than before it? Did not the war itself stimulate that "materialism" to a degree not known among us before? As to heroic emotions and the spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice, it is true that war is apt to call forth splendid manifestations of them. But does war *create* those noble impulses? Could it bring out the manifestations of them if they did not, although unmanifested, already exist? And is, after all, the readiness to die for one's country the sum of all bravery? Is there no call for heroic emotions and patriotic self-sacrifice in a state of peace? Is not a patient and faithful struggle for the truth against the fanaticism of prejudice, and for justice against arrogant power, as brave a feat as the storming of a battery? And is not that civic virtue more rare than the physical courage of the soldier, and, on the whole, more needful to the republic? On the other hand, while war calls forth demonstrations of heroic spirit, does it not also stimulate the baser passions of a larger number? Have we ever heard of a war which, whatever great objects it may otherwise have served, improved private or public morals or stimulated the cultivation of those quiet and unostentatious civic virtues which are most needful to the vitality of free government?

But we are told that there are things worse than war. No doubt. Loss of honor and self-respect, for instance. Surely we should not tamely accept a deliberate insult; but neither should we by offensive bluster provoke one. We should preserve our self-respect, but also respect the self-respect of others. We should not submit to manifest wrong, but we must not forget that others too have rights; and we must not see a wrong irremediable, except by war, in every difference of opinion or clash of interest. Whenever the question of redress or remedy is to be settled, we should not forget that "war is hell," and that a war honorably averted is a nobler achievement than a battle won.

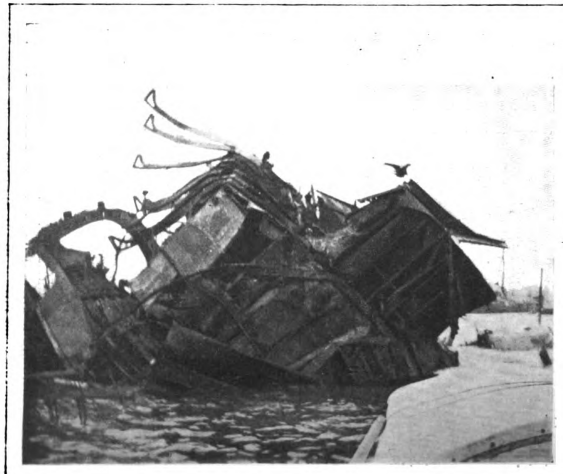
But will not this horror of war at last make cringing cowards of us all? No danger of that. Whatever our love of peace, when the republic needs defenders, hundreds of thousands of her sons will eagerly rush to arms, and the people will pour forth their wealth without stint, no matter if "war is hell." Of this there will never be doubt. No peace feeling can emasculate our patriotism. The danger lies in the opposite direction. It is that the popular mind may too easily forget that war is justifiable only when all the resources of statesmanship to avert it have been exhausted, and when the true value of the object to be accomplished through it outweighs the blood and loss of wealth and human misery and demoralization it will cost. This being the temper of a high-spirited people, so much more do the fiends who seek to drive the nation into unnecessary war by false reports or by unscrupulous appeals to prejudice and passion deserve to be execrated by all good men, and so much more gratitude is due to those in power who, firmly resisting the screams of a reckless demagogy, know no higher duty than to spare the people the scourge of war so long as the blessing of peace can honorably be preserved.

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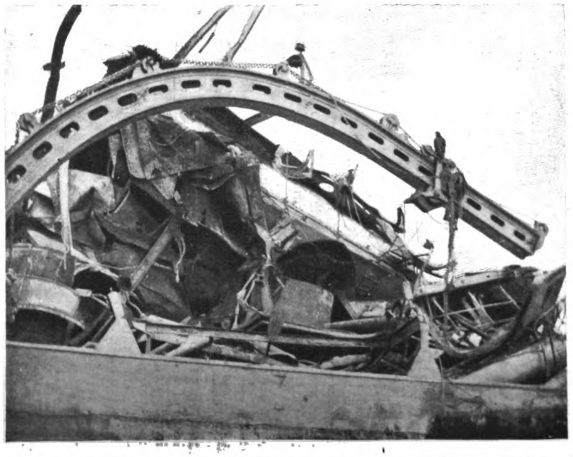
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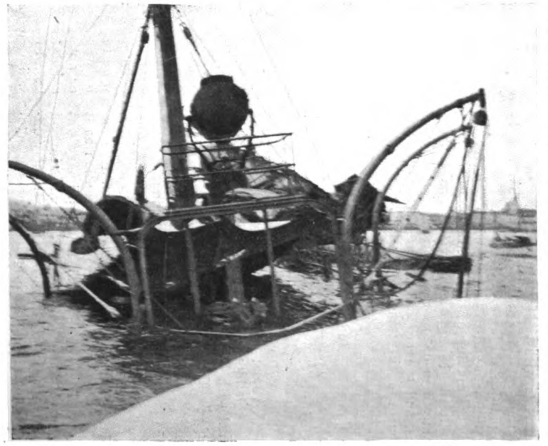
BOW VIEW OF WRECK AS IT LIES IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA—TAKEN FROM THE DECK OF UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "FERN."



VIEW LOOKING FORWARD FROM STARBOARD QUARTER.



VIEW OF WRECKAGE FROM PORT SIDE, SHOWING FORWARD 6-INCH GUN-TRACKS.



STERN VIEW, SHOWING AFTER SEARCH-LIGHT STILL INTACT.

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1. United States Light-house Tender "Mangrove." 2. Captain Sigsbee, on Quarter-deck of "Fern." 3. Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, on Quarter-deck of "Fern." 4. Naval Cadet Amon Bronson, Jr. 5. Chaplain Chidwick. 6. View of Wreck from under Port Beam, looking aft. 7. View from Starboard Side, showing under Side of Superstructure Deck driven upward and rolled back by Force of the Explosion. 8. "Maine" in Havana Harbor before the Explosion, Spanish Flag-Ship "Alfonso XII." in Background. 9. Wreck from Port Beam. 10. Bow View. 11. Bow View, showing Three large Plates driven off to Port by Explosion. 12. View from Port Quarter, showing "Fern" and Patrol Boats.

DESTRUCTION OF UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR.—From Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly" by George Bronson Rea.—[See Page 222.]

Original from PENN STATE

THE "MAINE" DISASTER.

WASHINGTON, *February, 26.*

THE mystery of the *Maine* disaster is still unsolved, and the authorities at Washington are as much in the dark about it as the public. Divers have been at work all the week inside of the ship, and have recovered a number of bodies, and fragments of bodies, of the crew. Nothing has yet been seen of the bodies of Lieutenant Jenkins and Assistant-Engineer Merritt, the two officers who were lost.

Congress having appropriated $200,000 to have the hulk of the *Maine* raised, and to pay for saving as much as possible of her contents, the Navy Department has contracted with the Merritt and Chapman wrecking companies of New York and the Boston Tow-boat Company, agreeing to pay $871 a day for the use of their regular plant, and $500 a day for the use of the giant floating derrick *Monarch*, when actually employed. If the wreckers succeed in raising the *Maine* and towing her to New York, they are to receive a bonus of $100,000 additional. The *Monarch* is the largest floating derrick in the world, with a lifting capacity of 260 tons. The use of this apparatus solves the difficulty of getting the *Maine's* great guns out, as they



ASSISTANT-ENGINEER DARWIN R. MERRITT, U.S.N.
Killed in the Explosion on the "Maine."

were so locked into their turrets as to make their extrication impracticable, and the turrets themselves could not be taken to pieces, since the bolts holding the parts together were countersunk, and left no heads exposed to saw away, and each turret and guns weigh together about 166 tons. The iron barge *Lone Star* will be used to receive the turrets and guns and other heavy material as fast as they are raised, and as fast as she gets a full cargo she will be towed to Norfolk Navy-Yard.

Theories as to the cause of the explosion have been offered in abundance, but chiefly by newspaper writers. Professional experts have been non-committal, except in regard to certain things which they believed to have been wholly disproved, and hence to be eliminated from the calculation; and even in dealing with this phase of the subject they have carefully noted that all theories must be founded on guess-work, till certain elementary facts should be reported by the board of inquiry as proved. The theory of a boiler explosion was discredited early in the week by the discovery that the only boilers in use were some distance aft of the site of the explosion. The theory of spontaneous combustion in the coal-bunkers received a little encouragement from a despatch received from Captain Sigsbee calling for a transverse sectional drawing of the interior plan of the *Maine*, showing the pocket coal-bunkers and their relation to the magazines. These pocket bunkers, serving so good a purpose as a protection to the magazines, are rarely emptied, and it was inferred from Captain Sigsbee's despatch that the board might be looking into the question whether heat enough could have been generated by spontaneous combustion in the coal to explode the powder on the other side of the partition, some of which at least is proof against anything lower than 600 degrees, and that continued for a little time.

The idea which prevailed at first that the wreck was caused by impact with a submarine mine or torpedo has been steadily discountenanced by some of the leading experts in the ordnance bureau of the Navy Department. In the first place, they have refused to believe that so terrible a ruin as is shown by the photographs of the exposed part of the hull and described in the official accounts could have been wrought by any of the torpedoes or mines known to naval science, which contain at the outside 200 or 300 pounds of gun-cotton. The effect of the explosion of such an instrument against the side of the ship would, according to all precedents, be merely to blow a hole through which the water would rush in and sink her; it would not set her afire. Without setting her afire, it is hard to understand how it would have been possible for a mine or torpedo to have caused the explosion of a magazine, and without the explosion of a magazine containing at least several thousand pounds of explosives it appears to be impossible to destroy entirely the forward end of the ship, as in this case. Hence the notion is still cherished that the evidence will show that from some internal cause the port compartment of the forward magazine, which is liable to have contained from 10,000 to 15,000 pounds of powder, was exploded.

Conjectures of this sort are all that even the Secretary of the Navy has had to satisfy his anxiety thus far. The highest praise is everywhere accorded Secretary Long for the candor with which he has treated the public throughout this trying season, being always personally accessible, and causing the official despatches to be prominently displayed as bulletins as fast as they have come in.

The administration, while making every effort to quiet popular apprehension on the one side, is, on the other, taking such measures as will put it into instant touch with every branch of the land and naval armed forces, so as to be able to issue orders at a few hours' notice if necessary which in ordinary seasons would require days, or even weeks. Congress meanwhile has borne itself in the main with sobriety. Harmless resolutions introduced in the Senate by men like Allen of Nebraska and Morgan of Alabama are quietly adopted without debate, and the speech-making of Mr. Mason and his sort is cut short as promptly as possible. In the House the supremacy of the Speaker and his committee on rules has thus far suppressed any untoward demonstrations.

An authorized interview with the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires is published, asserting of his own knowledge that no submarine mines are in Havana Harbor. This corroborates an opinion consistently maintained by the most experienced officers in the Naval Ordnance Bureau, who say that to place explosives of this sort within a commercial harbor in time of peace would be contrary to all custom.

In case of war submarine defences are planted at the mouths of harbors threatened with invasion by an enemy's fighting-vessels, but the interior of the harbors themselves are unencumbered with them even then. The peril to innocent merchant shipping from having mines planted in a harbor in time of peace is obvious; but even aside from that, the defences themselves are liable to be rendered useless by the accidental cutting of the cables which connect them with the operating point on shore. The mapping of floor of a harbor and its entrance, so as to enable quick work to be done when necessary, is as far as it is customary to proceed in this direction till actual hostilities are imminent.

The pushing of work at the yards and docks and ordnance factories has led many persons to suppose that the administration expects war, and is preparing for its outbreak. This is an error. The President and his cabinet have no expectation of war, but as a measure of ordinary prudence pains have been taken to prepare the country for any emergency which might be forced upon it without due warning and against its will. F. E. LEUPP.

THE NIGHT OF THE EXPLOSION IN HAVANA.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

THE city of Havana presented an animated and joyful appearance during the first hours of the night of February 15. The carnival season had only opened the day before, and the streets were rapidly filling with the happy and grotesque masqueraders. Out in the bay lay the men-of-war and merchant vessels, whose forms were barely distinguishable through the darkness. The night was dark, and the few stars were frequently shadowed by the thick clouds wafted out to sea by the light land-breeze.

On board the war-ships the buglers had sounded "taps" and the boatswains' mates had shrilly "piped down" for the night. The only life visible was the forms of the officers and sentries on watch, mechanically pacing to and fro in their respective stations.

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Scovel, the writer was seated in one of the numerous cafés located near the park. Suddenly the sound of a terrible explosion shook the city; windows were broken, and doors were shaken from their bolts. The sky towards the bay was lit up with an intense light, and above it all could be seen innumerable colored lights resembling rockets.

Hastily providing for the safety of his wife, Scovel and I jumped into a coach, and ordered the reluctant driver to drive for his life in the direction of the noise. The populace were evidently frightened, probably believing that the explosion was but the forerunner of another riot, and very few essayed to leave their doors and venture into the street. As we approached the docks the excitement increased, and at last, reaching the custom-house gate, we found an excited crowd trying to force its way through, despite the energetic remonstrance and resistance of the guards.

Elbowing and pushing through, we informed the guards we were two officers from the *Maine;* for by this time we understood from the remarks that something terrible had occurred on board. The gates were quickly opened, and closed immediately. Rushing through the baggage-inspection room and out on the open wharf, our worst fears were realized—the *Maine* was a wreck and burning brightly. Jumping into a boat with the chief of police, Colonel Paglieri, we were soon out in the harbor. Our progress was often retarded by huge masses of floating wreckage, and as we approached closer, the rapid-fire and small-arm ammunition began to explode and whiz through the air over our heads. Our boatmen were paralyzed with fear, and wished to turn back. The Colonel beat one of them with his cane, I whacked the other with a rope's end, until they concluded to proceed.

The scene as it unfolded itself to our vision was terrible in its significance. Great masses of twisted and bent iron plates and beams were thrown up in confusion amidships; the bow had disappeared; the foremast and smoke-stacks had fallen; and to add to the horror and danger, the mass of wreckage amidships was on fire, and at frequent intervals a loud report, followed by the whistling sound of fragments flying through the air, marked the explosion of a 6-pound shell.

The greatest danger for a time seemed to lie in another magazine explosion; but, despite this circumstance, we could see the boats of the Spanish cruiser and of the *City of Washington* darting in and out of the wreckage, bravely rescuing some poor fellow crying for help. We pulled close to the wreck, in the hope of being of some assistance. We arrived there fifteen minutes after the crash, the first to reach her from the shore, but in that short time everybody who survived had already been saved. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the crews and officers of the two steamers mentioned, who were on the spot immediately after the catastrophe, and their vessels did not draw away for more than three-quarters of an hour after, or when it was deemed absolutely necessary to protect themselves from the danger of being struck by fragments of the shells and fixed ammunition which were constantly exploding.

We finally comprehended the full extent of the calamity. My strong companion gulped down a sob as he exclaimed, "Great God, old man, they are all gone! This is the work of a torpedo, and marks the beginning of the end." The stern old Spanish Colonel muttered, "*Ave Maria!* how horrible!" and, with another oath, made a pass at the boatmen with his cane, to urge them forward to where we could now discern the forms of Captain Sigsbee and his officers—many of them half-dressed—standing in their boats sadly viewing the remnants of their once proud cruiser. Here we were hastily informed of what had occurred. At this time it was impossible to estimate the loss of life, and many were supposed to have been saved by swimming to other vessels. We followed Captain Sigsbee to the gangway of the *Washington*, and there the chief of police offered his services and expressed his sympathy to the Captain. Once on board I hastened below, and found eight wounded men being tenderly cared for by Surgeon Heneberger, who was attired in his pajamas. His faithful assistant was Father Chidwick, who has performed a hero's work since that terrible night.

I soon found that there were about thirty-seven survivors on board the *Washington*. All the officers except four were there, and were cared for by the passengers and officers of the steamer.

Only four marines and their captain were accounted for at first. These were the remnants of the full guard of forty-one men.

I received about forty cablegrams from the officers and crew to be forwarded to their families, and as I was about to leave I stepped in to interview Captain Sigsbee, who, in answer to my question, politely handed me his despatches to the Secretary of the Navy and the Admiral at Key West, and at the same time requesting me to see that they were put on the wire immediately.

While conversing with him a large deputation of prominent Spanish officials, headed by Secretary-General Congosto, arrived on board to express their sympathy, and to offer all the aid in their power. Their attentions were kindly received and answered by Captain Sigsbee, and when they left the ship I accompanied them ashore, and I must say that I only heard the most profound expressions of sympathy and sorrow. When Dr. Congosto learned that I was the bearer of the official and private telegrams of the Captain and officers, he sent orders to the cable-office that all telegrams I might present for transmission should be given the right of way, and that all expenses would be paid by the Spanish government. This was indeed a delicate compliment to the noble officers who had been left destitute as a result of the explosion, and deserves at least our appreciation.

After a protracted tour of all the hospitals during the early hours of Wednesday morning, making up a list of the saved and wounded, I once more returned to the *Washington*, and later in the day had the satisfaction of seeing many of the poor fellows and their officers sent back to their native land on board the steamship *Olivette*.

GEORGE BRONSON REA.

THE SITUATION AT KEY WEST.

WHEN the gravity of the calamity which was reported in the daily press of February 16 was fully understood, HARPER'S WEEKLY at once despatched a special correspondent to Havana.

The following communication was mailed by him from Key West on his way to Cuba. The next number will contain the first of his articles from the scene of the disaster.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, *February 22, 1898.*

The *New York*, with Admiral Sicard on board, and the *Iowa*, are anchored some seven miles to the west of this port. The torpedo-boats *Cushing* and *Ericsson* are moored to the Navy Dock, and with them is the tug *Right Arm*, of the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company, which has come down from Norfolk, and proceeds to-night for Havana.

Secretary Long's order to all officers of the United States navy forbidding them to discuss in any manner whatsoever with any person the recent disaster to the *Maine* is being strictly obeyed. No great significance is attached to this order here; it is considered a conservative and precautionary measure, following the policy adopted in regard to the doings of the court of inquiry. This court organized on February 21, and the sittings are in private; the greatest care is taken that none of the testimony reaches the public. The court is held on board the *Mangrove*, which is anchored on one side of the wreck of the *Maine*, while the *Bache* is on the other, all being surrounded by a patrol to keep away the intruder.

Latest advices from Havana are to the effect that the divers working under direction of the court have not as yet discovered anything of importance bearing on the great issue. The wreck is settling every day deeper into the soft mud of Havana Harbor; this mud may have to be removed by means of suction, and the *Right Arm* is supplied with pumps for this purpose, which would be available in case none were to be had on the navy lighters.

It is not expected that the court of inquiry will remain long in Havana; it has gone promptly to work, beginning in Havana, instead of at Key West as was first reported, and it is not probable, now that it has all needed facilities to proceed with the work, that it will be subjected to any delay.

The wounded sailors of the *Maine* who are now in Key West are reported as all doing well. But they will talk, and to them are traceable many of the wild rumors that have recently emanated from this port. They are more inclined to say to the breathless correspondent what they believe he would like to hear than to confine themselves to the facts.

Rumors and denials fly thick and fast through this excited town. Conspiracy and intrigue are in the air, and the place is filled with correspondents, each wrapping his movements in mystery, and locking his "news"—being the last wild rumor—securely in his own mind. The Cuban Club is the scene of much excited debating, and the doings of the insurgents have been lost sight of in the excited interest of the last week.

The latest reports from the field are to the effect that the Cubans still refuse to accept autonomy. General Gomez reports his forces in good condition, and well supplied with ammunition, food, and arms.

HAROLD MARTIN.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, whose death was noted in the WEEKLY last week, had a good title to be considered the most famous woman in America. She was in her sixtieth year. By birth, descent, education, and residence she was curiously representative. Her earliest American ancestor was Simon Willard, of Horsmonden, Kent, England, who came to Boston in 1634 and founded the town of Concord, in Massachusetts, and numbered among his descendants the Rev. Samuel Willard, pastor of the Old South Church and president of Harvard College. Thus of New England Puritan descent, Frances Willard was born in 1839, in Monroe County, New York, a region prolific of leaders and reformers, and went for her education to the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Illinois, where she was graduated in 1859. Evanston, more than any other place, became her home. In 1862 she became a professor in the college there, and after serving a year (1866–7) as principal of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary in western New York, and spending two years in travel abroad, she returned to the Northwestern University in 1871 as professor and dean of the woman's college. She gave up these places in 1874 to become corresponding secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which, five years later, she became the president. The society grew out of the temperance crusade that was started in Ohio in 1873 by praying bands of women. It was founded in Cleveland in 1874, and is now organized all over the United States, has a following in this country of some 300,000, and is believed to be the largest society ever founded and controlled exclusively by women. The World's Christian Temperance Union, founded in 1883, has extended the organization abroad, and is understood to be strong in Great Britain and Canada.

Various opinions obtain as to the usefulness of the Christian temperance unions. Many saloon-keepers, some college presidents, many school-teachers and officers of government, and a very considerable number of average citizens think them somewhat over-meddlesome, and have doubts whether the results of their activities are really as beneficial to the world and to humanity as the zeal and activity of their members would seem to imply. But of course doubts like these are to be expected. The world is full of old fogies, and when any kind of reform comes along and wants to stand them on their heads, the inconveniences of that position are apt to impress them with greater force than the possible benefit to others of the resulting spectacle. But prejudices in favor of the world as it is have never deterred the W. C. T. U., and probably never will. Miss Willard was an ideal president for the organization, for with zeal and fearlessness and extraordinary executive ability she combined sweetness of temper and some discretion. She was a woman of peace, who never seemed to fight for the sake of fighting, and was ready always to turn away wrath with a soft answer. Yet she was steadfast of purpose and resolute to the last gun. A remarkable leader was Frances Willard, beloved by her supporters, and admired and very greatly respected even by her critics.

The *Publishers' Weekly* reports that Mark Twain has found it possible, much earlier than was expected, to finish paying the debts of the late publishing firm of C. L. Webster & Co. The information, though welcome, seems not to be quite conclusive, though it is based on the fact that the balance of a claim of the *Publishers' Weekly* against Webster & Co. was paid on February 7 by Mr. Clemens's legal representative.

Dr. Nansen, in spite of himself, talks a little now and then about his American experiences. A recent London despatch quotes him as grieving over "the inventions of the American reporters," and as divulging some dissatisfaction with American audiences. He says he feels at home in England, "but there [in America], in spite of the crowds, I felt a lack of sympathy with my scientific achievements. In many cases the people only wanted to stare, and they would have been equally pleased if I had got up and sung a comic song."

These sound like real sentiments, and are not surprising. In England there is undoubtedly more interest to the square mile in arctic exploration than in the United States, and it is undoubtedly true that curiosity was at the bottom of a large share of the attention that was paid to Dr. Nansen in this country. But that that would be so was, as the *Evening Post* would say, something that any educated man could have predicted. Dr. Nansen may console himself, however, with the knowledge that whatever the motive that drew his audiences in America, the spectators were well satisfied with his show. If they went to stare at him, they found him well worth looking at. It is not recorded that any one who went to see him denied that he was a fine figure of a man, or wanted his money back after the performance.

The report that the Springfield *Republican* has just given an order for a quadruple Hoe press is accepted by an appreciative contemporary of that worthy journal as "evidence of both prosperity and progress, gratifying and well deserved."

Let us hope so; and yet, when a newspaper buys a new quadruple Hoe press it does not always betoken superabundant prosperity. Sometimes it merely means that another newspaper has succumbed to the inevitable, and has sorrowfully determined to give the greedy public more print and paper than it is willing to pay for. The quadruple Hoe press is a wonderful and beautiful machine, but it has not been a source of unmixed joy or of immediate emolument to all newspaper proprietors. It has caused some terrible improvements. It has put out of fashion every newspaper press that could not print and paste and fold eight, ten, or twelve page newspapers at the rate of about 50,000 copies an hour. Every considerable first-class newspaper has had, sooner or later, to sell its old press and buy a quadruple Hoe press or its equivalent, and, having bought it, to live up to it. The result has been, in a great many cases, that it has been found impossible to feed the Hoe press and the stockholders of the newspaper during the same period of time, and that the Hoe press has been fed and the stockholders haven't. How far the wonderful quadruple, do-everything Hoe press is responsible for the demoralizing competition among American newspapers, with all its incidents and inconveniences, is matter for consideration and appraisal. Let us trust, however, that the Springfield *Republican* may swallow its new press without inconvenience, and digest it, and grow fat on it.

Mr. Amos R. Eno died in New York on February 21, full of years, very rich, and very much honored and respected. He was born in Simsbury, Connecticut, as long ago as 1810, of good and rather distinguished New England stock, got the elements of education at the village school, left home at an early age to seek his fortune, and began the quest in a dry-goods store in Hartford. Before long, in 1833, he moved to New York and started in the wholesale dry-goods business, wherein he prospered. He established the firm of Eno & Phelps, and when it was dissolved in 1850 there was half a million dollars, or thereabouts, to Mr. Eno's credit. With this start, being forty years old, he began to exercise his judgment in the purchase of New York real estate. In 1854 he bought the block of land in Madison Square on which Barnum's hippodrome had stood, and built the Fifth Avenue Hotel, thereby greatly astonishing his contemporaries, who believed he had made a mistake. It is related that before the hotel was finished Mr. Eno himself found the weight of it oppressive, and was willing to part with it, but that a purchaser who coveted the property was frightened out of buying by the size of the plumbing bill for the new hotel. Anyhow, Mr. Eno held on, and in the end made immense profits, which he put into more real estate, which in turn increased enormously in value, so that the story of his life would have been a record of monotonous success if it had not been for the great misfortune that befell him in 1884.

That incident every one remembers. Mr. Eno had made his son John president of the Second National Bank. The son took the bank's money, gambled with it in Wall Street, and lost about three million dollars. The story of the discovery of the defalcation is very dramatic. Mr. Eno at once resolved to replace the stolen funds and save the bank. He sat with the directors while the investigation was being made, but it was many hours before it could be determined how great the losses were. It has been related that the reports of funds missing and debts incurred continued to accumulate until it began to be doubtful whether Mr. Eno's resources would stand the strain. It is said, indeed, that even his own courage began to waver in the uncertainty of the situation, but that then some of his fellow-directors held up his hands and sustained him with their assurances of aid. At all events, the situation was met. All the losses were made good, and Mr. Eno had enough left to go on and make another fortune.

That was a great occurrence in the commercial history of New York, and the story of it will bear much retelling.

The vigor of Mr. Eno's mind is said to have been remarkable, and it is told that in the later years of his life he turned student, learned Latin, French, and Italian, and beguiled his leisure by reading Dante, Cæsar, and Victor Hugo. He had a country place at Simsbury, Connecticut, his native town, and maintained always a very lively interest in that village, where his forefathers had lived for two hundred and fifty years.

The penny-paper habit, which has increased so enormously during the past fortnight, is, after all, only a habit, and a little resolution is all that is needed to restrain it. At no time since the second day after the *Maine* blew up has there been more real news in any one day than enough to make two fair bites. There has usually been one fair bite in the morning and another at night, though often there has not been more than the merest nibble at either time. But the penny papers have kept sputtering out at hourly or quarter-hourly intervals, and have printed news enough every day to fill a book. The most active of them all has been in a state of continuous eruption, and has achieved a miracle of distribution out of meager resources which fairly recalls the basketfuls which were gathered up after the multitude had been fed on five loaves and two fishes. It cannot be said, though, of the more prevalent penny papers that they have been filling at the price. Comparison between the news that they have printed and the news which subsequently turned out to have some basis has led a good many eager readers to Josh Billings's conclusion that it is better to know less than to know so much that is not so.

It is pleasant to be assured by a circular and a collection of handbills which have been kindly furnished to the WEEKLY that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has taken up the fight against root beer, and intends to track that enemy of mankind to its lair and smoke it out. The State committee furnishes convincing attestations of the presence of true alcohol in root beer, and proclaims that this fluid, when introduced into the person, produces alcoholic sensations, among others the "craving for itself," which is specified as a true alcoholic property. Readers of the WEEKLY may not have noticed that root beer has this peculiarity, but they may be able to detect it if they continue to experiment. The same thing, however, has been observed of many other beverages. Drink some tea, and after a while you will find that you want more tea. So with water: after an interval you will want more water. Cases have been known where individuals have drunk one bottle of root beer and had no recurrence of that particular form of thirst until the following spring, but such cases are doubtless the exceptions which prove the rule.

At the meeting on January 27, at Cambridge, for the organization of the Athletic Association of Harvard Graduates, Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt made a speech, extolling athletics, in which he said (as reported in the Boston *Transcript*):

"The Harvard undergraduate who makes the touch-down is great; still greater is the Harvard undergraduate who captains the victorious team or crew, or who does his best. He is honored by every Harvard graduate throughout the country. He has won a prize which makes any prize of social recognition seem absolutely paltry."

This may seem to be putting it rather strong—though perhaps not too strong for the occasion—but Mr. Roosevelt's sentiments seem to be finding a very practical echo in the proposition to raise a fund to build a gate in memory of Marshall Newell, '94, an athlete of distinction, and a man of fine character and much beloved, who was accidentally killed on December 24 at Springfield. A memorial gate is an admirable monument, and Marshall Newell seems to have been an admirable fellow, but somehow it seems worth noting as an unprecedented thing that such a monument should be suggested in honor of a man whose time of action was so short and whose opportunities were so sorrowfully curtailed. In so far as affection has prompted the movement it is outside of criticism, but otherwise it makes one wonder whether football is merely a game as it used to be, or has come to be a serious career in which the highest prizes are attainable.

The *Cercle Français* of Harvard University lately received $20,000 from Mr. James H. Hyde as a fund to provide for an annual course of French lectures. The first lecturer on the foundation thus provided will be M. Rene Doumic, literary critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who is now on his way to this country. He is thirty-eight years old, was educated at Lycée Condorcet, was graduated with distinction in 1882 from the Superior Normal School, and has since been a professor of rhetoric in Stanislaus College. He has been an industrious literary and dramatic critic, and his published works, to the number of eight or ten volumes, deal almost exclusively with literary and dramatic topics. He has lectured often in the cities of France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, and three years ago was admitted to the Legion of Honor.

The *Woman's Tribune* of Washington (D.C.) complains of this department of the WEEKLY for "discouraging attempts to prevent the using of birds for millinery purposes." The Audubon societies are engaged in a work with which the WEEKLY is full of sympathy, and which it is not at all disposed to discourage. What has been criticised is the endeavor to substitute legislation for moral suasion. To persuade women not to wear birds in their hats is a good work. To enact a law that no person is to wear the plumage of any prohibited bird, under penalty of a fine, is a different matter. The laws of a free country ought not prescribe what folks shall wear. If Congress chooses to prohibit the importation of certain bird skins or feathers, or if the State of New York or the State of Florida prohibits the killing of certain useful wild birds, well and good. But if the State of New York should pass a law, such as has been introduced at Albany, forbidding any one to have or wear, under penalty of $25 fine, the plumage of any wild bird whose taking or killing the act prohibits, would not that be a case where the remedy was worse than the disease?

Very interesting was the impassioned effort of Mr. Congressman Mahany of Buffalo, made in the House on February 28, "to clear the skirts of the Republican party from connection with, or responsibility for," an entertainment that was given in New York on the evening of February 17. That was the day of the official funeral of the dead from the *Maine*. The behavior of "the so-called 400 of New York city," who, Mr. Mahany says, went to a "garden party" on that night, seems to him an affront to the sentiment of the nation. He denounced these people in New York as folks "not to be confounded with those who control and operate large aggregations of capital for beneficent purposes," but as "mere possessors and users of wealth, who toil not nor spin, but are so lost to all sense of propriety as to insult the sentiment of patriotic citizens."

It turns out, on investigation, that an entertainment was given at the house of Mr. A. S. Hewitt on the evening of February 17, and it must be that that has distressed Mr. Mahany. So far as appears, there was no general abandonment of social engagements during the week of the *Maine* disaster in any American city except Washington. If New York had been the capital of the country, it would doubtless have happened here, as in London after the *Victoria* disaster, that invitations, even to private parties, would have been cancelled.

But why should Mr. Mahany denounce these people in New York for their conduct, and overlook the callousness of his neighbors in Buffalo? The Buffalo *Express* records that in that town on Thursday evening, February 17, there was a big church wedding in Trinity Church, with a reception afterwards; two other smaller weddings; a masked ball given by the ladies of the Dellmore, a family hotel; a surprise party with dancing; an in-door bicycle party; an enjoyable entertainment in the Guild House of the Church of the Good Shepherd, including a Colonial supper, music, and dancing; and a very enjoyable social at Miss Nordin's academy, where there was a banquet and a musical, and where the guest of honor was the Right Reverend Bishop Dondonville, O. M. I., of British Columbia. With all these beams in the eye of Buffalo, why does Mr. Mahany bestir himself so vigorously to take the mote out of the eye of New York? Why not point his remarks with home illustrations? Pending further advices from him, New York will be inclined to disbelieve that the spark of patriotism and public spirit that has been used to glow beneath the shirt-front of Mr. Abram Hewitt is extinct, or that the children and grandchildren of Peter Cooper are indifferent to public griefs.

There will be curiosity among lovers of Thackeray to see the new "Biographical Edition" of his works, which has been edited by his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie. It is published in England by Smith, Elder, & Co., and in this country by the Harpers. Each novel has its own introduction, and the series includes many letters of Thackeray hitherto unpublished, new drawings and sketches by him, fac-similes of manuscripts, and several portraits not before reproduced. It is announced that the first volume will be out on April 15, the rest following at the rate of one a month.

The Harvard alumni, who were invited to vote by letter on the question of permitting graduates of all the schools of the university to vote for overseers, are found to favor that innovation. The vote stood 1279 to 1675. It was supposed by some persons that recent graduates were more disposed to favor the change than older ones, and that was to a limited extent the case; but the classes of every decade represented gave a majority for the change.

E. S. MARTIN.

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SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM ON THE FOURTH DAY OF THE TRIAL.—GENERAL DE PELLIEUX ON THE WITNESS-STAND.



GENERAL MERCIER, FORMER MINISTER OF WAR, ARRIVING AT THE COURT-HOUSE.



SCENE IN THE *SALLE DES PAS PERDUS* OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE DURING A RECESS OF THE COURT.



MUNICIPAL GUARDS ESCORTING PRIVILEGED PERSONS UP THE COURT-HOUSE STEPS.



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, WHERE THE TRIAL WAS HELD.
Crowd beginning to form at Three o'Clock in the Afternoon.

THE ZOLA TRIAL IN PARIS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 234.]

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DESMAYO—THE CUBAN BALAKLAVA.

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON—LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AND CHIEF OF ARTILLERY OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT ARMY.

FOR twelve days, in the autumn of 1896, the Cuban insurgents had been laying siege to the little town of Cascorra, fifty miles east of the city of Puerto Principe; but although the three forts had been rendered untenable by artillery fire, the heroic little garrison, scarcely 150 men, of a Tarragona regiment, still made a stubborn defence from the trenches, and sent defiant replies to all of Gomez's communications demanding their surrender. The aged and peppery-tempered rebel chieftain fretted and fumed, and paced up and down before his tent for many an hour, but could not bring himself to throw his newly recruited infantry against that maze of barb-wire fences, exposing them to the fire of 150 Mauser rifles in the hands of men who, it was evident, meant to fight to the death.

Gomez had about 600 cavalry, 300 infantry, and a small squad of artillerymen with two Hotchkiss guns, although Spanish accounts of the engagement credit him with more than 5000 men—a most ridiculous assertion.

On the 5th of October the expected happened, and insurgent scouts guarding the roads to the westward of the beleaguered town announced the approach of a Spanish force of 2500 men coming to the relief. Gomez hastily withdrew his forces from about Cascorra, and taking a position at the *potréro* La Machuca, three miles to the westward, calmly awaited the arrival of General Castellano's column of 2500. The engagement, which began at four o'clock in the afternoon, lasted scarcely an hour, the Cubans making no attempt to force the fighting, and before nightfall the heroic garrison of Cascorra was cheering the advance-guard of the relieving column. Gomez camped on the battle-field, and the next day kept his tireless scouts watching the Spaniards in Cascorra.

Our two guns that had been used in besieging the town and in the engagement at La Machuca were sent away to a *prefectura* to remain until the arrival of more ammunition for them, while we artillerymen asked and received permission from General Gomez to incorporate ourselves for the time being with his cavalry escort.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 7th a scout dashed furiously into camp. Gomez was awakened and gave a few sharp orders, and in ten seconds the blare of the bugle had tumbled the men out of their hammocks, and in a surprisingly short time another blast sent them groping through the darkness to find their picketed horses.

The whole camp was a scene of confusion. A drizzling rain was falling, and the darkness was intense. The only light was a candle that Gomez's orderly was holding while the old man dressed himself.

The cause of all this uproar was that General Castellano was trying to steal a march on us by evacuating the town in the darkness, while the Cuban chief was determined to bring him to another and better fight than La Machuca. Despite the confusion, our force was on the march in half an hour after the first alarm, and picked its way through the drenched grass to the *camino real*, or main road, half a mile to the north, where we remained until the break of day. The patter of shots could now be heard, as the insurgent scouts were annoying the enemy's advance. After half an hour of this desultory skirmishing scouts brought the information that the enemy had left the main road and turned to the northward, evidently intending to strike the railroad at Las Minas, instead of at Puerto Principe. They had a two hours' start; but Gomez, instead of falling in behind and giving direct chase, spent the entire day trying to head off the column and force it to fight. The fact came out afterward that the Spanish commander's unwillingness to come to bay was because he believed the opposing force to number 5000 men, instead of less than one-fifth that number. Had not Gomez been encumbered by his infantry he would have succeeded in his plan, but as it was the two forces marched in a curved parallel the entire day, the scouts on the Cuban right flank and those on the Spanish left coming into contact and skirmishing at intervals. And so all day we splashed through muddy lanes, or filed across grassy *potréros*, where herds of cattle, alarmed at the skirmish firing, stampeded and tore madly away, heads and tails in air. At nightfall the two forces halted within two miles of each other, both afraid to advance further in the darkness.

The Spanish column was in the main road leading into the town of San Miguel de Nuevitas, and about a league from that place. We merely dismounted, and picketed our horses to graze without removing the saddles. No attempt was made to prepare food, as there had been no time during the day to kill cattle, and as the insurgents are not in the habit of burdening themselves with a provision train, there was nothing in camp to be cooked. The majority of us had swung our hammocks, in the hope of obtaining a few hours' rest, and had barely got settled down, when low whistles sounded through the camp; for the blast of the bugles might disclose our whereabouts to the enemy, and word was passed along the line to remount at once. In a short time we were again in the saddle, and filed out slowly along a little path that led through the dripping woods. Orders to maintain absolute silence were passed along the line. The darkness was Egyptian, but our guide knew his business well, and in an hour we were planted in the main road ahead of the Spanish column. Here we again dismounted, and seated ourselves with backs against the tree trunks, and passed what seemed an endless night.

Gomez and staff remained awake all night, and from time to time scouts came in to report that the enemy was still in camp two miles distant.

At four o'clock in the morning came the order *á caballo* (to horse), passed down the line in whispers. In less than half a minute 600 men were in the saddle, prepared for what all knew was going to be a hot fight; for Gomez's blood was up, and the old man, usually so silent and noncommittal, had announced openly that he was going to give the enemy something to talk about for the next year.

The people of the sanitary were left behind, under Doctors Molinet and Silva, and made preparations to receive and care for the wounded. With them remained such impedimenta as officers' servants and a few sick. A hundred men, under Major Guerra, were detached to protect the field hospital in case of defeat, and the remainder of us marched down the road through the woods for a mile. Gomez was at the head with his staff, followed by his escort of sixty cavalry, and behind these the first and a part of the second squadrons of Camaguey. At the first glimmer of dawn we emerged from the woods into a beautiful level savanna on the Desmayo estate. The grass was about knee-high to a horse, and palmettos were scattered here and there. A line of battle, two ranks deep, was formed across the road at right angles, and we sat on our restless horses awaiting the coming of day. Gomez and his staff took a position on the left wing, and did not participate in the charge that followed. Lieutenant-Colonel Bernabe Bosa, chief of the escort, who was to lead the attack in person, rode up and down in front of the line, cautioning that the most absolute silence be maintained, and ordering all to unsling their carbines and prepare for action.

Bosa was a nervous, excitable fellow, but recklessly brave in action. He rode up to where we Americans were, on the extreme right of the line, hoped that none of us would get hit, and confided to us that Gomez intended to charge the head of the Spanish column as it came marching up the road, and throw it into confusion. It is evident that he little expected to find the enemy in line of battle ready to receive him.

It was now fairly daylight, but an impenetrable fog had settled down over the landscape, and one could not see thirty feet in any direction. As we sat on our horses awaiting developments, we fell to conversing in whispers, and I noticed that the voices of all, Americans and Cubans alike, had a decided tremor. If a man's personal feelings at such a moment are of interest, I am free to confess that I would have given a handsome sum to be elsewhere. It was the long wait, the doing nothing, that unstrung the nerves of all. On account of the fog, our scouts had been withdrawn from in front of the line, lest, in case the fight opened suddenly, they be caught between two fires.

We now began to hear noises in our front, sometimes the neigh of a horse or the bray of a mule, but more than anything else the sort of undefinable sound made by more than 2000 men splashing along the muddy road, with the accompanying jingle and rattle of their arms and equipment. The rumbling grew louder and nearer, and all of us were straining our eyes to pierce the fog, when suddenly it ceased, and all was as silent as ever. At this juncture a breeze sprang up from the eastward behind us, and began to roll back the fog.

Our own line was soon uncovered, and we got a good look at ourselves for the first time, and saw a slightly curved double line about 300 yards long. Near our end of the line was the silk flag of Gomez's escort, carried by a big negro sergeant. Slowly backward rolled the fog, gradually uncovering the ground on our front, while the sun, half an hour high, showed himself for the first time and lighted up the whole scene gloriously. The nerves of all were strung to the highest pitch, for we knew that the crisis was at hand.

Finally we made out on our front, not more than 400 yards distant, something that at first looked like a hedge or a picket fence; but in a few seconds more, as the fog cleared up, it was seen to be a force of infantry in line of battle, forming two sides of a hollow square, with two field-pieces at the angle ready for action. The enemy had suspected that we were on their front, and were prepared to receive us. Mingled exclamations of surprise and consternation ran up and down the line. Would the general order a charge or a retreat? Opinions on this point were about evenly divided. There was an embarrassing wait of half a minute. Gomez was taking in the situation before deciding what to do. The Spaniards, uncertain whether we were Cubans or Spanish guerillas who had come out to meet them, hesitated to open fire. But the suspense was soon over. From where Gomez and his staff were waiting came the quick, jerky ra-ta-ta-ta-ta of the headquarters bugle sounding the charge. The effect was magical and instantaneous. The moments that followed were, it seems to me, worth some years of humdrum existence, and it would be a mighty poor sort of man whose heart would not thrill as his mind went back to that wild charge across the Cuban savanna. The whole line moved forward, first at a trot, and then at a gallop.

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The Cubans were firing over the heads of their horses as they advanced, with Winchester and Remington carbines, while above the terrific din rose the yells of *Viva! Viva Cuba! Adelante, adelante! Arriba, arriba!*

We had covered scarcely forty yards, when a blaze of light broke along the whole front of the Spanish line, followed in a few seconds by another, and then another, while at each discharge the air about us seemed full of the spiteful crackling of Mauser bullets. The scene that followed is beyond description. Men and horses were falling on every side, while above the crash of rifle volleys and the booming of cannon rose the frantic cheers of the Cubans and the thunder of nearly two thousand hoofs. The Spaniards gave us six perfect volleys, emptying the magazines of their rifles, but their fire after that was at will and rather wild—usually too high.

But it does not take long for horses to gallop 400 yards, and in a short time we were upon them. The Cubans showed no disposition to force their horses on to the bayonets and come to close quarters with the machete, but rode furiously up and down the line at a distance of from twenty to forty yards, emptying carbines and revolvers in the faces of the Spanish infantry, and did good execution. The Spaniards, who at the beginning of the charge had done such perfect volley-firing, were now shooting wildly. All had their rifles at the hip instead of at the shoulder, and were madly pumping bullets into the air; and, incredible as it may seem, even at that close range the greater part of their fire was passing over our heads. We were so close to the Spanish line that we could distinguish the features of the men whenever there was a temporary rift in the smoke. It was plain that they were excited, but there was no sign of panic or of giving way. The two Spanish cannon, that had peppered us badly with canister while crossing the open space, were now withdrawn behind the line, for fear of capture. We had held our hopeless position on the Spanish front for something more than a minute, and it seemed that, notwithstanding the bad firing of the enemy, we were to be cut to pieces, when suddenly a lively scattering fire opened on our right, and the woods 500 yards distant were being flecked with the white smoke of the Remingtons. We were certain that the new arrivals were friends, for the Mauser rifle used by the Spanish regulars makes little or no smoke, and our surmise was correct. Avelino Rosa, the Colombian, had arrived with the 300 infantry, and was making a well-directed and most determined attack on that part of the Spanish half-square facing the north, which hitherto had not been in action. This fire, of course, caught on the flank the side with which the cavalry was engaged, and rendered the Spanish position untenable.

The Spaniards facing the attacking infantry replied to their assailants with rapid volleys, but with little effect, owing to the fact that the Cubans were deployed in open order and were advancing stooping and crawling. The closely packed Spaniards standing upright lost more heavily; and their commander, doubtless thinking that the attacking force was a large one and that he was in danger of being surrounded, ordered a retreat, which was conducted without confusion, they carrying from the field all their wounded and the greater part of their dead, the rear-guard in the mean time keeping up a fire on Rosa.

Under ordinary circumstances this would have been the opportunity of the Cuban cavalry to use the machete, but they had been so severely punished that they were glad enough to quit.

There were scarcely a hundred mounted men left, half of those not killed or wounded having lost their horses. Within five minutes after the bugle had sounded that fatal charge the battle of Desmayo was at an end.

The Spanish loss, as we afterwards learned on good authority, was 204 between killed and wounded.

At Balaklava the Light Brigade charged against men armed with muzzle-loading flintlocks and batteries of old-style cannon. In the ride of half a league they lost thirty-seven per cent. of their number in killed and wounded, and the world will never forget the story of their valor.

At Desmayo that little force of 479 Cubans rode against magazine-rifles, firing twenty shots a minute, and breech-loading artillery, and held their position in the face of that pitiless fire until fifty-two per cent. had tumbled from their horses, killed or wounded.

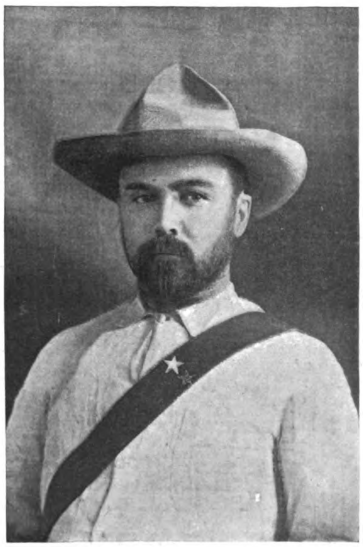
But nobody has written a poem about us, or ever will.

FREDERICK FUNSTON.

MR. FUNSTON went to Cuba in August, 1896, on the expedition commanded by Rafael Cabrera. About two weeks after his arrival he was incorporated in the force of Maximo Gomez, and placed in charge of two guns—including a twelve-pound Hotchkiss brought by Cabrera—with the rank of Captain.

He commanded these two guns in the twelve days' siege of Cascorra, a small town defended by three forts, and in the engagement at La Machuca, with the Spanish column that, on October 4, raised the siege. Although Cascorra was practically a Cuban defeat, Mr. Funston states that Gomez was so well pleased with the work of his artillerymen that he issued a general order complimenting them. After the battle of Desmayo, on October 8, Gomez marched to meet Calixto Garcia, near Guimaro.

After a conference, Gomez and Garcia agreed to attack the town of Guimaro, which was defended by eleven small forts. Major W. D. Osgood, of Garcia's forces, who had charge of the artillery, fell on the second day, and Captain Funston succeeded to the command. He was promoted to Major, and made chief of artillery on the day that the town surrendered. Early in the following month he participated in the battles of Lugonas and Cascorra, and then marched to the east with Garcia. He participated in the numerous engagements east of the Canto River, in the bombardment of the Jiguani forts, and in the battles of Baire and Monte Alto. News having reached General Garcia of the landing of Roloff at Banes with a large supply of war material, he marched thither at once with 4000 men. Roloff brought, among other artillery, a Sims-Dudly pneumatic dynamite gun, which played such havoc several months later at Las Tunas. Major Funston participated in the series of engagements that followed the arrival of the Spanish land and naval force at Banes, and on May 11 bombarded the Sama forts for General Torres. On August 28 General Garcia attacked the town of Las Tunas, defended by twenty-one forts. Major Funston commanded the five guns used in the operation, and on the fall of the place, after two days and nights of fighting, was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. He took part in the fights with General Luque's Spanish



FREDERICK FUNSTON.

column in September. On December 12 he attempted to ride unaccompanied across the railroad line that extended from Nuevitas to Puerto Principe, and falling into an ambuscade, was taken prisoner. He eventually secured his release, and upon giving his parole to give the insurgents no further aid, was allowed to return to the United States.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XIX.

WENDISH WIT.

THE gray plain of the Wolfmark, which we had been traversing ever since we descended out of the steep Weiss Thor of the city of Thorn, had now begun to break into ridges and mounded hills of stiff red clay. I, who had often kept my watch on the highest pinnacle of the Red Tower, looked with astonishment back upon the city I had left. Seen from the plain, Thorn had an aspect almost imperial.

It rose above the colorless flat of gray suddenly, unexpectedly. The city, with its numberless gables, spires of churches, turreted gate-houses, occupied a ridge of gradually swelling ground which rose like a huge whaleback from the misty plain. Its walls were gray and far-stretching. But as we travelled further into the Wolfmark, the city seemed to sink deeper into the plain, and the dark castle of Duke Casimir to shoot higher into the skies; so that presently, as we looked back, we could only see the Wolfsberg itself, the abode of cruelty and wrong, black against the white sky of noon.

Its flanking towers stood up above the battlemented wall, their turrets climbing higher and higher towards heaven, till the topmost Red Tower—that in which my father's garret was, and in which I had spent my entire life until this day—soared straight upward above them all, like a threatening index-finger pointing not into the clear sky of a summer's day, but into clouds and thick darkness.

I was glad when at last we lost sight of it. Then, indeed, I felt that I had left my old life behind me. And in spite of the Lady Ysolinde's ink-pool prophecy and my love for my father—such as it was—I did not mean ever to return within that baleful circle of gray and weary plain upon which the Red Tower looked down.

Seeing that the maids were inclined to talk, the one with the other, or rather that the Lady Ysolinde spoke confidentially with Helene, and that Helene now answered her without embarrassment and with frank equal glances, I dropped gradually behind and rode with the two stout men-at-arms. These I found to be stout lads enough, but of a strangely reserved and taciturn nature, each ever waiting for the other to answer, being, like most Wendish men, much averse to questioning, and still more stiff as to replying.

"You are men of Plassenburg?" I said to the nearest, simply and innocently enough, for the purpose of improving the cordiality of our relations.

Whereupon he turned his head slowly about to his neighbor, as it were to consult him. The glance said, as clearly as monk's script, "What shall we answer to this troublesome, inquisitive fellow?"

At first I thought that perhaps they spoke not the common dialect, and that as we were travelling towards regions roughly Wendish, and but lately heathen, they might have some unknown speech of their own. So, as is ever the custom with folk that are not accustomed to the speaking of foreign tongues, I repeated the question in mine own language, in a louder tone, supposing that that would do as well.

"You are men of the country of Plassenburg?" said I, as loud as I could bawl.

"We are not deaf—we have all our faculties, praise the saints!" said the more distant of the two, looking not at me, but at his companion. He nodded back at his companion's reply, as if it had been delicately calculated at once to answer my question and at the same time not to commit them to any dangerous opinions.

I tried again.

"Your prince, I hear, is a true man, brave, and well versed in war?"

The shorter and stouter man, who rode beside me, glanced once at my face, and slowly turned his head to his companion in a long questioning gaze. Then as slowly he turned his head back again.

"Umph!" he said, judicially, with a movement of his head which seemed to have been caused by a successful compromise between a nod and a shake, just as his remark might very well have resulted from an attempt to say "Yes" and "No" at the same time.

This was not encouraging to one who, like myself, was in high spirits and much inclined for conversation. But I was not to be so easily beaten off.

"The Prince of Plassenburg has a Princess," I said, "who is often upon her travels?"

It was an innocent remark, and, so far as I could see, not one in itself highly humorous; but it broke up the gravity of these red-bearded northern bears as if it had been the latest gay sally of the court-fool.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the more distant lanky man, rocking himself in his saddle till the pennon on his lance shook and the point dipped towards his horse's ear.

"Ho! ho!" chorussed his companion, slapping his thigh jovially. "Jorian, did you hear that? 'The Prince of Plassenburg hath a Princess, and she is often upon her travels.' Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!"

"He hath said it! Ho! ho! He hath said it! He is a wise fellow, after all, this Jack-pudding of Thorn!" cried the other, techeeing with laughter till he nearly wept upon his own saddle-bow.

I began to get angry. For we men of Thorn were not accustomed to be so flouted by any strangers, keeping mostly our own customs, and reining in the few strangers who ventured to visit Duke Casimir's dominions pretty tightly. Least of all could I brook insolence from these Wendish boors from the outskirts of half-pagan Borrussia.

"The Prince of Plassenburg hath churls among his retinue," said I, hotly, "if they be all like you two Jacks, that cannot answer a simple question without singing like donkeys upon a common where there are no thistles to keep them quiet."

Sir Thicksides, the jolter-head nearest me, set his thumb out to stick it into the side armor of Longlegs, his companion, who rode cheek by jowl with him.

"Oo-oo-ahoo!" cried he, crowing with mirth, as if I had said a yet more facetious thing. "'Tis a simple question: 'Hath the Prince of Plassenburg a Princess, and is she not oft—ahoo!' Boris, prod me with thy lance-shaft hard, to keep me from doing myself an ill turn with this fellow's innocence."

"Hold up, Jorian!" answered the long man, promptly pounding him on the back with the butt of his spear. "Hold up, fat Jorian! Let not thy love of mirth do thee an injury. For thou wert a good comrade, and fools were ever apt to divert thee too much. I have seen thee at this before—that time we went to Wilna, and the fellow in motley gave thee griping spasms with his tomfoolery."

Then was I mainly angry, as indeed I had sufficient occasion.

"You are but churls, and the next thing to knaves. And I will e'en inform the Prince when we arrive what like are the men whom he sets to escort ladies to his castle."

But though they were silenter after this, it was not from any alarm at my words of ply, but simply because they had laughed themselves out. For as I rode on in high dudgeon half-way between the women and the men-at-arms, I could see them, with the corner of an eye, still nudging each other with their thumbs and throwing back their heads, and the breeze blew me scraps of their limited conversation.

"Ho! ho! Good, was it not? 'The Prince hath a Princess, and she—' Ho! ho! Good!"

The ridges of clay of which I have spoken continued, and increased in size as we went on. It was a dried-up, speckled, unwholesome-looking land. And people upon it there were none that we could see. The large fortified farms had ceased altogether. A certain frightful monotony reigned everywhere. Ravines, like cracks which the sun makes in mud, but a thousand times greater, began to split the hills perpendicularly to their very roots. The path wound perilously this way and that among them. And presently Jorian and Boris rode past me to take the lead, for Ysolinde and Helene were inclined to mistake the way as often as they came to the crossing of the intricate paths.

And as these two jolly jackasses rode past at my right side I could see the thumb of long Boris curving towards the ribs of his companion, and the shoulders of both shaking as they chuckled.

"A simpleton's question, i' faith, yes. Ho! ho! Good!" they chorussed. "'The Prince hath a Princess,' the cock hath a hen, and she— Ha! ha! Good!"

At that moment I could with pleasure have slain Jorian and Boris for open-mouthed, unshaven, slab-sided Wendish pigs, as indeed they were.

Yet, had I done so, we had fared but ill without them. For had they been a thousand times jackasses and rotten pudding-heads (as they were), at least they knew the way, and something of the people among whom we were going.

And so, in a little while, as we wound our way along the face of these perilous rifts in the baked clay, with the mottled, inefficient river feeling its way gingerly at the bottom of the buff-colored ravine, what was my astonishment to see Jorian and Boris turn sharply at right angles and ride single file up one of the dry lateral cracks, which opened, as it were, directly into the hill-side!

They did this without ever looking at the landmarks.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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like men who are anyways uncertain of their road. But, on the contrary, they wheeled confidently and rode jauntily on, and we three meekly followed, having by this time lost the Lubber Fiend, the Lord doubtless knew where, and we must have followed Boris and Jorian unquestioningly had they led us into the bowels of the earth, as indeed, at first sight, they seemed to be doing.

CHAPTER XX.

THE EARTH-DWELLERS OF NO MAN'S LAND.

THEN presently we came to a strange place, the like of which I have never seen, save here on the borders of the Mark and the northern Wendish lands. Some amalgam of lime, or binding stuff of some sort, had glued the clay of the ravines together, and set it stiff and fast like dried plaster. So, as we went up the narrow, perilous path, our horses had to tread very warily, lest, going too near the edge, they should chip off enough of the foothold to send themselves and their riders whirling neck over toes to the bottom.

All at once the Little Playmate, who was riding before me, screamed out sharp and shrill, and I hastened up to her, thinking she had fallen upon a misfortune. I found her palfrey with ears pricked and distended nostril, gazing at a head in a red nightcap which was set out of a hole in the red clay.

"The country of gnomes! Of a surety, yes! And hitherto I had thought it but the nonsense of folk-tales!" said I to myself.

Which is what we shall say one day of more things than red nightcapped heads.

But the Little Playmate uttered scream after scream, for the head continued coolly to stare at her, as if fixed over the gateway by the craft of some cave-dwelling imp of the Red Axe.

I noticed, however, that the head chewed a straw and spat, which I deemed a gnome would not do—though wherefore straws and spitting are not free to gnomes I do not know and could not have told. Yet, at all events, such was my belief. And a serviceable one enough it was, since it took the fear out of me and gave me back my speech. And when a man can speak he can fight. Contrariwise it is when a woman will not fight that she can talk best, as one may see in any congress of two angry vixens. So long as they rail there is but threatening and safe recriminations, but when one waxes silent, then 'ware nails and teeth! And I am *not* in my dotage to use such illustrations—as not unnaturally sayeth the first to read my history.

"Good man," cried I, to Red Cap in the wall, "I know not why you stick your ugly head out of the mud, but retract it, I pray you. For do you not see that it alarms the lady and affrights her beast?"

The man nodded intelligently, but went on coolly chewing his straw.

Then I went up to him, and, as civilly as I could, took him by the chin and thrust his head back into the hole. And as I did so I saw for the first time that the wall of the clay cliff, tough and gritty with its alloy of lime, had been cut and hewn into houses and huts with doors of wood, and in some cases even windows with bars—very marvellous to see, and such as I have never witnessed elsewhere. Presently, at the trampling of the feet of so many horses, people began to throng to their doors, and children peered out at windows and cried to each other shrilly, "See the Christians!"

For so, being but lately pagans themselves, if not partly so to this day, these outlandish men of the border No Man's Land called us of the south.

Presently we came to an open space sloping away from the sheer cliff, where was a wall and a door greater than the rest.

Jorian rode directly up to the gate, which was of the same dull brick-red as the rest of the curious town. He took the butt of his lance and thumped and banged lustily upon it. For a time there was no reply, but the number of heads thrust out at neighboring windows, and the swarms of townsfolk on the pathways before and behind us, enormously increased.

Jorian thundered again, kicking with his foot, and swearing in mingled Wendish and German. Then he took the point of his spear, and setting it to a hole in the wall above his head, he hooked out an entire wooden window frame, as one is taught to pull out a shrimp with a pin on the shore of the Baltic Sea.

Whereupon a sudden outcry arose within the house, and a head popped angrily out of the aperture so suddenly created. But as instantly it returned within. For Jorian tossed the lattice to the ground by the door, and thrust his spear-head into the cravat of red which the man had about his throat, shouting at him in the name of the Prince, of the Duke, of the Emperor, of the Archbishop, of all potentates, lay and secular, to come down and open the gates. The man in the red cravat was threatened with the strappado, with the water-torture, with the brodequins, and finally with the devil's cannon—which, according to our man-at-arms, was to be planted on the opposite bank of the ravine, and which would infallibly bring the whole of their wretched town tumbling down into the gulf like swallows' nests from under the eaves.

And this last threat seemed to have more weight than all the rest, probably because the Prince of Plassenburg had already done something of the kind to some other similar town, and the earth-burrowers of Erdberg had good reason to fear the thunder of his artillery.

At all events, the great door opened, and a man of the same brick-red as all the rest of the town appeared at the portal. He bowed profoundly, and Jorian addressed him in some outlandishly compounded speech, of which I could only understand certain oft-recurring words, as "lodging," "victualling," and "order of the Prince."

So presently, after a long and, on the side of our escort, a stormy conference, we were permitted to enter. Our horses were secured at the mangers, which extended all along one side, while opposite to the horses, but similar to their accommodation in every respect, were stalls wherein various families seemed to have encamped for the night.

With all the air of a special favor conferred, we were informed that we must take up our quarters in the middle of the room, and make the best of the hardened floor there. This information, conveyed with a polite wave of the hand and a shrug of the shoulders from our landlord, seemed, not unnaturally, to put Jorian and Boris into a furious passion, for they drew their swords and cleared the capes of their leathern jacks for fighting. So, not to be outdone, I drew my weapon also, and stood by to protect Helene and the Lady Ysolinde.

These two stood close together behind us, but continued to talk indifferently, chiefly of dress and jewels, which surprised me, both in the strange circumstances and because I knew that Helene had seen no more of them than the valueless trinkets which had belonged to my mother, which abode in a green-lined box in the Red Tower. Yet to speak of such things seems to come natural to all women.

As if they had mutually arranged it "from all eternity," as the clerks say, Jorian and Boris took, without hesitation, each a door on the opposite wall, and setting their shoulders to it, they pushed it open, and went within, sword in hand, leaving me alone to protect the ladies and to provide for the safety of the horses.

Presently out from the doors by which our conductors had entered there came tumbling a crowd of men and women, some carrying straw bolsters and wisps of hay, others bearing cooking utensils, and all in various dishabille. Then ensued a great buzzing and stirring, much angry growling on the part of the disturbed men, and shrill calling of women for their errant children.

Helene looked sufficiently pitiful and disturbed as these preparations were being made. But the Lady Ysolinde scarcely noticed them, taking apparently all the riot and delay as so much testimony to the important quality of such great ones of the earth as could afford to travel under the escort of two valiant men-at-arms.

Presently came Jorian and Boris out at a third door, having met somewhere in the back parts of the warren.

They came up to the Lady Ysolinde and bowed humbly.

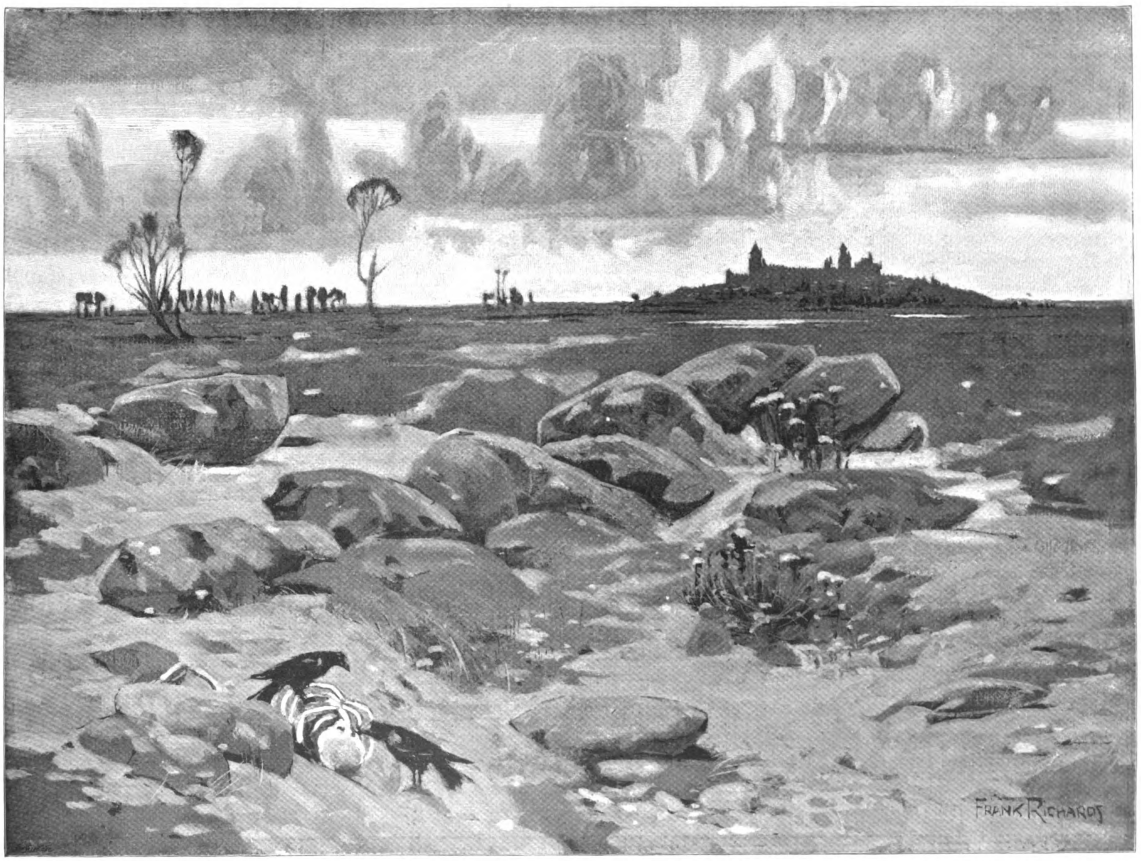
"Will your ladyship deign to choose her chamber? They are all empty. Thereafter we shall see that proper furniture, such as the place affords, is provided for your highness."

I could not but wonder at so much dignity expended upon the daughter of Master Gerard, the lawyer of Thorn. But Ysolinde took their reverence as a matter of course. She lifted her right hand with a little casual flirt of the fingers which said, "Lead on!"

Then Jorian marshalled us within, Boris standing at the door to let us pass, and bringing his sword blade with a little click of salute to the perpendicular as each of us passed. But I chanced to meet his eye as I went within, whereat the rogue deliberately winked, and I could plainly see his shoulders heave. I knew that he was still chewing the cud of his stale and ancient jest, "The Prince hath a Princess, and she!"

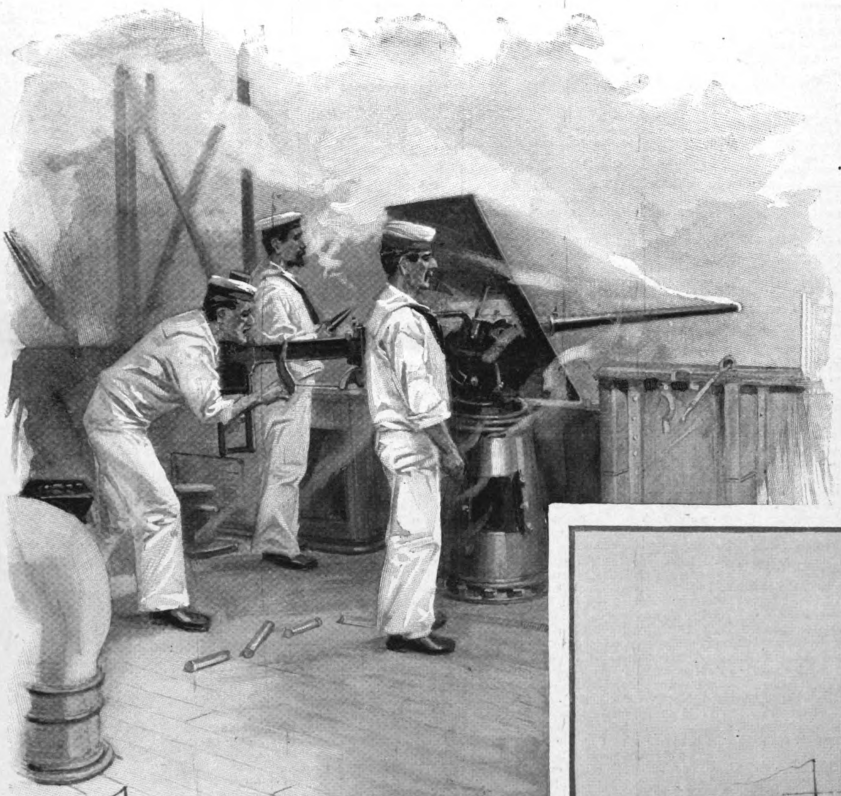
I could have disembowelled the villain. But, after all, he was certainly doing us some service, though in a most provocative and high-handed manner.

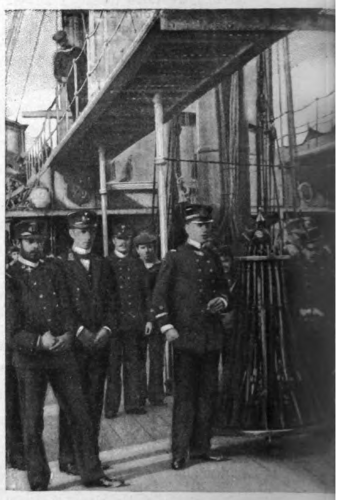
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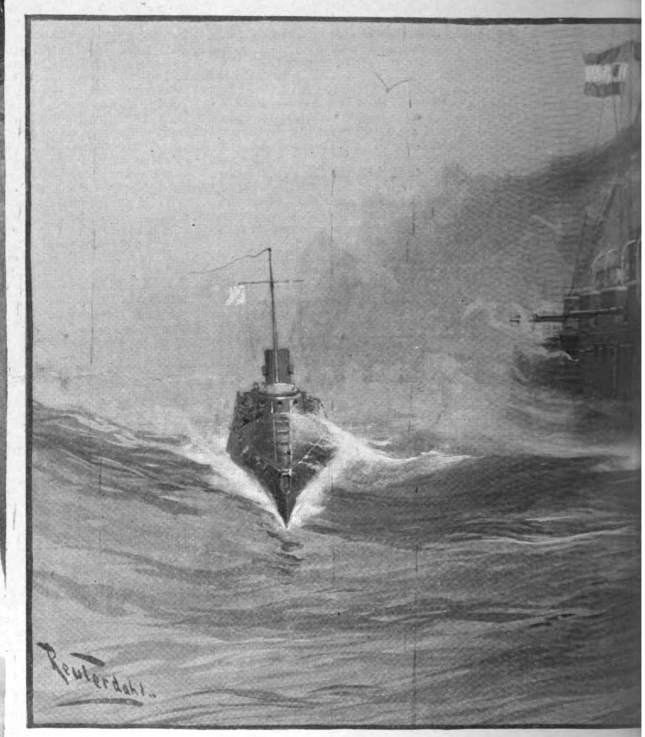


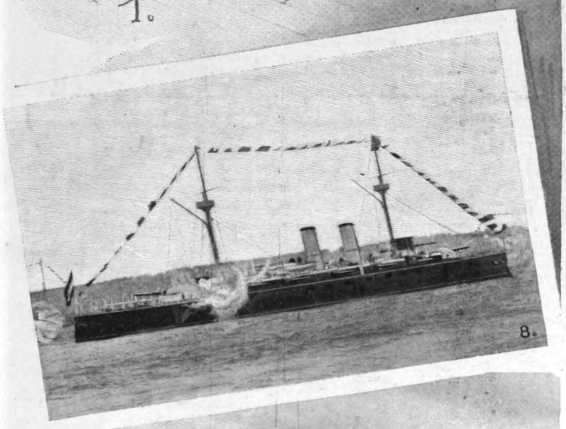
"THE RED TOWER SOARED ABOVE THEM ALL, LIKE A THREATENING INDEX FINGER POINTING INTO CLOUDS AND THICK DARKNESS."

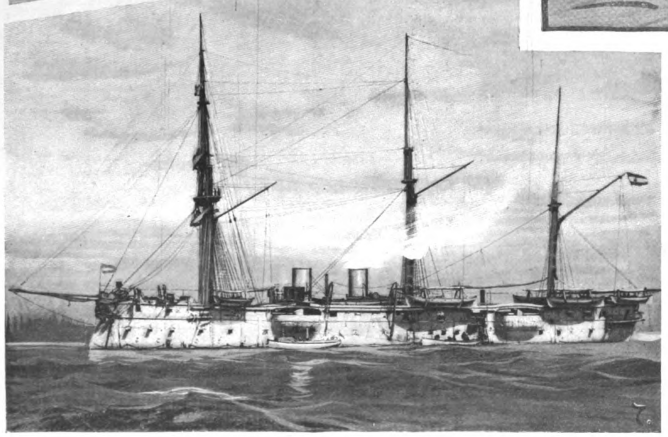
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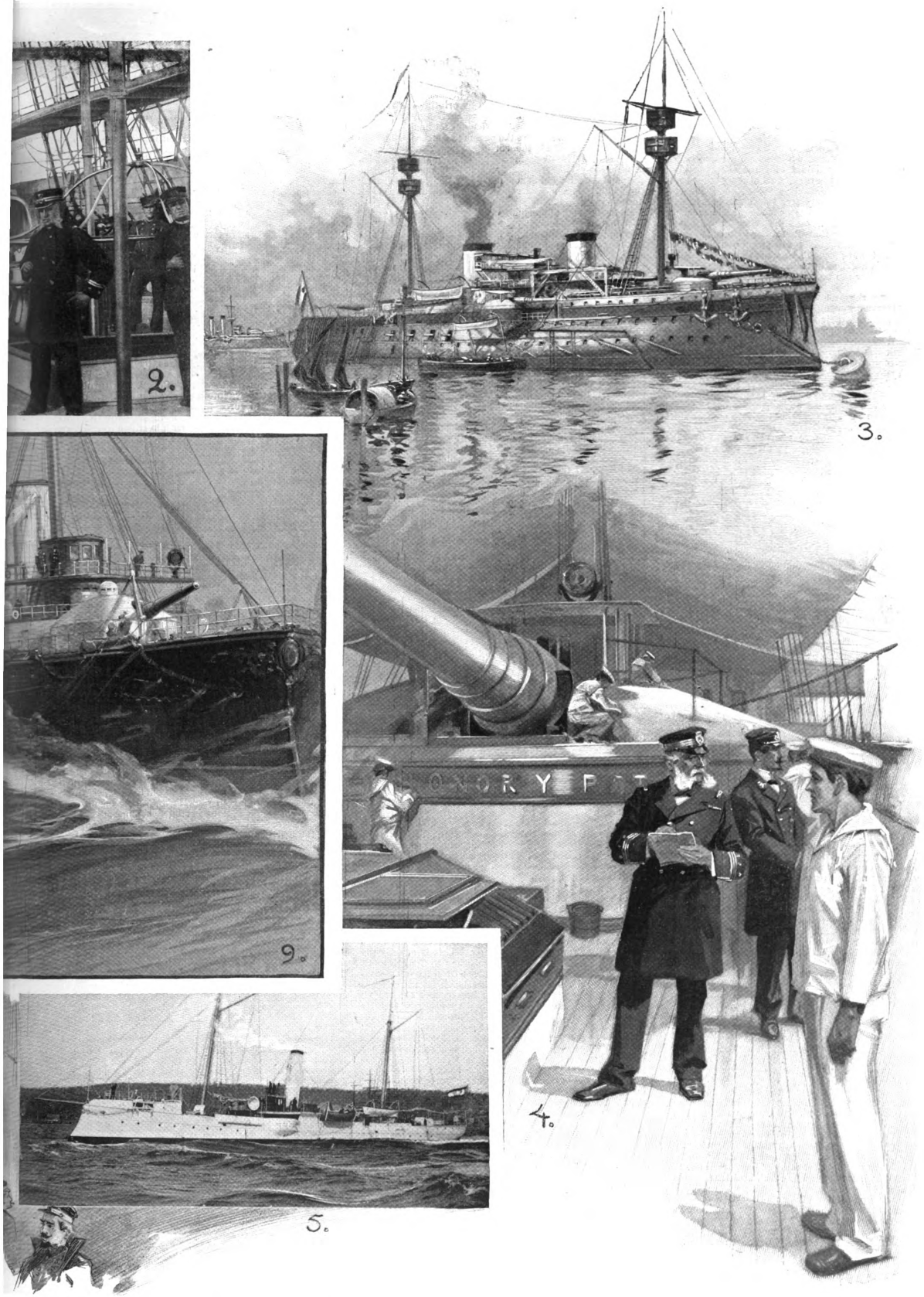




THE NAVY OF SPAIN.—I

1. Serving a 6-pounder quick-firing Gun on Board a Spanish Gunboat. 2. Scene on the Quarter-deck of a Cruiser. 3. The "Pelayo" an
6. Types of Spanish Officers and Sailors. 7. Cruiser "Navarra."

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BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 238.]

erador Carlos V.," the most powerful Ships in the Spanish Navy. 4. The After-Barbette of the "Pelayo." 5. The Gunboat "Nueva España."
"Infanta María Teresa." 9. The "Almirante Oquendo" leaving Cadiz.

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FRAUDULENT PRACTICES OF PENSION-SHARKS; USELESSNESS OF PENSION-ATTORNEYS.

THE question of pension reform, in the interest of the deserving soldier and the public alike, has reached an acute stage. The great army of pension-attorneys has taken the field. At present both the executive and the legislative branches of the government are undergoing siege. The ammunition consists of letters, which are poured in by the mails from every section of the land. Heretofore, in such general uprisings of these attorneys, their artillery force has embraced many influential newspapers. There is great promise in the fact that to-day every journal of consequence in either party stands for the soldier and pension reform. This situation is not only the silencing of the enemy's artillery, but the turning of many guns upon his assaulting columns.

While deprived of artillery, the small-arms, firing letters, still make deadly work among public men. By every mail they are informed that the old soldiers are everywhere in revolt; that the soldier vote is being rapidly lost; that their district is fast going over to the enemy; that the feeling prevails that the new Commissioner of Pensions is unfriendly to the soldier; that they fared even better under the last administration, as they clearly see from the lists of pensions issued. To the discredit of far too many of those who receive letters of this character, they first lose courage, and then are stampeded by them. They communicate their fears to the President, and find that he is under a sharp fire of the same sort. They leave the floors of Congress, where they insist that high-water mark has been reached with pensions, and crowd the office of the Commissioner of Pensions to insist that the daily issue shall be decidedly increased to save their districts. And this in the face of the fact that the record of the last six months, to January 1, shows that original pensions are being granted at the rate of over fifty-two thousand a year, and increase at the rate of over thirty thousand annually.

When the government recognizes an army of over fifty thousand pension-attorneys, and turns the whole force loose to beat the bushes throughout the land, and in every corner of it, for new claimants, what ground can there be for any sane belief in the announcements at each successive session of Congress that the pension roll has reached the limit, and must now decrease? So long as the present laws and methods continue, not only will there be no diminution of the pension roll, but its marked increase is certain for years to come.

The size and composition of this body of so-called attorneys, as well as their methods, should have careful attention. Their numbers equal those of the Union army in some of the most notable engagements of the war.

While there are many honorable attorneys, who with their other practice include pension business, there are very few, if any, of those who deal exclusively in pensions who are not guilty of grave irregularities, or who do not fleece both the government and their clients. The records of the fraud files in the Pension Office show this, and show it, too, in most glaring lights. Within the last four years not less than fifteen thousand fraudulent cases have received the formal attention of the Law Division of the Pension Office. Congress could not do a better service than to call for the records of these cases and print them. This was done in 1884, when General Dudley was Commissioner of Pensions. It then required a volume of 1607 pages, called *Irregular Practices of Certain Attorneys*, to present the fraud cases then pending. Nearly every pension-claim agency in Washington was involved, and, as a result, scores of them were disbarred, and many of them were broken up. Such publication to-day would be equally startling, and of equal benefit to the soldier and the Pension Office.

The army of pension-attorneys is unquestionably a formidable body. It is controlled and directed by its unscrupulous members. These latter are its mouth-piece in addressing the soldiers and intimidating public men. Whenever the question of protecting soldiers against them arises, they gather in every community of the land, like the Ephesian silversmiths, to shield their craft from danger. They rally and shout without ceasing, from the assembling of every session of Congress to its close, "Great are all friends of the soldier!" But, as in the case of Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen, there is now hope that all these are likely to be called in question for their uproar. Think of a body, largely of unscrupulous men, equal to the numbers on the Union firing-line in many of our great battles, active, alert, bent only on fees, carefully searching every soldier's home, or the homes of their heirs, for clients and victims—all under the nominal authority of the government—and posing with brazen ostentation as the only friends and protectors of the soldier against his "enemies." This army of over fifty thousand drummers for pensions of all classes is not without the sinews of war. In the last nine years it has received nearly $14,000,000 in regular fees, paid through the government. Besides, during all this time there has been active and successful foraging for irregular fees.

These hosts—chiefly of darkness—have never before been so thoroughly aroused as now. They see clearly that never has the need of concerted and desperate action been so great. The fact that the entire influential press is united against them is notice of a threatening and most serious condition which has not heretofore existed. The unanimous action favoring pension reform, of the Union Veteran Legion, made up exclusively as it is of fighting soldiers of two years' service, unless sooner disabled by wounds, sounds to this great army of foragers in veterans' homes like a long roll summoning all real friends of soldiers to action.

Among those who have given the question of pension reform careful study, the first, the most important, and the essential step is to abolish the pension-attorneys altogether. The next step should be to publish the rolls. The publication of the lists with these attorneys in the field would afford them and their countless drummers a guide to every pensioner in the land. The army of foragers for applicants would make domiciliary visits, and few would be the dwellings where they did not find some member who under liberal laws was entitled to a pension, either as principal, widow, minor, or dependent. When the pension roll was published in 1885, the dens of most of the pension-attorneys in Washington became as active as the business place of the Forty Thieves. Circulars which rung all the changes in cunning, plausibility, and rascality loaded the mails for weeks to their utmost limit. Under the liberal construction of the later laws the opportunity for a second profitable shearing of the nation's pensioners would be far greater than before. The army of attorneys should be mustered out—most of them in disgrace—and then the interests of honorable pensioners and of the public could be served by printing the rolls.

If any Senator or Representative in Congress is desirous of performing practical service of inestimable value to all soldiers, let him secure the passage of a resolution calling for copies of all the correspondence and orders in the Pension Office relating to irregular practices of pension-attorneys for the last five years. Congress and the country would be shocked into demands for abolishing these middle-men, and soldiers would be rescued from despoilers.

Every interest of the soldier and his family calls for the abolition of the present system of practice before the Pension Office. The argument for this change, when examined from every side of the question, is strong and conclusive.

In the first place, it surely could never have been the intention of the government, while making provisions of unparalleled liberality for its disabled veterans, to so hedge the way to securing that relief as to make it necessary for the veteran, his widow, or his child to resort to the aid of grasping claim-agents. This would have been to extend relief with one hand and clear the way for road-agents to prey upon it with the other. It is plain that this could not have been intended. It is as clear that no necessity for such aid exists. And yet almost from the first, and practically for many years, the procurement of the government's liberal gift to its soldiers has been altogether turned over to a class of men who, as a class, in spite of all honorable exceptions, are justly denominated pension-sharks.

The opportunities for securing rich harvests from the fields where a grateful government was lavishing its millions, even its hundreds of millions, were too great to escape the attention of the class which set themselves to squeeze all possible profit from the veterans. So the present order of pension-attorneys sprung up, and rapidly crowded a large proportion of reputable attorneys out of the business, by resorting to means which the latter would not employ. One of the worst features of the case is that this horde of ravagers everywhere plead their recognition by the government as sufficient evidence of respectable and honest standing.

It is a travesty upon everything relating to the practice of law to call this army of leeches attorneys. The large majority of them have little if any legal knowledge. They are admitted to practice under rules so lax that any sharp shyster can sufficiently comply with them to have his name enrolled upon the list of "recognized attorneys practising before the Pension Bureau." A large class of them are incapable of properly executing pension papers. It is now estimated at the Pension Office that ninety per cent. of the papers in the cases originating outside of Washington are not prepared by the attorneys, but are either in whole or in part the work of the notary or the justice of the peace who executes the papers. In many cases these local officials not only fill out the necessary blanks, but prepare the evidence and forward it to the so-called attorneys, whose sole part in the case is to act as middle-men, filing the papers in the Pension Office, and finally having the fee in successful cases handed over to them by the government out of the moneys due to the pensioner. Cases reach the Pension Office where the declarations and affidavits were not even reviewed by the attorneys, the claim being rushed in and entered as theirs, and then the burden of dealing with it in its tangled shape left with the Pension Office, calmly awaiting the time when, through intelligent work done there, the pension is allowed, and the fee falls to the attorney who has done little but wait. This little, however, like all the rest, is fleecing the applicant, by receiving and transmitting all calls for evidence, and at frequent intervals charging small sums for postage and stationery, and additional fees for extra services.

It seems strange that soldiers do not see that there is now absolutely no necessity for employing an attorney. All the great rural and farming communities of the land, where the veterans chiefly reside, have long been fiercely arrayed against those dealers and corporations that stand between them and the consumer and receive the lion's share of the proceeds of their labor. This is exactly the present relation of the pension-attorney to the claimant. He secures the case, files his contract for a fee of twenty-five dollars, turns the case over to the clerks and officials of the Pension Office to hammer into proper shape, and conduct to its close, and hand him his fee. In thousands of cases the only part played by attorneys is to receive and forward the correspondence between the government and the claimant, and, as is easily seen, this sole service is not only altogether unnecessary, but is a positive injury through the delays which it causes. The pension-attorney is the soldier's middle-man devouring his substance.

Since all the business of the Pension Office is conducted by correspondence, why should this not go direct to the claimant? Those who reside at a distance from Washington are impressed through plausible circulars with the idea that Washington attorneys enjoy some special facilities. Yet all of their dealings with the Pension Office are by letter, and in this respect their facilities are the same as if their letters were mailed from any other part of the country. There is no veteran fairly entitled to pension or increase whose case will not be more rapidly conducted by direct dealing with the Pension Office. If his disability is one that he or his family physician understands, by writing a plain letter to the Pension Office, describing his trouble, he will at once find himself in the hands of expert clerks, who will send him blanks, with full directions for filling them, and a statement of the nature of the evidence required. A notary or justice of the peace will put the case in proper shape on the blanks, for a fee no greater than must be paid to these same men after a pension-attorney has filled up the papers and presented the pensioner to execute them. Thereafter the claimant is in friendly hands, performing their work without thought of a fee, and with the sole purpose of dealing fairly by the claimant and the government.

But the work of the middle-man does not cease with the granting of a pension and the receipt of the twenty-five-dollar fee. Immediately a blank goes forward upon which to apply for increase, and generally this is accompanied with an inquiry if some new disability has not developed. The point of this is that a new disability, if established, carries with it another fee of twenty-five instead of the less payment of ten dollars for simple increase.

Very few cases which require the work of experts on pension laws are ever granted through the work of attorneys. Such cases are conducted throughout by the Pension Office, the attorney playing exactly the part of a letter-box in the transmission of mails. He gives no active assistance whatever. So far as he figures in the case at all, he delays it.

The fees from claimants for securing increases fall but little short, morally speaking, of obtaining money under false pretences, for here there is no necessity for any service from an attorney. The Pension Office furnishes blanks to applicants, orders a medical examination, and if the report of the surgeon be favorable, the increase is granted.

The frauds which taint the pension rolls are largely the work of the pension-attorneys. They mislead the claimant into unwittingly participating in the preparation of false papers and the presentation of false evidence. The methods of these frauds are legion. The moral responsibility, therefore, almost always rests upon the attorney, and not on the claimant.

The files of the bureau will show case after case of fraud perpetrated by attorneys, agents, or subagents, or persons connected with their offices, by means of false papers.

It is not too much to say that Congress is turned by these pension-attorneys into a corps of subordinate clerks and messengers to force forward their business in the Pension Office. Senators and members who hesitate about this are brazenly charged with hostility to soldiers. In a recent case an attorney, in berating a Representative who had declined to call up a case after the Commissioner of Pensions had made known how such calls deranged the regular business of the office, was informed that fifteen Senators and members of the House were calling up cases upon his request. In another case it was ascertained at the Pension Office that it had been called up by sixteen different Congressmen. This kind of work had become so burdensome as to require the services of two hundred clerks to perform it.

In a statement prepared in the Law Division it is asserted that ninety per cent. of the rejected claims are filed through attorneys or agents, and that the rejections arise from facts which any honest attorney could in most cases ascertain in advance. It is manifest that if claimants applied directly to the bureau for information they would be correctly informed, the law and the practice explained to them, and the expense of filing a great mass of testimony would not be incurred by them, and the time of hundreds of clerks now employed on these rejected claims be saved, and they could engage in the adjudication of claims of merit.

The argument for the abolition of pension-attorneys is strong and unanswerable at every point, and those who have the sole interest of the veterans and their heirs at heart cannot fail to support it. If Congress does not see fit to cut the evil up by the roots, it is likely that Commissioner Evans will find some means of purging his list of attorneys. Badly as the pension roll may need it, the attorney's roll is in far greater need.

In regard to the proposition to print the pension lists, it must be plain to every reflecting mind that the classes objecting to any scrutiny of the pension rolls embrace only those who fear the effect of publicity. These may be arranged, according to rank, in the following order—fraudulent pensioners, undeserving pensioners, dishonest pension-attorneys, demagogues of both parties, and, last of all, the usual contingent of timid souls among public men.

To pensioners of honorable service, and disabilities of any nature arising therefrom, the publication of the rolls would be a new proclamation of their patriotism, bringing them fresh congratulations and new honors. To the widows and orphans of such men publicity would excite renewed tenderness and respect. In short, to every deserving veteran and to every veteran's family the published list would be a roll of honor. But to those on the list through false declarations, supported by perjured affidavits; to those sought out and solicited by pension-sharks, and persuaded to apply by the countless forms of misrepresentation which these employ; to men of wealth; to men in easy circumstances, into whose minds a doubt concerning the continuance of comfortable living has never entered—to all these classes publicity would not bring honor, while to many of them it would and should cause shame.

The question of pension reform is one surrounded by many difficulties. Of these, the timidity created by the threats of pension-attorneys as to the soldier vote, and their whole talk when they falsely assume to speak for the soldier, constitute the chief obstacles. But this and all others would speedily disappear before a little just and courageous dealing with the question. The reforms must relate mainly to the future, and all true friends of the soldier, acting solely in his best interests, should call a speedy halt in present excesses and abuses. It is quite clear that if present methods and conditions continue long, there will be great danger of such radical action as shall work lasting injury to the soldier interest.

Of one thing both soldiers and the country may be sure—Commissioner Evans is the man for the contest. A private soldier himself, his sympathies for deserving soldiers are keen and steady. He is thoroughly conscientious, and while believing in all liberal things for deserving veterans, he abhors the professional old soldier who is in the contest for revenue only. He is courageous to the last degree, and he will not be found shrinking from any responsibility, or hesitating about any action which the battle now develops or may hereafter demand. He is not in office for revenue. He does not depend upon it for support. He accepted the place with knowledge of its requirements, and with determination fearlessly to perform its duties. Under such a Commissioner and leader pension reform is now possible. If it is not accomplished the responsibility will rest on other shoulders.

H. V. BOYNTON.

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BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



I.—THE TRANSFORMED CATTLE INDUSTRY OF THE WEST.

NOT only was the year 1897 profitable to most of those engaged in the cattle industry in the West, but it served to fix what will probably be the permanent lines along which that industry will move l develop. The cattle industry of to-day is not what vas a dozen years ago, nor five years ago, nor even one ar ago. It has been changing in its methods from year year, but for the last half-dozen years has been gradual- assuming a form of apparent permanency. That form ans a development along the lines of least resistance, e all other enterprises. It means that the live-stock in- stry is concentrating gradually in what is known as the ssouri Valley. On the one hand the packing-houses e going there, and on the other hand the dealers in cat- and other animals for slaughter are bringing their

It is within two or three years that the industry has taken the form it now has. Briefly stated, that form is the embodiment of the following facts: the best breeding-places for cattle are probably Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory, where the climate is mild; the best grazing-places for cattle are Montana, Wyoming, western Kansas, and western Nebraska, the home of the native grasses on which the great herds of buffalo used to graze; the best feeding or fattening places for cattle are eastern Kansas, eastern Nebraska, Missouri, and Iowa, where the corn that ripens them is grown; the best killing-places for cattle are nearest the feeding-places, where the finishing process in food preparation is put on, providing freight facilities are adequate.

In a broad way this movement in the cattle industry is now followed. Vast herds are produced in the warmer regions to the south of the Middle West. After reaching a suitable age they are sent to the great grazing-grounds



A SMALL PASTURE FEED LOT, NEBRASKA.

nimals into that region for final feeding preparatory to illing.

There is one good reason for this. It is in that region at the corn which gives flavor and weight and fat to live- ock is raised. It may not pay a farmer to raise corn for welve or fifteen cents a bushel as corn, but if he can get irty cents a bushel for his corn by transforming it into dditional weight on cattle, it is a paying enterprise. The rmer can afford to pay transportation charges on thirty- ent corn in the form of live-stock.

The cattle are being brought to where the corn is grown, nd the packers, the men who kill the animals for food, re going to the same place, for the simple reason that it osts less to ship meat dressed than on the hoof. If this oncentration of the industry marks a distinct advantage o any one, it is to the farmer or the man who has a 'small bunch" of cattle, say from fifty to two hundred, or sale year by year. It means that if other crops fail, is cattle crop will probably keep things moving in his usiness. This causes another decided step in diversified arming, a step necessary to the promotion of successful griculture in the West. The lean years from 1892 to 897 showed the desirability of keeping cattle, and thou- ands of farmers went into it as much for the sake of get- ing food for themselves and their families as in the hope of making money out of it.

Ten or fifteen years ago the great cattle trail from outh to north and east of the Rocky Mountains was the cene of picturesque and profitable activity. Starting from orthern Texas and contiguous territory, great droves of attle, numbering thousands upon thousands, were driven ver a domain that was as free as air and water to all, graz- ng as they went, and taking on flesh or losing it, until in he North the outreaching arms of the railroad were met. The cattle were then loaded into cars and shipped east, hiefly to Chicago, where they were killed. Civilization moved west rapidly, and the great cattle trail, with its thou- ands of cowboys and hundreds of thousands of cattle, dis- ppeared as the era of reapers and hoes and other imple- ments of agriculture took their places. The soothing songs of the cowboys, as they calmed the restless cattle, gave way to the harsh click and rattle of farm machinery. The cattle industry was obliged to change form and business methods.

Then came the days of direct shipment to Eastern stock- yards from the ranch where the cattle were produced. Nearly one-half of the cattle were killed at the stock- yards. The rest were consigned, on direct purchase or other business terms, to farmers who had corn and facili- ties to feed the stock, where they remained for several months, until they were fit to kill, when they were sent back to the stock-yards to become a food product. The farmer paid the freight both ways in this stock-yards operation. Later there came legislation allowing the cat- tle to be dropped off at stations on the way from ranch to stock-yards, and after being fattened for several weeks or months, to be reshipped to their final destination, the stock-yards, on the same bill of lading on which they started on their food-supplying journey to the eastward. This as much as any other agency has brought about a great revival in the industry.

in the Middle West—grounds apparently designed by nature for this purpose. When they reach the age for killing they are forwarded again to feeding-stations, most of which are within 200 miles of the packing-houses, and after a stay there to acquire flavor, weight, and fat, they are slaughtered near the stock-yards. The great trains of cattle that followed the disuse of the cattle trail are being duplicated to-day, but in a different way. They are used to transport the cattle to the grazing-grounds. I met a stock-man in Kansas who had made, in 1897, no less than six round trips to Oregon, where he purchased native cattle, and, in special trains, had sent them into Wyoming on the range. Hundreds of such special trains went speeding over plain and mountain in 1897, as they had been doing for several years, and as they will continue to do for many years to come.

The statistics of the year show that 295,000 cattle were brought into this country from old Mexico in response to this movement, and an estimate has been made by the cattle experts at Kansas City that in the same year, 1897, no less than 925,000 cattle were brought into Kansas to go upon the grazing-grounds or to be fed for killing. A Dodge City correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* told, in an article published in the middle of December last, of the trip of a wealthy young Kansan to Texas to buy cattle to place upon the range. He took a cowboy band to Fort Worth in a special Pullman car decorated with cattle horns and banners. He bought 45,000 cattle. His band paraded the streets and made music typical of the return of good times. The correspondent added,

"Ten trains brought the first instalment of the herd northward, and the animals are now eating Kansas grass."

This movement takes place in great magnitude when the national quarantine is lifted. One of the officials of the Sante Fe Railroad in Topeka told me that in the first seven days after the quarantine was lifted that railroad alone brought into Kansas no less than 35,000 head of cattle, and that the other railroads brought in about the same number. These cattle were distributed in all parts of the State.

So much for the general movement that takes place in the industry. Last year was what is known as a producers' year. For some reason there was a scarcity of cattle of a suitable age for killing. One theory advanced for this was that during the hard times Kansas and Nebraska farmers sold off most of their cattle to get a little money for the home. Another was that there had been so little profit in the industry that the stock, or supply, had diminished by a sort of general consent. At any rate, when the year opened prices began to go up. In a general way it may be said that where producers received $4 a hundred in 1896 they got $5 a hundred in 1897. Cattle that were intended for feeding rose in value from, say, $18 to $25 a head. The failure the year before of the corn crops in Iowa and Nebraska had thinned out the feeders in those States, and the crop failures in western Kansas, with the diminishing population and increasing indebtedness, brought about new conditions there. The farmers, or the men with hoes, as it has been put, had left the country. The lack of water in streams and the droughts had made agriculture, as carried on in other places, a failure. It seemed as if nature, driven to impatience, had shaken the settlers and sent them out as invaders in a territory that of all others in our great country was fitted for the grazing of cattle. It requires from ten to fifteen acres of the short native bunch-grass to supply food for one steer.

Western Kansas is not a place for corn or wheat. Take some of the counties in that country, and examine the population statistics. Haskell County in 1888 had a population of 2666; in 1894 the population was 831. Grant County in 1880 had a population of 3000; in 1894 its people numbered 771. Morton County's population in 1888 was 2618; in 1894 it was 457. The same thing was true of a dozen other counties, as big as some States. In six of these western counties in 1894 the population amounted to only 4454, and there was a municipal indebtedness there of $967,949, or a per capita indebtedness of $212, an "achievement," as State-Statistician J. M. McFarland, of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, remarks, "without parallel in the history of the race since municipal bonds and scrip were first issued and sold." In one county, Mr. McFarland says, the "rate of taxation on the selling value of the land" was 33.2 per cent. He then adds:

"Fifty years ago this region was a portion of the great pasture-field of the buffalo. The buffalo has entirely disappeared, but the land remains very much in the same condition as the buffalo left it. Under present conditions it was never intended for anything else than what it has been used for for ages—a pasture for cattle. A great portion of it can never be used for anything else, under any conditions that can be brought about. On those portions where artificial irrigation can be established, a different destiny awaits the land."

Ex-Governor Glick of Kansas is on record as saying: "Neither the prairies nor the pastures [of Kansas] are yet crowded with cattle. Their numbers can be increased tenfold and there will be no overstocking."

It was the recognition of the fact that western Kansas was destined to be used for cattle-ranging that inspired the Legislature of that State to require owners of property there to fill up abandoned wells, mines, and other excavations, so that cattle might not suffer injury as they roamed about without regard to the ownership of the land. In case the owner neglected to fill up these holes in the ground the county commissioners were authorized to do it, and the expense was placed on the county books as a lien on the property. It was an official recognition, so to



HERD OF 1800 FAT CATTLE—FED NEAR MANHATTAN, KANSAS—AVERAGE WEIGHT, 1635 POUNDS.

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speak, of the further fact that a lesson had been learned from nature. Providence had placed the buffalo and prairie-chicken on that land, and western Kansas now understands what nature was teaching.

Nor did the range cattle-men alone learn the lesson of adapting enterprises to nature's requirements. The small farmer on the border of the short-grass country found that while other crops might fail, he could raise cattle every year. He could also raise sufficient grain, even in bad years, to feed those cattle until the time came to ship them to the stock-yards. He discovered that alfalfa and Kaffir corn would withstand droughts, and he began to raise both of those crops. As a result, many a man has had prosperity's blessing in the past year. It is a fair estimate that every farmer who bought cattle to fatten and then to sell made fully ten dollars a head last year. On sheep the profit was not less than one dollar a head. These figures are given to me not by experts at stock-yards, but by at least a dozen farmers with whom I talked in Kansas and Nebraska. Not every man who went into feeding stock made money out of it, but those who understood it, those who used scientific methods and did not neglect the hygiene involved, cleared a handsome profit. All over the Middle West there were small bunches of cattle on farms, and it was these bunches that helped materially in the return of prosperity.

Although the year was profitable to those who produced cattle, it was not so profitable to those who made a business exclusively of feeding them. Nevertheless, it was a paying year for that branch of the industry. Prices were steady throughout the year, except at the end, when there was a sharp drop of fifty cents a hundred-weight. The *Stockman* of South Omaha says that "it is extremely doubtful whether cattlemen ever had a more satisfactory year than in 1897." The *Drover's Telegram* of Kansas City says "the year will go into history as the greatest the industry ever experienced."

The feeding-stations are most interesting places. The cattle are brought there and put on grain, and cared for with every requirement as to sanitation and hygiene. They are stuffed scientifically, so that on an average they gain from a pound to a pound and one-half a day. One of these stations is kept by the Standard Cattle Company at Ames, Nebraska, pictures of whose plant are printed herewith. In 1896–7 the number of cattle marketed by this company was 5454. The number of days on which the cattle were fed was 215. The average weight of cattle when received was 1066 pounds, and when fattened for market was 1304—a gain of 238 pounds, or only a little more than a pound a day.

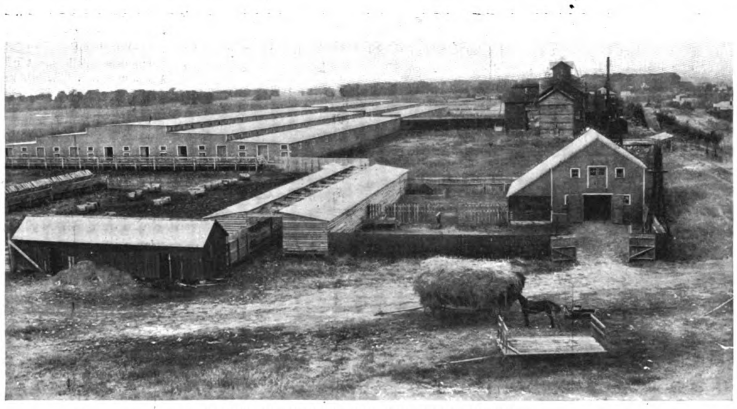
If the cattle-feeders made money this year it was due probably to the reduced cost in the feeding. According to the tables of the Standard Company, the cost per head of feeding cattle for the season 1894–5 was $27 34 for 152 days. For the season 1895–6 it was $17 74. For the season 1896–7 it was only $15 07 for 215 days. That is the lowest cost which that company has experienced in feeding cattle in ten years. In 1890–1 it cost $32 29 a head to feed cattle. The reduced cost last year was due to the large crop of corn that Nebraska raised, and the reduced price of all kinds of grain that were used in feeding the cattle. It is significant, also, that more corn is being used year by year in feeding the stock. The Standard Company used, in 1894–5, 28.3 bushels of corn a head in feeding. The next season it used 40.7 bushels, and last season it used 69.1 bushels.

The cattle at the feeding-stations are kept in what are called feed lots, there being from 150 to 200 in each lot. Of course there are large barns and other buildings necessary for a plant such as this, and the outgo for labor and feed, whether the feed is raised on the feeding-station or purchased, is enormous. The margin of profit is small, and were it not for the fact that the hog-feeding industry is practically part of the cattle-feeding industry, it is doubtful if it would pay to lock up a large amount of capital in the business. Although it costs on an average only from fifty to seventy-five cents a year to keep cattle on the range, it requires capital to operate a feeding-plant, where the cost for seven months, even in the cheap year of 1897, was more than $15 a head.

The necessity of having feeding-stations, or of feeding cattle with grain instead of selling them as they come direct from the range or pasture-field, is shown by the fact that probably not 50 per cent. of range cattle are fit to enter directly into beef consumption. The cattle are kept on the range while they are growing. Soon after they reach the age of two years or a little more they are brought to the feeding-stations, and kept for several months. It is agreed generally that the best age for killing is about three years, for then what is known as the "sap" in cattle is running freely, and the flavor is most attractive.

The extent to which this feeding is carried on is shown by the fact that Texas was practically stripped of calves and yearlings last year. The buyers had to pay for calves that formerly were thrown in with the mothers. Although the increase in the number of cattle at the four largest markets in the country was only 277,189 head, the increase in the number of cattle sent from the stock-yards in Omaha to feeding-stations was no less than 172,000. The increase in cattle sent to such stations from Kansas City was 162,000. These figures make a significant showing. They prove that although the receipts of cattle at the various stock-yards were greater than in 1896 there were fewer cattle killed for meat consumption.

Mention has been made of the fact that the tendency of the packers is to move toward the West and near to the feeding-grounds. The receipts of live-stock at the various centres of the industry show that. It is within the memory of even young persons when Cincinnati was the centre of the hog industry of the country. That centre was moved to Chicago, where it still remains, killing more than all the other centres combined. The same thing is true as to the killings in the sheep industry, but it is not true as to cattle. Year after year, in the matter of packing sheep and hogs, Chicago's industry has grown steadily and normally. Not in ten years, however, has that city had any decided increase in the cattle industry. In 1888 the number of cattle received at the stock-yards in Chicago was 2,611,543. In 1897 the number was 2,554,924. That was a decrease of 60,000 in round numbers. But that was a small decrease as compared with the year 1892, Chicago's banner year in the cattle industry. In that year the stock-yards there received 3,571,796 cattle, and the receipts have been diminishing gradually since.



BARNS, GRAIN-ELEVATOR, AND FARM-BUILDINGS.



THREE FEED LOTS IN A ROW.

A CATTLE-FEEDING STATION AT AMES, NEBRASKA.

Note now how the industry at Kansas City has increased. In 1888 the receipts of cattle at Kansas City were 1,056,086 head. In 1897 the receipts were 1,817,526. From 1888 to 1897 the increase has been normal and steady, only once, in 1891, dropping seriously behind the figures of the previous year. That was a loss of 200,000. Omaha has a similar story to tell. The receipts of cattle in Omaha in 1888 were 355,923. In 1897 they were 810,945, and the increase, like that at Kansas City, was steady and almost constant. St. Louis has a similar story to tell. The receipts of cattle in that city in 1888 were 453,918. In 1897 the receipts were 787,678, a steady rise marking the increase. These figures show that in cattle at least the trend of business is straight toward the Middle West. The big packing establishments are enlarging their scope constantly, especially in the Missouri Valley. Within a few months a big establishment has been started at Sioux City, Iowa, the place that probably suffered most in all the boom wrecks in the United States. There are tremendous establishments at St. Joseph and other places, and the tendency unmistakably is toward concentration, toward the places where the cattle are in the best condition for killing—the States where the corn is grown and the feeding-stations abound. The reason why Chicago has probably held its own in sheep and hogs is that it is easier to ship them than cattle, and therefore the establishment of new plants is a matter of longer growth.

We are now ready to consider some of the figures showing the business of the year in live-stock and cattle, especially in Kansas City and Omaha, as illustrating the share in the prosperity it had in those States. It was the most prosperous year that Kansas City has ever had in live-stock. The increase in valuation in the receipts there was $7,118,305. The increase in the number of head of stock received was 972,754. There was a gain in the number of cattle received of 102,994, and of hogs the tremendous gain of 745,000. The sheep increased in number 141,110. The price per head of cattle was $42, against $45 the year before. Prices of hogs dropped from $8 a head to $7 50. Sheep also dropped a dollar a head. Nevertheless, the year was regarded as the most profitable in the history of the industry. The receipts of cattle were not so large as in 1890, 1892, 1893, 1894, and the prices were not as high as in some years, yet the profits were larger to the raiser of cattle, and also to the feeder of cattle, owing probably to the fact that the industry had run down, and revived in magnitude with the general revival of business.

Omaha showed a record of profit and increase in business similar to that of Kansas City. The increase in cattle there amounted to 224,371, in hogs to 394,611, and in sheep to 269,155. Of the increase in cattle only about 70,000 had their origin in the State. That share of the increase was worth nearly three millions of dollars to Nebraska raisers. The value of the increase in cattle, considering the entire number received, was nearly ten millions of dollars. The increase in the total value of the other kinds of live-stock was even more notable than in cattle, and all this tells a story of prosperity to the farmers and others of that State, entirely independent of the prosperity that came through the grain crops. It is noteworthy also, in considering the statistics of the year, that in sheep Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, and Kansas City each had a banner year, the receipts being the largest in the history of the stock-yards at those places. In hogs Kansas City and St. Louis broke the records, Omaha's largest year having been 1894, and Chicago's having been 1891. In cattle Kansas City alone broke the record as to receipts, St. Louis's record year having been 1896; Omaha's, 1893; Chicago's, 1892. Kansas City, therefore, had a record-breaking year in sheep, hogs, and cattle. Chicago had one in sheep, Omaha had one in sheep, and St. Louis had one in sheep and hogs.

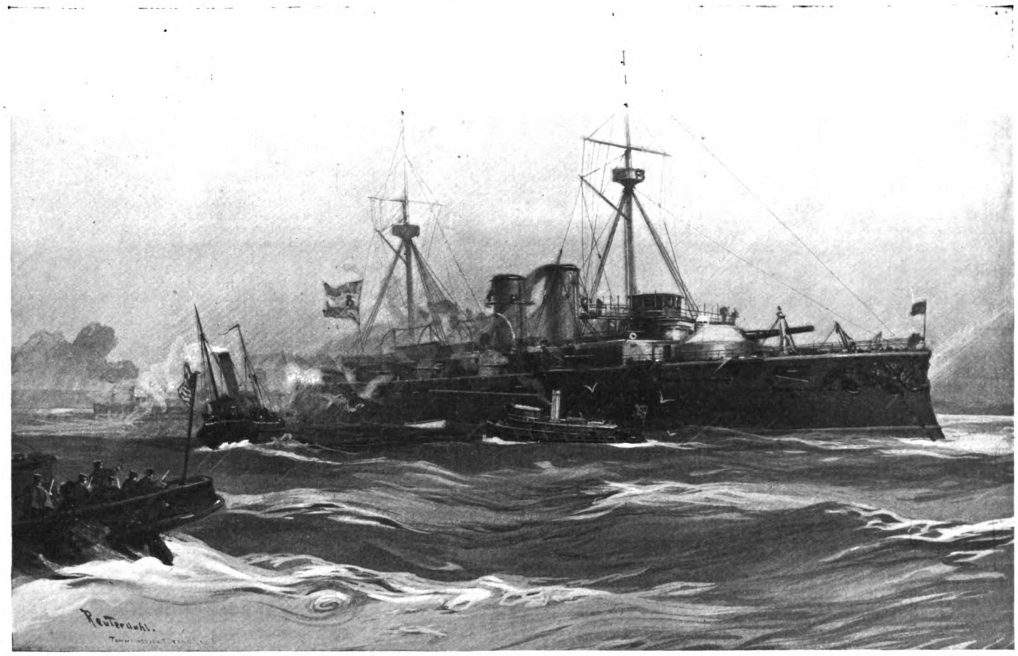
As to the prospects for the present year, I am at liberty to quote the following, from the manager of one of the biggest cattle companies in the West, in a letter to me, dated January 5, 1898:

"It appears that the idea which prevailed a month ago that a very excessive number of cattle were on feed for early slaughter is probably not true, and that the number on feed is not much, if any, larger than last year. It is also probable that all the fat cattle sold between now and July 1—probably a million to a million and a half head—will not weigh as much as last year, or, at any rate, as much as for the two years preceding that. The demand promises to be so good that the outcome of the season to cattle-feeders promises to be better than was feared a few weeks ago. The price of feeders—that is, cattle to be fed—last fall was extremely high, because of a scarcity of the cattle themselves in the corn States, and from the very active demand caused by a surplus of corn left from the crop of '96 and a large crop for '97, and the low price of corn. It appeared very likely that farmers would make heavy losses in feeding, especially large numbers of farmers new at the business. At present the outlook is better, and although there may not be much profit in feeding to many feeders, it is hoped that the price of fat cattle will be high enough to prevent loss."

A connoisseur in beef can tell at once whether he is eating corn-fed or grass-fed meat.

The difference is that corn-fed beef is smoother, richer, and better in flavor to such an extent that it is worth at least one dollar a hundred more than the grass-fed article. And that dollar a hundred-weight represents the corn crop of the Middle West turned into beef, and is responsible for the feeding-stations, the movement of the packers toward the feeding-grounds, and the stoppage of trains laden with cattle on their way East, so that the cattle may be taken off, fattened, and started on again on their journey to the kitchens of the people—a stoppage that has revived the industry, brought money to farmers and cattlemen and dividends to railroads. The cattle industry seems now to be on an enduring basis, especially as to business methods.

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SPANISH BATTLE-SHIP "VIZCAYA" IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

THE DRAMA.

DURING the second week of her engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Madame Modjeska appeared as *Camille*, as *Magda*, as *Isabella* in "Measure for Measure," and as *Lady Macbeth*. Her best work, oddly enough, was done in the plays by those typical exponents of the romantic and the realistic schools of the drama, the younger Dumas and Sudermann. No character could be more false and more weakly sentimental than *Camille;* yet Madame Modjeska's art, though keeping faithful to the dramatist's ideal, made the woman seem not only sympathetic, but real. Miss Olga Nethersole, rising superior to Dumas, gave us a realistic *Camille*, that sacrificed to theatrical effect every consideration of artistic fairness and decency. To Miss Nethersole, and to all actresses who believe that they must work unceasingly for "points," Madame Modjeska's *Camille* would furnish a most valuable object-lesson. You think of it not as particularly strong in this place or in that place, but as a complete and absolutely satisfying characterization, exquisitely fine, without an inconsistency or a flaw. And yet this *Camille* does not cough once! In passing from Dumas to Sudermann's heroine, Madame Modjeska gave most delightful evidence of her versatility, and of her absolute acquiescence in the dramatist's intent. Her *Magda* was vivid, alert, erratic, bitter and tender, melancholy and harshly mirthful, with always the suggestion of invincible determination as the basis of the character. In lovely contrast with this impersonation was her *Isabella*—one of the gentlest and most sympathetic of Shakespeare's heroines, too rarely seen on the modern stage. In looks, speech, and bearing, Madame Modjeska fully realized the character, and moved amid her sordid surroundings like a spiritual presence. Her delivery of the exquisite poetry of *Isabella's* speeches gave them exactly the right interpretation. How simple it all seemed in listening to her—and how inimitable! To pass from a successful *Isabella* to *Lady Macbeth* represented a hazardous undertaking even for a great actress. The possession of the qualities needed to realize *Isabella* would apparently debar a player from impersonating the least feminine of Shakespeare's women. And yet we have no reason to believe that, in her physical attributes, *Lady Macbeth* was less feminine than the gentlest-hearted of her sex, and before Madame Modjeska first appeared in the part several actresses had shown that the character could be made effective without being made robust. Madame Modjeska emphasized the woman without sacrificing the tremendous reality of the woman's ambition. In the more intense passages, moreover, without displaying great power, she produced a strong impression by her fervor and exaltation. In her scenes with *Macbeth* she acted with extraordinary restraint, never hesitating to subordinate herself where the dramatist had put forward the husband as the central figure. Her sleep-walking scene was free from the least suggestion of theatrical device, and presented a picture of profound anguish and despair. Throughout her impersonation, however, it was astonishing to observe that Madame Modjeska made several misreadings of the text. For example, in the lines

> .... wouldst not play *false*,
> And yet wouldst wrongly *win*. ...

she emphasized the word *play*. This reading might be defended if the verse did not give absolute support to the simpler interpretation. Then, too, in the line

> Letting I *dare* not, wait upon I would,

the emphasis was placed upon *not*, the verse again making the natural reading imperative. In spite of such blemishes, however, Madame Modjeska's *Lady Macbeth*, though it does not deserve to be placed among her best rôles, is still a very noble and inspiring characterization.

It seemed a pity that Madame Modjeska's appearances should all have been made under the depressing conditions of grotesque stage settings and inadequate support. Indeed, these come very near wrecking the production of "Measure for Measure," in which the company was seen at its worst. Perhaps it should be said in its defence that the piece had evidently been given insufficient rehearsals. Two of the actors deserve to be mentioned for their earnest work—Mr. Joseph Haworth and Miss Grace Fisher. Ten years ago Mr. Haworth was the most promising of the younger men on our stage. He had serious faults of delivery and of method, and these unfortunately have not been corrected. He has failed, moreover, to acquire ease and style. His best work was done as the old *General* in "Magda"—though even here he displayed his monotonous and theatrical delivery—and as *Macbeth*, which he played with splendid vigor. Miss Fisher is a young woman who has not yet learned to try to improve on nature. If she can remain on the stage and keep her present simplicity and naturalness she will make a most delightful actress. She appeared to particular advantage as the *ingénue* in "Magda."

At the Garden Theatre Mr. Henry Miller has won success with a new play, "The Master," by G. Stuart Ogilvie, an English dramatist almost unknown in this country, and known in England as the author of "Hypatia," produced in London several seasons ago by Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree. Without being in any way remarkable, "The Master" is a clean, wholesome, and well-constructed comedy. It tells the simple story of a father whose affection for his two children does not keep him from driving them from home by his tyranny. The daughter, after refusing to engage herself to the cad whom her father has chosen for her, marries the man she loves; and the son, hating his father's business, for which he has no aptitude, joins the army, and wins immediate glory. In the end the cad nearly ruins the old gentleman, and the family is auspiciously reunited. We all know the story, and we have usually seen it exploited with maudlin pathos. It is to Mr. Ogilvie's credit that he has infused it with refreshing sentiment. The characters are distinctly and cleverly drawn, and the dialogue, without being brilliant, gives the impression of spontaneity. There is a flaw in the climax, where the reunited family look down on the soldiering brother, returned from the wars covered with honor. The hero failed to complete the group, much to the disappointment of the audience. He ought to be allowed to present himself. He could easily break away from the ranks for a few moments.

As *Thomas Faber*, "the master," Mr. Miller had a part that gave him a chance to exploit his abilities as a character actor. He appeared in a make-up strongly suggesting a familiar photograph of Thackeray, and he played with fine vigor and discretion. Mr. Miller has so many gifts as an actor—intelligence, a good presence, a superb voice, and skill in characterization—that it is hard to understand how he has allowed himself to fall into his vexatious habit of intoning his lines. In his present part he has several long speeches, and as he delivered them they sounded like operatic solos. He evidently likes to hear the effect he produces in this way, as so many misguided contralto singers like their "rich" throaty tones. He ought to make a desperate effort to correct that habit. The company gave excellent support. Miss Laura Clement, formerly a comic-opera prima donna, playing the part of an old servant notably well.

At Wallack's Theatre Mr. John Drew is appearing in a new piece by H. V. Esmond, called "One Summer's Day." To the plot, which is old and melodramatic, Mr. Esmond has tried, with some success, to impart the semblance of freshness by original treatment. The hero is one of those ridiculous young men (he has passed his thirty-eighth birthday, but he keeps the ideals of his early youth) whose high and mighty notions of chivalry cause them to inflict wholly unnecessary burdens upon themselves, and to make other people gratuitously unhappy. Why in the world should Mr. Esmond's paragon of the virtues have placed himself in a most awkward position by pretending that he was the father of his dead brother's child, born in a quixotic marriage with a gypsy? As no satisfactory explanation is given, we have to accept the development of the comedy on faith. The hero's chivalry nearly costs him his bride, but it also creates several love scenes between Mr. Drew and Miss Isabel Irving, which are very prettily played. This comedy, in spite of the cleverness with which the last two acts are handled, is an altogether unworthy medium for the talents of the best light comedian that we have in this country.

The Japanese musical comedy "Lilli Tse," presented by Mr. Augustin Daly in conjunction with "The Country Girl," which has won a deserved success, is a charming bit of poetry set to graceful music. The book has been adapted from the German of Wolfgang Kirchbach by Sidney Rosenfeld, and the music is by Frank Curti. Mr. Daly has staged most beautifully the little Japanese village in which the action passes, and it realizes for us at once the ideal atmosphere of the land of flowers. Mr. Frank Rushworth gave a careful rendering of the youth *Kiki Tsum*, who discovers a mirror and thinks it is a youthful picture of his dead father, and Miss Marguerite Lemon acted cleverly and sang effectively as his betrothed, who steals the mirror from him, and finds in it the likeness of her rival in *Kiki's* affections.

At one of the music-halls Miss Minnie Seligman, an actress of good abilities, has revived one of the best plays produced by an English dramatist during the past quarter-century. "Comedy and Tragedy" was written a dozen years ago by W. S. Gilbert for Miss Mary Anderson, who played it here with that admirable English actor Mr. Forbes Robertson. It has since been revived in New York by Miss Julia Neilson, who gave an utterly incompetent impersonation of the leading rôle, *Clarice*. Miss Seligman played the part with a great deal of cleverness, but to bring out all that there is in it an actress would need to possess the abilities of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. It has been suggested that the piece be translated for Madame Bernhardt, and it is to be hoped that some one may be persuaded to offer her a French version. She is the one living actress who is exactly suited to it. *Clarice* is called upon to simulate nearly all the great passions, and in the character Madame Bernhardt would be magnificent.

"Way Down East," a rural comedy, written by Lottie Blair Parker, and revised by Joseph Grismer, contains some good and some very poor material. The author tried to be faithful to homely American life, but, in spite of herself, she fell into those caricatures and conventional misrepresentations of life so familiar on our stage. Still, the work shows promise. It was very well acted by a company that included Mr. Odell Williams, an excellent interpreter of character, Miss Phœbe Davies, and Miss Minnie Dupree.

JOHN D. BARRY.

LIFE AND THE ARTIST.

LIFE said to the Artist: Tell my dream,
That man may know me loftier than I seem,—
Not only kin and servitor to the clod,
But the veiled oracle of the Thought of God.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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THE ZOLA-DREYFUS TRIAL.

When M. Labori, the defender of Zola, addressing the jury, exclaimed, "There is no name more abhorred in history than that of Pontius Pilate," a voice from the audience cried out, "After that of Judas!" It is clear that in this affair of the revision of the Dreyfus trial the promoters, and Zola, who assisted them and bore the brunt of the battle, had something more in view than the liberation of the ex-captain, about whose innocence many of the advocates of the revision were not absolutely convinced. They proclaimed, at least, that their object was much above that. They claimed to fight for principles; they said that the Dreyfus affair was quite a secondary one, and mainly an occasion to defend the rights of every citizen trampled upon by the so-called "*raison d'état*." It is such declarations which brought to the partisans of the revision the support of the thinking people and liberals in every nation. From Belgium the Socialist Deputies in the Chamber, with only the exception of Citizen Destrée, signed an address to the French people and to Zola, in which they said that they "made ardent vows, so that republican France should remain faithful under the present circumstances, which impassion all free peoples, to the principles of the French Revolution." In France many addresses were also sent to Zola, signed by men belonging to what are called the "liberal professions"—that is, those of medicine, art, law, teaching, etc. These addresses were known as those of "the intellectuals," as in opposition to the popular masses of peasants and middle-class men, who were in favor of the government and the army. The aim of the campaign was therefore laudable; but it was not well conducted, and it looked too much as if it were directed exclusively against the chiefs of the army, and in the personal interest of Dreyfus. The French government was too glad to follow in the wake of those tactics, and to insist that Zola and his friends were the enemies of France, of her military and judicial institutions—all this merely in order to defend a private individual already sentenced for national treason. The whole question at issue was thus belittled and so presented to the jury, who, instead of seeing in Zola's prosecution an attempt to curtail the rights of all citizens appearing before courts of justice or courts martial, were incited to see only the pretended attacks of the great novelist against the army. Still, Zola correctly understood the situation when addressing in his pamphlet those who affected to consider the army as being menaced and endangered when somebody speaks of the rights of justice: "It is not the army which is in question; it is the 'sabre,' the broad-sword, the master which may be given to us tomorrow." M. Jaurès, the Socialist Deputy, also said in the Chamber, when asking for the revision of the Dreyfus case, "They are about surrendering and betraying the republic to the generals." The President, or Speaker, of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Brisson, a veteran Conservative Republican, was himself afraid of the influential omnipotence assumed by some chiefs of the army in regard to the Dreyfus affair, and he said, "You can hear, you can read the appeals, more or less direct, for a dictatorship."



EMILE ZOLA.



GENERAL BOISDEFFRE.



GENERAL DE PELLIEUX.



COLONEL PICQUART.

This is the fear which haunts the minds of the sincere French Republicans since 1894—date of the secret trial of Captain Dreyfus. He was sentenced then, in December, as guilty of having furnished to a foreign government military documents relative to national defence, and sent for life to Devil's Island—a barren rock off the coast of French Guiana.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

Three years later—that is, in the summer of 1897—an agitation was begun in order to obtain a revision of the Dreyfus trial. The whole press in France teemed with discussions on the subject, and debates took place frequently in the Senate and the Chamber. The most eminent men of France participated in those discussions, either pro or con the revision. Those in favor of it argued that Dreyfus had been condemned by a court martial sitting "*à huis clos*"—that is, with closed doors—and, moreover, that some documents had been submitted to his judges without having been communicated to him or to his lawyer, M. Demange. The latter fact especially was decidedly in violation of the judicial privileges accorded by law to every accused party, no matter in what court he might be brought. For some months the government answered in its newspapers, official and semi-official, and in the Chambers through the mouth of its Ministers of State and of War, that Dreyfus was lawfully sentenced, and that the secret documents communicated to the court martial could not have been shown to him or his lawyer, and could not, either, be exhibited to any of his present defenders, because those documents implicated a foreign government, and their being made public would endanger the safety of France. It was therefore impossible to reopen the case of Dreyfus, inasmuch as he had been condemned upon the testimony of twenty-seven of his fellow-officers, and by the unanimous verdict of the seven members of the court martial. One of them is said to have been an Israelite himself. The government was supported in its refusal to revise the trial by several votes of the Chamber and of the Senate. Meanwhile, and in order to show its impartiality, it had brought before a court martial Commandant Esterhazy, who was accused by Mathieu Dreyfus, a brother of the ex-captain, and by others, of being the real author of documents surrendered to a foreign government, and for the delivery of which Dreyfus had been sentenced to prison for life. Commandant Esterhazy was acquitted by the court martial, some sittings of which were held with closed doors.

It is at this point that Zola's intervention occurred. He published in the Paris paper *L'Aurore*, recently founded by Clemenceau, the well-known ex-leader of the Republican Left in the Chamber, an open letter to President Félix Faure, accusing the government and the military chiefs of violating the judicial rights guaranteed by the constitution to all French citizens. He said, among other things: "A court martial has just dared to acquit, by order, Esterhazy, which is a supreme slap given to truth and justice. And this is the end; France has that stain upon her face. History will write that such a social crime has been committed under your Presidency." Then speaking of the court martial which had sentenced Dreyfus, he said: "That court martial might have been unintelligent; that of Esterhazy is forcibly criminal. I accuse the second court martial of having covered that illegality, by order, in committing in its turn the judicial crime consciously to acquit a criminal." Those are the words upon which was based the indictment of Zola, who appeared before the civil Court of Assizes, in Paris, on February 7, and was sentenced on the 23d, to one year's imprisonment and 3000 francs, or $600, damages. Every day during the trial not only the court and its neighborhood, but all Paris itself was disturbed by noisy manifestations, which were related at great length by the daily cable despatches. Zola was often threatened to be thrown into the river Seine, when he left the Palace of Justice, by the people, who believed the charges brought against him by the government prosecutor. Unfortunately, some foolish partisans of Dreyfus happened occasionally to add to their cries of "Long live Zola!" that of "Down with France!"



MAITRE LABORI.
Zola's Counsel.

That reminded the hearers that during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 the great novelist, who was only thirty years of age, did not enlist for military or national-guard service, but took refuge at Marseilles; and also that he wrote about that very same war, *La Débâcle*, a book quite unfavorable to the French army of that time. Émile Zola has displayed great civic courage in his campaign against the draconian habits of courts martial; but it may be admitted that he was not perhaps the best champion to be used against the abuses of military dictation. But the worst aspect of all this Dreyfus affair, is that it has degenerated into an unexpected awakening of anti-Semitism in France, where only a very few military men had grumbled when a Jew, the ex-Captain Alfred Dreyfus, had been accepted as an officer in the general staff, that sanctuary of documents relative to national defence in France. On another hand, the real and great questions at issue, that of the citizen's right to a fair and public judgment, and of the illegality of creed or race prejudice against any one in France, have not been frankly discussed and finally settled. Their settlement, as said recently by an eminent diplomatist, will ultimately be accomplished, but, unhappily, it is doubtful whether this "surgical operation," absolutely necessary for the life of the French Constitution, can be performed without social disorders and even bloodshed.

Félix Aucaigne.



MAJOR ESTERHAZY.



ADJUTANT-GENERAL HENRY CLARK CORBIN, U.S.A.

THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

General Henry Clark Corbin, the new Adjutant-General of the Army of the United States, is, like General Miles, a graduate of the Volunteer service, which during the civil war developed so many military talents and soldierly qualities without the advantage of previous systematic training. He was born on a farm in Ohio, in September, 1842, his family being among the numerous emigrants to that State from Virginia. Before the breaking out of the war his experience had been that of the ordinary farmer's boy, with meagre opportunities for education.

His promptness in enlisting when he was under twenty years of age, and his steady and rapid advance until he became the Colonel of a regiment with the brevet rank of Brigadier-General at twenty-three, show that he was a born soldier, though circumstances had not previously revealed his natural vocation, and might never have done so but for the exigencies of the conflict between the North and the South. He was First Lieutenant in the Eighty-third Ohio Regiment, was transferred to the Seventy-ninth in 1863, and soon after commissioned as Major of the Fourteenth United States Colored Infantry. He became Lieutenant-Colonel the next year, and finally Colonel of the same regiment, which did gallant service in many

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aents, and was not mustered until 66.

is time the young Colonel had found er, and he now received a commis-

Second Lieutenant in the regular He became a Captain in the Thirty- nfantry in July, 1866, and was trans- o the Twenty-fourth with the same November, 1869. He was promoted ank of Major in 1880, and at the same ade Assistant Adjutant-General, serv- ccessively on the staffs of Generals Schofield, Terry, Crook, and Miles, ng advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel in 1896. During this he saw arduous service on the fron- l in the Indian campaigns against the s in Arizona and the Sioux in Dakota. ral Corbin was on the commission enerals Terry and Lawrence which with Sitting Bull when he took ref- Canada after the Custer massacre, and the field with Miles during the Pine campaign of 1890–1. Afterwards he rection under McCook of the move- or the repression of the Moquis in a. In 1892 he was ordered on duty War Department in Washington, and bsequently sent to Governors Island hief of Staff of the Department of the Last October he was ordered back to ngton.

ral Corbin's character and personal es have brought him into close rela- ot only with high officers of the army, th the line of Presidents from Grant present time, and with many other men.

accompanied Garfield to the rail- ation on the day he encountered the n's bullet, and was by his bedside he died at Elberon. His experience in grade of the service and his associa- ith important events and prominent a civil as well as military life eminent- alify him for the duties of the office to he has just been elevated.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

RTAINLY every one who heard what the ident said to the University of Pennsyl on February 22d must have been more momentarily moved. Recent happen- n the world have made the days sol- for most Americans, and that audience together with a preoccupation of seri- ss underlying their holiday spirit, and anged by the gayety of the music or the orating hurrahs of the undergraduates. after the genuine emotions evoked by words of Washington touching nation- onor and national benevolence, from h Mr. McKinley drew his own sermon sermon it seemed in this present hour, mon wise, reserved, and sincere—after immediate effect of his utterance had d, most of us, I think, must have felt the University of Pennsylvania had an honorable and inspiring day, must thanked the good old custom which omed this year into an occasion not only, but somewhat national, if not in t, in spirit most certainly. This custom that the students should assemble upon nniversary, and listen to Washington's well Address read by the "First Hon- of the Junior Class, and to an oration e "First Honor" of the Senior Class. is time the First Honor became the Pre- t of the United States.

e result, the effect, of having such a on speak was so much more than happy, good influence of collecting in the name earning and Patriotism a large number ople all bound by the same interest, and eir various ways, students and profess- all engaged upon the same large under- g of being a university, was so stimu- g to the cause that one hopes the custom now is will be permanent, and that every we may go to hear the words of a man in speaking to us will be listened to by nation.

instead of Mr. McKinley it had been, s say, Martin Van Buren, or Monroe, or r, or, for that matter, any other of our idents in this century, who had been ed by the University of Pennsylvania e its orator at these traditional cere- ies, that President would probably first declined the invitation, and probably have inquired what and where the Uni- ity of Pennsylvania might be; and it is e feared that not many could have been d to tell him. The other colleges of nial foundation, from Massachusetts lward to Virginia, leavening their com- nities with cherished traditions and civ- d outlook, stood to the fore in their ective commonwealths. Pennsylvania e, founded by Franklin in 1749, having d deep in the midst of great men and ds, in a town where the heart of history been throbbing—this seat of learning not fill with life, but grew vacant of ry sign of it. You would have predicted reverse. With such a birthright you ld have expected the place to become d with the movement and the greatness surrounded it; that it would generate something like the fathers who had ed the Declaration of Independence at very doors. But the College of Phila- phia (as its name was at first) steadily k from the market influence it had pos- sessed before the Revolution. Its School of Medicine alone saved it from an almost total obscurity. In spite of here and there an eminent professor, whose name can be seen to-day upon the lists of the past, no strangers came to be taught by these men. The youth of Philadelphia who went to the college left their homes in the morning and returned in the afternoon, and the cause of learning did not greatly warm the hearts of either themselves or their parents. How the college came so near oblivion is told in a word —it was politics. After the Revolution there was a mob called Democracy; no real Democracy; not the Democracy of which Mr. McKinley spoke to the students—that arena where all alike must fight for the thing they want, where poverty is no more a virtue than riches are a vice—but a mob with destruction for its cardinal instinct. The mob hated the quiet conservative college spirit, and the college was overthrown. When revived, it was with such restrictions, such jealous watch against any distinction of talent or scholarship, that all chance of eminence was suspended. In this fate the college made but a piece of the town and of the whole State. They mildewed together. The particular spirit in Pennsylvania which insisted upon one man's resembling another, and resented all ideals save mediocrity, has been clearly and remorselessly demonstrated by Mr. Sydney Fisher in his book upon the Commonwealth. Its origins are traced, its inveterate disregard of eminent citizens recorded. The story is not a tale of credit to us. One of its lighter but most significant results is that we are a species of proverb.

Indeed, all this would be hard to speak of but for the many signs of hope and change. These date, I take it, from the Centennial Exhibition. Next, public calamity created our admirable National Guard; presently good architecture began to appear; but while these things were happening at large an energy came to preside over and awake the University of Pennsylvania. Vigorous men were put there, innovations started, new buildings and generous money given, professorships endowed; and while it was not all to the taste of everybody, why how could it be? Perfection, save for sporadic instants, does not occur in the world; and meanwhile the energy went on, with much applause and many jeers, both equally deserved, it is quite likely. At any rate, we suddenly find to-day, and we very keenly felt, as those students (now 2800 instead of 800) gave their full-volumed and vigorous cheers for what Mr. McKinley had said to them, that this is no longer an obscure provincial academy; that it has the life of a great institution stirring in it. With its athletics and its library and its museums, and its men who are pursuing original work in that quiet, unplacarded, devoted way that is the only one which true scholars countenance, the University of Pennsylvania understands the progress that counts, the sodality that upholds, the spirit that attains. OWEN WISTER.

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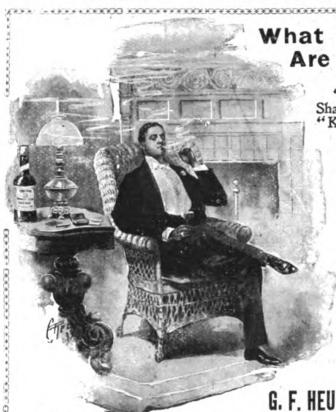
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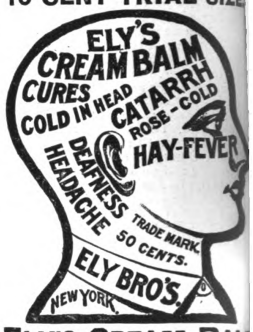
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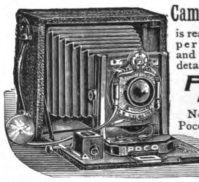
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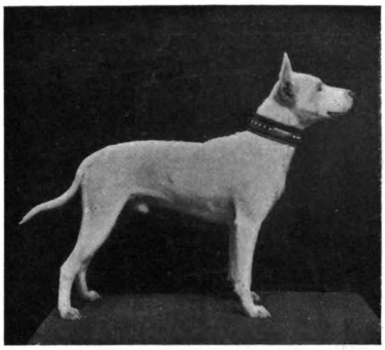
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FINE DOGS ON THE BENCH.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

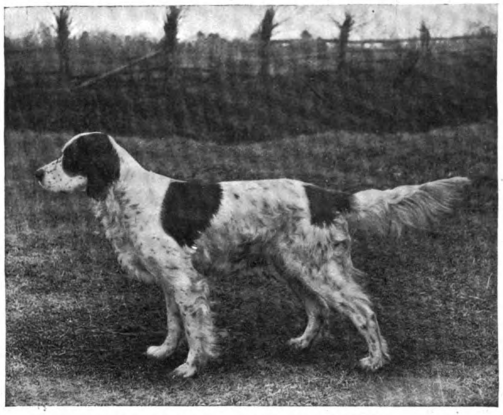
THE twenty-second annual bench show for dogs has just been held by the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden, and it was the most successful exhibition of the kind that ever took place in this country. The success of the show was of a double nature, as the dogs exhibited were particularly fine and the attendance was extremely large, though the weather of two of the four days of the show was very bad. The popularity of such exhibitions proves how abiding is our affection for our canine friends. It is quite safe to say that not one in a hundred of the visitors who went to Madison Square Garden owned dogs; probably not one in fifty ever owned a dog. And yet they were interested in examining the splendid specimens that were entered for competition, and they were, as a rule, also critical in their comments on the merits of the individuals, and of the justice of the awards made by the judges.

The most interesting feature of a bench show is found in the judging ring. Persons who have not watched a bench show judge at work can form no idea of the careful way in which he goes about it. Dogs are judged by points, and the highest award is given to the one with the highest score.

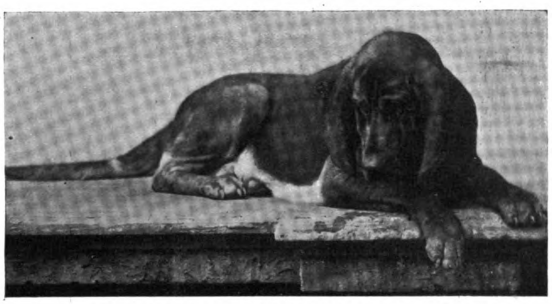
Take the Boston terrier, for instance, and here is the standard for judging:

Skull	12
Ears	2
Eyes	5
Stop	2
Muzzle	12
Neck	5
Body	15
Elbows	2
Fore legs	4
Hind legs	4
Feet	2
Tail	10
Color	8
Markings	4
Coat	3
General appearance and style	10
Total	100

It is not usually necessary for a judge to put down the score for all the dogs in each class. Take a dozen dogs in one ring, and it is extremely probable that three or four will so manifestly outclass the others in conformation and symmetry that the judge only needs to put down the score of each of these to place them relatively. But even this takes a long time, and it is an anxious time for the trainers and owners. The trainers enter into the business with the greatest keenness, and display wonderful skill in inducing the dogs to show to the best advantage. And, by-the-way, I have often suspected that these trainers know the dogs even better than the judges who make the awards. This would only be natural, for many of these trainers may be said to be kennel-bred, and they spend all their lives with dogs. One might naturally suppose that such men would be rough and coarse, but such is not the case; on the contrary, they are generally very kind, well mannered, and considerate. To be fond of a good dog and live in companionship with it is, indeed, at once an education and a wholesome discipline.



MR. CHARLES S. PHELPS'S CHAMPION ENGLISH SETTER, "ANTONIO."



DR. LOUGEST'S CHAMPION BLOOD-HOUND, "SIMON DE SUDBURY."

It is singular how the fashions in dogs change from year to year. Three years ago it seemed likely that the Russian wolf-hound would win a permanent favor, but such has not been the case. It is a very showy dog, but seems to be difficult to rear in this country, and many gentlemen who went into the breeding of this type have given it up. And so the class this year was smaller than hitherto. So also is the mastiff losing favor. Ten years ago the class for this extraordinarily valuable watch-dog was five or six times as large as it is now, and the number of breeders was proportionately great. This is a case of giving a dog a bad name. The mastiff family has been made to suffer in repute and in popularity by reason of the deeds of mongrels miscalled mastiffs, because in these mongrels the mastiff type appeared to the uncritical to predominate. As a matter of fact, the mastiff is remarkably intelligent, and also kind and gentle. Even in doing the work for which he is best suited a well-trained and well-bred mastiff will guard property and prevent theft without biting. His mere presence in a yard is a menace to thieves, and the deep low growl of one of these big fellows will effectually discourage the most enterprising tramp who ever lived by mendicancy and petty stealing.

That new American type, the Boston terrier, continues to gain in popularity, and more of these symmetrical little fellows were benched this year than ever before. But the Boston terrier is no longer a novelty. Formerly those on exhibition were looked at with curiosity rather than with knowledgable appreciation, but now at the show they are criticised much in the same way as the other and older types. The French bull-dogs were the curiosities this year; it is true they had been exhibited before, but not so many of them. Whether or not they will win permanent favor is a matter of difficult speculation. It will surely be many years before they attain the popularity of the English bull-dog. Why this dog should be so engaging has always been a mystery to me. It is not as bright in intelligence as other much better-looking animals, though, to be sure, it is faithfulness itself. Most dogs, however, may be trusted implicitly. Even the yellow cur and the snarling mongrel are capable of great affection for those who treat them well—or ill, for that matter. I would believe that the popularity of this dog was merely a fad, were it not for the fact that the popularity has lasted so long. "For style," I overheard a lady say at the show, "I prefer a bull-dog over any other." It may be that in this instance this preference was due to a love of contrast—a case of Beauty and the Beast.

The two Esquimau dogs on exhibition, one of them the property of Mr. Peary, the arctic explorer, attracted



MR. A. L. GOODE'S CHAMPION BOSTON TERRIER, "MONTE."



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S CHAMPION COLLIE "ORNAMENT"—(Not exhibited this year.)



AN ESQUIMAU PUPPY, BORN IN NEW YORK.

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MR. W. GOULD BROKAW'S CHAMPION POINTER, "SIR WALTER."

much attention, and the boys who delight in tales of adventure appeared to be particularly interested. This type of dog has often been seen here, and there have been occasional unsuccessful efforts to breed and naturalize them. But the dogs do not thrive in this climate, and it is just as well that they should be left where they belong. Another type, once very familiar and common, but almost rare enough now to be considered a curiosity, the Dalmatian, or coach-dog, was exhibited this year, after a long absence from the bench. It is true there were only four of them, but these are owned by persons of great fashion. So it would not be wonderful if the spotted coach-dog once more was taken into favor. Why it should have lost favor I never understood; probably the fox-terrier, a determined enemy of rats and other vermin, was found to be more useful about a stable. Then again the fox-terrier is a more attractive dog than the Dalmatian. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the fox-terrier is the most gentlemanlike of all the canine race. To be sure, he is totally lacking in dignity and impressiveness, not being comparable in these regards to large dogs, such as St. Bernards, mastiffs, Great Danes, and blood-hounds, but he is extremely nice in his habits, and his manners are those of a born aristocrat.



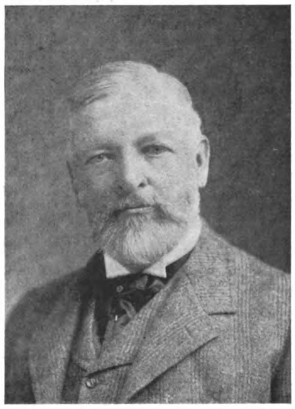
JAPANESE SPANIEL.

The most notable thing about the exhibition of collies was the absence from the show of the dogs of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. In previous years Mr. Morgan's collies carried everything before them, and as his kennels are now richer than ever in fine specimens of this beautiful type, it is quite certain that, had he sent his dogs from Cragston, they would have repeated the winnings of previous years. Mr. Morgan, in deciding not to make an exhibit from his kennels, was probably influenced by the generous desire to give the other breeders a chance. Surely there was no collie in the show comparable with the star of Cragston, Ornament. To be sure, the prize-winner in the champion class, Mr. Murray's Old Hall Paris—a most singular name, by-the-way—is a very fine dog, as is also his chief competitor, Wellesbourne Wonder, from the Chestnut Hill kennels.

THE NAVY OF SPAIN.

Spain's navy is formidable or weak solely by comparison with other navies. Just now a comparison exists with that of our own country, and, as a result, many erroneous statements have been made as to the strength of Spain's war-ships. It has been spread broadcast, on the one hand, that this country is vastly superior to Spain in naval strength; and on the other, that Spain would simply overwhelm us in a naval fight. The truth is that on paper Spain has in the number of ships almost double the number of ours. In real fighting-ships—that is, armored vessels—the countries are almost equally matched. In effective cruisers of the unarmored type this country has the advantage. In torpedo-gunboats, Spain leads. In ordinary torpedo-boats the United States has the advantage, because she could use hers, and Spain's could not cross the ocean easily.

Spain has only one first-class battle-ship, the *Pelayo*. She is new, and fit to cope with our *Indiana*. We have three vessels of that grade ready for work. Spain has nine second-class battle-ships. They are the *Infanta Maria Teresa, Almirante Oquendo, Vizcaya, Carlos V., Princesa de Asturias, Cardenal Cisneros, Cataluna, Numancia*, and *Vitoria*. The last two are of iron, and have muzzle-loading guns. They are out of date. The others are modern, are armed with 11-inch guns (28 cm.), and resemble our *Texas* in respect to armor and armament,



MR. JAMES MORTIMER,
Superintendent Westminster Kennel Club's Bench Show.

and are somewhat like our armored cruisers in respect to speed. We have only one such ship, now that the *Maine* is gone. We have four Monitors and two armored cruisers—the *New York* and *Brooklyn*—as well as the *Texas*, to cope with Spain's seven active fighters of the second class. The armament on both sides in this second grade is about equal. Spain has no vessels like our *New York* and *Brooklyn*.

It is upon these eight armored ships that Spain must depend to do her fighting, should war come with the United States. Most of the second-grade vessels are brand-new, equipped with the most modern appliances. They represent what might be called Spain's new navy. They are 20-knot ships theoretically, in addition to being practically battle-ships. The *Infanta Maria Teresa* is the oldest, and she was launched in 1890. Most of the others have been completed since 1895.



ST. BERNARD PUPPY "WONDER S," AND HIS TRAINER.
Thirty-seven Inches high at Shoulders, and weighs 240 Pounds.

In first-class unarmored ships, vessels like our *Baltimore*, of about 4500 tonnage, Spain has only two, the *Alfonso XIII.* and *Lepanto*. They carry 8-inch rifles, are supposed to have 20-knot speed, and have been in service only about four years. Three similar vessels are being constructed, but it will be several months before they are ready for service. Of second-class unarmored cruisers, vessels of about 3500 tonnage, Spain has only three modern ships—the *Alfonso XII., Reina Cristina*, and *Reina Mercedes*. She has three others, the *Castilla, Aragon*, and *Navarra*, but they are of wood, and of course not serviceable in a contest with ships carrying modern guns.

Then Spain has a dozen war-ships of the gunboat class, those of about 1100 tonnage—small craft, indeed, and about the size of our *Castine*. Among these vessels are the *Marqués de la Ensenada, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzón, Velasco, Infanta Isabel, Isabel II., Conde de Venadito, Don Juan de Austria, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Dona Maria Molina, Marqués de la Victoria*, and *Alvaro Bazán*. Some of these little boats have been doing service in Cuban waters, endeavoring to catch filibusters from this country. Their success in that respect is probably an indication of their utility in warfare.

In comparison with these seventeen unarmored vessels of Spain, the United States has nearly as many, and of a high grade. They are such ships as the *San Francisco, Cincinnati, Raleigh, Montgomery, Detroit, Machias, Marblehead*, immediately available, besides other vessels that might be recalled from the Pacific, like the *Bennington, Concord, Yorktown, Charleston, Olympia, Philadelphia*, and others, to say nothing of some of our wooden ships, fairly serviceable for guard and other light work, and the battle-ship *Oregon* and Monitors *Monterey* and *Monadnock* on our western coast.

Spain is comparatively strong in sea-going torpedo-boats. Her vessels in this grade range from 500 to 700 tons, have a speed of about 20 knots, and are fitted with rapid-firing guns of a small size. This torpedo equipment about equals that of our torpedo flotilla. According to the latest reports, among these torpedo-boats are the *Filipinas, Temerário, Nueva España, Martin Alonso, Vincente Yañez, Galicia, Marqués de Molino, Destructor*, and *Audaz*. In the lists of Spain's war-ships given in Spanish newspapers there are always from thirty to forty other vessels mentioned, but they have no place in Brassey's *Naval Annual*, and are set down in that authoritative publication as "small steamers" from 80 to 350 tons. In less than a month this country will have about ten ordinary torpedo-boats available, but none of what is known as the ocean-going class.

The strength of a modern navy lies, however, deeper than guns, armor, ammunition, or men. It lies in the coal in the bunkers, or the amount of coal that is within easy reach. No navy can go beyond swift retreat to its coal-heaps. In a naval contest, therefore, the advantage always lies, other things being equal, with the nation on the defensive.

The visit of the second-class battle-ship *Vizcaya*, of the Spanish navy, to New York Harbor, probably has done much to impress the citizens of the United States with the fact that Spain's formidable vessels are not only modern, but newer than most of the strong fighting craft of the United States.

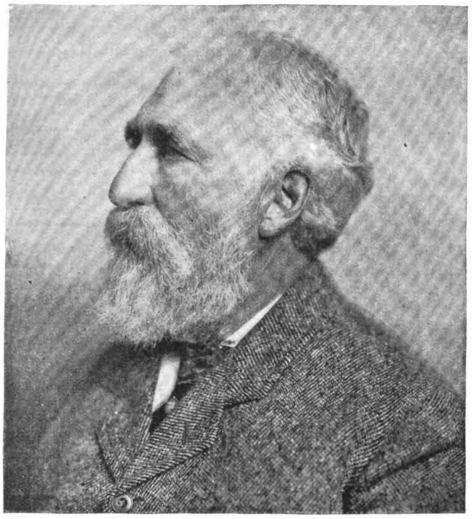
ENGLAND AND FRANCE ON THE NIGER.

Undoubtedly French encroachments on English territory in West Africa have reached a point where they must result either in war or in the final abandonment of France's strivings after an unbroken empire from St. Louis to Obok, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. Under ordinary circumstances a territorial dispute in the Lagos hinterland could readily be settled by arbitration. But to-day the circumstances are not ordinary. It is not impossible that a bold colonial policy might be thought convenient for rescuing the French Republic from its present precarious condition, and diverting attention from the Dreyfus affair; while on England's side there is a suspicion that already enough has been yielded in Siam, Madagascar, and Tunis, without further concessions along the banks of the Niger, and a disposition to resist, at any cost, the closing up of commercial areas that have once been thrown open. There is of course no question that should France succeed in getting control of the Lower Niger she would reserve that main avenue of West African trade for her own exclusive use. It is once more Great Britain's good fortune that her policy of enlightened self-interest should make her stand forth as the sole champion of free commerce against individual privileges, of open and unrestricted competition against selfish reservation. In the case of West Africa her position is strengthened by the consciousness of standing well within her legal rights. The Anglo-French treaty of 1890 fixed the boundaries of British territory by a line drawn from Say on the Niger to Barrua on Lake Chad, and so deflected as to include, in the words of the agreement, "all that properly belongs to the kingdom of Sokoto." It is this kingdom of Sokoto that the French have now invaded; nor is it the only aggression of which England has had to complain recently. In 1890 the Royal Niger Company concluded treaties with the kings of Borgu and Gando, whose territories lie along the right bank of the Niger. The kings received subsidies from the company, acknowledged Great Britain's suzerainty, and placed themselves under her control. These treaties remained uncontested till 1894, when France, having in the mean time secured Dahomey, found them obstructive to her development of the immediate interior, and set about disputing them. A rush was instantly made to secure fresh treaties from the King of Borgu, and three expeditions left England, France, and Germany almost simultaneously with that purpose. The English embassy, under Captain Lugard, beat the French mission led by Captain Decœur by a fortnight, and succeeded in placing Great Britain's claim to the Lagos hinterland beyond question. The French at once changed their tactics, declared that treaties counted for very little, and that an effectual suzerainty could only be established by actual occupancy. Acting on this novel theory, which of course has received no international recognition, she continued to send out little filibustering expeditions from Dahomey, in spite of continued remonstrances from Downing Street. In particular while the Royal Niger Company was engaged in fighting in Nupe and Illorin—two provinces that lie between Borgu and the mouth of the Niger—the French occupied Boussa, the capital of Borgu, and one or two other towns that were equally within the sphere of British influence. Those towns she is still in possession of, in clear contravention of treaty rights; and further efforts on her part to gain control of the Lower Niger were only stopped by the prompt despatch of a British force last October. The situation, therefore, has been extremely delicate for several months. The legal justice of the case seems to be wholly on the side of England; but France can show proof of actual occupancy, of that possession which may turn out to be nine points of international as well as common law. For the past eighteen years she has spent millions of francs in developing her West African estate. She has cut off the hinterland from the British possessions of Gambia and Sierra Leone, in part, too, from the Gold Coast. The control of the navigable portion of the Niger is all she needs to spread her dominion from the Senegal to the Nile, and the present crisis will determine whether she or England, which in this instance represents the whole world, shall have free access to the Sudan and its resources.

Sydney Brooks.

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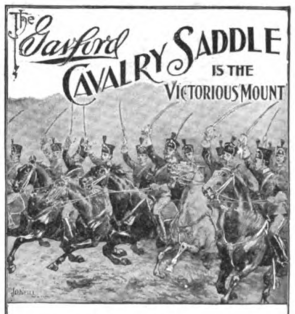


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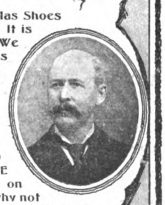
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 12, 1898

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IT is sincerely to be hoped that the Senate members of the Conference Committee on the bankruptcy bill will agree to accept the House measure. The Senate bankruptcy bill, providing solely for voluntary bankruptcy, is of no value whatever, as no bankruptcy legislation can be which does not provide the means by which the property of an unwilling bankrupt may be divided among his creditors. The question between the two Houses is: Shall the law be entirely in the aid of debtors, or shall it favor just creditors against dishonest and incompetent debtors, and shall it aid honest debtors to make a settlement and take a new start in business? The Senate bill is for the rélief of debtors. The House bill is for the just relief of both creditors and debtors.

THERE is at last a disposition to believe that Lord SALISBURY'S diplomacy has not been so very bad for Great Britain. Thus far by avoiding war he has lost nothing for the empire, and by securing the loan for China he has kept control of her customs receipts; in western Africa he has maintained British control against the encroachments of the French without bloodshed, and his Egyptian expedition is moving on its way toward Khartoum with every prospect of success, if MENELEK keeps his word and remains friendly to the English. What he has lost, however, is the respect of those who believe that England by a bold effort might have put an end to the Armenian outrages, might have taken Crete from the Turks, and might have saved Greece from her unfortunate war.

THERE is an effort making at Albany by the two present rulers of the State of New York, CROKER and PLATT, to suppress political discussion, the expression of public opinion, and especially criticism upon them, either by picture or text, in the newspapers. We have not taken much interest in the performance mainly because we believe that however strong the bosses may be, the United States in the nineteenth century will not tolerate the revival of the despot. Moreover, the Constitution stands in the way, and is still stronger than the bosses. We are glad now to note, however, that the issue has embittered the contest between CROKER and DAVID B. HILL for the control of the Democratic party, although it is to be regretted that once more we are reminded that DAVID B. HILL is at present probably the ablest and purest statesman that New York possesses.

A NEGRO postmaster was killed in South Carolina the other day. He was idle, worthless, and negligent of his duty, but the reason for his killing was that he was a negro. It may be, as is contended, that the whites of the South will never permit negroes to hold office, and that they will kill any who are unfortunate enough to receive appointments. It may follow also, as is further contended, that the President and other appointing powers should not outrage the prejudices of the whites of the South, and give occasion for such crimes by making such appointments. Nevertheless, it remains true that the whites who engage in the crimes, and who kill negroes because they are made postmasters, are utter barbarians and unfit for self-government. It further follows that the nation in which such things happen even occasionally has enough business on hand in attending to its domestic affairs, and it is grossly immodest to suggest the propriety of its interference in the affairs of foreign countries.

THERE is a strong effort making on the part of Democratic leaders of the State of New York to force the coming campaign to turn upon State issues. Mr. CROKER has made a speech to the Tammany Hall Executive Committee, in which he has dismissed the currency question for the moment, and has ordered his party to take up the question of monopolies. He means to advocate Tammany control of gas companies, and of corporations furnishing the public with transportation and other means of communication. This purpose alone would be worth while discussing with Mr. CROKER. It is a question whether Tammany control would be better for the people than the alleged greedy control of the owners of existing properties. But as to the money question, we fancy that Mr. CROKER will find it a very difficult one to dismiss. We are quite inclined to believe, whatever might be the merits of Mr. CROKER'S platform, that if he could dismiss the money question the Republicans would come very far from carrying the State at the next election. But that question cannot possibly be left out of any political campaign so long as there is danger from Bryanism, and Bryanism now means the regular Democracy.

MR. RICHARD CROKER has notified the Tammany members of the Assembly that they are expected to vote for the resolution to submit a constitutional amendment providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature, and thereby incidentally chided the Tammany Senators who voted against the resolution. It is undoubtedly true that biennial, or even triennial, or, better still, quadrennial sessions of such Legislatures as we have been having lately would be better not only for the city, on account of whose revenues Mr. CROKER is especially solicitous, but for the State also. But it is a serious question, after all, that is presented by this resolution, and one that will bear some thought. Why are the bosses of the two parties, PLATT and CROKER, in favor of biennial sessions? Of course this is not a reason why intelligent men should oppose biennial sessions; but these bosses may think, as we are inclined to think, that the decidedly strong feeling existing against them throughout the State is due to constantly recurring annual political campaigns, in which their misdeeds and their bad characters are vigorously discussed. There is a great deal of value still in eternal vigilance, and if Mr. PLATT and Mr. CROKER are ever to be driven out of power, it will be by reason of the knowledge imparted to the people as to their characters and their methods, and this knowledge is imparted in political campaigns. When a brisk movement is going on against corruption, it is not well to take any step that will suspend it.

LAST Thursday the House of Representatives, by a vote of 162 to 119, laid the LOUD bill upon the table. This defeats a most excellent measure, which a year ago was passed by the House of Representatives by a vote of 144 to 104. The bill thus defeated was intended to prevent continued loss of revenue by abuses of the second-class rate; but the House of Representatives not only prefers, apparently, that the privilege shall continue to be abused, and that the government shall still be at a large expense for the single purpose of aiding publishers and others to increase their business by the circulation of sample copies and advertising papers. The bill simply provided that publications not contemplated by Congress when it enacted the law providing for second-class postal matter shall not, by indirection, reap advantages that were not intended for them, but that were intended for subscribers to regular periodicals. The whole deficiency in the revenues of the Post-Office Department is due to this abuse of second-class postage rates by publishers of advertising sheets, and of books issued serially, of trade journals, and of other publications intended to advance the pecuniary interests of those who issue them. In other words, it costs the government about $10,000,000 a year thus to promote private interests. The LOUD bill sought to put an end to this wrong state of affairs, which, among other things, prevents the adoption of a general one-cent rate for letter postage. In view of the condition of the public revenues, it would seem as if Congress ought eagerly to take advantage of so proper an opportunity for saving expenses; but Congress apparently is not yet inclined to take economy into consideration.

WE are inclined to think that the reported preparations of the government for war are not so serious as some of the newspapers would have us believe. It is undoubtedly true that there is to a certain extent a making ready for a possible unhappy conclusion of the present crisis, but the reason why we believe that the preparation is not too serious is that Congress is so slow in providing for additional men for the navy and in passing the artillery bill. Moreover, the army is in a very bad condition, and if real preparations for war were being made, and the administration thought that real danger was facing it, reorganization would be necessary at once. Many other things; the engineer and ordnance corps would necessarily be put under the command of the general commanding the army; for not only are they not now under his command, but they seem to take great pleasure in thwarting his purposes. A few days ago, for example, some artillery soldiers were ordered to a certain post by General MILES for the purpose of learning to manage the modern guns there. But the post is in charge of the engineer corps, and the engineer officer in command has thus far failed to permit the soldiers to learn how to use the guns with which they will have to fight in case of war. Of course this engineer officer does not believe that there is any danger, immediate or remote. In view of these facts, we think we are justified in saying that there is more noise than preparation.

IT has come to our knowledge, from excellent authority, that one of the sensational newspapers of New York city which have been exciting the warlike passions of the people has deliberately and purposely engaged in the effort to bring about war. This is an extraordinary statement, but it is borne out by the character of the news, and especially by the head-lines and other comments of the paper in question. The villanous thought entered the head of the editor and publisher of the paper that the country ought to go to war, and that he would make it go. His purpose has been no secret in the office; it has been proclaimed in the streets and in some of the clubs of the city by his subordinates; it has even been stated that he has offered to bet fifty thousand dollars that his paper would cause a war. This explains the reason for the constant lies and exaggerations which he has presented in the pretended form of news, and for the inflammatory harangues of his editorial page. We would be loath to repeat these statements, even on the excellent authority which we have, were it not for the fact that they are supported by the course of the paper itself. It has been evident that while the sensation-mongers have produced a certain effect upon ignorant and thoughtless persons, their efforts have been taken by the public at large at their true worth. Men have been amused or astonished or indignant at their mendacity, but they have not been taken seriously at home, although they have probably produced an effect abroad, and especially in Spain. But notwithstanding the sanity that has been manifested in spite of the heat which has been created by these newspapers, there may be a crisis when their lies and howlings will be the last force needed to push the country into a war. It is to be regretted that several members of Congress have gone to Cuba for one of the sensational newspapers on an ostensible tour of investigation; but, as a matter of fact, their errand will inevitably be made an excuse for louder and perhaps more dangerous howling.

THE CRISIS AND ITS PROSPECTS.

THERE has been an excited effort to push the country into a war with Spain. Since the unfortunate event in the harbor of Havana the public mind has been naturally uneasy. The cause of the destruction of the *Maine* is surrounded with mystery. She was blown to pieces in a port friendly in law but not altogether friendly in fact. Spain is in an extremely nervous condition. Her resources in men and money have been almost exhausted by the war which she has waged that she may retain possession of her richest colony. Her people believe—falsely or not does not matter—that the government and people of the United States are chargeable with the failure of three Captains-General to subdue the rebellion. They have exploded into violent outcries against us in the speeches of their public men and in their press. Even CASTELAR, once the sincere friend and admirer of our republic, has uttered bitter words against us. While the Spaniards have been mistaken in their hostile judgment against our government, they have real occasion for anger in the words of our Jingoes, a few of whom are honest, most of whom are reckless and foolish, and some of whom are shouting for war for the simple reason that they will be able to make money out of one. Whatever the cause of the feeling against us on the part of the Spaniards, it existed at the time of the blowing up of the *Maine*, and it was especially strong among the Spanish sympathizers in Havana. Moreover, the occasion has given an opportunity to the foolish and dishonest among the Jingoes. The honest among the Jingoes, who believe that war is a moral stimulant, have been silent because they believe themselves face to face with a reality, which they know to be a stern and terrible one, and in which they are doubtless prepared to do their duty. But the knaves and the fools have howled, and the knaves have devised cunningly to increase the howling, knowing that the more excited the public becomes the more papers they will sell, or the greater likelihood there is that a hostile blow may be struck, in passing, by one side or the other, and thence will come

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greater profits not only from the sales of newspapers, but from sutlers' stores and war material. The dancing dervishes of war have had their way on both sides of the ocean, and good men who dread war as they dread all crime and barbarism have been disturbed, while both governments have been forced into active preparations for war because it is folly not to make ready in the face of noise and bluster which an event to be subsequently determined may sustain and excuse. It may be, for example, that the evidence will show that the Spanish government is legally responsible for the loss of our ship and the horrible death of our sailors, although no right-minded and cool-headed man believes that Spanish officials are either so wicked or so unutterably foolish as to have committed deliberately so great a crime — a crime which, if proved, will lose to their unfortunate country whatever sympathy she now enjoys in Europe, and will inevitably lead to her downfall.

In this emergency the American people have occasion to be thankful that Mr. McKINLEY is President, and that Mr. LONG and Mr. ROOSEVELT are at the head of the Navy Department. They have reason also to be thankful for the coolness, deliberation, and great intelligence of the officers of the navy who were on the *Maine*, and who are concerned in the inquiry that has followed the disaster. The officers of the *Maine* showed themselves worthy of the best traditions of their service, and few abler and no more honorable men can be found than those who constitute the SAMPSON Board of Inquiry. The administration and these officers have borne themselves like honorable and dignified gentlemen dealing with a grave question. And in this they represent the sound and sane American people—the people who are not in evidence when the light-headed and knavish are filling the land with shouting, thereby bringing contempt upon the country to which they render such noisy lip service — not in evidence then so much, perhaps, as they ought to be—but who are not only in evidence but in control whenever a crisis comes. They are the people who made Mr. McKINLEY President, and he has their support now in the emergency in which both he and they have so well kept their heads.

Of the mysterious cause of the loss of the *Maine* we are as ignorant as ever. We may never know it; but we may rest assured of this, that the report of the SAMPSON Board of Inquiry will be conclusive. When that is made and published we shall doubtless know all that ever will be discovered of the cause of the disaster. Moreover, the report will be accepted by the country. What we know now is this: that the country has no positive evidence to sustain the theory that the *Maine* was blown up from without; that it has no evidence whatever that any human being is guilty of the crime of deliberately destroying her and murdering her crew; that it has some positive evidence that no mines exist in Havana Harbor, that no torpedoes were planted there, that no dirigible torpedo could work such havoc, that the immediate accompaniments of the accident were such as would naturally attend an explosion within the ship. And the substantiation of the accident theory will be thankfully received by every decent and civilized man who appreciates the horrors of war; by every one who hates bloodshed, who knows that war means desolation, the killing and maiming of thousands of men, the ruin of families, the destruction of the gains of peace and civilization, the debasement of men, the perversion of humane instincts, the stimulation of brute passions, the fattening of the vulture knave who feeds on the money profits of war, and, finally, the breeding of a train of evils by which the country will be afflicted long after the fighting and killing shall have ceased. But yet, let it be understood, it will be the man who knows the dreadful circumstance of war, and who is silent and who hesitates, and not the yelling mountebank of the street corners, who will most surely fight for the country if it shall be unhappily proved that there is occasion for war.

So far as the country knows, there is no more reason for war now than there was the day before the *Maine* was blown up, when she was riding at anchor in a friendly harbor. So far as we know and believe, Spain has done nothing for which she is in any way responsible to us, and no one has been guilty of any act for which Spain can be held to answer even in a money indemnity. At the most, a pecuniary settlement of the difficulty is the only one besides the substantiation of the accident theory that is remotely probable; and unless a crime shall be proved against Spain, interference other than the most friendly on our part, on old grounds that no longer exist, ought to be out of the question. We cannot afford to have our honor and good faith questioned. To interfere, in the remote event imagined, because WEYLER was guilty of barbarities, would be to lay ourselves open to the accusation that we were hunting for an excuse to avenge a wrong that we had not suffered. If we do not prove that Spain is responsible for the disaster to the *Maine*, a decent regard for our own dignity demands reticence and self-restraint. The nation cannot consent that the civilized world shall believe that, to please our Jingoes, and in obedience to their noise, we are willing to make war upon a country which has been shown, in a distracting and dangerous crisis, not to have injured us. Our people have been proving to the world that their calm sense and their chivalry are stronger than the Jingoes. They ought not, and they probably will not, permit the breath of suspicion to tarnish that chivalry immediately after so admirable a demonstration of it.

FRANCE AFTER THE ZOLA TRIAL.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE ZOLA trial, which may properly be called the latest, but not the last, phase of the DREYFUS case, has excited all over Europe a sort of tremulous uncertainty as to how the strange condition of things existing in France may affect the relations of that country with the world outside. It is generally regarded as proving that in France the government, and even the courts of justice, are at the mercy of a most dangerous combination of revolutionary influences capable of causing explosions of an incalculably mischievous character. This impression is well borne out by the history of the case in question. Some years ago the general staff of the French army were agitated by the belief that, by persons connected with its military, secrets of importance were betrayed to foreign governments. A memorandum enumerating certain pieces of such information, the famous *bordereau*, was discovered, said to have been in the possession of the German embassy in Paris. Suspicion was directed to Captain DREYFUS, an officer connected with the staff. He was tried by court martial in secret. Some experts testified that the *bordereau* was in his handwriting; others testified that it was not. Other so-called evidence was brought forward, with which, however, the accused man was not made acquainted. He was sentenced to be cashiered and to be transported to Devil's Island. The sentence was executed in the most cruel fashion. There the authorities hoped that the matter would rest. But a few months ago a man of high standing, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Senate, M. SCHEURER-KESTNER, believing that he had evidence of the innocence of DREYFUS, expressed that belief publicly, and sought to induce the government to reopen the case. He met with bitter resistance on the part of the chiefs of the army. But he stood not alone. Other men of prominence joined in his efforts, and there being signs pointing strongly to Major Count ESTERHAZY—a man of questionable repute, who had in his private correspondence spoken of the French army in a most scandalous manner—as the real culprit, the military authorities found themselves under the necessity of subjecting him too to a trial by court martial. This trial was conducted in such a manner as to appear to every unprejudiced observer as a preconcerted farce, and Count ESTERHAZY was triumphantly acquitted, and cheered by excited multitudes as a vindicator of the honor of the French army.

Then the famous novelist EMILE ZOLA stepped forward and publicly accused the heads of the army of having by secret and arbitrary proceedings condemned to an infamous punishment a man whose guilt had not been proven, and of having, in order to cover up this crime, in an equally arbitrary way forced the acquittal of a guilty person. What ZOLA intended by this public charge was, avowedly, to oblige the government to prosecute him for libel, and thus to give him an opportunity for proving the innocence of DREYFUS and the guilt of ESTERHAZY. But ZOLA had reckoned without his host. He was, indeed, prosecuted for libel, but only on the charges he had made with regard to the ESTERHAZY court martial—a proceeding intended to exclude all testimony concerning the DREYFUS case, and to confine that concerning ESTERHAZY within narrow limits. As to the manner in which the ZOLA trial was conducted, it is not too much to say that if a detailed and strictly truthful report of it—with all the partly timorous, partly defiant refusals of witnesses to testify; with the insolent and dictatorial harangues addressed to the court and to the jury by generals of the army, who were really the accused parties; with the arbitrary rulings of the presiding judge in excluding almost all the testimony which threatened to tell in ZOLA'S favor; with the part which the howls of an excited mob played in the proceedings; and with the court's condemnation of ZOLA, imposing upon him the extreme measure of punishment—had appeared in a work of fiction, the verdict of the unbiassed reader would be that while a novelist may ask us to accept many improbable things, he should not ask us to believe that such an undisguised, ruthless perversion of justice was possible in a high tribunal of a civilized nation calling itself a republic at the close of the nineteenth century.

Nothing could be more natural than that each day's proceedings should have increased the number of those who believe DREYFUS innocent and ESTERHAZY guilty. But worse was the conviction, forced by the methods employed in the ZOLA trial upon every impartial mind, that the heads of the army, having something of a gravely compromising nature to conceal, would shrink from no means ever so desperate to accomplish their purpose. When the trial of ZOLA proceeded upon the assumption that the accused party was guilty and had to prove his innocence, instead of assuming, according to our principles of justice, that he must be regarded as innocent unless his guilt were proved, it acted only according to the established French rule, strangely antiquated as that rule may seem. But when General DE PELLIEUX, a witness, successfully clamored for the exclusion of testimony required for the establishment of ZOLA'S innocence, on the ground that its admission would be derogatory to the dignity of the army, and when General BOISDEFFRE, also a witness, addressing the jury, exclaimed, "You, gentlemen of the jury, you are the nation here, for you represent it; and if the nation has not confidence in the chiefs of the army, let it say so, and we are ready to leave to others the burden of our responsibility!" they demanded nothing more nor less than that the cause of justice to the citizen should be subordinate to the interests of the army; and that demand, as it was obeyed by the court and the jury, may properly be called a blow struck at the most fundamental principles of free government.

But the heads of the army went even farther than this. Taking advantage of the circumstance that DREYFUS is a Jew—a circumstance which, in the first instance, may have induced them to select him as a scapegoat—they called to their aid the anti-semitic feeling, that meanest and most hideous remnant of mediæval barbarism, which never appears on the surface without an exhibition of the basest impulses of human nature, casting a dark shadow of disgrace on our boasted Christian civilization. And forthwith the shrill cry of "Down with Jews!" mingled with cheers for the army on the streets of Paris, while in the provinces that cry actually excited the populace to pillage and murder. No less significant was the alliance on this occasion between the army, seeking to maintain its power and prestige, and the most unruly and dangerous elements of the population, represented by so inveterate an enemy of all orderly government as HENRI ROCHEFORT—the professional defenders of law and authority and the professional revolutionary disturbers, so to speak, locking arms and uniting in one cry against those who sought only truth and justice! In all her internal commotions France has hardly ever beheld a spectacle more grotesque and alarming than this.

Thus, through moral terrorism and the excitement of the bad passions of the multitude, the chiefs of the army overawed judge and jury and carried their point. But they have not put the trouble to rest. It is true the Prime Minister, who, there is good reason for believing, had watched the proceeding with extreme discomfort, obtained in Parliament, after an appeal for peace and quiet, a vote substantially ratifying what had happened. But the DREYFUS case will rise up again, like *Banquo's* ghost, to torment the government and the nation in a variety of forms—not only in the appeal to the court of last resort entered by ZOLA, but after that in the protests of conscience which are sure to come from the thoughtful and self-respecting citizens of the republic, and then, perhaps, in more daring demonstrations of the praetorian spirit in the army. What at last may be the upshot of the bewildering confusion and demoralization of public sentiment in France nobody can foretell. The army has fatally hurt its moral prestige by the methods adopted for maintaining it. The generals will inevitably discover this. It is by no means improbable that they may think of restoring that prestige by the desperate expedient of some warlike enterprise on a great scale. Such a scheme may indeed be foiled, not only by the peaceable disposition of the French people generally, but by the Russian friend, who has his own policy, and who will no doubt make them understand that the Russian alliance will surely be forfeited by any foolish venture on their part. But the situation is full of dark possibilities, and the French people, when they come to their senses, will have learned once more what it means to have a large standing army in a republic.

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MORTE CIVILE.

SHAKSPERE IN THE BOWERY.

THE dearth of tragedy which has of late fallen on the Broadway theatres has been indifferently laid to the lack of good actors and to the abundance of ballets and vaudeville shows. It would perhaps be more just to lay it to the lack of a school of tragic acting. Not that we have not enough places where acting is to be taught—God forbid! The school that has produced our actors of the past has been a popular appreciation of tragedy—which may best, perhaps, be typified in the melodrama. In melodrama the young actor gets his first idea of impassioned scenes, and learns vigor and self-command in rendering them; and if he is capable of pure art he presently becomes a tragedian. In turn, if he fails as a tragedian, he declines upon his former vocation until he is able to try again. In a word, melodrama is the soil in which the flower of tragic acting strikes root. It may almost be stated as a law that where there is no native melodrama there will be no native tragedy. That melodrama is slowly and steadily retreating to the Bowery is well known; and the fact has suggested that on the East Side there is still a spontaneous interest in the deeper and more permanent emotions. The announcement, therefore, that "Othello" and "Hamlet" were to be brought out in the Italian Theatre in the Bowery raised the question, which only experience could answer, whether the tragic muse had been brought down from the clouds of ballet girls uptown to live among the men of the East Side. It would not be the first time that the best things in dramatic art flourished most among the multitude.

I.

The Italian Theatre, which is just south of Grand Street, is as rude and bare as ever an Elizabethan playhouse on the Bankside—and not noticeably more clean. The scenery and other stage appurtenances, though of the modern kind, were of little more aid to the imagination than the signs of "Venice: a Council Chamber," or "Cyprus, before the Castle," which in Shakspere's day no doubt served in lieu of canvas walls. When the exits were raised from the stage the actors invariably stumbled over them; and in one act *Desdemona* and *Emilia* could be plainly seen through an aperture in the castle wall, where they were quietly awaiting their cues. It is a far cry certainly from the Bankside or the Bowery to the appurtenances of Sir Henry Irving, or even of Mr. Augustin Daly.

The version of "Othello" used was in prose; and, as far as I could make out, it was stripped of most of the characteristically Shaksperian passages. It was perhaps more like the Italian novel by Cinthio, from which Shakspere's plot came, than like the play as we know it, just as the German "Hamlet" of the early eighteenth century was, in a way, a reversion to Belleforest. The actors spoke mainly in vulgar Italian. The most Elizabethan trait of all was the prompter's hood in the middle of the stage, just beyond the orchestra, from which the prompter's voice, in eager and raucous whispers, never ceased to gallop half a head in advance of the actors. I never realized before how right *Benvolio* was in crying down the "without-book prologue, faintly spoke after the prompter." *Iago* was the embodiment of shrewdness, but his most subtle stratagem was required to catch the cues for his gestures hot from what the prompter was saying, so as to have the gestures ready by the time he got to the words. Among all the characters, only *Othello* showed any measurable freedom from the prompter. I should mention, though, that in the last act *Emilia*, in her passion at the Moor, took the bit between her teeth, and pulling free from the lines, went at him with billingsgate of her own invention. At last she called him a blockhead and a scalawag; but this, after all, may only be the popular Neapolitan equivalent of Shakspere's "O gull! O dolt! . . . O villany, villany!"

The attitude of the audience toward all this was notable. Our little party from uptown were surprised to find them as much amused by most of the incongruities as we. Yet their laughter was quiet and charitable, and in no wise interfered with their enjoyment of what was enjoyable. They were for the most part bootblacks, peanut-venders, and organ-grinders, or at most ex-members of Colonel Waring's brigade; yet it seemed that in the simplicity of their souls they felt the force of the play with more heartiness than one could have expected of an audience on Broadway. When *Iago* was doing his worst with the Moor, one man—they were mostly all men—turned to his neighbor with a troubled look, "If that nigger knew what man-a that is, he would-a not trust heem." By-and-by the neighbor exclaimed, with as just a mingling of horror and delight as Booth ever evoked: "*Ain't* he son-a-gun-a? Ain't he *son-a gun-a?*" In the tragic climaxes a part of the gallery would shout with delight, only to be hissed silent by the rest until the end of the scene, on which all yelled at the top of their lungs. At the death of *Desdemona*—Desdémona she was very properly called—a heavy silence fell upon the house; and when the stage closed on the last act, and all was over, it was plain that there were sad hearts in the audience, and minds turned upon the soberest realities of life.

But the managers had provided that there should not be too much sorrow. The drop was scarcely down when the sometime *Duke of Venice* bounded out in a song-and-dance costume and bellowed out a Neapolitan ditty. Then to restore the balance again *Cassio* came out in black street clothes, somewhat threadbare and shiny, if the truth be told, and sang us a sentimental song while we were putting on our coats. Alas, for our uptown manners! The simple and kindly Italians did not turn from the delights of the stage until the last mournful cadence was ended.

II.

Now for the merits of the play, and for *Othello*. When I saw the setting of the stage, I admit, I had my doubts.



ANTONIO MAIORI.



OTHELLO.



HAMLET.

Yet the total effect was good—incredibly good. And those who saw the *Othello* of Antonio Maiori could not fail to be impressed with the fact that a dramatic illusion has no necessary relation to the scene-painter and the stage carpenter, that a touch of vital art transcends all limitations.

Of the quality of Maiori's acting it is not easy to speak without suspicion of exaggeration. His surroundings, unfavorable to a mediocre actor, might well have aided greatly, by contrast, a man of real power. It is also possible that his manner owes much to the elder Salvini. Yet the fact remains that he played throughout with genuine intelligence, with simple dignity, and with conviction. In the scene in the Venetian council-chamber his presence was fine, and his manner full of repose; his delivery was quiet and impressive. His voice is rich and flexible and strong, and he does not overwork it. In the later acts it rose by natural gradations to whatever volume or pitch the lines required. In the scene where he strangles *Desdemona* his passion rose to a height that was magnificent; and afterward the despair that clutches at the heart was genuinely terrible. When all was over one felt that he had been face to face with Shakspere's tragedy in a way that he could not have been, except for Madame Modjeska, in any other theatre this season in America.

III.

I sought out Maiori, and asked him questions which I hope were not impertinent. He is now twenty-eight. At the age of nineteen he was already playing leading parts in Naples and Rome. When the time came for him to serve in the Italian army he had either to leave Italy or abandon all he had achieved in his art. He went to Paris, where he acted two years. Six years ago he came to America. His repertory is large, and includes both melo-



MASANIELLO.

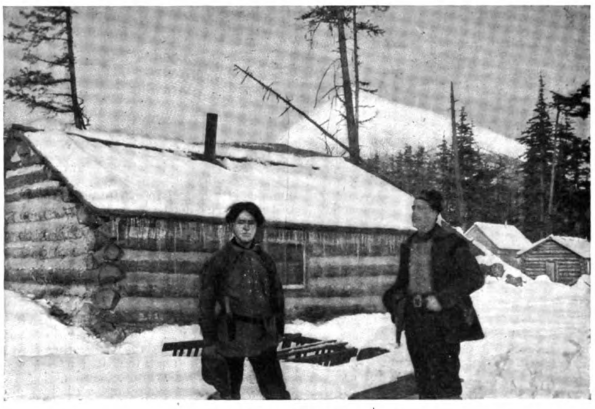
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HORSES WITH RAWHIDE SLEDS NEAR THE FORD—DYEA TRAIL.



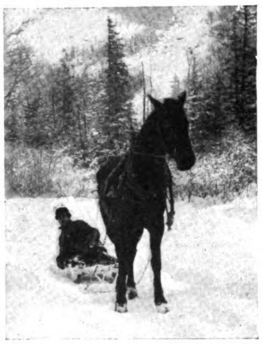
INCLINED BRIDGE IN SKAGUAY CANYON.



A TYPICAL SKAGUAY RESIDENCE.



DOG TEAM PULLING A HEAVY LOAD UP HILL.



A FREIGHTER RETURNING FROM CHILKOOT TO SHEEP CAMP—DYEA TRAIL.





DOG-TRAIN PASSING THROUGH DYEA CANYON.



APPROACHING THE CLIFFS—DYEA TRAIL.

PACKING OVER THE DYEA AND SKAGUAY TRAILS IN WINTER.—[See Page 246.]

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drama and tragedy. His best play he considers to be Giacometti's "Morte Civile." He has played *Othello* only a dozen to a score of times. He has lately given his first performance of "Hamlet."

I expected to see a second performance, which was announced for a Saturday. I had hopes of being able to say that it was as much a success as "Othello," and to conclude that a quality of art for which there is no place in the syndicate theatres on Broadway flourishes in the melodramatic atmosphere of the Bowery. On Wednesday, happening to pass the Italian Theatre, a glare of pink fleshings smote my eyes. It was from an array of billboards announcing that an *Athletic and Vaudeville* troup was holding forth inside. The theatre was no longer the *Teatro Italiano*. It was the Columbia Opera-House. I looked up the manager and inquired after the Italians. The Italian Theatre, he said, was no good. He was going to run an American theatre (hence the Columbia, and also, perhaps, the pink tights). Maiori he spoke of as a good man and a good actor, but "he got no gallery." Pink tights, it was hoped, would "get" both floor and gallery. The proprietor of the troupe was named Bernstein, and I took him to be a future member of the syndicate. So it seems that tragedy is fading away in the East Side as well as in Broadway. The explanation is simple and complete. Those immigrants who have learned our language and customs are apt to be attracted by the flash and glare of our stage; and the new generation, who lack the traditions of the home country, and sometimes the knowledge of Italy to appreciate its drama, are almost certain to be caught by the flaring posters of American theatres. The Italian Theatre is frequented by new arrivals, and by those of the past generation who have not forgotten the joy of true acting. In spite of double bills, and sometimes treble bills, and of performances lasting from eight o'clock until one, the theatre cannot be made to yield large returns.

Maiori's plans for the future are not yet settled. Some months ago he had an engagement to play with Duse in Paris and in Germany; but she changed her plans before he crossed the ocean and returned to Italy, whither he could not follow her without being liable to military service. Surely, if Duse's company is like that which she last brought to America, it is a pity Maiori could not have been secured. Maiori is now planning to leave for South America, where the Italians are stronger numerically, and are not so familiar with alien tongues and with up-to-date vaudeville as to prefer other theatres to their own. I suggested that he ought to have an American to manage him, and come out in an uptown theatre. He said he had often hoped for just that. The obstacle is his lack of command of our language, and of knowledge of the methods of procedure in our theatrical world. Of the sincerity and strength of his acting there is no doubt; and it ought to pay a clever manager abundantly to take him in hand. Certainly if he is allowed to leave the country, all lovers of the best there is in the drama will be the losers.

As these notes are going to the printer I find that Maiori has again secured the theatre. It is to be hoped that he will continue to be preferred to athletic and vaudeville shows, for as long as he is he will present his classic pieces to increasing audiences, I am sure, of people who care for good tragic acting. On Saturday evening, March 12, "Othello" will be given. "Hamlet" will come some days later. JOHN CORBIN.

HOW THE TRAILS LOOK TO-DAY.

THE reading public is familiar with the difficulties which the van of the army of men now seeking fortune in the new gold-fields of the North met upon the trails of Skaguay and Dyea, on their way from the sea-coast to the head-waters of the Yukon River. Improvements have been in progress on these trails, and the on-coming crowds will fare much better than did the pioneers.

Although the trails now lie buried in snow, and the men who are crossing are fighting a rigorous winter, yet transportation of freight is an easier matter than ever before. As the season advances, it will be found that men can cross with ease, compared with the heavy work necessary just season.

These improvements have brought about great changes in daily scenes along these trails. Men are more cheerful than were the hurrying throngs of the opening months of the rush. Few pass you on the trail without a friendly word. Friends are made in a day, and after a day's work men have ample strength left for a pleasant exchange of courtesies. In the towns of Skaguay and Dyea at present there are many men who are not good citizens. But these are the "camp-followers" of the army of gold-seekers. These men will not be met at work out on the trails, and are not to be taken as the type of the Klondike movement. Those who go back over the mountains are tried sorely, and they will not get far unless they have that in them which, barring accident, will bring success.

A comparison of the trails at this time is hardly of value to the prospective Yukoner, as the coming of summer will witness a further change for the better on both. But at present the Skaguay Trail, though the longer of the two, is the better. It is very hard at present to cross the summit of the Dyea Trail, and few are doing it. One cannot tell at what moment a storm may sweep across the summit and stop all possible progress. Once started, these storms are apt to be of many days' duration. It is this that will turn many against the Dyea Trail, which, though shorter, thus becomes more dangerous than the Skaguay Trail.

Transportation is of course the live topic of the day on these highways of Yukon travel, and one will find here almost every kind of rig that man can make. Dog-sleds are everywhere, drawn by from one to ten animals. Oxen, mules, horses, elk, and goats are in use, both in the harness and as pack-animals. Hundreds of men are drawing their own sleds, with loads of from one hundred to three hundred pounds. This is much easier than carrying loads, as men did last season, and permits of greater progress in a given time.

Some sort of communication between the coast and Dawson City has been maintained all winter. The frozen Yukon has prevented the use of boats, so the travel by way of St. Michael has been suspended for the season. But that same frozen river has allowed men to sled freight down to Dawson, and men returning from Dawson to the coast have sledded their necessary supplies with them. In this way the outside world has been kept posted on the occurrences of the Klondike region. Many new ventures have been undertaken, however, and the coming open season should develop many surprises in this later-day find of a wonderful gold-field.

A. J. BLETHEN, JR.

MUSIC.

WHEN a concert season in this city is as confusedly rich and delectable as is the present one—of which four or five full weeks fortunately yet are left to yield generous fruits—it is hard to fight away the impulse toward making local doings into the text and sermon of each all too scanty and too fragmentary review. Miranda declared to Prospero that the tale he told her "would cure deafness." Such a winter as this should be a cure of that difficult disease—musical staleness. Are any of us inclined to be blasé as the atmosphere of the average season grows to its heaviest pressure? Do we discover in ourselves, or do others discover for us, a dulled palate as the banquet stretches out to its latter course, with hint of surfeit? Do we become tired of going to hear things and people, and tired of talking or thinking or writing—such of us as must needs do that—about them? Are we many a mid-winter and lagging spring half jaded with keeping up with the movement, desirous of a great orchestral silence rather than sound, and lethargic to the endless opportunities for considering even the best artist's art? To any such musical invalidism New York's midwinter of 1898 can say its "Come hither, come hither, come hither!" It will go into our history unrivalled in its array of incidents to enjoy, of questions to ponder; splendid in the luminous glow of its concerts; wholesome in its chance reserve as to opera. It was a season foreseen last summer as of amazing interest. Sustaining that early aspect, it will go into record for the nights or afternoons of symphony it bestowed, for the sparkling galaxy of admirable soloists it has united, for the appreciable number of new works it presented. It has done genial work for musical righteousness and for quickened conviction of music's more abstract and perennial beauty. We need both such operations in New York far more than the careless enthusiast allows. They are at the bottom of the answer to the question of whether or not a city has a sufficient "musical public."

The topics of the hour are the Chicago Orchestra's second visit, with Mr. Theodore Thomas again before us as its leader; Josef Hofmann, the youthful pianist, returning to us, not less wonderful in his riper artistic powers, if not to-day the little-boy prodigy of some ten years ago; the movement in hope of providing New York with a new subsidized concert-band; discussion of the practicability of an "opéra comique" scheme that will include a house, a company, and the proper repertory—and sundry more intimate questions in New York's immediate musical polity and politics. Compositions new—at least new here—that have added their matter for comment, have been a strong piano-forte concerto by the Danish Stendhammer, presented at the Chickering Hall matinée last week by Mr. Rummel; the Russian Glazounov's entirely unfamiliar Fifth Symphony, heard at last Friday's and Saturday's Philharmonics; and a distinct group of Russian piano-forte pieces interpreted by Alexander Siloti in course of his recent recitals. To these further reference is made in a paragraph below. There has been also more rumor as to Mr. Anton Seidl's leaving New York, for one or another German engagement; but up to this writing it would seem that the souls of Mr. Seidl's cordial following need not be terrorized—"permanent" orchestra plan succeeding or not succeeding. Mr. Seidl will stay in New York, where he earns a far bigger income than he can anywhere abroad.

The Castle Square Opera Company—an organization still amiably preserving the name that came to it with its first continued successes in Boston—is still doing some excellent work in popularizing in English various light works. It sings before a public not likely to be drawn to theatres more officially lyric and to companies of foreign singers of rather higher emprize. Miss Golden, Miss Macnichol, Miss Amy Hartley, Mr. Joseph Sheehan, Mr. Pearse, and their associates—a really excellent chorus and an effective orchestra—are all factors in performances that have more than an ordinary "popular" quality. The staging is careful. The repertory was a wide one—rather an alarmingly wide one, judged by the managerial announcements. It doubtless has indeed been felt sensible while in New York to avoid "Lohengrin" and "Aïda," and "The Huguenots," to say the least. Into less severely responsible services that come with comic opera and with opéras-comiques the Castle Square singers venture with honesty and considerable art. Whether those matinées, mystically styled "bargain" ones, as such make for operatic advancement, even at cheap prices, is not clear as yet.

The Chicago Orchestra and Mr. Thomas have reason to feel proud of their welcome here. The audience at that opening concert on Tuesday evening of last week was packed with the very pith of our town's real musical culture; and along with it was a large addition of the less specially perceptive listeners. Plainly, to each class the name of Mr. Thomas was obviously a conjuring one, as ever. And what a burst of greeting—downright, spontaneous, sincere, one might write affectionate—as he came before us again!—that familiar presence, not older by an inch of girth or the loss of a hair. The veteran conductor is serene as ever in the dignity of one who seems to have decided a few years ago to grow only elderly—and to stop there once for all. It was a great welcome. No other conductor could command in New York just that sort of a reception. Does Mr. Thomas still believe that New York neglected him and drove him away? He cannot point to any rival we have better served. In any case there is none whose personal magnetism with our public abides more indisputable. The concert was what one expected—an object-lesson as to what rich ensemble perfectness a permanent, well-balanced orchestra (even if not one of all-round exceptional material) can attain, by learning and by minding only its own business; and by doing so under a great director's continued care. Of the Chicago men have been spoken good words here before now. But when here before now the large band was less fortunate in its rank and file. Now it is strengthened by certain new members, especially. It is vastly firmer in splendid unanimity, in its solid tone, its elegance of shading—all traits to be perfected only by seasons of work. Its strings—at least the violins—often seem singularly without brilliancy and resonance—what some French musicians call "legs." Even in a fortissimo they do not stand out with authority in the body of sound. But there are many things in an orchestra far more needed than brilliancy. Yes, this Chicago band, as it is to-day, has few peers. It is a noble and expressive corps, even if the Boston Symphony Orchestra outdoes it in fiddles and fire. Would it were ours!—this said without prejudice to what we have. It is a long time since we have had so shaded, so round, so wholly Beethovenish and classic, an interpretation of Beethoven's C major Symphony. Moreover, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" poem was played really magnificently. As to the conducting, it was—as in so many former years—the kind that accomplishes all its work while veiling its dominancy over every man under its spell. Mr. Thomas has not lost that sensitiveness and knowledge, that half-disguised or seemingly careless eloquence of arm and eye, which used to mean such great leading of classics that we all understood why they were immortal. The evening was a triumph for the Chicago Orchestra, and a welcome to the director of it which must have moved even Mr. Thomas at least a trifle. The concerts continue this month.

Of young Josef Hofmann, as he is to-day, another time must be taken for speaking. He certainly already has made clear the fact that, at about twenty years, he has entered on the full career of a pianist born to be a pianist, exactly as was hoped he would show himself but feared he might not do when he was in knickerbockers, a small *wunderkind*. He has quite no end of tone. Exquisite is his touch, and the technical mastery is plain that we mark in the best of our representative players. Exactness and elegance seem also a gracious part of his equipment, and the repose and simplicity of the true and serious artist. He played Rubinstein's D minor Concerto with superb quality of tone and dramatic suggestiveness. Of some subtler qualities—many seem not fully developed—his recitals, not yet given as these lines are going to press, will give a more just exposition.

Mr. Alexander Siloti has won the notice and the good will of all New-Yorkers interested in piano-forte concerts and piano-forte players. It is not simply that Mr. Siloti is a remarkable pianist, as splendid a technician as we have heard, a player with a sumptuous tone, and one with a suggestion of barbaric splendor of interpretation when dealing with a good deal of the music by Russians which takes hold of the nerves. He delights us in the fact that he has more effectually broken the icy conventionality of our piano-recital programmes in the course of his two recent afternoons than any pianist has seemed inclined to break it this dozen years. Not all the Russian compositions that Mr. Siloti introduced to us so effectively have been valuable or beautiful; but they have been at least new Slavic works, here little known, curiously interesting for the most part, written by Russia's representative men; and played magnificently they were. The novelties presented amounted to a Muscovitish broadside. The list included Rachmaninov's Waltz, opus 10, and a Prelude, opus 3 (which imposing number produced a special effect at each recital); Glazounov's Étude "La Nuit," opus 51, and his Prelude, opus 25; four works by Arensky, respectively titled an "Étude," opus 31; a "Basso Ostinato," opus 5; "Consolation," opus 36, and "Lo-glèdes," opus 28; a set of variations by Liadov (on a theme by Glinka), a delicately pretty trifle by the same composer called "The Music-Box," and Pabst's flashy paraphrase of a waltz theme from Tschaikovsky's opera "Eugeny Onégin." Both recitals were attended by the curious in music, and certainly the novelty of Mr. Siloti's Russian menu was rewarding. Any player who will leaven the sameness of recitals nowadays courageously will deserve well of the city's music-goers. Indeed, a law should be concocted and passed against the performance of a vast quantity of stock-programme material. Hackneyed classics of the recital afternoon should be played only under a system of special and high license, at so many dollars per stale selection. It is high time that the more progressive fraction of the public, as well as reviewers of musical incidents, took—no pun is intended—concerted action, in sheer self-defence.

Along with the latest throb of solicitude for a "permanent" orchestra, the past few weeks have mildly agitated an old and attractive project. It is operatic—a plan to deal here with the performances of what belongs to opera-comique repertory. For this sort of an undertaking there would be needed (either by hiring or actual building) a theatre much smaller than the vasty Metropolitan; a large and fine company, a superior orchestra, not to speak of a thoroughly *musical* director. Many of the best operas ever written are cruelly served when produced in as large a house as is our representative one. This fact has told severely on the history of its manager's use of old and new works. A long list of scores, popular and classic—the larger number, in fact—never should be sung in so huge a place. From "Fidelio" or "The Magic Flute" to "The King of Ys" or "Carmen" they are illtreated under any other conditions than meet them with a moderate-sized stage and a relatively small auditorium. The Metropolitan did not take shape as an art-temple, but as a social rendezvous. The old Academy of Music was too small and exclusive for New York. A house had to be built and rebuilt with the idea of furnishing a wider social world uptown with so many boxes. The boxes had to be included within the building's area, as best they could be managed. By-and-by the original number was lessened as the demand lessened. One whole floor tier was sacrificed; and presently the second balcony tier was largely opened to single sittings, when the Metropolitan was rebuilt. But the house stays too big. It always will be too big—splendid, acoustically fine, but too big. Only the most sonorous and spectacular operas are impressive. Fine shades of vocal art and dramatic work (especially facial expression) are largely wasted. It often seems as if even our friends *Wotan, Brünnhilde, John of Leyden, Raoul de Nangis, Valentine, Aïda*, ought to go back to a Greek stage, and to revive its masks and buskins for the sake of their bigger tones and loftier port.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

IT is some time since anything has been heard of the Committee of Fifty which was formed under inspirations centring at Hartford, to discover and publish recondite truths about the proper way to run the universe. No doubt the committee is still in existence, and it is to be hoped that it is making progress. Meanwhile it has produced at least one valuable report which is of especial contemporaneous interest, to wit, "The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects," by Frederick H. Wines and John Koren. This book is the record of investigations made by intelligent experts under direction of Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, and James C. Carter, a sub-committee of the Committee of Fifty to investigate the liquor traffic. Its authors investigated the results of "liquor legislation" in seven States wherein special efforts had been made to regulate the liquor traffic. They reported that while some diminution of intemperance appeared, it did not seem to be proportionate to the thought and effort expended to induce it. They found in Maine, for example, many evil effects from prohibitory laws which could not be enforced, and the evasion and nullification of which has accustomed a whole generation of citizens to law-breaking and miscarriages of justice, and has tended to breed degeneration in public life and contempt for the public service. The influence which they found most potent to diminish drinking was not legislation, but public opinion. They found that only legislation which public opinion supported could be enforced, and that all legislation which could not be enforced was detrimental to the public good. They could not get any trustworthy data about the effect of restrictions upon the amount of drinking and the amount of crime resulting from drink. The restrictions which they found desirable, because public opinion endorsed them, were such as forbade liquor-selling to minors, intoxicated persons, or habitual drunkards; liquor-selling on Sundays and holidays; and liquor-selling in places of amusement, as billiard-rooms, theatres, or concert-halls. They found that saloons should be cleared of screens and partitions and open to inspection; that no sort of exhibition or game should be allowed in them; that there should be a limit to the hours of selling, and the shorter the hours the better.

The book which contains this report is not new, and has been quoted before in the WEEKLY. The unusual activity of some prohibitionists just now makes its conclusions especially interesting. What it says about public opinion being more efficacious than formal rules in restraining intemperance bears directly on the question of the expediency of trying to keep liquor out of the colleges. It is generally reported from the larger colleges that there is less drinking than there used to be, and that the improvement is due to the growth of a strong public sentiment against drunkenness.

The comparative temperance of different leading American universities has received much consideration of late, and in particular representatives of Yale and Princeton, institutions which have enjoyed special attention, have appeared very willing to believe that the men of those universities were not more bibulous than the sons of no-license Harvard. It is noted as a fact which, though not at all conclusive, may have some bearing on these comparisons, that the tickets to the annual dinners of the Harvard Club in New York cost six dollars, which sum pays for all the wine that may be drunk; whereas the tickets to the annual Princeton dinner in New York cost five dollars, not including wine. There can be no great difference between the cost of the food at these two dinners, and the inference seems reasonable that the Harvard graduates at their dinner drink only one dollar's worth of wine apiece. When we consider the occasion, and that champagne now costs $2 50 or $3 a quart, this seems to indicate a very moderate average indulgence. Whether any hotel-keeper would venture to entertain the Princeton graduates on the terms the Harvard men get has not as yet transpired.

Our neighbor the *Voice* meets with misadventures in its campaign against the colleges which would mortify a less impassioned organ. It lately proclaimed that Bishop Vincent had declared that he would not send a son to Yale; but Bishop Vincent has written to say that the only son he had he did send to Yale, and has no reason to regret it. So, in its account of the dinners of the Amherst and Princeton alumni in New York, *Voice* printed a paragraph about Job E. Hedges, of New York, and the Rev. Richard D. Harlan, of Rochester, which Mr. Harlan has felt constrained to characterize as "a lie out of whole cloth."

Care should be taken not to confuse zeal for prohibition with righteousness. A good many prohibitionists are very good people who love righteousness, and try hard, according to their lights, to promote it. But while zeal for prohibition is not inconsistent with high character, it seems not to be in itself especially conducive to high morality. Individual prohibitionists are sometimes sadly lacking in virtue, and cheat and lie and behave improperly, just as other bad people do who are not interested in prohibition. An experienced person once said to the present paragrapher that he used to think that liquor was at the bottom of all evil, but that while shut up at Andersonville during the civil war he discovered that a high degree of wickedness could be developed without the intervention of rum.

Two steamships are in active request. One is the one that passed very near the life-boat of the *Champagne* on the night of February 21, and paid no attention to the lights that were burned. The other is the steamer that passed the *Champagne* herself without heeding her distress signals. Both of these instances are hard to explain. It is not only humane and glorious to rescue ships and boats in distress, but it is apt to be profitable. It is hard to believe that fireworks burned at night on either a boat or a ship could have been overlooked by a steamer passing so near that her port-hole lights were visible. It is still harder to believe that distress signals could have been seen and not heeded.

On February 26 a woman was ejected from the Castle Square Theatre, in Boston, for refusing to take off a large and obstructive hat. It happened during an afternoon performance. The Boston Aldermen have made a law that obstructive hats shall not be worn in Boston theatres, and that managers who permit them shall be subject to fine. The practice of the managers is to hand women whose hats are objectionable a card on which the law is set forth and compliance with it requested. This was done in the case of the woman in the Castle Square Theatre, but she declined either to take off her hat or to move to another seat. After an hour and a half of patience and gentle means, the management got a policeman and cleared a path for him, and then the woman got up and retreated. Her money (25 cents) was refunded at the box-office, and she indulged herself in a free expression of her views as to the treatment she had received.

There is a difference of opinion as to the expediency of ordinances regulating women's head-gear in theatres, but there must be pretty general agreement that a woman who wears an obstructive hat and won't remove it, and is put out in consequence, gets no more than she deserves.

As between regulating theatre hats by State legislation and by city ordinances, a city ordinance is much to be preferred. A city is a big family, and is warranted in solicitude as to some details of personal behavior which the legislators of a State have no warrant to meddle with.

Professor William Libbey, of Princeton, whose expedition last summer to the Enchanted Mesa was so prolific of interest and controversy, has planned for next summer an expedition to the Hawaiian Islands, where there are a number of possible investigations that tempt the adventurous mind. There are shells and fossils on the islands which are not found elsewhere; and besides these, says a Princeton despatch, scattered all over the islands are burying-caves, in which for centuries the natives have been used to bury their dead. These caves are thought to contain archæological treasures of value, and it is thought that the natives can be induced to show where they are, and permit them to be explored. The shore and lakes of Hawaii, also, are known to contain biological specimens of interest, which ought to be worth searching for. Half a dozen young scientific students expect to accompany Professor Libbey, and the plan is for the expedition to start late in the spring, and return in about six months.

A discussion which has been raging in some of the Boston newspapers as to whether Unitarians are Christians has provoked so many communications from interested readers that it has been necessary to bring it to a peremptory close, with much correspondence still unpublished. It is not a question that can be conclusively settled in this life. Even the persons who are most positive in arguing that Unitarians are not and cannot be Christians are apt to concede, if properly approached, that it is probable that when the sheep are finally sorted from the goats the whole body of Unitarians will not be included in either division. The truth is that in these days "Christian" is almost as loose and indefinite a word as "gentleman," and the necessary preliminary to a conclusion as to whom it fits would be an accurate determination of its significance. When that is settled to every one's satisfaction, the detail about the Unitarians may be argued, though by that time the millennium will have dawned, and theological discussions will have given way to less acrimonious forms of sport.

The report that an English football-player has been found guilty of manslaughter interests our football experts, but does not dismay them. The British athlete, whose case is as yet somewhat meagrely reported, was found to have caused the death of a fellow-player by "charging him with great violence from behind." It is possible that the case, when we learn more about it, may be helpful in determining whether the football rules need further modification.

The WEEKLY has received from a much-respected source a British "Humanitarian League Leaflet" which sets forth the monstrosities incident to the hunting of carted deer by the Queen's buck-hounds. It is desired by the distributor of this leaflet that the American press should help to open the eyes of the British public to the special cruelties of this sport. It seems doubtful, however, whether it is within the province of the American press to do much about this hunt. It is on its defence in England as unsportsmanlike. No one seems especially proud of it as a sport, and its continuance seems due to historical associations. Our British brethren ought to be able to determine for themselves whether it is tolerable or not. An American newspaper which professes to be scandalized by it is liable to be told that much worse things are done in the United States, and that the reports of some recent occurrences in South Carolina make much worse reading than this leaflet about the chasing of tame deer.

Dixie, a monthly periodical published at Atlanta, believes that because we are on terms of good-will with Mexico we ought to send back the cannon and flags captured in the Mexican war. But is there anything about our possession of those trophies that hinders amity between Mexico and Uncle Sam? Apparently not. It does not pay to try to undo history. The generation of Americans who fought the Mexican war are for the most part dead. The flags they brought home are held in trust, and it is better not to meddle with them. They cause no particular exultation to any living American. They are simply interesting relics which there is no present occasion to disturb.

The poetic faculty that was so prevalent in the Tennyson family was shared by Frederick Tennyson, eldest brother of the laureate, who died on February 26. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and seventy years ago, in 1828, he won a prize medal for a Greek ode. He seems to have lived a poetic life, for we read of his travelling in his early years in Sicily and the Ionian Isles, and of his living in Florence and Pisa. From 1859 until 1895 his home was in the Island of Jersey, but during the last two years of his life he spent much of his time in London. He published several volumes of poetry, the last of them in 1895.

Mr. William M. Singerly, who died in Philadelphia on February 27, was best known as the editor and owner of the Philadelphia *Record*, but he had demonstrated his abilities as a man of business before he started at newspaper-making. He was already a rich man when, in 1877, he bought the *Record* and made it a one-cent paper. It was the first one-cent morning paper published in Philadelphia after the war, and it succeeded so well that the other day, when its owner's financial difficulties culminated, it was proposed as the basis of $2,000,000 worth of bonds.

Mr. Singerly was an influential Democrat, and believed in tariff reform and sound money. Besides being an editor and publisher, he was very deep in other enterprises—real-estate speculations, paper and pulp mills, and various branches of manufacture. It seems to have been this excessive expansion of his interests that brought him finally to financial grief and led to his failure last December. He was sixty-six years old, and doubtless his harassing business complications were to blame for the final collapse of his strength.

It is reported that the sentiment of Radcliffe College in Cambridge is strongly anti-woman suffrage, and that a large majority of the college girls don't want to vote, and are familiar with all the reasons set forth by Mr. Carl Schurz why universal suffrage is not expedient.

The Radcliffe College "English Club" (devoted not to the cultivation of British sentiments, but of the English language) listened the other night, in Cambridge, to a discourse on contemporary British poets, by Mr. John H. Robertson, an English gentleman, who told the members that, in his opinion, Rudyard Kipling, though a skilful ballad-writer, is not to be counted as a poet at all. Mr. Robertson's notion of a poet is one who sings subtly and spiritually of the deepest emotions of the human soul. He does not find this gift in Kipling, and does not believe that his poetry will live. Mr. Robertson is quoted as of the opinion that "Recessional" is hypocritical, and savors strongly of over-zealous piety.

Poetry is like a pair of boots, capable of intrinsic merit, and yet practically useful only to persons whom it fits. Surmises as to the permanent popularity of any given lot of poetry involve speculations as to the tastes and qualities of posterity. Meanwhile to sell Kipling's poetry short is a safe and harmless occupation, provided the time of settlement is sufficiently deferred.

Time and the Hour reports that a dozen members of the Massachusetts Historical Society lately agreed, without a dissenting opinion, that the greatest English historian since Gibbon was Samuel Rawson Gardiner. It is suggested to the average reader, as an exercise in restraint of intellectual pride, that he should inquire of himself privately whether he ever before heard of Dr. Gardiner, and has any idea of what he wrote or when he wrote it. Then let him put the same questions to his associates and learn what sort of company he is keeping. The number of superlatively important books that a busy man may omit to read and still make a fair showing of general intelligence constitutes one of the great facts which demonstrate the disparity between experience and expectation. It is a comforting fact. It is a solace to remember that one may be civilized without being erudite, and rational while still comparatively ignorant.

It is announced in Paris that Carolus Duran is coming to America to paint some portraits. The United States is the Klondike of art, where temporary sufferings and inconveniences are sometimes compensated by golden rewards.

The suspicion that great artists and sculptors find a European environment more stimulating than ours is strengthened by the demonstrated preferences of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Abbey, and others, and most recently by the report that Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, who is now in Paris, has sent word home to rent his studio in West Thirty-sixth Street, which he has occupied for the last eighteen years. The New York *Herald* says that he intends to live abroad, and that his home will be in Paris, though he has a studio in Florence, where he will spend part of the year.

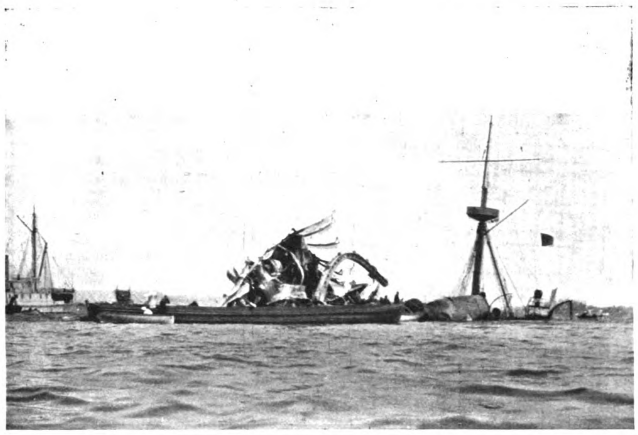
This is news fit to be received with heaviness of spirit, but still with patience and resignation. Mr. St. Gaudens has aspired to do his best, and has succeeded in such measure that it is matter of public concern that his work during his remaining work-time should be done under the most advantageous conditions possible. It appears that he finds the art atmosphere of New York less congenial and inspiring than that of Paris. Folks in Paris are in less haste to have their orders filled; the average Parisian knows and cares far more about art than the average New-Yorker; and the proportion of wear and tear to accomplishment seems more satisfactory there than here. It is sad that all this should be, but if it is, Paris is the place for Mr. St. Gaudens. He is fifty years old, and cannot spare the time to wait for the full development of New York's possibilities as a sphere of labor for a great sculptor.

The Lowell Memorial Park project in which Cambridge is so deeply interested has still two months in which to materialize. The option on the Elmwood land expired on March 1, but has been extended until May 1. Thirteen thousand dollars is still lacking to the necessary total of $35,000.

Professor Brander Matthews has never kept it a secret that he has read French literature and tried to learn from it anything that to his discerning intelligence seemed profitable to an English-writing story-teller to know. It appears that the compliment which Mr. Matthews has thus paid to French writers is being returned. A notice of his *Outlines in Local Color*, which appears in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, commends the agreeable mingling of precision and fancy with which its author describes the scenes, customs, types, and aspects of New York, and finds in his tales reminders of the "Sketches of London" which laid the foundation for the fame of Dickens. "To better serve the purposes of the more general pictures," adds the reviewer, "the episodes are as varied as one may wish. They are close to the truth, and their point is pleasing. Some of them possess a delicate irony, and there are one or two which we gladly suggest as examples to our own writers of novels, so well does the description harmonize with the plot, to the great profit of both."

And thus the French rolls cast upon the waters get back to Paris after many days. E. S. MARTIN.

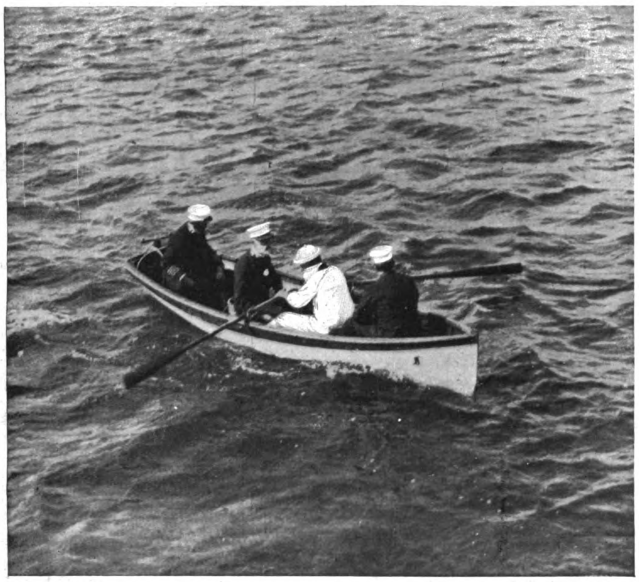
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WRECKING OPERATIONS UNDER WAY ON THE WRECKED "MAINE."



UNITED STATES CONSULATE AT HAVANA—MEMBERS OF THE ORDEN PUBLICO ON GUARD.

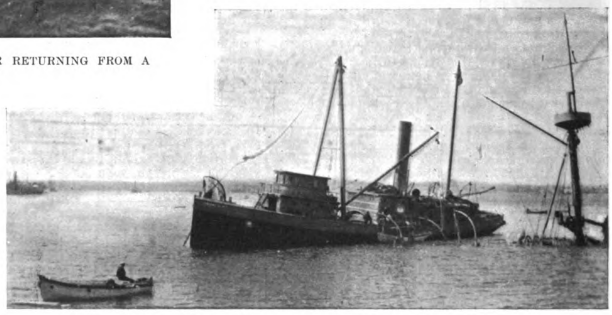


CAPTAINS SAMPSON AND CHADWICK, AND LIEUT.-COM'R POTTER RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO THE WRECK OF THE "MAINE."

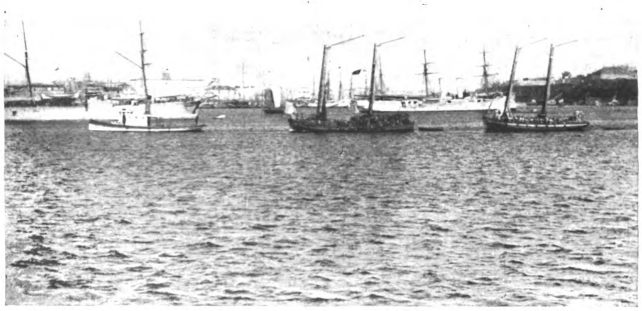


FEDERAL BUILDING AT KEY WEST, WHERE THE COURT OF INQUIRY HELD ITS SESSIONS.

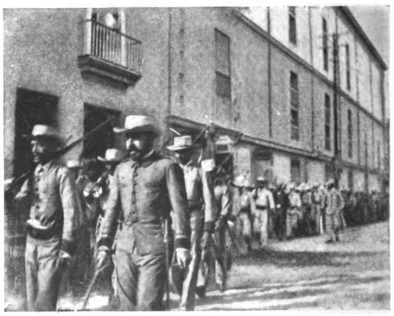




WRECKING-TUG "RIGHT ARM" AT WORK ON THE WRECK.



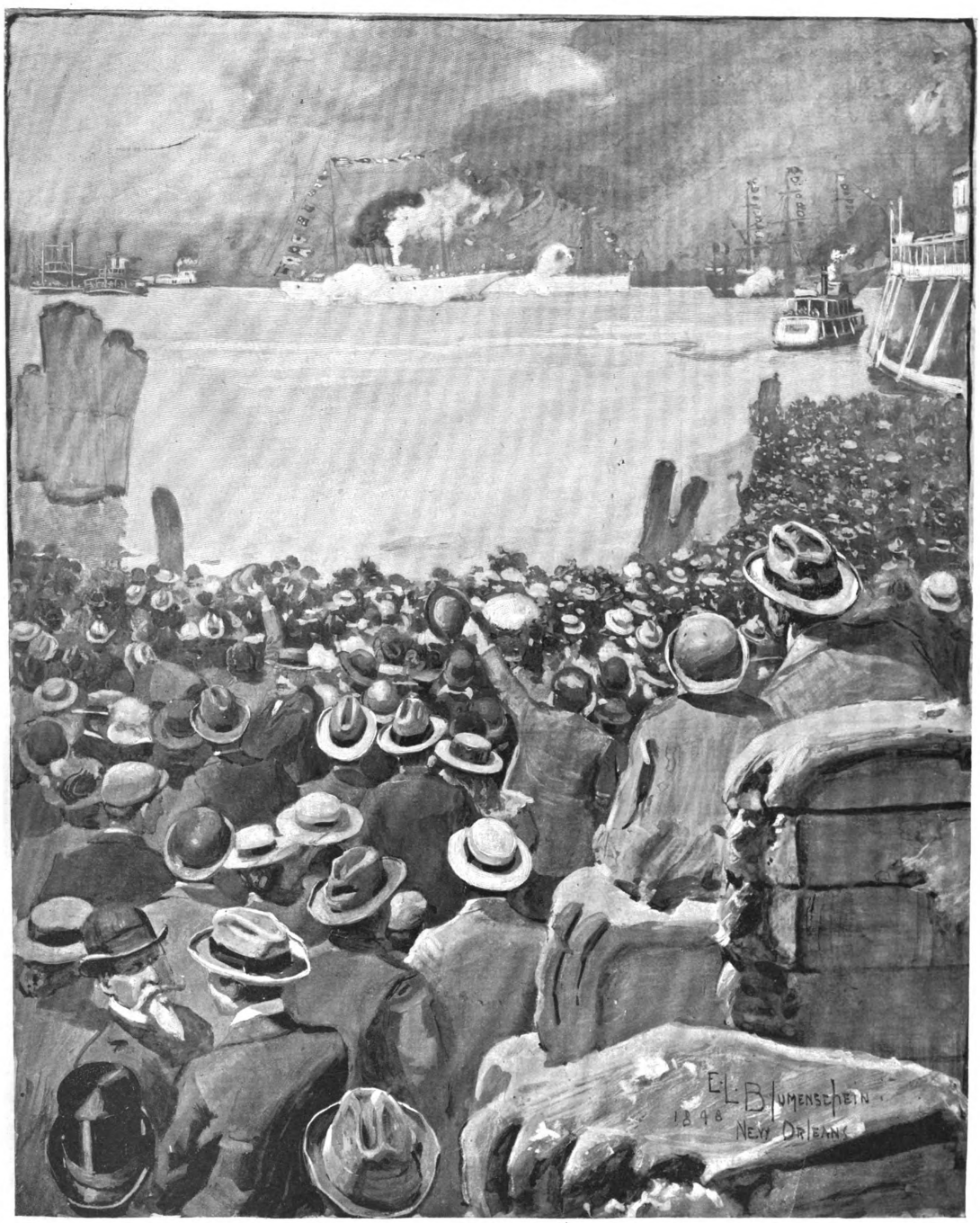
CONVEYING NEWLY ARRIVED SPANISH TROOPS ASHORE IN LIGHTERS FROM TRANSPORT STEAMER.



CUBAN VOLUNTEERS MARCHING IN THE STREETS OF HAVANA.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—WRECKING OPERATIONS, AND THE COURT OF INQUIRY.
From Photographs by Harold Martin, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 262.]

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THE KING OF THE CARNIVAL ARRIVES ON THE ROYAL YACHT.—Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

THE NEW ORLEANS CARNIVAL.

THE New Orleans carnival has three distinct epochs. Previous to 1837 it was a general holiday, in which the entire people masked, danced, pelted one another with flour or pease, and indulged in similar follies. Colonel Mandeville Marigny, the leader of the creole colony of the city, who returned from France in 1837, brought with him the idea of a carnival parade like that of the students of Paris. The various maskers were gathered in a cavalcade, and marched on foot and on horse through the principal streets. The change was found a good one, as it put an end to many of the excesses previously committed under cover of the masquerading.

In 1856 a number of gentlemen, members of one of the leading social clubs of the city, banded themselves together and gave, in the form of a street parade, a number of tableaux taken from Milton's "Comus." This display proved so popular and successful that the organization, which was originally merely a temporary one, became permanent as "the Mystick Krewe of Comus," and have given similar street parades ever since, except during the civil war, illustrating each year some popular book or story. A number of other organizations have been formed since on the same plan as "the Mystick Krewe," and in this way some two hundred of the most famous books or authors have been shown in public tableaux and street parades. The tableaux are mounted on large vehicles, specially constructed for the purpose.

In 1873 the Carnival Association was organized to take general charge of the celebration. This was brought about by the disorder and confusion that had formerly reigned among the promiscuous maskers. Many persons took advantage of the fact that they were masked, and that identification was impossible, to perpetrate petty offences and outrages, and it was thought best to give control of the whole matter to some club or body that would attend to the many details. The Carnival Association is a permanent and chartered body, which includes many of the most solid business men of New Orleans. It has obtained authority from Congress, as a society engaged in developing the arts, to import the costumes, decorations, etc., free of duty. Originally these came almost exclusively from Paris, but they are now manufactured mainly in New Orleans. They give employment to a large number of artists, costumers, and designers; and New Orleans not only supplies the local demand in such matters, but furnishes the South and Southwest and even the Pacific coast with masks, decorations, costumes, etc., used in the civic festivals which have become so common of late in this country, and which are more or less modelled on the New Orleans carnival. The association owns its floats, or vehicles, costumes, etc., has its "den," where the work is done, and its corps of artists, designers, costumers, etc.

The success of the carnival in New Orleans is largely due to its large Latin population, to the absence of any

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commercial spirit in the festival—the celebration being held not through any desire to attract strangers, but for the amusement of the townsmen themselves, and for the sake of the social prestige which carnival honors bestow.

To the sober American from a distance the sight of a number of dignified gentlemen arrayed in court costume, covered with mock decorations, going through the formality of being made dukes, seems like child's play. And yet so thoroughly is the spirit of this mock court preserved that the numerous distinguished visitors, from President Grant down, who have been honored with carnival dukedoms have joined as heartily in the fun as the Orleanans themselves, and seemed to have enjoyed it as much as their more mercurial Southern brethren.

It is the same with the carnival queens. The young woman chosen for this honor receives only a crown, sceptre, and jewels of rhinestones or similar brilliants, and yet there is no social honor more sought after or which gives really higher social prestige than this mock royalty. It is to be remembered that these carnival societies (all of which are secret) consist of men prominent in the social world. The greatest care is taken to keep out all unworthy or undesirable persons, and a secret committee of three has absolute and final power to veto any invitation of the club. The utmost care and secrecy are observed in the selection of the queen. The choice is more important than success at a Patriarch's ball was of old in New York, for the society or club is in duty bound to maintain the social pre-eminence of its queen. It gives her a place of honor at every subsequent ball; it looks after her in many



MISS ANNIE SARIA,
Queen of Nereus.

other ways; and with so many men prominent in society acting as her faithful knights, it is inevitable that the young woman who starts out as a queen will be a success. It is this fact that has enlisted the women of New Orleans so heartily in the carnival, and which is so largely responsible for its success.

The carnival, as distinguished from "the season," began this year with the first of the masked balls, on January 30, and closed on mardi-gras (Shrove-Tuesday), February 22. Aside from the ordinary balls, germans, and entertainments which are common to all cities at this gay season, it included nine large masked balls, with tableaux, etc., and at which "queens" were chosen; five street parades and processions; while the last two days—but particularly the last one—were devoted to general masking, and were more or less celebrated as the carnival is in Latin countries.

All the balls, with one exception, were given at the French Opera-house, a building well adapted to an entertainment of this kind because of its many tiers, its large foyers, and ample room. The parquet is covered over for dancing, and the boxes hold 4000 to 6000 persons.

These were but the prelude to the two big days of the carnival, lundi and mardi-gras, February 21 and 22, when business is generally suspended, and New Orleans and all the "strangers within its gates" are supposed to give themselves up to fun, jollity, and merriment. The programme is much the same as that of the carnival in Nice. On Monday the king of the carnival, somewhat pleonastically styled "King Rex" by the populace, enters the capital city, New Orleans, and marches, accompanied by his dukes, his army, and his attendants, to the City Hall, where the Mayor hands over the keys of the city to him, and resigns in his favor. For that day and the next the king is Mayor and master of New Orleans, taking precedence over every one.

The arrival of Rex for some years past has been by way of the Mississippi River, which lends itself to a very handsome water display. The scene is always inspiring and beautiful.

This year a fleet of vessels, gayly decorated with bunting, steamed up the river. As it passed the American, French, and Austrian men-of-war stationed here it was received by a royal salute, and a similar salute was fired from batteries on shore. The king, accompanied by his royal court, all masked and in costume, and by the house-



MISS NOËL FORSYTHE,
Queen of the Carnival.

hold troops, also masked and in costume, disembarked at the foot of Canal Street, the leading thoroughfare of the city, and which, like the Corso in Rome, is the centre of the carnival. Throughout the line of march, extending a mile from the river, that street was fairly covered with decorations of many colors—flags, pennants, etc.—prominent among which was the carnival flag of green, gold, and purple. All the "galleries," as the balconies are called which line that street from end to end, were furnished with extra posts to support the weight of 40,000 persons who from these "coigns of vantage" witnessed the parade and maskers below. Probably three times as many filled the street and sidewalks, a dense throng of struggling humanity. The royal procession consisted of the king, the dukes, the maskers, the various local and visiting military companies, and the marines and sailors of the American and foreign men-of-war. It was largely military.

At night Canal Street was brilliantly illuminated. Strings of electric lights extended some eight or ten blocks on both sides, while the clubs and leading stores displayed brilliant illuminations in colored lights, either electric or gas—mottoes, crowns, and other insignias. In this blaze of light the Knights of Proteus gave their parade of "Wonderland." It is acknowledged by all to have been the handsomest display of its kind ever seen in New Orleans, in the brilliancy of the tableaux and in the splendor of the costumes. One wandered amid birds, butterflies, and flowers, in coral caves under "the roots of the ocean," amid enchanted forests, where griffins, dragons, and other fabulous beasts held sway. And the Opera-house at night was indeed a wonderland.

February 22 was mardi-gras ("Fat Tuesday") in New Orleans. It is the day for promiscuous masking, when thousands of maskers turn out and pelt you, not with the flour, as of old in this city, or with the Italian confetti or flowers, but with genuine candies; the day when the



MR. CHARLES A. FARWELL,
King of the Carnival.

minor carnival organizations parade, when the streets are filled with wandering bands of minstrels, troops of Indians, cannibals, masquerade sailors, clowns, ballerines, etc.; when the greatest license is allowed, and when every one is supposed to indulge in his favorite folly. There is no order or system, but most of the maskers congregate on Canal Street, and the scene is brightest and liveliest there.

It was in the midst of this congregation of people, masked and unmasked, that the king of the carnival and his followers marched in parade in the afternoon. The famous boeuf-gras ("the fatted ox"), the finest and largest animal that can be found anywhere in the country, gayly decorated with ribbons and garlands for the sacrifice, led the parade, which was marshalled by Rex and George Washington, in honor of the fact that mardi-gras fell this year, for the first time in half a century, on Washington's birthday. The subject of the parade was "The Harvests," and the tableaux represented the harvest season of nearly all the chief crops of the world. There was a cotton tableau, shaded by an immense open cotton boll, under which the negro hands picked cotton and danced and sung negro melodies to the banjo. There was a tea-garden in China surrounded by tea-trees, a coffee-plantation with a kiosk in which Turks were drinking Mocha, and so with corn, wheat, rice, sugar, grapes, oranges, etc. Each harvest showed a distinctive and characteristic scene.

At a signal at dusk all the "mardi-gras," as they are popularly called in New Orleans, are required to unmask, as it has been found dangerous to allow street masking after dark. At night the Mystick Krewe of Comus, the



MISS MARITTE WILTZ,
Queen of Mithras.

oldest of the carnival associations of New Orleans, and the most celebrated, gave their forty-third parade and ball, choosing as the subject "Shakespeare." There were twenty tableaux from as many of Shakespeare's plays, and these produced not only the costumes, but the surroundings, the *mise en scène* of each play. There was *Macbeth* in his uncanny interview with the witches; *Richard III.* and his court; *Jaques, Rosalind*, and all the *dramatis personæ* of "As You Like It" in the forest; and *Lear, Cymbeline, Shylock*, and the other characters of Shakespeare's plays.

New Orleans is supposed to dance out the carnival, and the night saw 20,000 to 30,000 persons at the several balls given, the most important of which were those of Rex, given at the Washington Artillery Hall—where a silver jubilee was celebrated, it being the twenty-fifth year of the king's reign—and those of Comus at the French Opera-house. The Comus ball, being the last of the carnival, is the scene of an event which could occur nowhere in this country save in New Orleans, and which is very distinctive and characteristic of the carnival. This is the congress or congregation of the carnival kings and queens and maids of honor. Each of the nine organizations chooses a queen and from three to six maids of honor from among the most popular society young women. All of these ladies meet at the Comus ball, and there is consequently a gathering of royalty, with all the insignia of crowns and sceptres, not often to be met with in a republican country. The scene is really imposing, and is probably the prettiest of the entire carnival, for the rich costumes of the maskers, the bright dresses of the ladies, and the blaze of the crowns and royal jewelry make an *ensemble* which cannot here be discussed, can be appreciated only by those who have seen it, and is never forgotten by those who have enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing it.

In this "blaze of glory" the New Orleans carnival has just closed—and with such success that the gentlemen who are principally responsible for it have already gone to work for next year's carnival, for it is a case of "Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!" And one carnival is no sooner over than its successor is arranged for.

While the carnival is given primarily for pleasure and enjoyment, it has proved of positive advantage to New Orleans by bringing so many visitors here and making them acquainted with it under pleasant and favorable conditions.

NORMAN WALKER.

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXI.

I STAND SENTRY.

THERE are (say some) but two things worth making in the world—war and love. But since, being laid up during the unkindly monotony of our Baltic spring by an ancient wound, I fell to the writing of this history, I would add to these two worthy adventures—the making of books. Which, till I tried my hand at the task myself, I would in no wise have allowed. But now, when the days are easterly of wind and the lashing water beats on the leaded lozenges of the window lattice, I am fain to stretch myself, and take a new pen, and be at it again all day.

But I must e'en think of them that are to read me, and of their pain if I overstretch my privilege. Besides, if I prove over long in the wind they may not read me at all, which would somewhat mar my purpose.

I was speaking, therefore, of being in the watch and ward of two women, each of whom (in my self-conceit I thought it) certainly regarded me without dislike. God forgive me for thinking so much, when they had never plainly told me so! Nevertheless, I took the thing for granted, as it were. And, as I said before, it has been my experience that, if it be done with a careful and delicate hand, more is gained with women by taking things for granted than by the smoothest tongue and longest Jacob-and-Rachael service. The man who succeeds with good women is the man who takes things for granted. Only he must know exactly what things; otherwise I am mortally sorry for him. He will have a rough road to travel. But to my tale.

Jorian ushered Ysolinde and Helene into the rooms from which he had so unceremoniously ousted the former tenants. How these chambers were lighted in the daytime I could not at first make out, but by going to the end of the long passage and leaning out of a window the mystery was made plain. The ravine took an abrupt turn at this point, so that we were in a house built round an angle, and so had the benefit of light from both sides.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

"And where are our rooms to be?" I asked of the stout soldier when he returned.

Jorian pointed to the plain hard earth of the passage.

"That is poor lodging for tired bones!" I said. "Have they no other rooms to let anywhere in the hostelry?"

He laughed again; indeed, he seemed to be able to do little else whenever he spoke to me.

"Tired bones will lie the stiller," said he at last. "There is some wheaten straw out there which you can bring in for a bolster, if you will. But I think it likely that we shall get no more sleep than the mouse in the cat's dining-room this night. These border rascals are very apt to be restless in the dark hours, and their knives prick sharp."

With that he went out, leaving the doors into the passages all open, and presently I could hear him raging and rummaging athwart the house, ordering this one to find him "Graubünden fleisch," the next to get him some good bread, and not to attempt to palm off "cow-cake" upon honest soldiers on pain of getting his stomach cut open, together with other amenities of a seasoned man-at-arms foraging in an unfriendly country.

Then, having returned successful from this quest, what was my admiration to see Jorian (whom I had called—and I began to be sorry for it—a Wendish pig) strip his fine soldier's coat and hang it upon a peg by the door, roll up his sleeves, and set to at the cooking in the great open fireplace with the swinging black crooks against the front wall, while Boris stood with his long pistolet ready in the hollow of his arm, and his slow-match alight, by the doorway of the ladies' apartment.

I went and stood by the long man for company. And after a little he became much more friendly.

"Why do you stand with your match alight?" I asked of him, after we had been awhile silent.

"Why, to keep a border knife out of Jorian's back, of course, while he is turning the fry in the pan," said he, as simply as if he had said that 'twas a fine night.

"I wish I could help," I sighed, a little wistfully, for I wished him to think well of me.

"What!" he exclaimed; "with the frying-pan? Well, there is the basting-ladle," he retorted, and laughed in his old manner.

I own that, being yet little more than a lad, the tears stood in my eyes to be so flouted and made nothing of.

"I will show you, perhaps sooner than you think, that I am neither a coward nor a babe!" I said, in high anger.

And so went and stood by myself over against the further door of the three which led from the outer hall to the apartments, in which I could hear the murmur of women's voices. And it was lucky that I did so. For even as I reached the door a sharp cry of terror came from within, and there at the inner portal I caught sight of a narrow, foxy, peering visage, and a lean writhing figure prone like a worm on its belly. The rascal had been crawling towards Helene's room, for what purpose I know not. Nor did I stop to ask, for, being stung by the taunt of the man-at-arms, I was on Foxface in a moment, stamping upon him with my iron-shod feet, and then lifting him unceremoniously by the slackness of his back covertures, I turned him over and over like a wheel, tumbling him out of the doorway with an astonishing clatter, shedding knives and daggers as he went.

It was certainly a pity for the fellow that Boris had taunted me so lately. But the abusing of him gave me great comfort. And as he whirled past the group at the fire, Jorian caught him on the round of his back with a stray spit, also without asking any questions, whereat the fellow went out at the wide front door by which we had first entered, revolving in a cloud of dust. And where he went after that I have no idea. To the devil, for all I care.

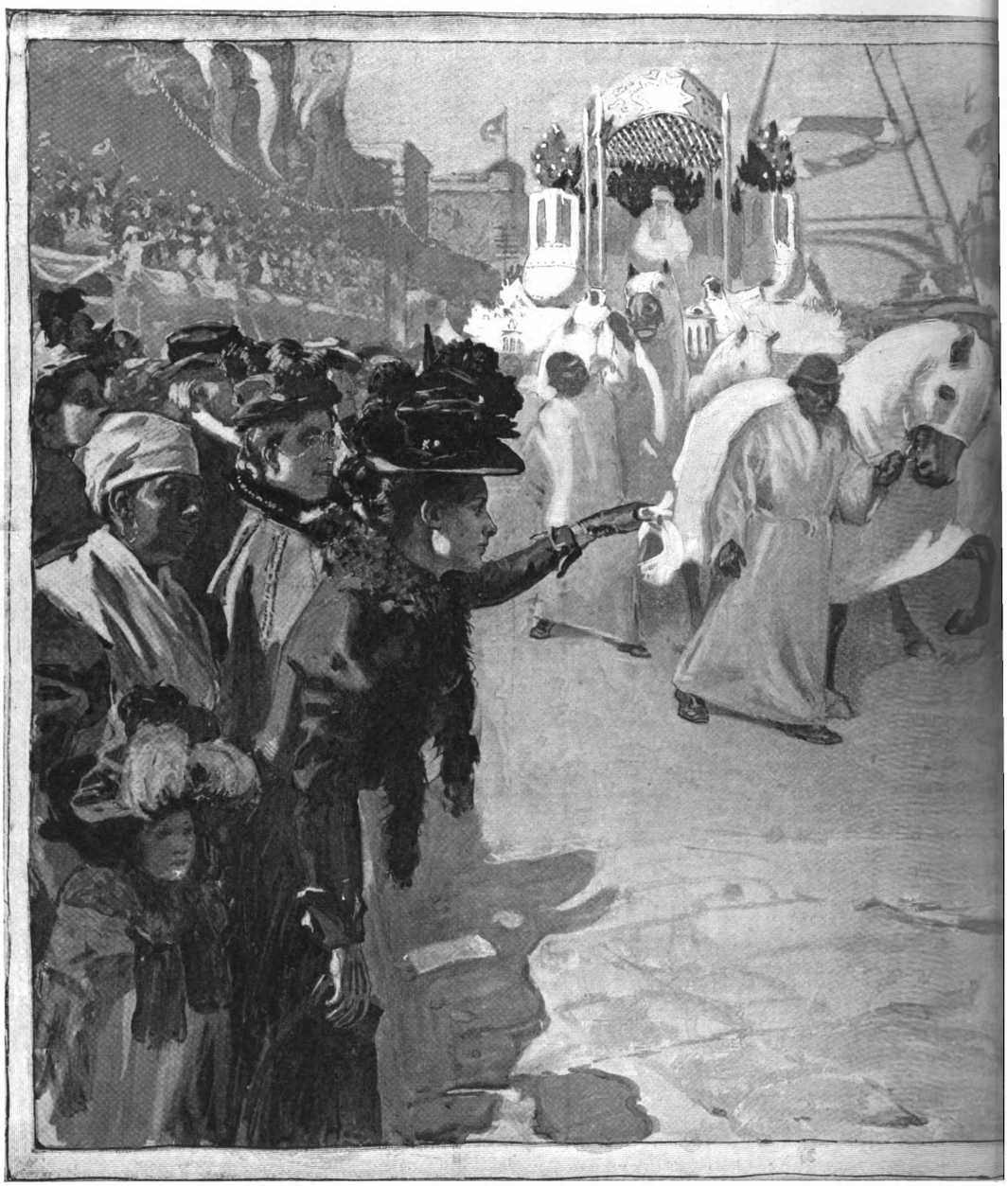
But Boris, standing quietly by his own door, was evidently somewhat impressed by my good luck. For soon after this he came over to me. I thought he might be about to apologize for his rudeness. And so perhaps he was, but it was in his own way.

"Did you spoil your dagger on him?" he asked, anxiously, yet for the first time speaking to me as a man speaks to his equal.

"No," said I; "but I stubbed my toe, jarring it upon the rascal's backbone as he went through the door."

"Ah!" he replied, thoughtfully, nodding his head;

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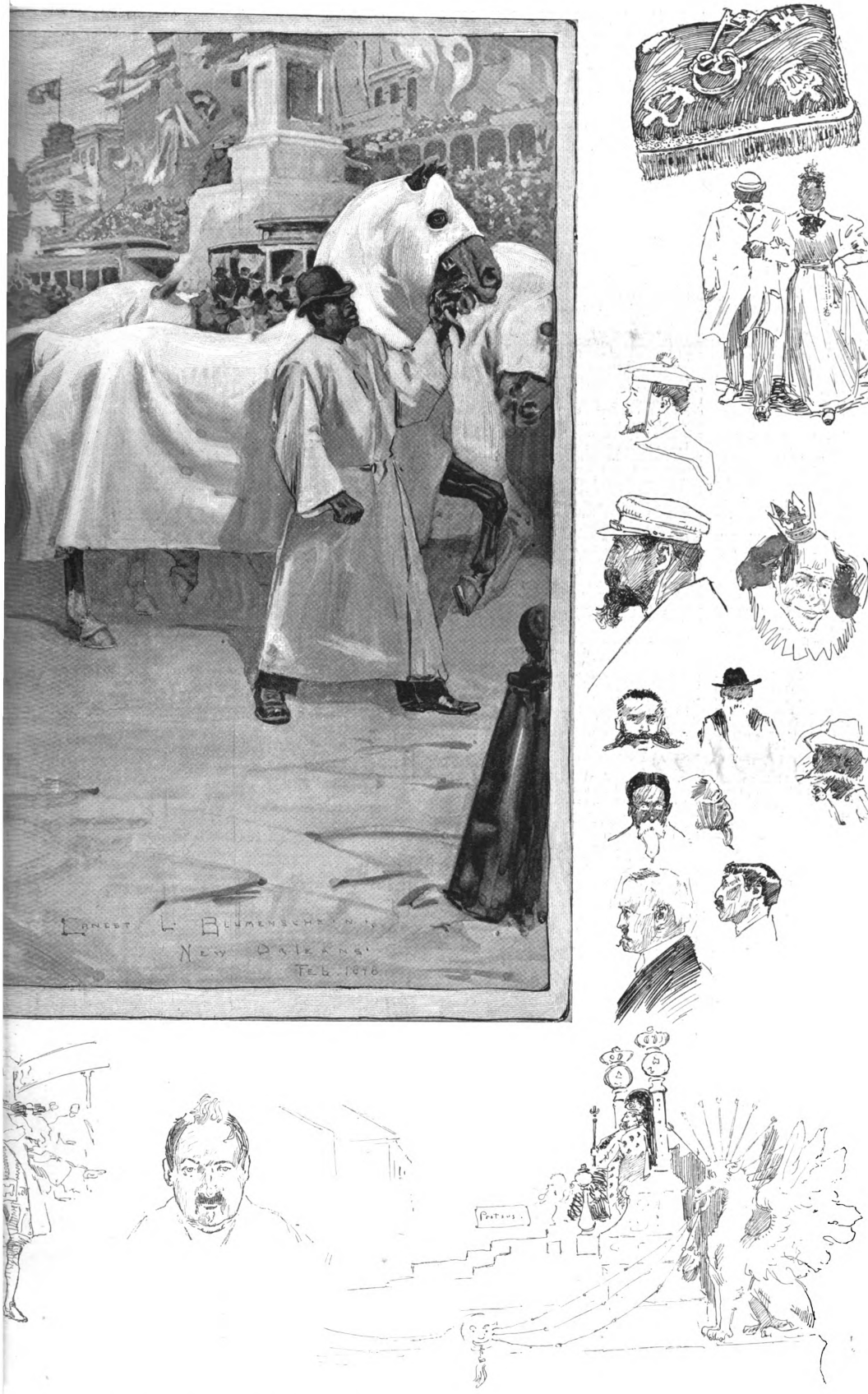




THE NEW ORLEANS MARDI-GRAS CARNIVAL

Procession of Harvest Que

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HE REX PAGEANT.—Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

Float representing Coffee.

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"that was more fitting for such as he. But you may get a chance at him with the dagger yet, or the night be over."

And with that he went back to his door, blowing up his match as he went.

Presently the supper was pronounced cooked, and, after washing his hands, Jorian resumed his coat, amid the universal attention of the motley crew in the great hall, and began to dish up the fragrant stew. He had been collecting for it all day upon the march, now knocking over a rabbit with a bolt from his cross-bow, now picking some leaves of lettuce and water-cress when he chanced upon a running stream or a neglected garden—of which last (thanks to Duke Casimir) there were numbers along the route we had traversed.

Then, when he had made all ready, our sturdy cook dished the stew into a great wooden platter—rabbits, partridges, scraps of dried flesh, bits of bacon for flavoring, fresh eggs, vegetables in handfuls, all covered with a dainty-smelling sauce, deftly compounded of gravy and red wine.

Then Jorian and Boris, one taking the heap of wooden platters and the other the smoking bowl of stew, marched solemnly within. But before he went Boris handed me his pistolet without a word, and the slow-match with it. Which, as I admit, made me feel monstrously unsafe. However, I took the engine across my arm and stood at attention as I had seen him do, with the match thrust through my waistband.

Then I felt as if I had suddenly grown at least a foot taller, and my joy was changed to ecstasy when the Lady Ysolinde, coming out quickly, I knew not at first for what purpose, found me thus standing sentinel and blowing importantly upon my slow-match.

"Hugo," she said, kindly, looking at me with the aquamarine eyes with the opal glints in them, "come thy ways in and sit with us."

I made her a salute with my piece and thanked her for her good thought.

"But," said I, "Lady Ysolinde, pray remember that this is a place of danger, and that it is more fitting that we who have the honor to be your guards should dine together without your chamber doors."

"Nay," she said, impetuously, "I insist. It is not right that you, who are to be an officer, should mess with the common soldiers."

"My lady," said I, "I thank you deeply. And it shall be so when we are in safety. But let me have my way here and now."

She smiled upon me—liking me, as I think, none the worse for my stiffness. And so went away, and I was right glad to see her go. For I would not have lost what I had gained in the good opinion of these two men-at-arms—no, not for twenty maidens' favors.

But in that respect also I changed as the years went on. For of all things a boy loves not to be flouted and babyfied when he thinks himself already grown up and the equal of his elders in love and war.

So in a little while came out Jorian and Boris, and having carried in the bread, we three sat down to the remains of the stew. Indeed, I saw but little difference as to quantity from the time that Jorian had taken it in. For maids' appetites when they are anyways in love are precarious; but after they are assured of their love's return, then the back hunger comes upon them and the larder is made to pay all arrears.

Not that I mean to assert that either of these ladies was in love with me—far otherwise, indeed. For this it would argue the conceit of a jack-a-dandy to imagine, much more to write, such a thing. But, nevertheless, certain is it that they were both of small appetite.

CHAPTER XXII.

HELENE HATES ME.

However, when the provision came to the outer port, we three sat down about it, and then, by my troth, there was little to marvel at in the tardiness of our eating. For the rabbits seemed to come alive and positively leaped down our throats, the partridges almost flew at us out of the pot, the pigeons rejoiced to be eaten. The broth and the gravy ebbed lower and lower and left all dry. But as soon as we had picked the bones roughly, for there was no time for fine work, lest the others should get all the best, we threw the bones out to the hungry crew that watched us sitting round the stalls.

So after a while we came to the end, and then I went to the entrance of the chamber where were bestowed the Little Playmate and the Lady Ysolinde. For I began to be anxious how Helene would be able to comport herself in the company of one so dainty and full of devices and convenances as the lady of the Weiss Thor.

But, by my faith, I need not have troubled about our little lass. For if there any were embarrassed that one was certainly not Helene. And if any of us lacked reposefulness of manners, that one was certainly a staring jackanapes who did not know which foot to stand upon, nor yet how to sit down on the oaken settle when a seat was offered him, nor, last of all, when nor how to take his departure when he had once sat down. And of the identity of the jackanapes there needs no further particularity.

Nevertheless, I talked pleasantly enough with both of them, and I might have been an acquaintance of the day for all the notice that the Little Playmate took of me, even when the Lady Ysolinde told her, evidently not for the first time, of my standing sentry by the door and blowing upon the match at my girdle.

From without we heard presently the clapping of hands and loud merrymaking, so I went to find out what it might be that was causing such an uproar.

There I found Jorian and Boris giving a kind of exhibition of their skill in military exercises. It might be also that they desired to teach a lesson for the benefit of the wild robber border folk and the yet more rufflanly kempers who forgathered in this strange inn of Erdberg on the borders of the Mark.

I summoned the maids, that they might look on. For I wot the scene was a curious and pleasing one, and I could see that the eyes of the Lady Ysolinde glittered. But our little maid, being used to all these things from her youth, cared nothing for it, though the thing was indeed marvellous in itself.

When I went out our two men-at-arms had each of them in hand his straight Wendish Tolleknife, heavy at the end of the Swedish blade, light as to the handle, hafted with cork from Spain.

Ten yards apart, facing each other, they stood; and first of all each of them, poising the knife in the hollow of his hand with a peculiar dancing movement, set it writhing across the room at a marked circle on a board. The two knives sped simultaneously with a vicious whir, and stood quivering, with their blades touching each other, in the centre of the white. At the next trial so exactly had they been aimed that the point of the one hit upon the haft of the other, and stripped the cork almost to the blade. But Jorian, to whom the knife belonged, mended it with a piece of string, telling the company philosophically that it was no bad thing to have a string hanging loose to a Tolleknife, for when it went into any one the string would always hang out of the wound in order to pull it out by.

Then they got their knives again and played a more dangerous game. Jorian stood on guard with his knife, waving the blade slowly before him in the shape of a long-bodied letter S. Boris poised his weapon in the hollow of his hand, and sent it whirring straight at Jorian's heart. As it came buzzing like an angry bee, almost too quick for the eye to follow, Jorian flicked it deftly up into the air at the right moment, and without even taking his eye off it, he caught the knife by the handle as it fell. He bowed and gave it back to the thrower ceremoniously. Then Boris guarded, and Jorian in his turn threw with a like result, though perhaps a little less featly done on Boris's part.

All the while there was a clamant and manifold astonishment in the kitchen of the inn, together with a prodigal and much whispering wonder.

Then ensued other plays. Boris stood with his elbow crooked and his left hand on his hip, with his back also turned to Jorian. *Buzz!* went the knife. It flashed under the arch of Jorian's armpit, and, lo! it was caught in his right hand, which dropped upon it, like a hawk upon a rabbit, as it sped through his elbow port.

Then came shooting with the cross-bow, and I regretted much that I had only learned the six-foot yew, and that there was not one in the company, nor indeed room to display it if there had been. For I longed to do something to show that I was no milksop.

Now it chanced that there was in one corner a yearling calf that had been killed that day and hung up with a bar between its thighs. I saw an axe leaning in the corner—an axe with a broad-cutting edge—and I bethought me that perhaps, after all, I knew something which even Jorian and Boris were ignorant of. So, mindful of my father's teaching, I took the axe, and, before any one was aware of my intent, I swept the long-handled axe round my head, and getting the poise and distance for the slow drawing cut, which does not stop for bone or muscle, I divided the neck through at one blow so that the head dropped on the ground.

There was much applause and wonder. Men ran to lift the calf's head, and the owner of the axe came up to examine the edge of his weapon. I looked about. The eyes of the Lady Ysolinde were aflame with pleasure, but, on the other hand, the Little Playmate was crimson with shame. Tears stood in her beautiful eyes.

She marched straight up to me, and clinching her hands, she said, "Oh, I hate you!"

And so she went within to her chamber, and I saw her no more that night. Now I take all to witness what strange things are the mind and temper of the best of women. And why Helene thus spoke to me I know not—nay, even to this day I can hazard no right guess. But, as I have often said, God never made anything straight that He made beautiful, except only the line where the sea meets the sky.

And of all the pretty, crooked, tangled things that He has made, women are the prettiest, the crookedest, and the most distractingly tangled.

Which is perhaps why they are so everlastingly interesting, and why we blundering, ram-stam, homely favored men love them so.

But the best entertainment must come to an end. And the one in the inn of Erdberg lasted not so long as the telling of it—for the matter, being more comfortable than that which came after, I have perhaps not hurried so much as I might.

When at last both supper and entertainment were finished, and the platters huddled away into the hall without, there arose a mighty clamor, so that Jorian went to the door and cried out to the landlord to know what was the matter. The old brick-dusty knave came hulking forward, and with greatly increased respect he addressed the men-at-arms.

"What is your will, noble sirs?"

"I asked," said Jorian, "what was the reason of this so ill-favored noise. If your guests cannot be quiet, I will come among them with something that will settle the quarrels of certain of them in perpetuity."

So with sulky recurrent murmurs the fray finally settled itself, and for that time at least there was no more trouble. I went to the door of the Lady Ysolinde and the Little Playmate and cried in a courteous good-night. For I had been sorry to have Helene's "I hate you!" for a last word. And the Lady Ysolinde came to the door in a light robe of silk, and gave me her hand to kiss. But though I said, "A sweet sleep and a pleasant, Helene," no voice replied. Which I took very ill, seeing that I had done naught amiss that I knew of.

Then Jorian, Boris, and I made us comfortable for the night, and, being instructed by Boris, I set my straw with the foot of my bundle to the door, which opened inward upon us. Then putting my sword by my side and my other weapons convenient to my hand, I laid me down, and braced my feet firmly against the door, thus locking it safely.

Jorian and Boris did the same at the other entrances, and before the former went to sleep he arranged a tall candle that had been placed unlighted before a little shrine of the Virgin (for the folk were not wholly pagan) and lighted it, so that it shed a faint illumination on the long passage in which we were bestowed, and on the inner door of the ladies' apartment.

And though I was far from being in love, yet the thought of the wandering damsels, both so fair and so far from home, moved me deeply. And I was in act to waft a kiss towards the door, when Jorian caught me.

"What now?" he said; "art at thy prayers, lady?"

"Aye, that am I," said I—"towards the shrine of the Saints' Rest."

Now this was irreverent, and mayhap we were all punished for it. But at least it was on the level of the soldier's wit, though I own no great matter to cackle of.

"Ho! ho! Good!" chuckled Boris, under his breath. "One of them is a saint. But as to the other—well, let us ask the Prince. 'He hath a Princess, and she is oft upon her travels!' Ho! ho! ho!"

And the lout shook among his straw to such an extent that I bade him for God's dear sake to lie still, otherwise we might as well lie in a barn among questing rattons.

"The saints of your Saints' Rest defend us from lying among any worse!" said he, and betook him to sleep.

[To be continued.]

THE CROCUS.

The crocus lifts its cup of burnished gold
All tremulous amid the blasts that blow,
And peeping from its coverlet of snow,
Smiles in the cloudless blue above it rolled.
A living ember in the whining cold,
It shyly shimmers in a molten glow,
And flaunts its flame while tossing to and fro,
Free as the winds that all its charms unfold,
This flaming censer speaks the fragrant dream
The earth will know when Martius' trump is still.
Then silver flakes will deck the orchard tree,
And at the cottage door the woodbines beam,
While the lone cricket fifes his lyric shrill,
And the white rose bends to the belted bee.

R. K. Munkittrick.

LONDON.

Valentine's Day, *February 14, 1898.*

Parliament has met for the session. On Friday night the dissolution of the alliance between the Liberals and the Nationalist Irish was finally accomplished. This event has long been expected, and has been brought about by Mr. J. Redmond, the ablest and most resolute of the many leaders of the Irish party. Foreseeing that during the existence of the present Parliament nothing could be done for home-rule, his strategy assumed the form of breaking up the party led by Mr. Dillon. Most astutely was this purpose accomplished by an amendment to the Queen's speech, humbly representing to her Majesty that the satisfaction of the demand of the Irish people for national self-government was the most urgent of all subjects of domestic policy, and that that demand could only be met by the concession of an independent Parliament, with an executive responsible thereto for all affairs distinctively Irish. The effect of this amendment was that of a bombshell. Sir William Harcourt, who is not believed ever to have sincerely approved of Mr. Gladstone's home-rule policy, was placed in a dilemma. If he voted for the Redmond amendment he would alienate his English Radical supporters, who are more intent on tinkering the British Constitution than making Ireland a nation. If, on the other hand, Sir William Harcourt voted against Mr. Redmond, it was clear that by following the government into the lobby he would dissolve "the Union of Hearts." This is precisely what has happened. Only three Liberals were found in the Irish lobby, and home-rule of the Gladstonian type may now be regarded as dead as Julius Cæsar. Mr. Dillon was also impaled on the horns of a dilemma. By failing to carry with him his Liberal allies in favor of the amendment, which he was compelled to support, it became clear to the British constituencies that the flimsy sham of the alliance between Liberals and Nationalists had disappeared in thin air, and with it the influence Mr. Dillon himself was supposed to exert. Probably the Irish question will now assume a new phase, and will be dealt with by new men. Sir William Harcourt's smartness has overreached himself. Mr. Dillon is an extinct volcano, and for the moment the physical-force party is the only one commanding any real influence, either in Ireland or in the House of Commons, on Nationalist Irish affairs.

In foreign affairs the air is thick with rumor. Events that are happening behind the scenes are not altogether allowed to leak into the newspapers. At the time of writing, the Chinese problem, important as it is, is not fraught with such immediately sinister possibilities as the Anglo-French dispute in West Africa. I understand that matters have reached a deadlock. The French are occupying territory admittedly belonging to England. They refuse to budge, reckoning, it is said, on Lord Salisbury's unwillingness to go to war on any question that does not involve organic national interests. The occupation of Boussa, in the great bend of the Niger, is a serious menace to the peace of the world. I am informed that Monsieur Hanotaux and the French ministry are between the devil and the deep sea. Personally willing to maintain treaty obligations, they are afraid to do so because of the press and of public opinion. Yielding to England on any point would hurl them from office. On the other hand, if they do not surrender their untenable position there is grave danger of international troubles. The patience shown by Lord Salisbury under existing circumstances is to be explained on more rational grounds than timidity or unwillingness to go to war for the defence of British interests. The present state of France, as I hinted in last month's letter, is one of revolutionary excitement. Should the present ministry be ejected from office there is positively no man and no set of men to whom France can safely turn for guidance and control. In the opinion of many members of Parliament and other leaders of thought in England, France is on the eve of a new political upheaval. If Lord Salisbury at the present time were to insist on British rights in West African swamps, the solidarity of our brave neighbors would be at once re-established. By playing a waiting game the weakness of France from internal dissensions is likely to develop, and at the proper time England may obtain restitution of her rights without war. Neither the papers nor public speakers have given this as the explanation of British long-suffering in West Africa, but I am convinced that it is true, and in the course of a short time the French will retire from Boussa.

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The one point upon which cabinet anxieties have been really roused is the attempt of the French to seize the head-waters of the Nile. Mr. Cavendish, a relation of the Duke of Devonshire, is about to head a well armed and equipped expedition to the Upper Nile. This expedition is not official, but her Majesty's government regards the enterprise with a sentiment somewhat warmer than benevolent neutrality. It is believed that this expedition will be in time to save the situation. The French have been warned by Liberal and Unionist administrations that any attempt to occupy the region of the Upper Nile would be construed by England as an unfriendly act. In diplomatic language this means that England will fight to prevent it. Events are marching fast in those regions, and before long the attempt to capture Khartoum will reveal many things that are now hid. Some apprehension is expressed as to the attitude of King Menelek, but those who are personally acquainted with Abyssinia and its ruler express themselves as confident that he will "run straight," and adhere to the stipulations of the treaty recently signed on behalf of the Queen by Mr. Rennell Rodd.

The China question is simmering, and it is unlikely, if St. Petersburg is obeyed, that any complications will ensue during the next few months, unless the Japanese make a sudden dash on the Russian fleet. Government is strengthening the China squadron. Two more battleships, the *Barfleur* and the *Victorious*, have been ordered out to China. More cruisers are to follow. If war were to ensue, the English fleet would now be able to do more than hold its own. Admiral Seymour, the new commander-in-chief in China, is considered one of the ablest admirals in the English service. At recent naval manœuvres he has exhibited qualities of decision and resource that have given him a very high place in the esteem and respect of his profession. A fortnight ago all the available coal in the far East was secretly bought up by the Admiralty, and for some months to come England will occupy a most favorable position as regards the mobility of her naval forces in Chinese waters.

It is interesting, in connection with Anglo-Russian relations in the far East, to note the fact that the Prince of Wales is understood to have played a considerable part in maintaining a good understanding with the Czar. The friendship established at the funeral of Alexander III. has borne good fruit. It has long been known that no love is lost between the Prince of Wales and his nephew the Kaiser. When Prince Henry paid his mysterious visit to London, on his way to China, he attempted to see the Prince of Wales, with the view of delivering personal messages from his imperial brother. It is stated that Prince Henry even went so far as to follow the Prince of Wales to his box at the theatre. The Prince, however, refused to see him. This significant episode is not likely to have taken place without the approval of the Foreign Office. The inference to be drawn from the occurrence in question is that there is a clearer understanding, for the present, at all events, between England and Russia than is generally believed. Russian declarations, however, as to the freedom of trade at Port Arthur, inspire no confidence here. The record of Russia on the subject of pledges is a bad one. It is needless to contrast in parallel columns the promises made by Russian statesmen with the dates on which they were broken. When Sir Vesey Hamilton hauled down the British flag at Port Arthur the Russian minister, Monsieur Ladygensky, pledged the sacred word of his imperial master that under no circumstances would Russia thereafter interfere with the internal affairs of Korea. The value of that promise is now apparent. When Russia has completed her land conquests of Manchooria we shall hear something more of Port Arthur and the freedom of trade.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is being strongly, if privately, criticised for his introduction of the word "war" into his recent speech on the China question. It is considered that the use of such language, in the absence of active measures, such as calling out the naval and military reserves, compromises the dignity of the country. When England is going to war she will become polite; but the unmistakable signal of intended action, whatever language may be employed, will be found in the mobilization of the reserve fleet. The distinctive note in the teaching of the public schools of England, at which practically the whole of our governing classes are educated, is detestation of anything like brag, bluster, or boastfulness. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is considered to have erred, not because he threatened war without necessity, but because the use of such language should invariably be accompanied by the outward and visible signs of a resolve to use the offensive resources of the empire.

Although little of the inside of European politics is generally known, two factors in the problem of the far East have leaked out which must be taken into account. I have reason to know that during the past five months a confidential report on Continental armaments has been prepared by the British naval and military attachés belonging to the embassies concerned. This report shows that the experts believe that the Dual Alliance would be likely to win in a set struggle with Germany, Austria, and Italy. The other factor in the problem is that the Russian Emperor is greatly overworked; and being conscientious and self-denying, he is believed never to approach the really important questions of state policy, but is entangled in a net-work of details cunningly prepared by his advisers, who desire to keep power in their own hands. The effect of this preoccupation of the Czar is that, against his will, Anglo-Russian complications might unexpectedly ensue at any moment. An excited or over-patriotic captain of a Russian gunboat in the China seas has the power to bring on war. People who do not know Russia do not well appreciate the slenderness of the control exercised by St. Petersburg over the distant portions of the empire. Again and again in the course of recent Asiatic campaigns a Russian general has taken the bit between his teeth. Skobeleff repeatedly acted in this way. A naval Skobeleff may yet undo the Czar's pacific plans.

Although the air is a little clearer all round, calculations that peace is positively assured would be premature and over sanguine. There is a growing habit of newspaper readers to look at the day's telegrams as if they stood alone. Cablegrams are nothing more than snap-shots of momentary incidents in a drama that will take years to develop. The essential conditions of the problem in the far East must be read into every day's telegrams. Collision between Russia and Japan is inevitable. The only question is whether Russian diplomacy will not succeed in obscuring and confusing the issue of Great Britain's defence of the world's open commerce with China, and forcing upon her the dilemma of either allowing Japan to be crushed or entering into an alliance with the Japanese. To-day England is isolated. To-morrow her isolation might become outlawry if she were to join Japan against a European power. Such a combination would mean an alliance with yellow men and a pagan creed against white men, Christians, and Europeans. Already England is charged with being a "bad European." To consort with Japan on equal terms would render an aggressive war on Russia, even if victorious, scarcely less dangerous than defeat. Most writers on the subject who support the Japanese alliance ignore the fact that the first gun fired in anger in the China seas will transfer the venue of the quarrel to the English Channel and the Mediterranean. There are no Japanese battle-ships in Western waters available for a British alliance. It is obvious that the China question, if it comes to a fight, will be settled off Beachy Head, Brest, or the mouths of the Nile—not off Kiao-chou or in the Gulf of Pechili. Furthermore, religious opinion in England—especially High-Churchmen, who long for a reconciliation with the Eastern Church—is opposed to a pagan alliance. Non-conformists, who form the bulk of the groups into which the Liberal party is divided, have not forgotten the Japanese massacres at Port Arthur and Formosa. The weight of religious opinion is undeniable.

So far as I know, no details have been published with regard to the Japanese massacres at Formosa, although the Port Arthur tragedy is well understood. A friend of mine was the only English witness of a scene without parallel in modern warfare. Perched on the roof of a house overlooking a square in which were paraded three captured Chinese regiments, he witnessed the butchery. Disarmed, and commanded by Japanese artillery, the Chinese soldiers were helpless. Two Japanese regiments were ordered to strip to the waist, and with a short stabbing bayonet in the hands of each soldier the Chinese were butchered to a man. My friend declares that the Japanese thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Englishmen have many faults, but they are a proud people, and their pride recoils against an equal alliance with Japan. When our ministers say that the country will fight rather than see the door into China shut with a clang, they mean what they say. I have reason to believe that all Lord Salisbury's plans are made without reference to an alliance with yellow men. Japanese may be employed as mercenaries, and England may even use her fleet for the protection of the island kingdom in its extremity. So far as I can gauge the most sober and best informed public opinion, no offensive and defensive alliance on equal terms with Japan will be entered into by England so long as Lord Salisbury is Premier. In the long-run the man in the street governs the empire, and during the last few months heavy demands have been made upon his sagacity and self-control. Again and again in our "rough island story" the courage and strong sense of the people have enabled their rulers to win their way through troubles which might have overwhelmed a more emotional Latin race. When things have looked their blackest, the price of consols has never wavered. No public meeting has been held to alarm the people and hamper the government. The only offensive and defensive alliance which the common people desire is one with the United States. Any British cabinet, however, which went cap in hand to the Japanese Emperor would not live a week.

The possibility of a national struggle for existence is much in men's minds. Thoughtful and serious people are facing the fact that if Britain were compelled to fight for equality of opportunity in the world's trade and were to lose, it would be better that the British Empire should break up, and even that half the population of the United Kingdom should die quickly and gloriously, than that our race should tamely submit to be slowly bled to death by loss of trade inflicted by foreign military despotism. I lay stress upon this point because Englishmen are weary of reading in the world's press that they have lost their spirit, courage, and resolve. The educated classes and proletariat alike were never more unanimous or determined to maintain British rights at all costs.

Efforts are being made by the Navy League to explain to the public the effect on the population of the United Kingdom of a moderately successful war. One of the two great evils to be faced would be the inevitable rise in the price of bread. It is calculated that the four-pound loaf would be at a shilling within a few days of the outbreak of war. The other immediate consequence of the cutting of the cables and the declaration of war by two first-class powers would be a commercial panic the like of which has never been seen. The enormous structure of credit built upon a slender foundation of gold specie would temporarily collapse. One of our greatest financial authorities, whose name commands attention from commercial men throughout the civilized world, tells me that in the event of war with two first-class powers the Bank of England would probably suspend specie payment for a short time, but that the suspension of the Bank Charter Act would be followed by a restoration of confidence a few days after. Cable communication, moreover, might not be quickly restored, and the first few days of the war, and probably many of the cruiser actions, would be adverse to British arms. England would require to win all the fleet actions if she were to survive. Even if successful in this, no indemnity could be exacted from Russia and France. Neither could their territory be held. The people who would profit most by a great war would be the Western farmer of the United States of America, who would enjoy high prices and an illimitable market for all that he could sell. But Britain is not yet in the position of the under dog.

The election for the appointment of a new County Council will soon take place. The election will be fought on one issue, and on one only. According to Sir John Lubbock, this issue is as follows: What duties shall be taken by the London County Council, and what shall be left to private enterprise. That is the main question. There are other subsidiary issues, of course, but the election will be lost and won according as the electors decide on the one main point. It is a fight between socialism of a meddlesome kind and the individualism described in Mill's *Liberty*.

Two accusations are preferred against the County Council. It is alleged that the present councillors are prone to look upon the immediate effect of a measure, and not upon the ultimate result, and that there is a growing tendency among them to undertake functions which are outside the province of a municipality. In order to illustrate the last count of this indictment, the case may be cited of workmen's dwellings, and the action therein by the council. In nine years the County Council have spent in round numbers $2,500,000 on the erection of these dwellings, and have provided accommodation for 6000 people. Such an expenditure would have warranted a more satisfactory result. On the other hand, several artisans'-dwelling companies have demonstrated the possibility that tenement blocks can be built well and with due regard to sanitation while at the same time yielding a rate interest to the shareholders. The County Council, with the rates of London, erected their dwellings with the object of providing decent accommodation for the working-classes. This object could have been gained with greater ease and at an eighth of the cost by providing proper inspection for tenement blocks already in existence. It must be confessed that in the matter of workmen's dwellings the County Council has obtained the minimum of success with the maximum of cost. In any case the Moderates contend that the duty of a municipal body is to govern, not to engage in speculative building operations. Turning to the performance of the Works Committee, this department has executed work not superior to that of private contractors, but at a greater cost. So far from having benefited the workmen of London, the department has driven many of the builders away to other towns, and has thereby deprived their London employés of a living. The loss of money consequent on the operations of the Works Committee is inevitable when one considers that the management is under the control of amateurs who do not know and never will know the work as well as private builders who have devoted their lives to the business. The establishment of the Works Committee has cost the rate-payers $200,000, and this is considered an appropriate time to check this waste of public money.

Socialistic doctrines are finding increasing favor with the Progressive party. According to Mr. Webb, a distinguished member of that party, the County Council should take over the management of the docks, hospitals, and bakers' shops. The same gentleman afterwards declared that he would contemplate without alarm the imposition of a rate of twenty shillings in the pound. It is declared that while shorter hours and an ample remuneration is to be offered those who work with their hands, "the council shall jealously control the increase of large salaries" for intellectual work. If the London County Council were to put a premium on the acceptance of bribes by their officials, they could not have gone a better way to work. Still, the main charge against the municipal Socialists is not that they are corrupt, but that they are wasteful, silly, and totally ignorant of the businesses they aspire to control.

Men of letters have been stirred by the action of the editor of the *Academy* in "crowning" Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems* as the book of the year 1897. Not one in a thousand had heard of Mr. Phillips. The little book of a hundred pages scarcely sold until the *Academy* awarded the writer a hundred guineas, and two days later Mr. John Lane, the publisher, tells me that he was selling five hundred a day. The author—a poor man—is made for life. I gather that Mr. Phillips is a young man; has been on the stage, married a lady from the ranks of the same profession, and found in poetry the solace of a life saddened by narrow circumstances. No serious criticism is raised against the justice of the award, although many competent judges consider—and I agree with them—that Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* is entitled to the honor of being the epoch-making book of 1897, if its effect on the destiny of men and of nations is weighed in the balance. Mr. Phillips's genius, unlike that of Captain Mahan, is one that appeals neither to emperors nor to the masses. His disciples are few, and the music of his song is in the minor key. Still, the poem "Marpessa" and "Christ in Hades" and "The Wife" are likely to give Mr. Phillips a place in history, and every one is glad of the discovery that a new singer has risen among us. That the fountain of honor in literary matters should be acceptably transferred from the Queen to a threepenny weekly journal is a significant example of popular reaction against the system under which "honors" are conferred by ministers. To honor letters and art is one of the functions of a court. With a political leader-writer as Poet-Laureate, and Algernon Swinburne unrecognized, the close of the Victorian era fitly exemplifies the utilitarian tendencies of a prosaic age. We shall certainly see more of the plan inaugurated by the *Academy*. Fountains of honor will bubble up in all directions like the geysers in Yellowstone Park.

The play of the month is "Trelawney of the Wells," by Mr. Pinero. Crinolines, Balmoral boots, and white cotton stockings for the ladies, with "peg-tops" for the men, carry the memories of the middle-aged back to the mid-Victorian era. In the "sixties" hoops, soul-destroying discords of color, and an incomprehensible mania for ugliness were the features of the time. If the bicycle had been invented during the reign of the crinoline one or the other must have disappeared. The girl of to-day laughs derisively at the picture of her mother, and wonders how girls could make themselves such frights in pork-pie hats, chignons, and spangled hair-nets. But the beauties of the "sixties" contrived to inspire as much admiration and affection as their daughters to-day. "Trelawney of the Wells," by the acting of Miss Hilda Spong, Miss Pattie Browne, and Miss Irene Vanburgh with her twenty-four flounces, demonstrates the reason. Middle-aged men are rushing to see this play. Tender chords of memory are awakened.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



VII.—RAISING PURE-BRED CATTLE.

IN various States of the Middle West there are ranches where large numbers of what are known as pure-bred cattle are raised. It is a business requiring a large amount of capital invested in a costly plant, consisting of land and buildings and hundreds of the highest grade of cattle, many of them having been imported. These ranches exist because of the constant effort on the part of those who raise cattle to sell for food to improve the quality of their herds, so as not only to maintain prices and quality in this country, but to compete in the English market with importations of cattle from other countries, especially the Argentine Republic.

At the annual meeting of the Live-Stock Exchange, held at Sioux City, Iowa, on December 3 last, the president of the organization had two special recommendations to make regarding cattle. One was to improve the stock, "gradually refining or getting rid of the common or plain class of cattle by crossing the breed with the best grades to be obtained, and continue this cross-breeding until we have nothing in this country but the half, three-quarter, and thoroughbreds, the last being desirable for breeding purposes principally, as this animal is not so profitable as the half or three-quarter strain . . . . which is more desirable for food than the thoroughbred." The other suggestion was to market cattle under the age of three years, and especially "to improve more and more the quality of our output, until it is recognized and accorded the palm of superiority it so justly deserves, unequalled by that of any other nation."



A PRIZE HEREFORD BULL.

It has been found that cattle which are one-half to three-quarters thoroughbred sell from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents more a hundred-weight than the native cattle that used to form the chief product of the cattle industry even a dozen years ago. The improved breeds have large quantities of meat high up on the back, and produce more porterhouse and sirloin meat and rib roasts than the old-time cattle. They are broad-backed rather than pointed, and at what is known as the "heart girth" many of them are almost round, the outline being close to that of a circle. These cattle take on flesh rapidly when fed for market, and if the knack of knowing how to do this work thoroughly is possessed by the feeder it means that he can put fully one hundred more pounds of meat a head on cattle than his unscientific neighbor.

One of the best known of these ranches for supplying pure-bred cattle to breeders and raisers of stock for meat is in Emporia, Kansas, and I take it as example of what is being done at the others, simply because in my trip through the State last fall that was the only one I had time to visit. It is owned by Mr. C. S. Cross, and is one of the most widely known breeding-farms for Hereford cattle in this country. Here is a plant worth probably $150,000. It consists of about 1400 acres of land in the heart of what is known as the best cattle region in Kansas—a region consisting of about five counties, where "aristocratic cattle" are raised. It is a region also, one might add, where the hard times that swept over the State from 1890 to 1897 were scarcely felt. Of the three national banks in Kansas on the "honor roll" of the government, two of them are in Emporia.

To operate a plant like the Cross ranch requires an expenditure of from $18,000 to $20,000 a year. On it are about 450 cattle, of which about 125 are bulls. There are fourteen buildings on the place, and fourteen men are under salary, one of whom, the superintendent, is a veterinary surgeon, and with his family lives in the attractive farm-house. There are more than a dozen barns on the place, as many wagons, eighteen horses, and a lot of machinery. There is a water-pumping station on the ranch, and a complete system of water-works. The water is piped into every lot where the cattle are allowed to run. The cattle are divided into groups, and are kept in certain lots according to the grouping. An interesting department is what is known as the nursery, where the calves are kept until they reach the dignity of yearlings.

The task of running such an establishment as this is complicated by the large amount of bookkeeping. There is an elaborate system of registration required. Records are kept of every animal on the ranch, and are forwarded to the authorities who have charge of such matters. The first thing necessary after a calf arrives is to name it, and then to keep track of it almost every day until it is sold, and some other man has to do the bookkeeping for it. A second necessity in this record-making is to note the increase of weight in the animals. At intervals each animal is driven on the scales, and the weight is set down. This is largely for the purpose of regulating the kind of food required in developing the animal. A third requisite in caring for each animal is to make frequent tests, by taking the temperature, for the various diseases to which cattle are subject.

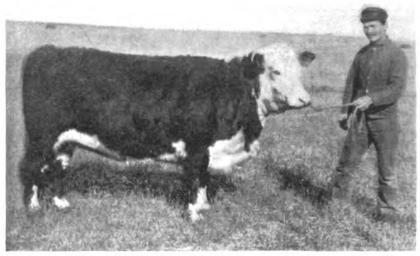
In this matter of the regulation of the health of cattle it will probably be a surprise to most persons to know that on a well-regulated pure-bred cattle-ranch the animals are washed regularly once a month. They are soaked and scrubbed thoroughly. It is most beneficial to their coats and skin. It has an effect precisely similar to that which a good bath has on a thoroughbred animal, whether it be dog, horse, or cat. Out on the Cross farm this matter of bathing is carried out so consistently that a separate building has just been finished there in which the stock is washed. It is called a "cow laundry," and it is pleasant to note that the idea of erecting such a building did not originate in the mind of any of those closely identified with the Cross cattle business, but came from Mrs. Cross, who one day watched the washing of the cattle in the way that is common on most of the ranches in the West. She asked why they did not build a separate building with an enormous shower-bath in it, hot and cold water being supplied by means of the machinery required to operate other branches of the plant. She suggested that the cattle be driven in a building and be made to stand on a grating of wood, and that the water be turned on them from a shower-bath as the men scrubbed the cattle.

Nobody but a woman with ideas of thorough cleansing would have thought of such a scheme for years, perhaps, and thus it was that the first "cow laundry" was erected in this country. It is a great labor-saving device. The building is sixteen feet by twenty-four in dimensions, and of course is one story in height. Two men can wash fifty head of cattle in one day by means of these shower-baths, when by the old way of dousing on water or of using a hose they could handle only fifteen.

The management of such an establishment as this calls for thorough business ability. The sale of the stock requires constant correspondence, and scarcely a day passes but some visitor to whom considerable attention must be paid arrives at the ranch. There have been visitors to the Cross farm from every State in the Union. When purchases are made there is the matter of shipment to be looked after. Occasionally a herd is imported, and this involves an exchange of foreign business and a matter of supervision that usually only a large mercantile house employs in a great city. Then there are the frequent cattle exhibitions and shows that must be attended, and at which exhibitions must be made in order to keep pace with the other live-stock dealers, and attract the attention necessary to make such an establishment as one of these ranches profitable.

The domestic management of such a place requires first of all the ability to select a site fitted to the raising of pure-bred cattle. A sloping territory is best, with a gravel subsoil. This provides good drainage, and comparatively dry land on which the cattle may run. The next thing of importance is skill in feeding the cattle. On the Cross farm a mixture of food is used, the ingredients being varied according to the physical condition of the animals. The next requirement is to know how to care for the animals. This knowledge does not come in a day or a year. It involves a study of veterinary surgery, of hygiene, and of general farming. The successful manager of such a place knows when it will pay to raise food upon his own land, or when to buy it from others. He studies architecture, so far as it relates to the healthful and simple construction of buildings relating to the care of cattle. He plans the interior arrangements of his barns according to the number and temperament of his stock. He economizes in labor and food, and he studies his farm budget as closely as a statesman does a scheme for raising revenues for a commonwealth or a nation. He must insure his buildings as well as his stock. He must be familiar with market quotations, and also with what his rivals in business are doing, as well as know where he can probably place his stock to the best advantage. The salary of a man having such ability is larger than that of most bank cashiers, and calls for an ability that is commensurate only with the management of large mercantile enterprises. It requires labor and thorough supervision from early in the morning until late at night.

The arrangement of the barns is always an important and interesting feature of a ranch like that of Mr. Cross. In the largest barn about one hundred head of cattle are kept. It has patent stalls with fire-escape arrangements. All the stalls can be opened by a lever, and they are so arranged that exits are near at hand. The stalls are ten feet wide, and have self-feeding mangers. This main barn is 54 by 175 feet in dimensions, and attached to it is a shed more than three hundred feet long, where the cattle may stand in severe weather and get air and some exercise. Then there are calving-stables, barns for calves, a hospital, a large bull-barn, and two barns for cows separated from the other cattle for various reasons; a building where feed is prepared, which contains a gasoline engine of twenty-five horse-power, and a machine-shop for sharpening tools and repairing machinery. Dairy methods of the highest approved standards must be adopted, so far as dairying is necessary for the successful development of the cattle. And of not the least importance is the necessity of giving the animals exercise daily. So carefully is this matter studied and practised that every bull on the place is required to take at least four hours of exercise in the open air each day.



A PRIZE HEREFORD COW THAT WON FIRST HONORS IN SIX STATE FAIRS LAST SUMMER.

In looking after the hygiene of such a plant one of the most essential things is to keep the flies away from the stock. Every door and window on the Cross farm has a peculiar screen of wire, to which a sort of home-made trap is attached to catch the flies. Flies seek the light, and taking advantage of this fact, the screens are so arranged that the flies make for them, and in endeavoring to get more light fall into a trap, that doubtless many a housewife in summer-time would like to have in operation near her kitchen. Not less than a peck of flies are caught at the doors and windows of the Cross farm every day in summer. Freedom from worry on the part of the cattle means considerable more meat on their backs and more dollars in the receipts of the plant.

It is the maintenance of such establishments as these that is causing a gradual improvement in our cattle industry in the West, and enabling it to hold its own in the markets of the world. The quality of the meat must not only be improved, but the quality of the cattle themselves must be made higher each year. Cattle must be raised which have more choice meat on their frames than the old-time native cattle of the plains. Some of the breeders prefer to improve the grade of their animals by using short-horn or the Angus breeds, but there is none that does not recognize the necessity of crossing the stock with that of some pure breed, and thus steadily improving the quality of beef in this country. The Cross farm has sold its stock in no less than fourteen of our States. Doubtless other farms of the same importance have a similar story to tell. The cattle industry of the country has undergone many changes in the last ten or fifteen years, but in all the transformations none is of more importance than this method of improving the breeds of the great herds that roam on the range and afterward are fed at feeding-stations preparatory to slaughter for food.

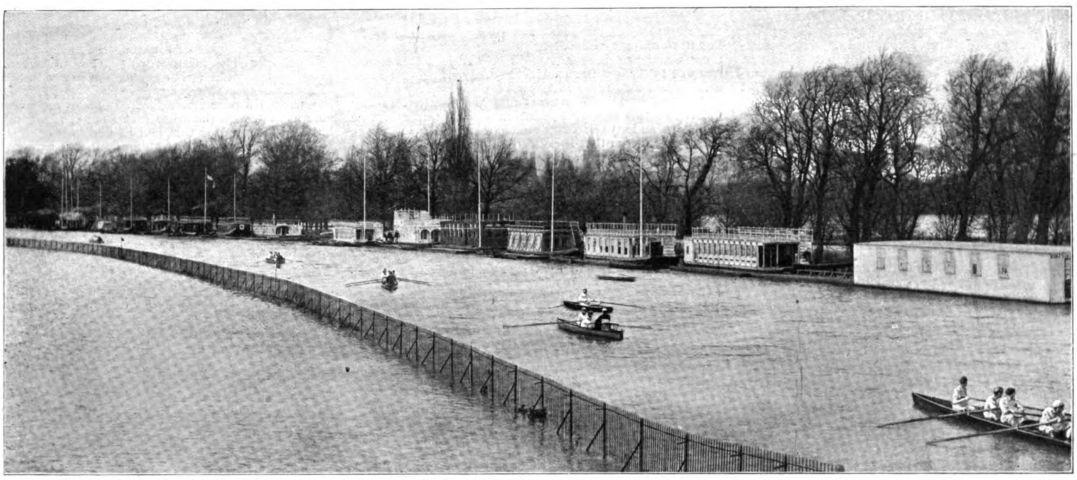


A CORRAL OF HEREFORD COWS AND CALVES.

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TUBBING IN THE NOVEMBER FLOODS—THE TOWING-PATH LIES ALONG THE FENCE.

AMATEUR SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

II.—AS SEEN FROM AN OXFORD TUB.

No sight is more familiar to the American visitor to Oxford than the score of college barges that line the narrow Thames at Christ Church meadow. These, he knows, command the finish of the celebrated bumping races: if he has been at Oxford during Eights' Week he has learned to prize a seat on their roofs. And before Eights' Week is over he comes to understand in a general way that each of them is the home of the boat club of some special college. Yet, to any one interested in boating, the Oxford barges stand for much more than this. They stand for a breadth and depth of aquatic interest undreamed of in America. Each of the barges is a grammar-school of oarsmanship, where a man may learn anything, from what thickness of leather to wear on the heels of his boating-shoes to the rhythm in rowing by which alone an eight can realize its full speed; and from the barges issues a navy of boats and boating-men more than ten times as large as that of an American university. When Mr. Rudolf C. Lehmann arrived at Cambridge to coach the Harvard crew he was lost in admiration of the Charles River and the Back Bay, and in wonder at the absence of boats on it. At either Yale or Harvard it would be easy to give space to both of the fleets that now swarm on the slender Isis and the threadlike Cam. We have water enough—as a Congressman once remarked of our fighting navy—it is only the boats and the men that are lacking. The lesson we have to learn of our English cousins is not so much a matter of reach and swing, outrigger and blades, as a generous and wholesome interest in boating for the sake of the boat and of the water; and it is less apparent in an Oxford 'varsity eight than in the humblest tub of the humblest college.

I.

The first suggestion that I should go out to be tubbed came from the gray-bearded dean of my college, who happened at the time to be taking me to the Master for formal presentation. I told him that I had tried for my class crew at Harvard, and that three days on the water had convinced the coaches that I was useless. He fell a pace behind, looked at my back and shoulders, and said that I might at least try. As this was his only advice, I did not forget it; and when my tutor, before advising me as to my studies, also urged me to row, I gave the matter serious thought. I found subsequently that every afternoon, between luncheon and tea, the college was virtually deserted for field, track, and river; and it dawned upon me that unless I joined the general exodus I should become a hermit. Still, my earlier unhappy experience in rowing was full in mind, and I set out for the barge humble in spirit, and prepared to be cursed roundly for three days, and "kicked out," or, as they say in Oxford, "given the hoof," on the fourth.

Once in sight of the Isis, however, all unhappy thoughts faded in the beauty of the landscape. At New Haven the first impression an oarsman gets is said to be an odor so unwelcome that it is not to be endeared even by four years of the good-fellowship and companionship of a Yale crew. At Harvard the Charles—"Our Charles," as Longfellow spoke of it in a poem to Lowell—too often presents aspects which it would be a sacrilege to dwell upon. What the "royal-towered Thame" and "Camus, reverend sire," may have been in the classic days of English poetry it is perhaps safest not to inquire. Suffice it that to-day they are—and especially the Thames—all that the uninitiated imagine "our Charles." Nowhere does the sun stream more cheerfully through the moist gray English clouds; nowhere is the grass more green, the ivy more luxuriant, and the pollard willows and slender elms and poplars more dense in foliage. And every building, from the thatched farm-cottage at Christ Church meadow to the Norman church at Iffley, is, as it were, more native and more a part of creation than the grass and trees. The English oarsman, it is true, cannot be as conscious of all this as an American visitor. Yet the love of out-doors which has been at work for centuries in beautifying the English landscape is not the least part of the British sporting instinct. Where an American might loiter in contemplation of these woods, fields, and streams, an Englishman shoots, hunts, cricketts, and rows in them.

When you enter the barge on the river you never think of comparing it to the bare, chill boat-houses of the American colleges. On the centre table are volumes of photographs of the crews and races of past years; the latest sporting papers are scattered on chairs and seats; and in one corner is a writing-table, with note-paper stamped "Balliol Barge, Oxford." There is a shelf or two of bound *Punches*, and several shelves of books—*Innocents Abroad* and *Indian Summer*, besides *Three Men in a Boat* and *The Dolly Dialogues*. On the walls are strange and occult charts of the bumping races from the year one—which, if I remember rightly, is 1837. At the far end of the room is a sea-coal fire, above which shines the prow of a shell in which the college twice won the Ladies' Plate at Henley.

The dressing-room of the barge is sacred to the members of the eights, who at the present season are engaged in tubbing the Freshmen in the hope of finding a new oar or two. At the appointed hour they appear, in eights-men blazers if it is fair, or in sou'westers if it is not—and to relate, it usually is not—and each chooses a couple of men and leads them out to the float. Meanwhile, with the rest of the candidates—Freshmen, and others who in past years have failed of a place in the torpids—you lounge on easy-chairs and seats, reading or chatting, until your own turn comes to be tubbed. It is all quiet like a club, except that the men are in full athletic dress.

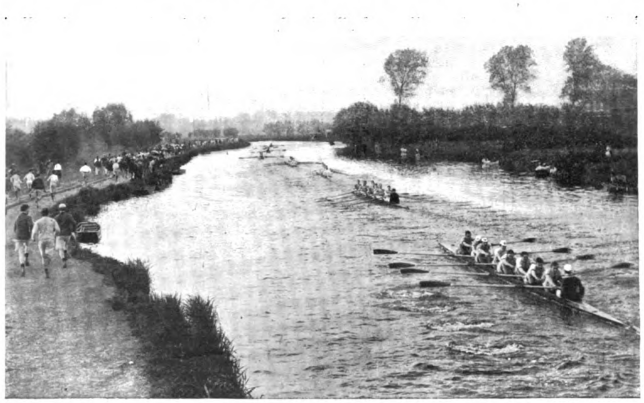
The athletic costume is elaborate, and has been worn for a generation—since top-hats and trousers were abandoned, in fact—in precisely its present form. It consists of a cotton zephyr—which in United States is an undershirt—flannel shorts flapping about the knees, and socks, or in winter Scotch hose gartered about the calves. The sweater, which, in cold weather, is worn on the river, has a deep V neck, supplemented when the oarsman is not in action by a soft woollen scarf. Over all are worn a flannel blazer and cap embroidered with the arms of the college. This uniform, with trifling variations, is used in all sports on field and river, and it is much more necessary, in undergraduate opinion, than the academic cap and gown which the rules of the university require to be worn after dark. I was not a little annoyed to find how thoroughly my American sweaters—of which I had brought over three, relics of athletic days in America—were commented on. I was forced to buy a fourth for the sake of the collarless neck. Yet in the end I did not regret it; and it took me only a few days to see that the apparently elaborate English dress is not only the most sensible in the world, but is the best expression I know of the lazy and familiar way in which an Englishman goes about his sports. Reduced to its lowest terms, it is no more than is required by comfort and decency. With the addition of sweater, scarf, blazer, and cap it is presentable in social conversation—indeed, in the streets of the city. It is in consequence of this that an afternoon in the barge is—except for the two tubbings on the river—so much like one spent in a club.

In America an oarsman wears socks and the briefest possible trunks. If he wears a shirt at all it is quite likely to be a mere ribbon bounding the three enormous apertures through which he thrusts his neck and shoulders. Before going on the river he is likely to shiver, in spite of the collar of his sweater; and after he comes in, his first thought is necessarily of donning street clothes. There is in consequence practically no sociability in rowing until the crews are selected and sent to the training-table. A disciple of Sartor Resartus would be very likely to conclude that until American rowing adapts itself to the English costume it must continue to be—except for the fortunate few—the bare, unkindly sport it has always been.

II.

All this time I have had you seated in an arm-chair beside the sea-coal fire. Now an eightsman comes into the barge with two deep-breathing Freshmen, and nods us to follow him to the boat the three have just quitted. On a chair by the door as we go out to the floats are several pads, consisting of a rubber cloth faced with wool. These are *spongeo piléum*, or so I was told, which in English are known as Pontius Pilates—or Pontiuses, for short. The eightsmen will advise you to take a Pontius to protect your white flannel shorts from the water on the seat; for there is always a shower threatening, unless indeed it is raining. Every one knows, however, including the eightsman, that the wool is no less important a part of the Pontius than the rubber. If it does not actually stand between you and a dinner taken from the mantel, it will at least save you from many painful impressions of the dinner form in hall. There is something to be said in behalf of comfort even in manly sport.

We are already on the river, and pair-oars, fours and eights, are swarming about us. "Come forward," cries our coach. "Ready. Paddle!" And we take our place in the procession of craft that move in one another's wake down the narrow river. Meanwhile the coach talks pleasantly to us from time to time, and in the course of an afternoon we get a pretty good idea of what the English stroke consists in. "You are hurrying, stroke. Count one on the swing, and two as you come forward. One, two, three. That's better." But presently I hit up the stroke again, and, in recollecting myself, vary it so that you are thrown out of time. "Time, bow," comes the word. "Watch stroke's right shoulder. That's better." We paddle on a hundred yards, and then: "Both of you must learn to drop your hands at the finish and shoot them free before your bodies begin to swing forward. There—not too jerkily. Remember, you are not mechanical toys." At this he laughs pleasantly, and adds, "Pardon me, but you see, in a shell any unrhythmical motion jars.... Easy all," comes the word at last, and we rest on our oars,



Balliol.

THE LAST DAY OF THE SUMMER EIGHTS.

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breathing deeply, but not in the least tired. Then follows a more detailed lecture. "Stroke, you handle your oar fairly well, but you must mind your body. Swing backward and forward in one piece from hip to shoulder. Don't bend forward at the beginning; don't fall into yourself at the finish. If you keep your back solid you get the power on in an unbroken line from your heels to your wrists—thus. If you don't keep your back solid the power is put on unevenly, and the stroke is not clean and firm. Your main fault is with your back. When you master that the other faults will correct themselves. It may seem difficult, but it is perfectly simple. Any man can learn to row with practice. Bow, you must learn not to pull with your arms. From your wrists to your shoulders you should use them no more than if they were ropes. Get hold of the water sharply and firmly, and pull the stroke through in one solid piece. Your oar will come into your chest of itself. Instead of finishing as I tell you to, you break at the elbows and pull your body up to meet the oar. That doesn't help the boat along an inch. I venture to say that your arms are quite tired. You oughtn't to be able to feel them. If you hold your body right at the finish the impetus of the boat will swing you forward without your making an effort. Besides all this, every break in the arm is likely to make a break in the even progress of your blade, and make you hoick at the finish. I know all this seems complicated, but it isn't so in the least. All you want to do is to put the power on firmly at the beginning and row the stroke through in one piece, using your legs and keeping your back solid. Any one can do it with practice."

The sun bursts through the pearl-gray clouds, and glows on the dense verdure of grass and trees. "Eyes in the boat," shouts the stern voice of my conscience; but the coach says: "Look, fellows; here's a 'varsity trial eight; watch them and you will see what the stroke is like. Those fellows in red caps belong to the Leander." Their backs are certainly not all flat, and to an American eye the crew presents a ragged appearance as a whole; but a second glance shows that every back swings in one piece from the hips, and that the apparent raggedness is due to the fact that the men on the bow side swing in one line, while those on the stroke side swing in another parallel line. They swing together with absolute rhythm and ease, and the boat is set on an absolutely even keel. Our coach looks them over critically, especially his three collegemates, one of whom at least he hopes will be chosen for the 'varsity eight. No doubt he aimed at a blue himself two years ago, when he came up, but blues are not for every man, even of those who row well and strongly. He



FULL COSTUME OF A BALLIOL EIGHTSMAN.

watches them until they are indistinguishable amid the myriad craft in the distance. "It's jolly fine weather," he concludes, pleasantly, with a familiar glance at the sky, which you are at liberty to follow. "Come forward. Ready—paddle!" We are presently in the barge again with the other fellows. A repetition of this experience, after a half-hour's interim, ends the day's work.

When I tried for my Freshman crew at Harvard I was put with seven other unfortunates into a huge clinker barge, in charge of the Sophomore coxswain. On the first day I was told to mind the angle on my oar. On the second day I was told to keep my eyes in the boat, damn me! On the third day, the Sophomore coxswain wrought himself into a fury, and swore at me for not keeping the proper angle. When I glanced out at my blade he yelled, "Eyes in the boat, damn you!" This upset me so that I forgot thereafter to keep a flat back at the finish of the stroke. When we touched the float he jumped out, looked at my back, brought his boot against it sharply, and told me that there was no use in trying to row unless I could hold a flat back and swing my body between my knees. That night I sat on a dictionary with my feet against the foot-board and tried to follow these injunctions, until my back seemed torn into fillets, but it would not come flat. I never went down to the river again, and it was two years before I summoned courage to try another sport. The bullyragging Sophomore coxswain I came to know very well in later years, and found him as courteous and good-hearted as any man. To this day, if I mention our first meeting, he looks shy, and says he doesn't remember it. Yet so strange a thing is custom that if he were to coach another Freshman eight, I do not feel sure that he would vary the programme.

In order that no injustice should creep into these memoirs, I have referred this passage to the ex-coach in question. He wishes it stated that the flat back is a discarded fetich in Harvard boating circles, that even before the advent of Mr. Lehmann cursing and kicking were largely abandoned; and, moreover, that the Freshman crew which he helped to curse and kick into shape was one of the very few that won the race for which they were training. This testimony is convincing as to a change of practice, though not wholly so as to a change of heart.

III.

The second tubbing, which is the end of the day's work, is by no means the end of the social side of boating. For an interval we all scatter to our rooms, where the standing-room-only of the flat tin British bath awaits us; but meantime some one of the Freshmen is sure to have asked the rest to tea in his room; or perhaps one of the eightsmen, who dress from lockers in the barge, where they have a sure-enough shower, has asked us to join him later at the common-room of the college. In either case we spend the time until dinner sipping tea, nibbling cakes, smoking cigarettes, and especially in continuing the conversations begun at the barge.

After a few days, when the coaches have learned your name—and they usually do this before you learn theirs, perhaps because they are at liberty to ask—they send you little notes.

Dear Smith,—Come to my rooms to breakfast, if you can, with Mr. Brown and me, on Wednesday, at 8.30.

Yours sincerely, A. Robinson.

You accept at once—unless, indeed, some one else has asked you before; and then you go out to inquire of any available acquaintance whether Brown and Robinson are oarsmen or only two of the dons. If they are oarsmen, you of course find out all about them, and inquire of the porter where their rooms are. When you arrive at breakfast you spend the first quarter of an hour in trying to find out which of the familiar faces before you belongs to Brown and which to Robinson—for introductions are as scarce in England as terrapin. Other Freshmen have, of course, been invited. What with the afternoons at the barge, twilights over tea, and mornings at breakfast, your acquaintance is notably extended and strengthened.

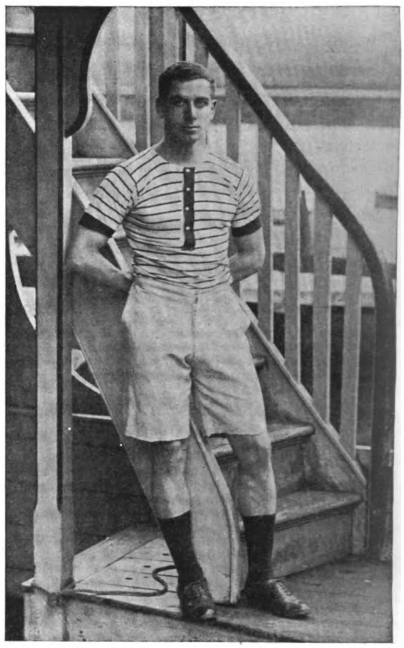
After a fortnight of tubbing in pair-oars, the better candidates are tubbed daily in fours, and the fall races are in the horizon. At the end of another week the boats are finally made up, and the crews settle down to the task of "getting together." Each of the fours has at least one man from the torpid of the previous year to steady it, and is coached from the coxswain's seat by a member of the college eight. Sometimes, if the November floods are not too high, the coach runs or bicycles along the towing-path, where he can see the stroke in profile. If a coach swears at his men there is sure to have been provocation. His favorite figure of speech is sarcasm. At the end of a heart-breaking burst the coach will say, "Now, men, get ready to *row*"; or, while the exhausted crew are killing themselves in a futile effort to put "devil" into the finish, he will shout, "I say, fellows, wake up; *can't you make a difference?*" The remark of one coach is now a tradition—"All but four of you men are rowing badly, and they're rowing damned badly!" This convention of sarcasm is by no means old. One of the notable personages in Eights' Week is a little man who is pointed out to you as the Last of the Swearing Coxswains. *Tempora mutantur.* Perhaps my friend the ex-coxswain is in line for a similar distinction.

When the fours are once settled in their tubs the stroke begins to go much better, and the daily paddle is extended so as to be a real test of strength and endurance for the new men, and for the man from the torpid a brisk practice spin. Even at this stage very few of the new men are "given the hoof"; the patience of the coachers is monumental. And still the teas and breakfasts go on; and as you get better acquainted, the Seniors ask you informally to coffee and port in their rooms after dinner, or perhaps to dinner, with half a dozen others, at the Grid-iron Club.

The tubbing season is brought to an end with a race between the fours. Where there are half a dozen fours in training, two heats of three boats each are rowed the first day, and the finals between the best two crews on the following day. The method of conducting these races is peculiar. As the river is too narrow for the crews to row abreast, they start a definite distance apart, and row to three flags a mile or so up the river, which are exactly as far apart as the boats are at starting. At each of these flags an eightsman is stationed. In the races I saw they flourished huge old-fashioned cavalry pistols, and when the appropriate crew passed the flag, the appropriate man let his pistol off. The crew that is first welcomed with a pistol-shot wins. These races are less exciting than the bumping races; yet they have a picturesque quality of their own, and they settle the question of superiority with much less rowing. The members of the winning four get each a pretty enough prize to remember the race by, and the torpidsman at stroke holds the "Junior fours cup" for the year.

The crowning event of the season of tubbing is a "wine," to which are invited all boating-men in college, and the representative athletes in other sports. In Balliol it is called the "Morrison wine," as the races are called "Morrison fours," in honor of an old Balliol man, a 'varsity oar and coach, who established the fund for the prize. The wine is held in an ancient hall of the fourteenth century. Several of the dons are sure to be present—at least in the earliest stages. Songs are written for the occasion, and speeches are permitted, if they are short enough and loyal enough to the boating interests of the college. Toward midnight the fellows clear away the tables and dance. After this the Morrison wine I saw resolved itself into a "rag in the quad," which was stopped only by daylight and the dean. The most curious thing about this affair is that it is not given, as it would be in America, by the college, or even by the men who have been tubbed. It is given by those who are finally chosen to row in the races.

To my untutored mind the hospitality of English boating seemed a pure generosity. It made me uncomfortable at first, with the sense that I could never repay it; but I soon got over this, and basked in it as in the sun. It would be gratifying to think of it still as a gift from the skies, and I am sure that it is largely a thing of pleasant living and kindly feeling. Yet at the bottom it is no more altruistic than any other human institution. The eightsmen devote their afternoons to coaching you because there are seats to be filled in the torpid and in the eight. They speak decently because they find that in the long-run decency is more effective. They invite you to tea,



STRIPPED FOR ROWING.

to breakfast, and to dinner because success on the river depends on a thorough *esprit de corps* among the boating-men of the college. Finally, the men who row in the races give the wine because they wish to honor the sport in which they have chosen to stake their reputations as athletes. In a word, where in America we row by all that is self-sacrificing and loyal, in England the welfare of boating is made to depend upon its attractiveness as a recreation and a sport. To treat the differences between the two systems in full will require a separate article.

ART.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE; THE DEL NEVO BRONZES.

It is a very great movement to which the Architectural League is supplying the momentum and guidance. We have got beyond the stage in which what was good enough for the fathers is good enough for us, and have reached a point where we are striving to make beautiful our public buildings, city streets, and homes. But with an awakening of taste always comes that insidious fallacy that what is costly must necessarily be beautiful, and that what is big is bound to be grand. It is here that the League has proved its value, striving always as a body to raise the standard of pure taste. The work is not confined to any one of the arts. The architects may begin it, but close behind follow the sculptors and painters, the workers in stained glass, mosaics, fashioning of wood, metal, and other materials, the designers of fabrics and wall-papers, and all the art handicrafts that minister to the growing need for beautiful surroundings. Instead of each solving his problem in seclusion, the artists have united and compelled for themselves attention. Never had a body of men a greater opportunity, or was there a field whiter for harvest. The national pride and determination to have what is best, the enormous wealth, even the competition of trade, and, not least, the necessity on all sides of replacing temporary expedients by permanent structures, produce a combination of possibilities for artists of all kinds that is incalculable.

The League is doing the people's work, and the people appreciate it. This feeling after a better understanding of what is really good is not confined to any particular section of the country. Everywhere the people are moving towards improved taste, blunderingly often and with lamentable misjudgment, but with a steady net result of improvement each year. And at the head of this great moving mass is the Architectural League. Some of us may feel that, notwithstanding its broad and public-spirited policy, this society scarcely yet appreciates the enormous responsibilities which it has assumed, and is only half awake to the opportunities which lie ready to its hand. At the annual dinner—a gathering, by-the-way, attended

"ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS."—By Caspar Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50.

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earnest workers from other cities, for
League is catholic, and knows no limit
State or city — one of the speakers
uck a strong note. He called upon the
ague to abandon its tendency to confine
elf to criticism, and to come out boldly
public questions with a constructive pol-
. He was a layman, and voiced the feel-
, depend upon it, of almost all his fel-
ws. The League must have the courage of
intentions. It is not enough that its light
not hidden under a bushel; it must be set
on high as a beacon. It has taught the
blic to look to it for guidance.

Space will not permit a detailed account
the exhibition, but some points may be
ticed. In the architectural section were
own the competing designs for the New
rk Public Library, and for the new build-
gs of the National Academy of Design and
w York city College; also a few designs
office buildings and hotels and, here and
ere, of churches and banks. But the
rgest display in any one direction was of res-
ences. It was a very gratifying one. With
ry few exceptions, the various designs
ssessed the qualities one looks for, not al-
ays with success, in a home,—asserting the
gnity of the owner without pretentious-
ss, pleasantly diversified and yet not
zarre, and a great many of them had
at homelike suggestion which beautifies a
sidence into a home, and that touch of re-
ement which should be as essential to a
me as to the gentleman who owns it. The
yles exhibited varied between the Elizabe-
an "post and pan," or timber and plaster
brick, with high-pitched roofs and massive
ibles, and the so-called "Colonial style."
he former needs a setting of big-timbered
es, and seems to demand the picturesque
vironment of a straggling village. But of
e beauty and fitness of the Colonial style
ere can be no doubt. Like the American
eople, it embraces what is good from many
urces, and seems capable of endless versa-
lity.

The sculptural exhibit largely consisted of
emorials. It may not be wrong to single
t for special mention the bronze statue of
ahnemann, by C. H. Niehaus, which will
e the central feature of the beautiful me-
orial designed by G. Harder. It is a sitting
gure draped in a gown, with one leg crossed
ver the other, and head resting on the right
and. It makes no sensational appeal, and
et speaks straight to one's emotions, ex-
ressing in unmistakable language of line
nd mass the dignity, bigness of character,
nd tender-heartedness of the famous physi-
ian.

The exhibition of the work of the colorists,
hich included the mural painters and artists
a stained glass and mosaic, made an im-
osing effect, for the room was excellently ar-
anged; but examination showed that the
ccomplishment of the past year and the
romise of this one were not very adequately
epresented. Perhaps the exhibit which at-
racted most attention was that of John and
lancel La Farge, for a mosaic panel to be
laced in a mausoleum. Its distinction con-
ists in its simplicity, which will enable it to
e translated into marble without loss of
alue, and in its superbly audacious coloring.
Deep greens and blues, yellow and crimson
revail. The combination is full of vitality,
nd its color message is clear. From the
omb it will speak for hope and immortality
nore powerfully than many a sermon.

By reason of judicious arrangement greater
rominence was given this year to the subsid-
ary branches of decorative work, the "ap-
lied arts," or "arts and crafts." It is im-
ossible even to enumerate the diversities of
hem; but this improvement in the fashioning
f the common every-day things—partly of
ecessity, partly of ornament, which are es-
ential to every house—shows how the tide of
ood taste is rising. The movement is so
fairly started and fits in so clearly with the
main purpose of the Architectural League,
hat this recognition of it was very commend-
able.

An exhibition of bronzes recently held at the Union League Club, New York city, has furnished proof of the extraordinary success achieved by Signor Angelo del Nevo, of Rome, in making reproductions of ancient statuary and metal-work. He obtains an exact representation not only of the form in its most delicate details, but also of the patine. To secure the former he uses the *cire perdue* process, in which the mould is of wax, which is afterwards melted off, so that the wax is "lost." By this means absolute fidelity to the original form is obtained. The value of his reproduction is, however, incalculably increased by exact imitation of the original patine, that exquisite bloom of color and incrustation, as of lichen, which distinguishes antique bronzes. The incrustation is the effect of weather or more often of the statue's long burial in the soil. But the color, while it may have been refined by the touch of time, was first of all due to the fingers of the old workers, who toned the harsh glitter of the raw bronze by the application of chemicals. The process varied in different localities, so that one may come very near assigning a statue to its original environment by a study of its patine. In the case of the old Etruscan for example, the color is a vivid white-green; in that of Pompeii a duller, less white-green; while the patine of a bronze from Herculaneum is a deep black-green; and that of old Rome a deep gray-green, and polished. In the pursuit of this lost art Signor Angelo has taken fragments undoubtedly belonging to the different schools, melted them, and analyzed their constituent ingredients, and recovered the secrets of the various chemicals. But this was, after all, only a preliminary step. The actual success has been achieved by the minute study of the originals and the patience with which the variations of color in each case are reproduced. It is in this that the artist has superseded the chemist. What has been often done in the case of medals, to palm off upon unsuspicious collectors fakes for originals, has been done by Signor Angelo openly in the cause of art. The majority of the originals are jealously guarded in the museum at Naples, where alone they can be seen, but these reproductions possess the same æsthetic charm and educational value, and should be found in every museum in this country.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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GOLF IN FROST AND SNOW.

In England, and especially in the south, we have enjoyed a mild winter, and golf has been proportionately popular at a time of year when frost and snow generally make it but a vexation of spirit. It is a commonplace that golf may be played at all seasons and under all circumstances. This, as a bare statement, is true, but the implied inference that it can always be enjoyed is by no means beyond dispute. There is really very little enjoyment about it when the ground is so iron-bound with frost that every slightest touch of the mother earth with the driver sends a jar all up your arm, to culminate in the funny-bone; when correct lofting play is a practical impossibility, because the iron or mashie, on the stony ground, cannot find cleavage so as go kindly beneath the ball; and when, even after these impossibilities have been miraculously overcome, and the ball appears to be lofted nicely, the manner of its pitch is entirely beyond calculation, because every lump is as hard as brick, and the ball that pitches on the hither side of a lump comes back towards you, while that which pitches on the further side runs indefinitely far. All this is tiresome; but your discomforts are even magnified when you reach the putting-greens, for here every cast that an enterprising worm has put up in the occasional intervals of thaw is converted into a stony obstacle, making all the short game a matter of pure chance. Of all abnormal conditions under which golf can be played, frost is the only one that tends in favor of the weaker player. All other species of exceptional weather—and it is an American notion that all our British weather is exceptional—works to the comparative advantage of the stronger player. Every condition, frost alone excepted, gives the better player a relatively better chance, because it makes the game more difficult. Virtually wind and rain, making scores larger all round, make the course longer; and the longer the course, the better chance has the better player of giving the statutory odds to the weaker. This is a general way of statement, of which the truth is obvious; and when the conditions are considered in more detail, the advantage on the side of the better golfer becomes only more strongly pronounced. The stronger driver can cope with the wind better, can drive further into its teeth, can control his ball better under its assaults, is conversant with little dodges of putting a little slice on his ball when the wind is from the left, and, conversely, a little pull on the ball when the wind is from the right. With due allowance made to allow the ball to curve round into the proper course, these devices give him a longer shot than is within the compass of the weaker player, whose philosophy probably does not include these niceties. Rain, adding to the general vexatiousness of the game, and making the handles of the clubs so slippery that they threaten to fly from the grip at every stroke, is a less formidable inconvenience to the strong player than to others whose game depends on all circumstances favoring them. He is more clever at taking advantage of the stopping power of the wind in playing an approach stroke boldly up to the hole, and at every turn his greater power and experience enable him to gauge the effects of the wind more nicely, and sometimes to turn actually to his favor an angle of wind that might be a direct injury to one of less ability as a golfer.

In winter we have much wind. This winter we have had our full share of it, but of frost but little. And if wind exaggerates the differences of golfing power, frost, on the contrary, is the universal leveller. It makes all men's driving nearly alike. On frost-bound ground a topped ball will run nearly as far as a well-hit one will run and carry; the weaker player, by hypothesis, more often tops his ball. Everybody's driving is lengthened in the frost, because all balls run very far on the frozen surface, but the difference between the strong and long and the weak and short is far less pronounced than under normal circumstances. Bunkers lose half their terrors, for five balls out of six will run through them, and, when lies are bad all through the green and every little cup is stony, a bunker is not, relatively speaking, such a bad place to be in. Moreover, the floor of the sand bunker will be frozen hard, so that the ball can scarcely lie smothered as when the frost is not in possession of all things. The approaching is all a matter of pure hazard; the best-laid schemes "gang aft agley," and the humble and inartistic run up or "top" up is as good as any finished achievement of golfing science. On the putting-green, in the frost, all men are equal; within certain limits of difference, golfers might as well toss up to determine their relative merits as play a match in the frost. Incidentally the frost makes the game very expensive, for both balls and clubs are apt to split.

Of course the golfer of proper enthusiasm will declare golf even under these discouragements to be a better game than any other under the most favorable auspices—such faith is part and parcel of his amiable lunacy. Thackeray said that no dinners were bad, though some dinners were less good than others. No golf, likewise, can properly be styled bad, but some is undoubtedly better than other, and among the less excellent kinds is the golf that we are sometimes compelled to play in the frost.

But even applying Thackeray's charitable maxim—who, after all, was not a very charitable man—it is difficult to discern much alleviation of the absolute badness of golf in the snow. "With red balls, my dear fellow, of course. Capital game!" says many a droner, who, during the snow, will be very careful never to leave the club fireside. He knows much too well to try, but does not mind recommending it for trial by another. But let that other make the trial, and with "red balls"—what then? In this country the snow seldom freezes very hard; it is the rarest thing in the world to be able to walk over it without sinking in. This would not matter if only it were hard enough to withstand the impact of the ball falling from its flight. But even this very relative degree of hardness is quite uncommon with us, however it may be in America. Of course a deal depends on the angle of the ball's parabola; a ball that is driven low is more likely to go on skating over the surface than one that has been driven high and falls more nearly in the vertical line. For such a ball there is no hope; and generally speaking, the ordinarily struck drive, in the ordinary condition of the snow, descends into it, and there sticks. It is not only that it sticks upon the surface like a sugar-plum on a cake, but it plunges in, so that the ball is entirely lost to sight, and all that can ever lead you to retrieve it is the discovery—by very careful marking, or by the zealous offices of a fore-caddie—of a small hole in the white surface of the snow, down which—at the depth of a foot, maybe—you are able to spy a little speck of red which is your golf-ball. You pull it out, drop and lose one—probably you have made your "own arrangements," as the rule phrases it, for such a probable contingency—then you drive off again, off the snow, and the same process is apt to be repeated. Needless to say that in three cases out of four you do not ever find the ball thus imbedded, so the round, by the time you have finished it—supposing that you survive to the end—is likely to be expensive. The putting-greens, we will suppose—for on any other supposition the game is starkly impossible—will have been swept. There you are beset by no other difficulties than those of the frozen ground, with knobs of hard-caked snow, and often the snowy castings of former golfers' boots—if you have had any predecessors in your folly. After the troubles of the long game the putting will seem tame and simple.

This is a plain unvarnished account of the beauties of the game in the snow. Really it is not worth the playing. Only one important match of which we have any record was played under these conditions—between poor "young Tommy" Morris and Mr. Arthur Molesworth, St. Andrews was the arena; the amateur was receiving a third. Having made the long journey from Westward Ho, the latter was not disposed to await indefinitely—for the snow *can* lie in the east heugh of Fife—the coming of the thaw; and the match was played. But it was a travesty of golf. "Young Tommy" won with some ease. Mr. Molesworth found it impossible to lie on the swept but frozen greens; he would pitch on and run over, or pitch short and never reach them. "Young Tommy" lofted on, and staid there, as if he had a string tied to his ball. But then "young Tommy" was a genius, and could do all kinds of things, humanly speaking impossible, with a club and ball. That is the account of the match given us by an eye-witness, and we believe that it contains the gist of the matter. In any case, it does but support our contention that golf in the snow is a game not worth the playing. If you are a genius like "young Tommy" Morris, and can tie a string to your ball to make it stop, go out and try it; but if not, sit in the arm-chair by the club fireside, and say to others, "Golf in the snow, my dear fellow? Capital game! Red balls, of course. Go out and try it."

Counsel others to try it as much as you please; admire their struggles, if you like, from the club windows; even follow them a hole or two in your snow-boots out on the links; but spare yourself, your temper, your clubs, and your red balls.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

REMEMBRANCE.

UNDER the apple bough,
Love—in a dream of leaves—
Dreamed we of love, then, as now;
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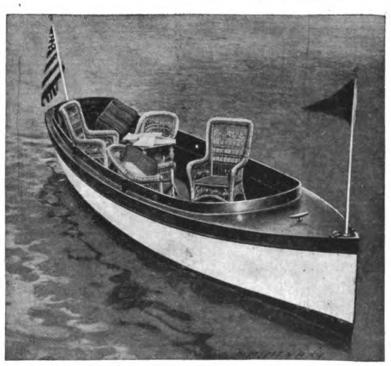


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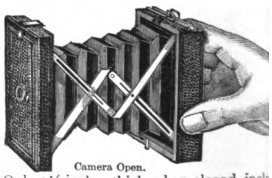
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THE SITUATION IN CUBA.

BY C. E. AKERS.

THE state of affairs to-day in Cuba differs so markedly from that existing a year ago that a short comparison of the two periods is necessary. In February of 1897 the drastic severity characterizing the policy pursued by General Weyler, in his attempt to subdue the insurrection, was at its height. The whole country was devastated in order to deprive the insurgents of the necessary food-supplies and so force them into surrender. In the towns an active campaign was carried on against all those suspected of sympathy with the rebels, and strenuous efforts were made to suppress the revolutionary centres which existed on all sides. To some extent these methods were successful in attaining the purpose intended. The insurgents in the provinces of Matanzas, Havana, and Pinar del Rio were hard pressed, and in some cases reduced to great straits for food. Medicines were difficult to obtain, and the sufferings from fever and other forms of sickness were widespread. The seditious centres in the towns were so far broken up that communication between the rebels and their friends in Havana and elsewhere in the western provinces became extremely dangerous and difficult, and for a time it was almost impossible for the insurgent aiders and abettors to smuggle out medical stores or supplies of any kind to the rebel forces.

The measures adopted by General Weyler ended, however, in defeating their own object. Severity degenerated into brutality, aggressiveness into cruelty, and, finally, the methods employed to prevent the rebels obtaining supplies into a systematic destruction of all property, without distinction, and of a nature entailing what practically amounted to the extermination of the peasant population. A system of such severity as that followed by General Weyler, in the name of Spain, in the Spanish colony of Cuba was not justified by events, and could in any case only have been tolerated if it had been supported by the most strict justice and absolute good faith. The Spanish organization in Cuba was of too corrupt and faulty a character to provide these two essential attributes, and the system itself became such an outrage on civilization that Spain was at length obliged to condemn it as impracticable, and to resort to a totally different order of procedure.

General Blanco was sent to Cuba in November last with instructions to act in the most conciliatory manner towards the Cubans, and to pave the way for the introduction of the measure of self-government which has been in force in the island since the beginning of the present year. The severe methods practised under the administration of General Weyler for a space of twenty months were immediately suspended; the order for the concentration of the country people in the fortified towns was at once abrogated; the wholesale deportations of suspected persons to Spanish penal settlements were no longer resorted to; the customary trial of insurgent prisoners by summary court martial, and their subsequent execution, was abandoned. There is, indeed, little cause for complaint to-day, so far as the treatment of Cubans by the Spanish government is concerned.

The evil effects of the severe measures pursued in 1896–7 remain, however, until now, and it is the difficulty of dealing with this question that is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of a successful outcome to the mission of General Blanco in Cuba. Those measures have left a legacy of hate amongst the insurgents in the field, and a feeling of such intense bitterness amongst the sufferers in the towns, against Spain and everything Spanish, that reconciliation between the contending parties in this fratricidal struggle would appear to be wellnigh impossible.

In one respect General Blanco has undoubtedly completely failed in his office of Governor-General of Cuba. I refer to the fact that no attempt whatever has been made by the authorities to provide relief for the population of the country districts rendered homeless and starving by the circumstances which have occurred during the last two years. The order of General Weyler that the peasants of the country districts should leave their homes and remain inside the lines of fortified towns crowded into these centres more than 600,000 people, the majority of whom were women and children without any adequate means of sustaining life. Some 300,000 of these unfortunates died last year of starvation and sickness, brought on by want and lack of all proper medical attendance. When General Blanco arrived in Cuba he ordered this inhuman law relating to the concentration of the people in the towns to be immediately suspended. This suspension of the law was not enough, and came too late to remedy the evil. These country people had been accustomed to live on their small farms, where sufficient was produced to supply all the necessary articles of food. A few head of cattle, some pigs and poultry, comprised the wealth of the family, and the products from these and the patches of cultivation were taken to the nearest market for sale. When General Blanco suspended the order for a continuation of the concentration in the towns there was nothing left of the farms for these poor creatures to return to. The homesteads had been razed to the ground, the cattle and other live-stock killed or stolen, the land covered over with the dense vegetation of eighteen months' tropical growth. Moreover, nearly all able-bodied males were in the insurrection, or had been killed in virtue of not obeying the order to move to the towns. In the circumstances, it was useless for the surviving women and children to think of returning to the localities they had formerly dwelt in, and they remained in the places they had been driven into by order of the government, where they are now dying from want and misery at the rate of thousands every week.

To give a more exact idea of the fearful mortality amongst the people in the fortified-towns, I may quote the statistics for the city of Santa Clara, with a population of 14,000 inhabitants. For the six years from 1890 to 1895 the total number of deaths was 4072, or at the rate of 678 annually; in 1897, when the concentration order was in force, the total number of deaths was 6981. Santa Clara is a fair example of what has happened in other towns which have been made centres for the country people. Amongst the 300,000 destitute persons still left alive out of the 600,000 originally driven in from the country the rate of mortality is quite as great now as it was last year when the concentration order was in full force.

In the face of this national calamity, the government has taken no steps to provide relief. Anything that has been done to alleviate the distress has been the effort of private charity, or is the result of the appeal made by Mr. Secretary Sherman to the people of the United States to give aid to the starving thousands in Cuba. But private charity, together with the assistance sent from the United States in consequence or Mr. Sherman's appeal, is quite inadequate to cope with the present situation. The government is perfectly aware of the true state of affairs, and yet makes no pretence of helping. The excuse that is given for this attitude is the want of funds to carry out relief works; but a government of any country is never blind to the fact that when a famine occurs its first duty is to endeavor to mitigate the evil at any cost. In the matter of the starving population of Cuba the attitude of the Spanish government has been, and is now, nothing short of a reproach to civilization.

The plea of lack of funds does not absolve the government from the responsibility of confronting the question of help for the destitute population of Cuba. A government that can spend $100,000,000 a year for the maintenance of armed forces in this island is hardly in a position to plead poverty as an excuse not to organize relief for the hundreds of thousands of people dying of want in consequence of the direct acts of that government, and whose only fault is that they happen to be Spanish subjects. The goverament in Madrid and the colonial government in Havana are equally culpable in this matter, and deserving of the most severe censure for their conduct.

There is also another question involved in this unfortunate state of affairs. It is this: Private charity will soon be exhausted in Cuba as a means of providing aid to these poor people, and the sole channel of relief will be the fund raised in the United States in response to the appeal made by Mr. Secretary Sherman. It is hardly possible to expect sufficient resources from this quarter to sustain 300,000 people for an indefinite length of time. And yet if assistance from the United States fails them, the great majority of these 300,000 destitute human beings must die of starvation in the course of the next six or eight months. Are the government and the people of the United States justified in allowing this to happen?

The next point for consideration is as to what prospect there is for the re-establishment of peaceful conditions throughout the island, and the subsequent reconstruction of the industrial and economic life in the country districts. Spain hopes that the measure of self-government put into force on January 1 of this year will succeed in bringing these about. The advocates of this reform state that the concessions therein granted are fully as liberal as those contained in the British North American Act of 1867, by which Canada was consolidated into a constitutional colony, with power to regulate her own local concerns and control absolutely her revenue and expenditure. To a great extent the new constitution of Cuba is a copy of that granted to Canada in 1867, but there are certain important modifications in the act itself, and in the circumstances under which it has been granted, which make any comparison between the conditions of the two colonies practically worthless.

In the first place, the present form of government of Canada was given to that country in time of peace, and was the result of constitutional agitation. It was, furthermore, embodied in the terms proposed by those in favor of a reformed system of administration, and who constituted the sole opposition to the system in vogue previous to 1867. It never occurred to the British government to refuse to make this change, once it became apparent that the majority of Canadians themselves favored such action. In Cuba totally different conditions are found. After nearly three years of armed rebellion, the Cuban insurgents forced such a position upon the Spanish government that a measure of self-government is given in the hope that this may save the colony to Spain. But a fundamental error was made in not first ascertaining from the insurgents what concessions, if any, would be sufficiently acceptable to induce them to lay down their arms. The result of this mistake is that so far the insurgents in the field refuse even to discuss the question of making peace and returning to their houses to live quietly under the form of government now existing. The Cuban sympathizers with the revolt living in the towns raise other objections to the new régime. They say that clause 35 of the new constitution allows far too much latitude to the Madrid government in the matter of fixing the amount to be paid by Cuba for the maintenance of Spanish rights of sovereignty. Certainly this clause is opposed to all the principles of self-government, insomuch as it allows the Spanish Cortes to declare the amount of these charges, and prohibits the Cuban Chambers discussing their budget until this amount be voted. Objection is also made to clause 40, by which preferential duties are allowed to goods of Spanish origin as against those of other countries. This leaves open the door to one of the abuses that has created great discontent for many years past. A third reason for the new system having failed to attract the bulk of the Cubans is that the majority of men appointed to administer the present government have very small influence in the country, and are too pro-Spanish in their feelings to excite confidence.

The greatest obstacle of all is, however, that the Cubans nearly all presuppose bad faith on the part of Spain in her dealings with Cuba, and it is difficult to see how this difficulty is to be overcome—for the present, at all events. In course of time possibly the Cubans might come to believe that Spain is acting honestly; but what is wanted here is peace at once, and not after a lapse of years.

That the insurgents up in arms are quite decided, as matters now stand, not to accept self-government in place of the independence they have been fighting for is clearly demonstrated by the execution of Colonel Ruiz, who went to the rebel camp to try and induce the men under Aranguren to surrender, of Augusto Morales, who went on a similar mission into Pinar del Rio, and of a third emissary sent to Matanzas. Morales was tried and executed on January 28, whilst the execution of the messenger to Matanzas occurred only two weeks ago. The rebels have given notice that any further attempts to induce them to capitulate will be met with in a similar manner.

That the Spanish government does not think that there is any chance of immediate peace is very clearly shown by the fact that re-enforcements of troops are now *en route* to Cuba. In the circumstances, therefore, the conviction is forced on even the most incredulous persons that the conditions prevailing for the past three years must continue for a lengthened period in the future unless some unforeseen accident should occur to precipitate events.

The financial prospect under the new form of government is so unsatisfactory that it can hardly fail to strangle all progress and development, even if peace could be assured. Under one of the additional clauses to the home-rule constitution the public debt of Cuba, including the expenses incurred for past and future military operations, is to be borne by Spain and Cuba in such proportions as may be hereafter determined. The debt before the revolt broke out was $170,000,000 in round figures. Up to the end of 1897 the military operations cost $240,000,000. At the present time the expenditure is between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000 monthly. The total arrears now owing are about $70,000,000. At the close of 1898 the debt will be, therefore, not less than $580,000,000. The total service for interest and sinking-fund can be calculated at $35,000,000. If Spain is content to assume one-half of these obligations there still remains a yearly payment of $17,500,000 to be made by Cuba. The maintenance of the rights of the Spanish crown has to be paid for by the Cuban treasury, and to-day this is costing, as has already been stated, a sum equal to $100,000,000 annually. This cost could of course be very greatly reduced if peace were established on a permanent basis; but as the prospects of peace are more than doubtful at present, this sum of $100,000,000 annually must be allowed in all calculations for the next three years if Cuba remains a Spanish colony. The cost of the administration of the colonial government is estimated at some $15,000,000 yearly, and no doubt can be carried on for that sum if conducted on prudent lines. To meet all this heavy disbursement there is only a colonial revenue of $20,000,000, or thereabouts. Previous to the outbreak of the insurrection the revenue was a little less than $25,000,000; but Cuba was then exporting five times as much produce as is now the case, and some years must necessarily elapse before the trade of the island recovers from its present state of chaos. To sum up the matter briefly, the financial condition for the next three years under the new constitution is this:

Annual charge for service of debt	$17,500,000
Maintenance of the rights of the Spanish crown	100,000,000
Cost of colonial administration	15,000,000
Total annual expenditure	$132,500,000
Total annual revenue	20,000,000
Annual deficit	$112,500,000

At the end of three years the accumulated amount of these deficits will reach $337,500,000—clearly an impossible position to maintain for the colonial exchequer.

If Spain remains with Cuba this sum of $337,500,000 is what she will be called upon to pay between now and 1901 in order to hold her colony. Of course the service of the debt may be allowed to go into default, and the army stationed in Cuba for the maintenance of the rights of the Spanish crown may be kept unpaid for a very long period; but if such a course is taken, it only makes the position of Spain more difficult in the end.

Nor is there any very great chance of the economic condition of the island improving to any marked extent under this system of so-called self-government upheld by an enormous army sent over from Spain. There can be no revival of confidence in Cuba as a field for investment until a permanent peace is established throughout the length and breadth of the country. So long as the insurgents remain up in arms any large inversion of foreign capital into sugar-growing or other agricultural pursuits is not to be expected. Without foreign capital the reconstruction and further development of Cuban industries is practically out of the question. Then, again, a further duration of present conditions means that the working classes will continue to decrease in numbers, on account of those who are killed from time to time whilst fighting in the rebel ranks and those who die of hunger and sickness as the result of having been driven into the towns. This all means a great dearth of laborers in the future, unless the gaps can be quickly filled by immigration from abroad. With the country in the present disturbed state, it is very unlikely that this immigration will take place, and, unfortunately, the new form of government does not give any promise of the immediate restoration of law and order.

The insurrection continues in much the same way as it has done from the time when it first became formidable, in the summer of 1895. It is altogether a guerilla warfare of constant skirmishes and ambuscades, but with no attempt to bring about any general and decisive engagement on the part of the insurgents, and an incapacity to do so on the part of the Spaniards. There is no practical reason why this state of affairs should not continue for years to come, so long as the rebels can obtain supplies of arms and ammunition and Spain find the means to send out troops. The only possible solutions that are at all clearly in view to-day are that Spain may tire of this continual drain on her resources, or that the United States may step in to end the strife.

Before closing this description of the present condition of Cuba, I wish to bear witness to the admirable conduct of all the Spanish officials, both afloat and ashore, on the occasion of the terrible disaster to the United States battleship *Maine*. Many of the rescued men owe their lives to the smart way the boats of the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XII.* were called away to render assistance. From General Blanco downwards every possible sympathy was shown to the survivors of the catastrophe, and the regret expressed was absolutely sincere. Captain Sigsbee and his officers all testify to the consideration and kindness everywhere extended to them after the accident occurred.

HAVANA, *February 26.*

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HAVANA.

March 2, 1898.

THE *Viscaya* steamed slowly into this port last evening at ten minutes past six. Rockets were sent up from all quarters of the town, the reports to echo through the streets, and the smoke drifting away in spoonfuls before the wind. The wharves were lined with an excited and enthusiastic crowd, cheering the great vessel as she swung through the narrows, followed by a horde of the harbor row-boats and small tugs. Night was falling, and soon the rockets trailed tails of fire over grim Morro, and the search-light of the war-vessel picked out the lines of the excited mob of black men and soldiers, women and townsmen, crowded on roofs and wharves. It was "*Viva España! Viva la Marina de Guerra!*" from many throats. And in pitiful and mournful contrast to the stirring sight were the mast and twisted irons of our own *Maine*, in clear sight of the crowd.

It had been rumored that when the *Viscaya* arrived there would be much excitement, and that, inspired with the sight of their formidable man-of-war, Spanish feeling would run high against Americans. At the time of the *Viscaya's* entrance, and at the height of the excitement, I was crossing the harbor in the ferry-boat from La Regla. The boat was crowded, and I stood on the forward deck, packed close by Spanish officers and soldiers and a wharf rabble. We passed close to the *Maine*, and beyond was the *Viscaya;* no word of Americans or of the United States was spoken within my hearing.

New York papers of February 21, 22, and 23 have reached Havana. The tenor of certain Cuban despatches and their misstatement of fact have disgusted the American residents of this port with the methods pursued by these journals. An article to the effect that General Lee had advised American families to leave Cuba before it was too late, and that he himself would leave the island within twenty-four hours, was pure fabrication. There have also been published in the States despatches saying that it was unsafe for Americans to remain in Havana.

These statements are unwarranted and sensational reports, without foundation. There are no signs of hatred or feeling against Americans in this port. We walk the streets alone and at night, apparently in perfect safety, and there is no authentic report that an American has been molested for political reasons. The people of Havana are behaving well in this particular. They are an emotional people, and while there is no question but that they consider us as enemies, who are responsible in a great measure for the Cuban successes, they hold themselves well in check.

They are a people that some occurrence, one perhaps of no great importance to the main issues under consideration, might at any moment inflame to passionate action. The printing of the above-mentioned despatches to New York, for instance, would pave the way to outbursts of ill feeling if these papers were largely read in Havana. But they are not; a few foreigners see them, and certain Cubans and Spaniards who read English, and there their circulation stops. If some Havana paper could publish translations of certain articles that have appeared in the American press, the result upon the people would doubtless be one to be feared; but this they cannot do, even were they inclined, because of the censor.

La Lucha of February 26 contains an admirable article on this matter. With every reason to provocation, this state of affairs is thoroughly and dispassionately reviewed and deplored in courteous language. "Fortunately for Spain and the United States," says *La Lucha*, "this agitation, produced by such mischievous methods, has been leavened, for the present, by the good sense of the government and of the saner mass of the people of that country. We trust that this failure, contrary to all the hopes of those who instigated this pernicious policy, will lead them to be more moderate in the future." *La Lucha* further speaks of the good and quieting effect on the excitement prevailing in the United States of the tact, discretion, and prudence displayed from the beginning by General Lee and Captain Sigsbee.

Captain Sigsbee, all through his most trying and agonizing experiences, treated the many persons with whom he was brought into communication with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and the newspaper correspondents in Havana can only speak well of him and of their treatment at his hands.

The tranquillity of Havana during the last ten days, and the absence of authentic news, would lead a casual observer to doubt the seriousness of the situation. Of course interest centres around the court of inquiry and its findings. Down in the harbor, and slowly settling into the soft mud, is the tangled and twisted mass of metal that was the *Maine*. Anchored close to her until Saturday was the United States light-house-tender *Mangrove*. The court of inquiry, composed of Captain Sampson of the *Iowa*, formerly chief of the Bureau of Ordnance; Captain Chadwick of the *New York*, formerly chief of the Bureau of Equipment; Lieutenant-Commander Potter, executive officer of the *New York;* and Lieutenant-Commander Marix, executive officer of the *Vermont*, who is judge-advocate—lived on board the *Mangrove*, and daily examined witnesses and heard the reports of the divers. This court convened on Monday, February 21, and its work proceeded without break until Saturday, February 26. The court has preserved the utmost secrecy as to its proceedings and the results obtained, and the most strenuous efforts of the newspaper correspondents have not availed to bring to light any reliable information as to what has been ascertained.

The court of inquiry sailed from Havana to Key West on Saturday evening, February 26. If the court has finished its work here, and has arrived at a conclusion as to what caused the destruction of the *Maine*, this fact has not got out in Havana. It seems highly improbable that the examination made by the divers of the *Maine's* hull has been sufficient to determine whether the explosion was internal or external. It is not believed that this could be accomplished in one week. So if the court of inquiry has reached a decision in the matter, it has found the forward magazine intact, or made some discovery other than what could result from a general examination of the hull.

The feeling in Havana toward the board of inquiry is one of confidence in its judgment and fairness; while some of the newspapers assure their readers that the findings of this court will result in proving that the *Maine* was blown up by accident, others ignore the importance of the investigations being made in this harbor, and still print descriptions of the fatal occurrence purporting to come from eye-witnesses.

The naval divers have continued their work during the court's absence. The divers have been hindered in their work by the following conditions: The murkiness of the water, which impairs the power of the electric lamps. They can see but a few feet under water, and the lamp requires the use of one hand, which could be better employed. The bed of slime and soft mud in which the wreck is sunk renders the work difficult, and examination is further impeded by the twisted and distorted mass of iron-work, shattered and torn out of all shape, among which the divers must pass.

Considering these conditions, it seems improbable that the divers, in the time that they have been at work, could have ascertained from the direction taken by twisted and battered plates and armor, by the evidences of that part of the hull shattered beyond all recognition, whether the explosion came from within or without. If a huge building, by reason of faulty construction, crumbled and fell into a mass of unrecognizable ruins, it would be as hard to determine which was the first pillar to fall. If the court of inquiry has come to any conclusion on this matter, this decision would have to be formed from the finding of the forward magazine intact. Divers could have reached this magazine in a week, and if it was found intact, the matter of the blowing up of the *Maine* might be determined.

But there is no light on the matter; at best all is conjecture, and conjecture based on rumor.

If it could be conclusively proved that this harbor of Havana is or is not mined, much would be gained. The court of inquiry has been trying to ascertain this. Just what efforts it has made in this direction it is impossible to say. It has, of course, made no general examination of the harbor bottom. All efforts must have been confined to the immediate vicinity of the wreck, or as far out from it as a diver can proceed along the bottom of the bay without the fact of his having done so being noted by the Spanish authorities, who would undoubtedly interfere in any such action. It would be well to say here that the Spanish authorities have not hindered this work of investigation. There was some discussion when the question of a joint examination was raised, but since the arrival of the court, and its acceptance with confidence and trust by Spain, no obstacles have been put in the way of the naval officers who are conducting the examination.

There is no doubt but that the men of the *Maine* suspected the mining of Havana Harbor before the explosion. The possibility was recognized, and is evidenced by the fact that to Lieutenant Jenkins, who was killed, was given the duty of making an investigation into the matter.

The Spanish, after having asked and obtained from Captain Sigsbee permission for their divers to examine the wreck of the *Maine*, have sent their men down. They began work to-day. They will report the result of their investigation to a Spanish naval committee.

A wrecking-tug of the Merritt-Chapman Company arrived in Havana this morning, March 2. It is said that this boat will assist the *Right Arm*.

Regarding the final report of the court of investigation, conservative men in Havana believe it is very possible that this report will be to the effect that the cause of the explosion is a mystery, that the court has not been able to arrive at a conclusion from the examination it has been possible for it to make, and that the truth of the matter will only be learned when the hull of the battle-ship is raised and clear to the eye. This result of the present work is admitted as very possible by a member of the court of inquiry. But it is manifest that the actual result of this investigation will be kept from the public until the government itself reveals it.

Reports have been published of interviews with naval officers, survivors of the *Maine* and others, in which these gentlemen were reported as being of the opinion that the explosion was from the outside of the war-ship. It should be remembered that an admission to the contrary might be held to imply a negligence of duty and laxity of discipline on board the *Maine*, and that *esprit de corps* and a desire to repudiate the implications would naturally lead these men to favor the evidence of an outside agency.

The reliable reports as to what the divers find are confined to the salvage of property and the recovery of bodies.

The chaplain of the *Maine* has attended to the burial or transshipment of recovered bodies. The remains are in many cases so mutilated and dismembered that it was necessary to convey them to the cemetery in sacks. On the 23d certain passengers of the *City of Washington*, that was moored close to the *Maine* on the night of the explosion, were examined by the court. The *Bache* left this port on the 24th for Dry Tortugas; on board were four of the sailors of the *Maine*, who were well enough to be moved. Since then all of the wounded men have been taken to Key West. While in Havana they received the best of attention.

On February 24 the wrecking-tug *Right Arm* anchored close to the wreck, on the port side aft, and began the work of salvage. Various articles of furniture were recovered, among them Captain Sigsbee's desk containing papers and documents. On the afternoon of the 25th the *Right Arm* began the work of taking out all the remaining bodies.

It was an impossibility to send the bodies of the dead men back to the United States before the zinc coffins were provided for burial. They were horribly dismembered, many were unrecognizable, and the delays incident to obtaining the permission of the health authorities to send the bodies to this country would have prevented the carrying out of any such undertaking.

The Cementério Cristóbal Colon is about four miles west of Havana. It is within a mile of the sea, and lies on the flat land that stretches back from the water's edge. It is the largest and most important of Havana's cemeteries. From the massive stone arch that is the entrance a broad avenue lined with shade trees leads to the church in the centre of the enclosure. Some three hundred yards to the left of this avenue, and midway between the gate and the church, is the plot of ground allotted to the dead of the *Maine*. Partially filled trenches and heaps of red earth are what is seen to-day. The men are buried in separate coffins; the coffins are laid side by side and four deep in each grave.

The city authorities of Havana did all in their power to aid in the burial. Every facility was offered, and they were most efficient in the handling of so many dead. The experiences and necessities of the last two years helped them in this particular. Protestants were buried with Catholics in the same holy field, and this is a rare occurrence and a great concession in Catholic countries. The Bishop's presence at the interment was extraordinary. It is very seldom that the head of the Catholic Church in Cuba goes in person to the cemetery.

The graveyard is a mass of green, tropical verdure, broken by the gleaming white of the many stones and marble columns. From the gate a brown bare plain stretches down to the sea, that is blue and sparkling in the sunlight, and flecked by the white-caps in the afternoon breeze.

None of the sailors of the American vessels recently in this harbor—the *Mangrove*, the *Fern*, and the *Bache*, was allowed shore leave. The ships' business on shore, such as the getting and delivery of mail, has been attended to with despatch by the proper officers, and there has been no conflict or unpleasantness between the American sailors and the people of Havana. Americans walk the streets of this city with perfect freedom and safety.

Every paper in Cuba is censored before publication, and every despatch must be submitted to the censor, to receive the stamp of his approbation, before the telegraph company will transmit it.

Despatches are submitted in the original, accompanied by a Spanish translation. Changes made by the censor in the Spanish must be recorded in the original, and again examined.

All papers coming into the country are examined by the censor. Those containing allusions detrimental to Spain and Spanish proceeding, or anything that the government desires to keep from the eyes of its people, are burned. Many sacks of mail are destroyed every day.

The most important and latest news at this writing of the insurrection is as follows: General Castellanos, with 2400 men and 400 horses, attacked 3000 insurgents who were strongly posted above Camino Real y Cuba, in Puerto Principe province. The fighting lasted from the 18th to the 22d of February, inclusive. The despatch cites five days of successive victory for the Spanish arms.

The insurgents had eighty-seven killed and ninety-four wounded. They lost Colonel Alvaro Rodriguez, Comandante Angel Recio, and other officers. The Spanish captured thirty-four horses, many arms, and goods of war; they had seven men killed, three officers and seventy-three men wounded. This admission of Spanish losses is a very large one, and it should be remembered that this news is censored. It is probably true that there was much hard fighting in Puerto Principe, and that General Castellanos handled his men ably, and prevented a defeat. It has been recommended that he be decorated for his services in this action.

Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, who arrived here on February 26, has been conferring with Mr. Lee, but there is no authentic information as to the nature of his mission here. He breakfasted with Miss Clara Barton, who is in charge of the distribution of the American relief in Cuba, and leaves Havana to-morrow, March 3, for a short trip into the interior. He will go to Matanzas and Pinar del Rio provinces. He says his trip is one of personal investigation only.

The number of correspondents in this city, all under great pressure to get news at any price, has created a demand for rumor that is being supplied by interpreters and others with advantage to themselves. The situation is without news on the principal issue, and so it will necessarily remain until the court of inquiry makes its report.

The disaster to the *Maine* is no longer the main topic of conversation among the people of Havana. Mazzantini, the bull-fighter, now fills the public interest.

HAROLD MARTIN.

WASHINGTON.

March 7, 1898.

POPULAR interest was freshly stirred this morning by the news that Spain had requested the recall of Consul-General Lee from Havana, and that the President had positively refused the request.

When General Lee was in Washington last year he offered to resign, as his very candid utterances had caused some friction between himself and former Secretary Olney, leading almost to his recall. President McKinley, however, urged him to remain at his post, giving him two specific instructions: First—to avoid all unnecessary offence to the Spanish authorities; and second—to be absolutely immovable in resisting any trespass upon the rights of American citizens. Since that visit it is understood here that he has been particularly circumspect in both conduct and speech, and as no proof was forth-coming that he had violated his instructions, the President refused to disturb him. An official despatch from Minister Woodford on the afternoon, however, announced that Spain had withdrawn her request for General Lee's recall on learning of President McKinley's stand.

Another grievance which Spain has laid before our government has to do with the choice of two naval vessels, the unarmored cruiser *Montgomery* and the unarmored gunboat *Nashville*, to carry a cargo of supplies to Matanzas and Sagua for the sick and starving Cuban reconcentrados. Public sentiment at these ports is so strongly in favor of intervention by the United States that Spain is evidently fearful that the arrival of our war-ships, even as light vessels as the two named, and bound on an errand of mercy, may be seized as a pretext for an embarrassing demonstration. As our only available light-house tender, the *Fern*, was engaged in the salvage operations on the *Maine*, it was thought best by the President and the Secretary of the Navy to hold to the original programme.

The same sort of a protest, it may be recalled, was made in the case of the *Maine* when it was first proposed to send her on her visit to Havana, but was withdrawn in an apparently friendly spirit as soon as the administration announced its final resolution. At a late hour this afternoon it was decided to let the *Montgomery* relieve the *Fern*, and to send the *Fern* with all the supplies.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

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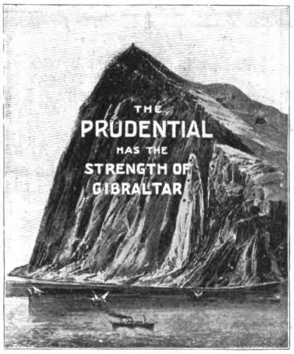
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WE spoke last week of a community in South Carolina which has killed a negro because MR. MCKINLEY had made him postmaster, and we said that the people of such a community were not fit to govern themselves. The same ought to be said of a community in the State of Indiana which some months ago hanged several persons who were suspected of complicity in certain burglaries. The Governor of Indiana and the Attorney-General have done their utmost to bring to justice the persons who are charged with this crime; but the grand juries of this Indiana community refuse to find indictments; and one justice, at least, has refused to hold one of the persons, although the evidence was strong, to await the action of a grand jury. Therefore we beg to extend our remarks about unfitness for self-government to these people of Indiana.

NOW that the LOUD bill has failed to pass the House of Representatives, another question presents itself for the consideration of those who are interested in putting the postal service upon a proper business footing. It is said by those who have studied the subject that the amount paid to the railroads for postal service is exorbitant, and that it might be cut in two to the saving of nearly $15,000,000 a year. The WEEKLY has supported the LOUD bill not only for the economic reforms that would be worked by its adoption, but because the privileges of the postal laws are used for the pecuniary profit of those who are not entitled to the government's favors. It is understood that the LOUD bill was defeated largely because of the argument that the real waste in the service is in this matter of railroad charges, which, we understand, have only been changed twice since 1873, once by a reduction of ten per cent., and again by a reduction of five per cent. In view of the enormous lowering of freight rates and passenger rates, it would seem that the maintenance of nearly the rate of twenty years ago for postal service needed explanation.

IN another part of this issue of the WEEKLY will be found a very admirable argument in favor of the navy *personnel* bill, which we believe, on account of his connection with the board which drew it up, is called the ROOSEVELT bill. It is, we understand, the most radical reform that can be passed through Congress, but it is not radical enough. However, what the navy needs is a chance for the promotion of able and younger officers of the line. If we are to have a navy it ought to be effective, and in order to be effective we ought to have young rear-admirals. The present method of promotion by seniority is helpful to weakness rather than to strength. Many officers reach high command grades at an age too advanced for efficiency and for the assumption of great responsibilities, while others are promoted to command who never have been fit for it, and who receive the promotion simply because they have lived to reach, in the course of time, the opportunity afforded by a death or retirement. We commend the article to which we have referred to the careful perusal of all who are interested in the navy, which, we take it, includes all intelligent Americans.

THE reason for the suggestion by the Spanish government of the recall of Consul-General LEE from Havana was not divulged, but it was an unwise request for the Spanish government to make, and it was eminently proper for President MCKINLEY to refuse to consider it. If the Spanish government wishes to avoid war, it will not do anything to exasperate public sentiment in this country. The people of the country believe that Consul-General LEE has "borne himself," as the State Department officially said in speaking of the request for his recall, "throughout this crisis with judgment, fidelity, and courage," and that the President is justified in his "entire satisfaction" with him. Whether there shall be war or not between the two countries depends upon the condition of public feeling here and in Spain, and so far as this country is concerned, the recall of the Consul-General at Havana at the demand or request of Spain would have excited our people, already hot enough, to a point beyond control. The SAGASTA government has thus far been a potent influence for peace, and we trust that it will continue to be so, and that political Spain will continue to give it its confidence. For the same reason that it was wise for Spain not to insist on the recall of General LEE, it was wise for this government to consent to Spain's request that the supplies for the starving in Cuba be not carried in war-ships.

THERE is no reason to believe that Great Britain has offered us an alliance in case of war with Spain, simply because it is not the habit of nations to proceed in that manner. Moreover, if there is to be a war with Spain, we can play our part in it without assistance. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to know that there are members of Parliament who agree with Mr. DUNCOMBE, the Conservative member who asked if the government intended to offer the British fleet to the United States in case of a war between this country and any foreign power. We are glad to feel the touch of kinship, even though we must decline the entangling alliance. Moreover, the true interests of Great Britain and the United States are essentially one in their relations with the rest of the world. To speak of trade alone, our exports of merchandise to Great Britain and her dependencies last year amounted to $603,000,000, nearly 60 per cent. of our whole export trade. But sentiment is even dearer than trade, and while an entangling alliance would be out of the question, the idea suggested by Englishmen that the English-speaking peoples should stand together when any one of them is assailed by a foreign power is one that must strongly appeal to men who are imbued with the noblest instincts of their race, and who believe that it is best that it should continue to dominate the world—best, above all else, for the promotion of its steady and peaceful progress.

IT is believed that there will be, after all, a report from the House Committee on Banking and Currency, and that a currency-reform bill of some kind will be presented to the House of Representatives. We sincerely trust that this is so, because the sound-money men of the country need both organization and a rallying-point. As ex-President CLEVELAND pointed out in a letter the other day, the free-coinage men are arrogantly confident, and the reason for this confidence is that they are organized and at work, as they have been for several years, and as they were for many years before the strenuous campaign of 1896. The friends of sound money ought to have learned a lesson from the preparedness of the silver men at that time, but they do not seem to have done so, and all that the sound-money men can hope for is a commitment of the Republican majority of the House of Representatives to sound-money principles. This will doubtless lead to the nomination of sound-money men for Republican candidates for Congress in the coming campaign, and an active and vigorous campaign, with all the resources of the Republican party against free coinage and its supporters. We sincerely trust that the Republican leaders will thus commit themselves, and that Mr. REED will have the credit of bringing about both a report from the committee and action by the House. To quote again from Mr. CLEVELAND'S admirable letter: "I am so earnest in my desire to see our country blessed with safe money and a suitable financial system that I am of the opinion we ought to give patriotic and consistent support to any plan which insures this result, and which has the elements that promise its successful advocacy."

THE treaty for the annexation of Hawaii is probably defeated, and if this should be the happy result, it would be due entirely to discussion. Before the present session of Congress began, the friends of annexation, and notably Mr. MCKINLEY, were sure that the treaty would be ratified at once. Indeed, the opponents of annexation were treated with the disdain that is essentially due from men of feeling like annexationists and Jingoes towards men who reason and go slow. But there was a hitch in the carrying out of the programme, and first we heard that annexationists lacked three of the necessary two-thirds of the Senate, and then that they lacked five, and now that they lack eight or ten. As discussion of the treaty and of the project has been going on during all this time, we think we are justified in our assertion that discussion has brought it to this happy pass. Discussion has opened the eyes of the people to the folly of the scheme of annexing to this country a distant group of islands, inhabited by a people mainly alien, and for whose government, if they should be annexed, we have no adequate machinery. If the question comes up in the form of a new joint resolution providing for annexation by law instead of by treaty, there is reason to believe that the further and open discussion that will accompany the attempt to pass such a resolution will still further clarify the minds of all of our Congressmen, so that they will see that the American people are sensible and shrewd, and in the end would disapprove of Representatives who voted to thrust such a burden as Hawaii upon their republic. A law to take into its jurisdiction a foreign people, most of whom are unwilling to come, certainly seems foreign to the purpose and nature of a republic.

SHERIFF MARTIN and his deputies have been acquitted of the charges of manslaughter on which they have been on trial for some time. We believe, on the evidence that has been presented to the jury and that is known to the public, that the verdict of not guilty was just, and that Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies are to be honored for resorting to extreme measures in upholding the majesty of the law. Such extreme measures ought to be resorted to very much oftener than they are in this country. The sovereignty of the law is all the sovereignty that we have, and successful assaults upon it make for anarchy. Notwithstanding this, the conduct of some of the daily newspapers in treating of this subject has been shameful. It has been assumed that the officers of the law were guilty of murder; the case has been tried outside of the court-room; the accused were convicted without a particle of evidence; and now that the trial has ended in acquittal, the judge, the jury, and the counsel for the defence are exposed to virulent abuse, including indecent caricature. The extreme limit of criminal defiance of the law and of murderous intent was reached by one newspaper, which cunningly suggested to the miners that they throw a dynamite bomb among the deputies as they sat in the court-room. This one bit of defiance colors the whole attitude of that part of the daily press which made it its business to try and condemn the accused outside of the court-house, and without regard to what was going on inside; and this state of things will continue, and this abuse of the privileges of the press will grow, until the courts determine to do their duty, and to punish for contempt every editor who is guilty of infringing upon the province and jurisdiction of judges and juries.

PREPARATION FOR PEACE.

THERE ought to be no war between Spain and the United States, and unless it can be shown that Spain is criminally responsible for the destruction of the *Maine*, we are sure that the two governments will do their utmost to avoid a conflict. Whether that demonstration be possible or not remains to be seen. Most people who have kept their heads, and permitted their reason to prevail, believe that it will be impossible, and sincere patriots hope that Spain is not guilty. But although there is no real cause for war, it is a blind and ignorant statesman who does not recognize one of the best-known facts of history, and who does not know that most wars have been causeless, and that unreasoning rage and prejudice often drive nations to fighting for nothing, apparently, but the relief of their passions. Therefore we must commend the action of the government in making ready. We accept with a certain feeling of relief the hearty, speedy, and unanimous response of Congress to the request of the President for money, and for additional forces of men and ships. Indeed, every American must rejoice that on the coming of the crisis all parties have united in voting to the Executive the money and the power that may be needed for the national defence, and in trusting the expenditure of the money and the exercise of the power to the discretion and wisdom of the President and his advisers. We rejoice in this exhibition of patriotism, for it proves again, what has been proved more than once, that a democracy is effective whenever it believes itself in danger. Besides, this show of determination, of confidence in the government, of unanimity, and of power, will make for peace. We have heard a good deal said of late concerning the virtue of being prepared for war, but it has come chiefly from those who are willing to talk war, whether the nation is prepared or not. But in the face of difficulties which seem to be thickening, the best preparation for a strong and resourceful nation like the United States is the demonstration of the purpose of all its citizens to subordinate, for the national defence, their politics and their ordinary antipathies and their business interests to the general welfare. In presenting to Spain an un-

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broken front, and in showing to her and to Europe that, if war shall unhappily come, the United States will be ready to bear its part and to exert all its power, a great precaution against war has been taken, and, once more, the country has to be thankful for the wise moderation of the President and of Speaker REED, and for their readiness to act the moment it became evident that the time had arrived to give assurance to the Spanish people that if they make war on the United States they will be obliged to reckon with millions of patriots and millions of money.

There is, as we have said, no reason for war; and if war comes, it is unlikely that it will be formally declared by either government. Each government is doing its best to preserve the peace. So far as the Spanish government is concerned, it has more than once betrayed a deep solicitude to avoid war. SAGASTA and the Queen-Regent know that war is almost impossible for Spain. The bankers of Paris and London, who own her bonds, may advance more money to her to save investments that they have already made, but that does not change the fact that she is bankrupt, and that her drafts upon her men and boys for service in Cuba have wellnigh exhausted her military resources. But the Spanish government is not the Spanish Jingoes any more than our own Jingoes are the MCKINLEY administration. The government will do its best to prevent war, and it has already, on more than one occasion, gone as far as prudence will permit to avoid a conflict. But the time may come when the yielding of a point to the United States will not be possible without bringing on a revolution, and the refusal to yield, or the revolution that may follow surrender, may lead to some overt act on the part of Spain which will make war inevitable.

If war is to come, it is to be hoped that it will come in this way, and not through any act committed by this country. If we are to fight Spain, if we are to be plunged into the horrors of war, with its killings, with its carrion on the field, and its Jingo vultures nesting in the sutlers' tents, may we go into the war like gentlemen and Christians, and not like blathering bullies. We have expressed our opinion of our own Jingoes and their conduct with all the plainness of speech at our command. We know the few who are not mediæval philosophers to be knaves or fools. They have done their best to bring about war, but they have not succeeded in disturbing the admirable equipoise of the President, and there is no reason why they should succeed.

But it is different in Spain. The Spanish people are nearly all Jingoes—at least nearly all who are heard at the present time are Jingoes—and they are ignorant and malicious. They believe in their very hearts what the South professed to believe of the North—before the temper of the North had been tried on Southern battle-fields. They believe that victory will attend the Spanish arms from the moment that war is entered upon, that the Spanish navy is stronger than our own, that Spain has the sympathy of the rest of Europe, and that she will at least have material aid from France. The Spanish newspapers are as violent and as mendacious as our own yellow journals, and much more dangerous, because they appeal to an ignorant people who believe what their screamers tell them, and apparently there is no antidote. There are politicians, too, in Spain who are perfectly willing to plunge their country into deeper trouble if by doing so they can wreck the present monarchy; perhaps they would be content to do so if they might thereby wreck the present ministry. There are officers of the army and navy also, chief among them WEYLER himself, who hold that it is better to give up Cuba at the end of a war, even an unsuccessful war, with a power like the United States, than to surrender to the insurgents. The SAGASTA government is doing its utmost to hold in check Spain's violent, vicious, and degraded populace, for the voice of the moderate and reasonable Spaniard has not been heard very distinctly in the present trouble.

So far as there is any danger of war, it comes from the frenzy of mad Jingoes on both sides of the ocean, acting and reacting upon the peculiar conditions existing in Spain. If war come, except in the unlikely case of the finding of a criminal design in the destruction of the *Maine*, it is likely to follow a hasty and unfortunate blow delivered by a comparatively unimportant person, for whose act, however, Spain will be responsible, or else delivered by the Spanish government to avoid a revolution, or, finally, by the revolutionists themselves, and popular frenzy bears directly upon these possibilities. It is for this reason that it is well that the administration and Congress have united to assure the world, including the Spanish people, that this country will defend itself, and in its defence will make aggressive war with all its vigor and with all the great power and resources at its command. The United States government has done its best to preserve the peace by reasonable conduct, just observation of its international duties, and wise self-restraint. Now, in the face of the possibilities aroused by Jingo cries here, and worse and more vicious Jingoism abroad, it takes one step more for the cause of peace by making ready for war.

NATIONAL HONOR.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE honor of a person, in the general sense of the term, is his moral dignity. To offend or wound a person's honor means to deny or impeach his moral dignity so as to lower it in the estimation of others, and perhaps also in his own self-respect. To forfeit one's honor means to do something, or to permit something to be done, which is incompatible with one's moral dignity. This applies to nations as well as to individuals. What true honor consists in, what constitutes an offence to one's honor, and how the offended honor can or should be vindicated or restored, are questions which in different places and at different times have received different answers, according to the different conventional conceptions of honor or the different states of civilization there and then prevailing.

Whatever divergences of opinion on these points may still exist in this country, no American capable of sober reflection can seriously hold the belief that considerations of national honor would require, or even that its moral dignity would permit, this great republic to swagger about among the nations of the world with a chip on its shoulder, shaking its fist under everybody's nose, and telling the world on every possible occasion that we can "whip" any power that might choose to resent this, and that we would be rather glad of an opportunity for doing so. A private individual taking such an attitude would certainly not be called a gentleman. He would be considered a vulgar bully. If a person of great physical strength, he would be feared by some, esteemed by nobody, and heartily detested as a public nuisance by the whole decent part of the community. A nation playing such a rôle would deserve and meet with the same judgment in the family of civilized nations, and at the same time it would cultivate within itself those forces of evil which are always developed by a perversion of the sense of honor, and the consequent loss of true moral dignity and of genuine self-respect.

Neither would any American having the honor of his country sincerely at heart find it compatible with the true moral dignity of this great republic that the American people should always be nervously on the lookout for something to offend or affront it, and eager to construe as a grievous injury or a deadly insult anything in the slightest degree capable of an unpleasant interpretation, in order to avenge it. He would remember the common experience of private life that the honor of the "hero" of many so-called "affairs of honor," the ever-ready duellist, is apt to be not the genuine article, and that few things are more derogatory to the character of a gentleman than a propensity to pick unnecessary quarrels—that is, quarrels which might honorably be avoided. There is one duty which strong men and strong nations that are imbued with a true sense of honor, will never forget. It is that the strong should scrupulously abstain from abusing their strength when dealing with the weak. Strong men and strong nations conscious of their moral dignity will be slow to take offence. They will, of course, not permit themselves to be injured, or insulted, or trifled with, or balked by anybody at will, or to any length; but they will be especially solicitous to exhaust all peaceable means for the enforcement of their just demands, or for the amicable composition of differences, before their superiority of brute strength is brought into play. They can afford and they should use the greater forbearance, as it cannot be charged either to weakness or timidity.

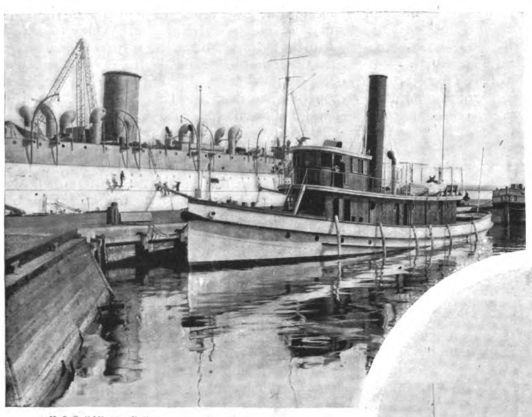
A true sense of national honor will move the American people to keep this well in mind at the present moment. It is not intended to inquire here what our grievance against Spain may be. Let us assume it to be very grave. What will then be the situation? This republic is very strong. Spain is, in comparison, very weak. We have a population of nearly 75,000,000. Spain has 18,000,000. We are immensely rich in ready means and still undeveloped resources. Spain is poor, with a heavy debt and impaired credit. Although Spain might annoy us much with her fleet at the beginning of hostilities, in case of war, there is no doubt of our ability to defeat her thoroughly in a contest the final result of which depends upon material staying power and the tenacity of the popular spirit. Nobody questions this. Our manifest superiority is so great that there would be little glory in our triumph. Neither are we in the situation of a people whose reputation as to courage, bravery, or patriotism is still to be established. All this is so well known and so universally acknowledged that no forbearance on our part can never by any possibility be misinterpreted as a lack of power or of pluck—or that, in fact, it can appear as anything else than the considerate self-control of conscious strength. "But," we are told, "the 'dons' are insolent. Unless we give them a sound beating, they will say that the Americans are afraid of them!" Well, what of it if they were foolish enough to say or even to think so? Would anybody else believe it? Would it in any manner diminish the power of this republic or lower its moral dignity, its national honor, in the estimation of other nations or in its own? No; if this republic, conscious of its superior strength, seeks to obtain what it considers just and proper, with that generous forbearance which is the finest privilege of the strong when dealing with the weak, and avoids war with sedulous solicitude, until all honest efforts to preserve peace have been exhausted in vain, and thinks of it then only as an extreme exigency and a most unwelcome one, it will serve the national honor, the moral dignity of the nation, infinitely better than by the most grandiloquent bluster or by any unnecessary demonstration that we are strong enough to "whip" anybody whenever we like.

For a just appreciation of the requirements of national honor in the premises it may be useful to look also at the Spanish side of the question. Spain, as the weaker party, will be much more open to the imputation of timidity if she yields on any dubious point. Her proverbial pride may render it therefore especially painful to her to abandon any position she once has held. The impulse to vindicate what she conceives to be her national honor by fighting at any cost to the last extremity for what she had once claimed as her right, or against what she had once denounced as a wrong or an indignity, may therefore be especially potent with her, even though she might herself feel that she could not justly maintain her contentions. But if she were conscious of that, would her national honor demand that she should at least try to uphold those contentions at the cost of more bloody and destructive war? Whatever may be thought of the character of Spanish rule, nobody will say that the Spanish nation needs further proof of its courage or national spirit. Of those qualities at least the tremendous sacrifice of blood and treasure with which Spain has struggled to keep her grasp upon Cuba has given new and ample demonstration. In that respect, therefore, her national honor would not be jeoparded by submission to any fair demands, if such were made upon her on our part.

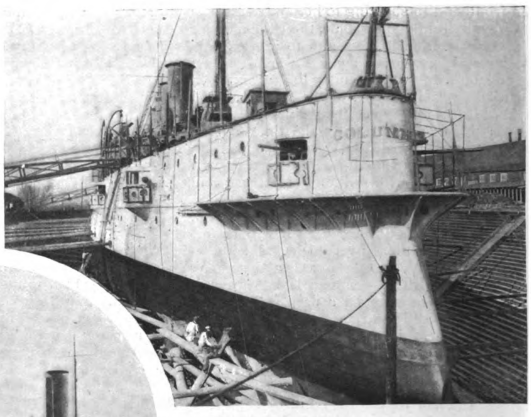
Neither would her national honor, in any sense, suffer by the abandonment of Cuba as soon as she has to admit that her rule over the inhabitants of that island can no longer be maintained. There has been a rumor that the proud Spaniard, when the loss of Cuba becomes certain, will then, for national honor's sake, provoke a war with the United States, so as to preserve at least the appearance of succumbing only to the superior strength of one of the great powers of the world. No misconception of national honor could be more grotesque than the fancy that the moral dignity of a nation can better be saved by punishing one's self with an absolutely useless demonstration of willingness to shed more blood and to squander more wealth and to create more misery, than by a wise and decorous acceptance of the inevitable. It is a monstrous notion, which can have sprung only from some very much overheated brain; but it fairly illustrates the strange confusion of ideas in which national honor figures as something that stands above the dictates of common-sense, as well as of common morality.

We have had much of this wild sort of talk in this country, and we may have more. But there is good reason for hoping that it will not run away with the self-respect of the American people. We may well be proud of the self-contained dignity with which so far President MCKINLEY and his ministers have conducted our foreign affairs amid the excitements of the day; proud of the wellnigh unanimous applause which the calm attitude of those in power has elicited from the citizenship of the country; and proud of the fact that a bill to put the republic in a state of defence could pass both Houses of Congress without hot appeals to warlike passions. This gives us a taste of that sense of national honor which draws its inspiration not from hysterical spasms, but from sober wisdom; not from the brutal wantonness of superior strength, but from the noble resolve to be all the more just and generous, because strong.

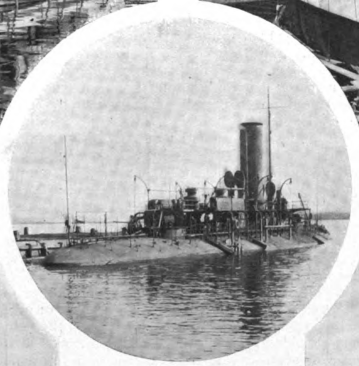
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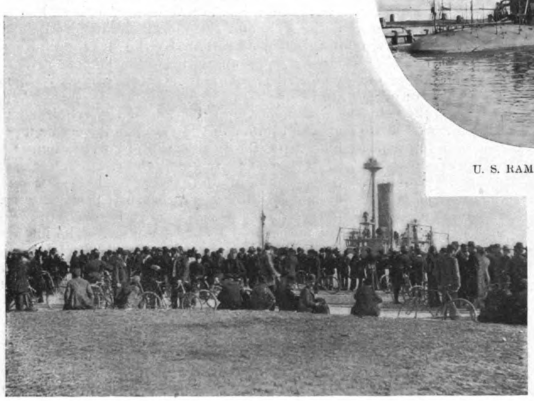
U. S. S. "Minneapolis."
U. S. TUG "SAMOSET," LIEUT. YORKE NOEL, PLACED IN COMMISSION AS A DESPATCH-BOAT.



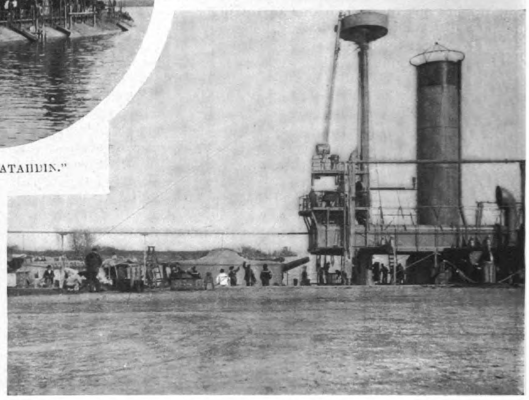
U. S. CRUISER "COLUMBIA," CAPTAIN J. H. SANDS, IN DRY DOCK—STERN VIEW.



U. S. RAM "KATAHDIN."



AN ORDINARY MID-WEEK AFTERNOON CROWD WATCHING THE MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH."



U. S. MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH," CAPTAIN MORTIMER L. JOHNSON.

NAVAL ACTIVITY—FITTING OUT VESSELS FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT THE NAVY-YARD, LEAGUE ISLAND, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 283.]

THE DRAMA.

The Criterion Independent Theatre deserves the gratitude of all lovers of the drama in New York for having had the energy, the wise judgment, and the courage to produce, for the first time in this country, Echegaray's powerful work, "El Gran Galeoto." It seems a pity that the Berkeley Lyceum, instead of one of the regular theatres, should have been chosen for the week's performances; it is probable, however, that none of the regular theatres could have been secured. Certainly "El Gran Galeoto," even in the admirably condensed, coherent, and altogether effective English version made by Miss Maude Banks, would not, for several reasons, have been looked upon with favor by the average theatrical manager. In the first place, it appeals strongly to the intelligence—that is, it makes people think. Now to make people think is exactly what the average manager wishes to avoid, for he knows that most people go to the theatre merely to be amused, to be relaxed after the day's cares. Then, too, "El Gran Galeoto" ends unhappily—a disastrous feature, according to the theatrical manager. Most shocking of all, the drama is "literary." So it is plain that if the Criterion Independent Theatre did not exist, we could not have hoped to see the great Spanish play on any metropolitan stage. With this fact in mind, it seems rather amusing that the recent performances should have shown "El Gran Galeoto" to be one of the most interesting, vivid, and dramatic plays seen in this country during the past ten years.

For craftsmanship "El Gran Galeoto" might be taken as a model. Throughout the drama there is not a superfluous incident, nor an unnecessary word. On the rise of the curtain the case is presented in a few swift scenes, and swiftly, logically, and inevitably the climax is developed. Here are three honest people living happily together in Madrid—a young wife, a husband considerably older, and a young poet, the son of the husband's old friend. Into their home come two prying relatives, who make their "duty" an excuse for repeating the inevitable slander. The husband repudiates it angrily, and holds out his arms to his wife. The young man insists upon leaving the house. In spite of himself, the husband becomes watchful, suspicious, at last almost crazy with jealousy; but he still tries to convince himself that he believes nothing. When he hears that the youth is about to fight a duel in vindication of his wife's name, he loses all restraint. Such a meeting, he argues, would make his wife love her champion even if she had not loved him before. So he forces his way into the presence of the traducer, insults him, and crosses swords with him at once. He is mortally wounded, and carried into the very apartment were his wife has gone to dissuade the youth from defending her. His suspicion then becomes a conviction, and the drama closes with his death, and with the dishonor of the two young people, who have no recourse but to verify the slander by going away together.

The drama was very strongly presented by a company that included Mr. Eben Plympton as the husband, Miss Maude Banks as the wife, and Mr. John Blair as the young poet. Mr. Plympton acted with fine impetuosity, giving the character exactly the right emphasis. He ought to be seen more often in New York. It was a satisfaction to observe that he has modified his old habit of over-nice enunciation, which used to make some of his performances very irritating. Miss Banks has never done anything in New York to compare with her acting in this Spanish piece; it was natural, effective, and nearly always finished, her only fault being a tendency to become shrill when she meant to be passionate. Mr. Blair made a very strong impression on the audience; his work in his earlier scenes lacked ease and variety, but as the drama developed in intensity he rose to considerable power. On the whole, it was an inspiring presentation of an uncommonly fine play.

Mr. David Bispham's adaptation of a romantic one-act play from the German, with Beethoven as the central figure, was given for the first time in a regular play-house, at the Lyceum Theatre, one afternoon last week. It is very imperfectly constructed, the speeches are clumsy, and the work has a very slight artistic value; nevertheless, it possesses charm, of a dangerously sentimental kind, to be sure, and the representation of the great composer is very interesting. Even if the piece had been less satisfactory than it proved to be, it would have given pleasure to the audience on account of the vigorous acting of Mr. David Bispham—one of those rare opera-singers who are able really to interpret a rôle. Mr. Bispham's make-up was a marvellous imitation of the well-known picture of the master, and his big, sonorous voice lent to his speeches the effect of music. The actor was very successful in depicting Beethoven's profound absorption and melancholy, as well as those outbursts of joy and tenderness at the unexpected appearance of his beloved *Adelaide*. Miss Julie Opp gave a very beautiful impersonation of the title part. In the touching scene of her parting with *Beethoven*, at the close of the drama, she succeeded in expressing a great deal of genuine feeling. Since her first appearance here this winter Miss Opp has considerably gained in authority of bearing and in finish. Mannerisms threatened to be her bane, but these she has already shown a disposition to correct.

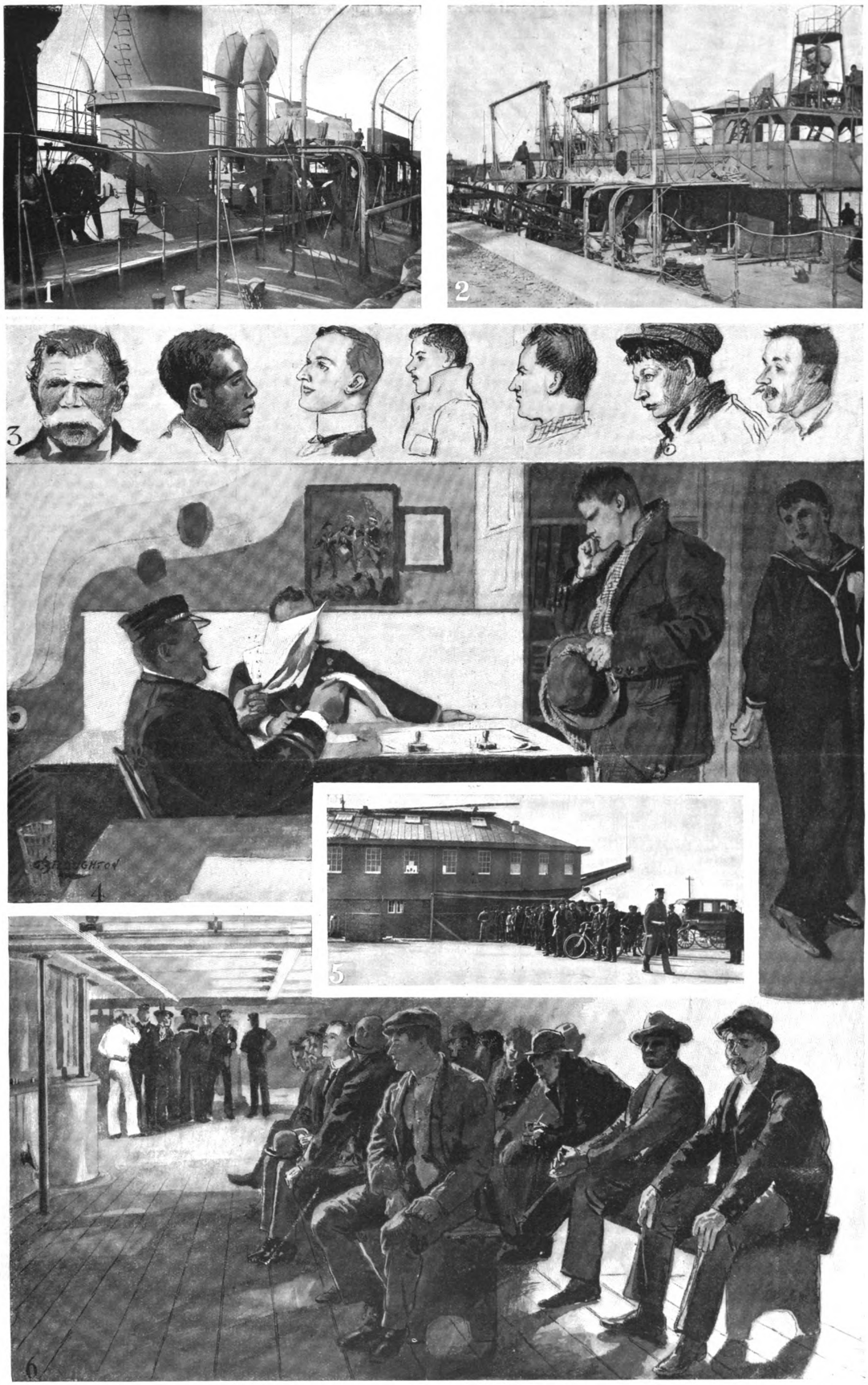
A few weeks ago, when a little play called "Dangerfield '95," by Mildred Dowling, was presented at a benefit in New York, it was received with such favor that Mr. Charles Frohman put it on at Hoyt's Theatre in connection with that dreary farce, "Oh, Susannah!" Its success may be attributed less to its very dubious merits than to the delightful acting of Miss Annie Russell. The representation that it gives of a dissipated young Harvard man, though grossly exaggerated, is perhaps less absurd than the characterization of the suburban Boston girl, who pretends to swear and to become tipsy in order to shock *Dangerfield '95* into reformation. However, audiences like these travesties of human nature, which, to be fair, are in this instance partly atoned for by brightness of dialogue. The piece has done good service in giving Miss Annie Russell a chance of reappearing on the New York stage, where she ought to be regularly employed. Miss Russell is one of the few really fine artists that we have, and she has never displayed her skill more ingeniously than in this foolish curtain-raiser. It is disheartening to think of the material our actors are obliged to exploit. It seems astonishing that any of them should be able to keep close to nature. Mr. Frank Mills, who played with Miss Russell, has never shown a disposition even to approximate nature; he believes he can do better. So he co-operated with the creator of *Dangerfield '95* in making the character ridiculously theatrical.

Actors like Mr. Mills ought to go and see Miss Beatrice Herford, who is now giving some recitals in New York. Miss Herford recites monologues which she has herself written, each being a distinct reproduction of character. She appears on the stage without accessories of any kind, and she relies for her effects wholly on variations of speech and manner. Without the least exaggeration, without the least suggestion of artifice or of a striving for points, she gives absolutely vivid and lifelike, as well as most amusing characterizations. At the Waldorf-Astoria the other day she delivered several of these monologues, in which she impersonated a woman book-agent, several New England types, and the travelling English woman. It was a very unique and remarkable performance, and it illustrated, among other things, how much an impersonator gains by going straight to life for inspiration, instead of perpetuating, as so many of our actors do, the absurd conventions of generations of bad performers.

Miss Elizabeth Robbins, an American actress, born in Kentucky, who has lived for eight years in England, and has been prominently identified with productions in London of plays by Ibsen, is to give next week, at a matinée in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, the first performance in this country of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." If this venture receives sufficient encouragement, Miss Robbins will present a series of Ibsen plays. In London, besides appearing in Ibsen rôles, Miss Robbins's most ambitious work was done in Mr. Tree's production of "Diplomacy," in which she played the part of the *Countess Zicka*.

John D. Barry.

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NAVAL ACTIVITY—FITTING OUT VESSELS AND ENLISTING CREWS FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET. [SEE PAGE 270.]

1. Rushing Work on the U. S. Ram "Katahdin," Commander G. F. F. Wilde, League Island. 2. Calking Decks and preparing Mounts for Rapid-Fire Guns on U. S. Monitor "Miantonomoh," League Island. 3. Types of Applicants for Enlistment, New York Navy-Yard, Brooklyn. 4. Boxing the Compass—a would-be Recruit before the Enlisting Officer, on Board U. S. Receiving-Ship "Vermont," Navy-Yard, Brooklyn. 5. Applicants for Enlistment waiting their Turn, U. S. Receiving-Ship "Richmond," Navy-Yard, League Island. 6. Gun Deck, U. S. Receiving Ship "Richmond."—Applicants for Enlistment waiting to go before the Examining Board.

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HAVANA.

March 9, 1898.

On March 3 three sets of divers were engaged in working on the *Maine*—the Spaniards, the American naval divers, and the divers of the wrecking company.

The Spaniards are performing their work in a desultory way. It is impossible to believe that their examination, as they are pursuing it, can be an effective and proper one. Little interest is felt in their doings, and less in the coming verdict of the committee to whom they will report the result of their work.

Our naval divers are working with a view to a further report to the court of inquiry when it returns to this port.

An occasional body is recovered. But now the bodies are so decomposed as to be unrecognizable. The work of identification and burial has been attended to by the chaplain of the *Maine*. There are at present 164 men buried in Colon Cemetery. The coffin of each man is numbered, and where the dead man has not been identified the chaplain has a description of the body under that number. After five years it will be possible to remove any of the bodies to American soil. As soon as the chaplain can see the descriptions of the enlisted men on file in Washington he believes he will be able to identify many of the men now unknown. It has been ordered that all bodies recovered in future from the wreck be sent to Key West. The *Bache* left Havana March 6, bearing five of the latest recovered bodies to American soil. There remain at this date, March 9, about eighty-five bodies in the wreck.

The wrecking company now have two boats alongside the *Maine*. The *I. J. Merritt*, with a lighter in tow, arrived here on March 2. The company's men are systematically pursuing the work of salvage.

The wrecking-tug *Right Arm* has returned to the United States. She was found to be too light for the work in question. This leaves the *Merritt* and the lighter *Sharp* at present moored to the wreck of the *Maine*.

An ensign of the *New York* came over to Havana to take charge of the American divers working on the *Maine*. In the beginning his duties were such as are befitting an ensign. Then it was discovered that the divers were inclined to talk too freely of important discoveries below-water, and the ensign's duty gradually changed into that of guardian to the tongue of the most communicative diver. This diver in question is an active man, and covers much ground in a day, but he has never been seen, day or night, without the ensign close at his side.

It is a curious fact that some of the men who were asleep on the *Maine* when the explosion occurred, and who were saved, have absolutely no knowledge of what happened. They returned to consciousness on board the *City of Washington* or in hospitals, surprised at not being in their own bunks. So it is a tenable supposition that many of the men who were asleep at the time of the explosion, and who were killed, were utterly unconscious of their death.

Certain members of the Red Cross Society visited the city of Matanzas on March 2. It is to be hoped that this visit will result in some of the American relief being sent to that city, where the suffering is great. There are between eleven and twelve thousand starving people in Matanzas, out of a total population, at the present day, of less than forty thousand; and so far not one pound of the American relief, contributed by the people of our country and consigned to General Lee in Havana, has reached Matanzas. The distribution of this American food has been placed in the hands of the president of the Red Cross Society by General Lee. Now that the members of this society have had ample time to perfect their arrangements of distribution, and that they are not hampered at this day by lack of sufficient food, the work of distribution should advance rapidly, and the heart-rending appeals from Matanzas and Sagua la Grande should receive prompt answers. It is said that they would have their first instalment of food into Matanzas by March 6, and into Sagua la Grande soon after. It would have been far better if this relief had been shipped directly to the seaports, instead of sending it first to Havana, as has been done. Then there would not have been several hundred tons of food idle in the warehouses of this city, while in Matanzas alone the destitution and absolute want were beyond words. If the report from New York, saying that the consignments of food and medicine are to be made directly to Matanzas and Sagua la Grande, be true, it is a good thing, and a sign that we may hope for efficient distribution of this relief in the future.

On March 4 certain Americans paid the first honors to the dead of the *Maine*. A statement was issued as follows:

HAVANA, CUBA, *February 28*, 1898.

AMERICAN CITIZENS AT HAVANA,—The first wreath of flowers placed on the graves of the 260 dead heroes of the battle-ship *Maine*.

May the American citizens continue this each year, and keep sacred their memory.

We all some day will have passed away, but may our country and the memory of these heroes "Live on Forever."

On that afternoon about sixty Americans, including Consul-General Lee, Captain Sigsbee, and Chaplain Chidwick of the *Maine*, drove out to the cemetery Cristóbal Colon. After a short opening address the chaplain made a prayer, and the wreaths were placed reverently on the upturned soil of the mounds.

This occurrence has its interest as being the first public testimony of honor tendered these men in this city. This appeal to the American citizens of Havana will surely be heard by our country at large, and in the future, on the proper date of each year, some befitting ceremony will be observed to keep green the memory of these men.

The court of inquiry returned to Havana from Key West on Saturday, March 5. Work by the court was immediately begun, and the day was devoted to the examination of Ensign Powelson. Ensign Powelson has taken the daily reports of the divers who have been working on the wreck during the court's absence, and his testimony was a résumé of what the divers had accomplished during this time.

When the court left here before for Key West, it was known that the 10-inch magazine had not exploded. The other forward magazine, the 6 inch, did not contain sufficient explosive material to wreck the *Maine* as she was wrecked; on these facts alone, it has been assumed that the court had sufficient evidence of exterior explosion. Therefore there has been much speculation as to why the court returned here. The court will make its examination a most thorough one, and nothing will be neglected by it that may have a bearing on its verdict.

On Saturday morning, March 5, the *Almirante Oquendo* arrived in this port from Spain. The *Almirante Oquendo* is a sister ship to the *Vizcaya*. She was welcomed as was the *Vizcaya* on last Tuesday. The people were enthusiastic, and lined the wharves and house-tops. Now the two sister ships are side by side in the bay.

The political situation here is a complex one. It is closely allied with the politics of Spain, and the solution of many of the questions must be looked for from Madrid.

The Conservative party, the intransigentes, as they are called, are the Spanish residents of Cuba, loyal to the peninsula. They favored Weyler and his methods, and regret his recall. Blanco arrived with the banner of autonomy, but this policy has not met with encouraging success. As evidence of its failure, two recent occurrences are cited.

Between midnight of Thursday, March 3, and midnight of March 4 there were some fourteen political arrests in Havana. The men taken prisoners were Cubans, insurgent sympathizers, some of whom had been expelled from the island by Weyler, and who had returned under the alleged modified rule of Blanco. It is reported on good authority that these men had been urged to use their influence with the insurgents in persuading them to accept autonomy, and that their failures in that direction were, in a measure, accountable for their arrest. Not since the days of Weyler have there been such wholesale arrests of political prisoners in Havana, and this occurrence indicates a return to the days and methods of the late Captain-General. Only these men in question are not to be shot. Their houses were searched, and they themselves taken to Cabañas. Some are to be deported to the Isle of Pines, others will be sent out of the country.

Another significant occurrence of the last week has been the assurance from the palace, which was confirmed from Madrid, that the Havana volunteers were not to be disbanded. The volunteers number, in Havana alone, some eighteen or twenty thousand men, and there are eighty thousand of them throughout the island. They are similiar to our militia, being drawn from the townspeople; but in the volunteers, each man owns his arms, which he keeps in his home. The Havana volunteers form a local guard for the city. They have never been sent into the field against the insurgents, notwithstanding the fact that their presence as a guard to the city has not always been imperative. They are pampered, and they are feared. The government is uneasy as to what course they might take in an emergency, for they are intransigentes, loyal to Weyler, and opposed to autonomy. So when it was said that they were to be disbanded, and that this act was a plank in the autonomistic platform, the colonels of the volunteers met in conclave, and decided to ask for a denial of the rumor. This they promptly received, from Havana and from Madrid. The volunteers promise to be a most disturbing and dangerous element in future events in the city of Havana.

The liberal offer of Spain in the matter of autonomy has been refused by the Cuban leaders of the rebellion. While the Spanish government may be sincere in its offer of autonomy, it is not believed that this applies to the Spanish people.

Bribery has been unsuccessful. In the first place, it is next to impossible to get the proposition of bribery through the lines to the men whom they want to reach. If some Cubans have taken the field with the express purpose of being bought up, that the Spaniards might proclaim the fact from the house-tops, it has no bearing on the statement that the insurgents are not being bought.

It was discovered last week that a box containing jewelry and other dutiable articles has been sent into Havana among the provisions and stores intended for the relief of the reconcentrados, which have come into Cuba free of duty. General Lee and the Red Cross people are entirely ignorant of the matter. It was evidently the intention of the shipper to collect, in some manner, the jewelry in question from the Red Cross Society. Under the circumstances, the trick is contemptible. It can only result in annoyance to those who are attempting to relieve the starving; the custom-house authorities are naturally suspicious of similar attempts, and are now making examinations of certain consignments, with the view of preventing further evasion of their regulations.

Much quinine has been sent from the United States. It has been sent to the reconcentrados in the country. On Friday, March 4, an order was received from the palace forbidding the further shipping of any of this medicine. It was stated, as grounds for the order, that the quinine was getting into the hands of the insurgents. This is a statement worthy of belief; the reconcentrados in the smaller towns could convey the medicine to their rebel friends, or it is possible for the insurgents to raid a town and possess themselves of the drug, now particularly valuable as the rainy season approaches. General Lee has been appealed to in the premises, but it is not a matter on which he feels justified in taking action.

Condensed milk in large quantities has been sent from the United States for the starving masses in Cuba. There is no question but that it is needed in the hospitals and in the country. But it has been distributed in such quantities to the poor in Havana that they sell it, and with the few coppers obtained for a can, buy tobacco or other things more to their taste. The price of condensed milk in the stores has dropped from twenty-two cents to ten and eight cents a can because of these sales. This should not for a moment be taken as an indication that the milk is not needed, but only as an evidence that its distribution is not carefully superintended. This matter has been brought to the notice of our Consul General.

On Sunday the court did not meet officially. In the morning some of Saturday's testimony was reviewed.

On Monday, the 7th, the examination of Ensign Powelson was continued, supplemented by personal examination of two of the divers.

The *Montgomery* arrived at Havana to-day. She will replace the *Fern* in this port. The *Montgomery* will serve as quarters for Captain Sigsbee and other officers of the *Maine* now in Havana. The *Fern* will carry provisions to Matanzas and to Sagua la Grande for the reconcentrados.

A new hospital for children has been opened in Cerro, an immediate suburb of Havana. This hospital is under the direction of the American Red Cross, and its management has been placed in competent and experienced hands. The building is large and well adapted to its purposes, and the situation an excellent one. The wards are scrupulously clean, and besides the Red Cross nurses in attendance, three young Cuban women have volunteered their services. There were thirty-seven inmates of the hospital on the first day, and there are accommodations for over one hundred. A free clinic and dispensary is run in connection with this hospital.

There are reports in Havana that the American papers of last Sunday and Monday contain most sensational stories concerning the safety of American citizens in this city. These reports are entirely unwarranted. The condition and safety of Americans in Havana were referred to in my previous letter, and the facts as then stated remain unchanged. The arrests of the political prisoners on last Friday probably started these rumors.

While it is true that there was some talk of certain newspaper correspondents being sent from the island, no one heeded the stories, which were unfounded, so far as is known at this writing. Reports of this were sent from here to Key West, and then the trouble was done. Key West, that turbid caldron of unfermented lies and exaggerations, seething over with the desire to startle the country and justify countless salaries and hotel bills, magnified the facts as above stated, and sent you reports to its heart's content.

In the harbor of Havana a rather curious arrangement of war-vessels is noticeable. Around the wreck of the *Maine*, outside of the wrecking-tug *Merritt* and the lighters, are grouped the American boats the *Fern*, the *Mangrove*, and the *Montgomery*. The *Bache* is of the number when she is in port. Around this assemblage are the Spanish war-vessels. The *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo* are moored between our boats and the entrance to the port, the *Alfonso XII.* and a Spanish gunboat are close to us on the opposite side. The *Pelayo* is expected soon to join the number.

On board the Spanish boats visitors are admitted daily. Yet this does not interfere in any way with strict discipline and the daily exercising of turrets and machinery. The war-vessels are patrolled all day by their boats and launches, and at night a careful watch is kept at the harbor's mouth, and even some distance outside.

Senator Proctor returned on March 8 from an extended tour to Cienfuegos and Sagua la Grande. He leaves Havana to-day for Key West. HAROLD MARTIN.

WASHINGTON.

March 14, 1898.

ALTHOUGH there have been no new developments in the matter of the *Maine* disaster or in the Cuban situation, the week has been characterized by extraordinary activity in the War and Navy departments, Congress having, by unanimous vote in both Houses, appropriated $50,000,000 for the national defence, to be expended in the discretion of the President, to remain available till January 1, 1899. "Hurry orders" were issued in every direction for work on ships and guns. Recruiting stations were opened in the East for the 1600 men needed for the two new artillery regiments recently authorized, and in the South and West for 2000 seamen for the navy. The naval attachés at all United States legations in Europe were called up by cable for information as to the available ships and munitions of naval warfare which could be purchased of foreign governments and manufacturers; at the same time Commander W. H. Brownson was sent abroad with instructions to inspect everything of this sort offered for sale to us, and report condition, prices, etc., to the Department. The Secretary of the Navy has prepared a list of all the merchant and passenger vessels which could be bought or impressed into the naval service if needed, and finds that these number not less than two hundred. The Secretary of the Treasury announces that not only the $50,000,000 appropriated, but $25,000,000 additional could be spared from the free gold now in the Treasury without inconvenience. The President has been receiving from time to time notes of the evidence brought out by the board of inquiry on the *Maine* disaster, and is expecting the report of the board in a few days. The indications now favor a report that the explosion was caused by some external agency, but without fixing the direct responsibility. Meanwhile the cruiser *Montgomery* has taken the place of the *Maine* at Havana, and been received with every courtesy. The new Spanish minister, Don Luis Polo y Bernabé, has arrived in Washington and presented his credentials to the President, and the late Chargé d'Affaires, Señor du Bosc, has disavowed, in behalf of his government, any desire for the recall of Consul-General Lee. The Consul-General has notified the Department of State that Americans visiting Cuba henceforward would better provide themselves with passports accurately describing themselves, and that these passports are liable to detention twenty-four hours for inspection before their bearers are permitted to leave the island.

None of the "war talk" put forth by imaginative newspaper correspondents in Washington has been encouraged by the administration. The President is still hopeful of avoiding a resort to arms, and to that end is gathering opinions from public men, whether the better course would be to treat the intervention question and the questions raised by the *Maine* disaster separately, or as one. If treated separately, any demand for indemnity which we may make will be disposed of as promptly as possible; and then the reports of our consuls in Cuba, showing that intervention offers the only alternative for charitable relief indefinitely continued, will come up for discussion. If, on the other hand, the questions are to be merged, the President has been urged to represent to Spain that our interference in her affairs is unselfish and solely in the interest of humanity; and that, in order to strip it of any misleading appearance, we are willing to waive all considerations of indemnity, and find our satisfaction in the sense of having brought a bloody and devastating war to an end. The President has both plans under advisement, his one thought being to adopt that which will the more surely make for international peace and good-will. In spite of the supposed popular clamor for war, ninety-eight per cent. of the mail which pours into the White House from all over the country contains admonitions to keep the peace. FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

IT has seemed to some of the gentlemen who are interested in the proposed memorial to the late Marshall Newell, a Harvard athlete, that in a recent allusion to their project in the WEEKLY too much stress was laid on Mr. Newell's distinction as a football-player, and not enough on his personal character and its influence on his contemporaries. They wish it understood that the memorial will stand in memory of a good man, rather than merely in memory of a successful football-player. It may be well to repeat what was said in the paragraph to which exception is taken—that so far as the proposed memorial is inspired simply by affection and respect it is outside of criticism, and considerations as to whether it is due or not are not relevant. Memorials of all sorts which attest the affection of surviving friends for good men whose work is done are common, happily, in all colleges. Such memorials are almost always welcome, and the propriety of them is rarely questioned.

The hearing in Boston, on March 2 and 4, on the bill to make it a misdemeanor to practise any branch of the healing art for hire in Massachusetts without a certificate from the State Board of Registration in Medicine was very lively, and excited an exceptional degree of public interest. The bill seems to have been generally favored by the medical profession, and was opposed by spiritualists, Christian scientists, magnetic healers, druggists, and persons who, though they personally preferred to rely on the ministrations of the educated doctors, were content to let their neighbors seek cures wherever they thought they might find them. The hearing was before the Legislature's Committee on Public Health. The most notable speeches against the measure were made on March 2 by William Lloyd Garrison and Professor William James. Mr. Garrison's plea was simply for liberty. He reminded the committee of the long and bitter fight against homœopathy, and of how that method of cure had finally won recognition and equal rights. "I come," he said, "as a citizen jealous of all infringements of the law of equal freedom."

Professor James, "as a citizen who cares for sound laws and for the advance of medical knowledge," protested against the bill. He spoke of the imperfect and experimental state of all medical knowledge. He intimated that the regular physicians knew their own methods and no others. He doubted if a single doctor who denounced mind-cure methods had taken the trouble to follow up a mind-curer's cases and acquaint himself with the results. Then he said:

"I am a doctor of medicine, and count some of the advocates of this proposed law among my dearest friends, and well do I know how I shall stand in their eyes hereafter for standing to-day in my present position. But I cannot look on passively, and I must urge my point. That point is this: that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not a medical body, has no right to a medical opinion, and should not dare to take sides in a medical controversy. In the particular business of mental healing there can be no doubt that if the proposed law were really enforced it would stamp out and arrest the acquisition of that whole branch of medical experience. The mind-curers and their public return the scorn of the regular profession with an equal scorn, and will never come up for the examinations. Their movement is a religious or quasi-religious movement; personality is one condition of success there, and impressions and intuitions seem to accomplish more than chemical, anatomical, or physiological information. These are the facts, gentlemen. You as legislators are not bound either to affirm or deny them yourselves, or in any way to judge them from a medical point of view, but simply, after ascertaining that thousands of intelligent citizens believe in them, decide whether to legislate or not. Do you feel called on, do you dare, to thrust the coarse machinery of criminal law into these vital mysteries, into these personal relations of doctor and patient, into these infinitely subtle operations of nature, and enact that a whole department of medical investigation (for such it is), together with the special conditions of freedom under which it flourishes, must cease to be? I venture to say that you dare not, gentlemen. You dare not convert the laws of this commonwealth into obstacles to the acquisition of truth. You are not to ask yourselves whether these mind-curers do really achieve the successes that are claimed. It is enough for you as legislators to ascertain that a large number of our citizens, persons as intelligent and well educated as yourselves or I, persons whose number seems daily to increase, are convinced that they do achieve them. Here is a purely medical question, in which our general court, not being a well-spring and source of medical virtue, must remain strictly neutral under penalty of making the confusion worse."

Professor James has thus been quoted at some length because it does not seem probable that the argument against legislative interference with mental healers will be more weightily put than he has put it. The subject is one of considerable current importance, and one in which Professor James—a physician by education and a psychologist by profession—ought to be peculiarly qualified to speak. He has looked into the various methods of mental healing, and thinks he has found in them germs of truth too valuable to be stamped out. Yet he is disinterested. He said in his speech that if one single type of practitioner had to be singled out for license he would vote without hesitation for the Harvard Medical School type, but he found no necessity for such exclusive selection.

There were many other addresses, and at the second hearing some instances were given of Christian-science cures.

On March 7 the committee reported against the bill.

Columbia University has received a gift of New York real estate valued at $1,100,000 for an endowment for its library. The giver is Mr. Joseph F. Loubat, of New York and Paris, who establishes the fund as "The Galliard-Loubat Library Endowment Fund," in memory of his mother and father. The income of this fund will not be immediately available, as it is a condition of the gift that the property shall pay Mr. Loubat an annuity of $60,000 a year during his lifetime; but it assures what will eventually be an ample endowment for a great library.

The Columbia library, housed in the beautiful building given by President Low, already numbers about 250,000 volumes, and promises to be the second best library in New York. Its building, if all of it were used for library purposes, would shelter more than a million books, and has room for a thousand readers; so that for at least one great department of Columbia it may be considered that ample provision has been made.

Mr. Loubat was born in New York in 1831, and was educated chiefly in France. He is a citizen of the world, and spends a large part of his time abroad. He has made other notable gifts, especially to the Catholic Church. Several years ago the Pope conferred on him the title of Duc de Loubat, which is perhaps useful to him in Europe, though he does not wear it at home. He is a member of very many clubs, societies, and associations, learned and social, in America and in Europe.

According to the annual report of the Board of Regents of New York State, Columbia, with 289 teachers, 1921 students, and a property of nearly $18,000,000, is just now the leading university in the State. Cornell is next, and very near, followed by New York and Syracuse universities. In seven years the amount of property owned by colleges and professional and technical schools in this State has increased from $39,045,604 to $77,148,944—that is, it has very nearly doubled. What a prodigious increase! If we don't come, in the lapse of ages, to know as much as the Massachusetts people, it won't be because the rich people of this State are niggardly in their disbursements for secondary education.

Primary education and public instruction generally in Greater New York was promoted on March 7 by the election of Dr. Andrew Sloan Draper as Central Superintendent of Schools for New York city. Dr. Draper is president of the University of Illinois, and it is confidently asserted that he will stay where he is, and will decline the new appointment. In that case the office seems likely to go to Dr. Maxwell of Brooklyn, another admirable and highly competent educator. From 1886 to 1897 Dr. Draper was Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State, and filled the office with conspicuous ability. It seems to be the sentiment of the Board of Education that he belongs to this State, and should be brought back here if it is in any way possible.

Strange experiences fall to the lot of the adjective "colored." We are used to speaking of negroes as colored people. That usage commends itself to polite people as euphemistical, but the derivatives of it as passing queer. "For a Colored Reformatory," is the head-line of a recent paragraph in a Boston paper, from which it appeared that the Negro Reformatory Association at Richmond, Virginia, wants funds (for what, by-the-way, seems a good purpose). What is a negro reformatory in Richmond becomes, apparently, a colored reformatory when it reaches Boston.

In the hearing of the present paragrapher some one recently accused Joel Chandler Harris of writing "colored dialect," and that happened not in Boston at all, but in New York. No doubt there is a "colored press," the friends and owners of which would resent the supposition of uninformed persons that perhaps it was "yellow." The truth is that the immense increase in the scope and descriptive force of "yellow" has made "colored" rather too ambiguous a word for miscellaneous use.

The six causes of poverty, as defined in a recent lecture by Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, are refusal to work, lack of employment, struggle to rise, unequal distribution of accident, wrong public policy, and sentimental charity. Any reader whose income is inadequate is invited to consider this list and determine which cause fits his own case.

Complaint has been made that in a recent paragraph in this department of the WEEKLY, which dwelt upon the influence of the do-everything Hoe press on modern journalism, no mention was made of the analogous influences of the linotype machine and of the cheapening of paper. Of course all these innovations tend to the same result and share a divided responsibility. The facilities and processes for getting news and publishing it have been enormously improved and cheapened, but the art of speaking the truth is just as difficult as it ever was, and it is no easier than it used to be to form sound opinions and put them into fit words. There is a lack of moral earnestness and personal responsibility about contemporary newspaper-makers which almost warrants regret for the good old conscientious times when William C. Bryant, of the *Evening Post*, met William L. Stone, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, on the street at eight o'clock in the morning, and beat him about the head with a cowhide whip. That was a fervent and strenuous editorial difference, and it was interesting, as was that other encounter in Wall Street between James Gordon Bennett and James Watson Webb. Nowadays, such are the improvements in journalism, editorial differences have lost all their snap and are dreary affairs. There is no more cowhide, no more personal collisions. It is all done by machinery—by the familiar process which includes the stenographer, the type-writer, the linotype machine, and the multiplex Hoe press—and the only discernible result is that great expanses of cheap paper are covered with cheap reading.

A Boston architect, Mr. Longfellow, has won a prize of $1000 for the best design for an elevated-railroad station. It will be interesting to observe what progress Boston can make towards making an elevated railroad a thing of beauty. No doubt if the New York elevated were to be built over again its appearance would be ameliorated, for we certainly do things of that sort better now than thirty years ago. About our elevated railroad as it is there are unnecessary disfigurements, some of which are so queer and so conspicuous as to have a certain comic value. Consider, for example, the terminus of the Sixth Avenue road at Fifty-ninth Street. The elevated tracks project about thirty feet beyond the house-line of Fifty-ninth Street, and are crowned at their extremity by a tool-shed of the simplest design, constructed at a total cost of perhaps $42. That shed occupies, year after year, the most conspicuous site on that street. One may overlook the Navarro flats or the new athletic club building, but the simple and enduring tool-shed of the Sixth Avenue elevated, defying oversight, stands out like a monument to Russell Sage.

Chile has three war-ships in course of construction in England, and the Chilian representative in London is quoted as saying that he has had recent offers for them from six different powers. The briskness of this demand suggests that there might be economy and profit in keeping war-ships for hire. The demand for a large number of war-ships by a modern nation is analogous to the demand for a large number of carriages by a modern family. Occasionally a family has a funeral, or a wedding, and has temporary use for a lot of carriages, just as occasionally a nation has a war scare and wants all the floating iron in sight. But of course, if the average family attempted to maintain all the time carriages enough for its use at funerals, it would suffer great inconvenience from the expense of such a precaution. The cost of maintaining a huge stableful of war-ships is correspondingly inconvenient for nations. As livery-stables meet the extraordinary demand for communities for carriages, so should be met the extraordinary demands of the world for war-ships. All families don't have funerals on the same day, so all nations do not, as a rule, have fights on hand at the same time. As it is possible for a family to engage a lot of carriages for a certain date, so it should be possible for a nation to engage by cable as many war-ships as it thinks it will need for a given trouble. Of course there are inconveniences and objections to this plan, but there are huge inconveniences and terrible objections to the present plan. If a syndicate of capitalists should go into the business of keeping war-ships for hire, it seems likely that there would be a great profit in it. Of course the stock would lie idle a good deal of the time, but when the demand did arise there would be a fine chance for extortion. The property, on the whole, would be pretty safe property. The percentage of loss in war-ships for the last thirty years has been low. A few were damaged in the Chinese war, two or three have been accidentally sunk, but the foe that modern war-ships have most reason to fear is old age.

Mr. Gulich's picture, on another page of this week's WEEKLY, of the "White Ball" at Nice tells its own story. People don't go to Nice in search of mortifications of the flesh, and as the place in late winter and early spring abounds in idle folks who need to be amused, it is not surprising that the opportunities of Lent should be only moderately appreciated, and that mid-Lent's offer of a frolic should be somewhat rapturously embraced. The best-known mid-Lent frivolity is the Battle of the Flowers at the Casino, which is followed on the evening of the same day by the *Grande Redoute Blanche*, or White Ball. It is given in the Opera-house, which adjoins the Casino, and forms, with the winter garden, an enormous building. An admission-fee of twenty francs is charged, and no one is let in who is not in a white costume. At midnight silk banners are awarded as prizes for the best costumes. Then the more sedate people go home and the less sedate continue to enjoy themselves.

Sometimes a red ball is given (*redoute rouge*), but that is said to be less pretty, because there are too many conflicting shades of color that pass as red.

A discussion of considerable warmth prevails about the methods of teaching English at present in use at Yale University. At a recent Yale alumni dinner at Worcester, Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain, formerly Governor of South Carolina, discussed the matter with freedom and lucidity. He said that there was only one good teacher of English at Yale, and that that one was more or less in disgrace, and was watched jealously for fear he would make the study of English popular. The teacher whom Mr. Chamberlain is understood to have had in mind is Mr. William L. Phelps, a Yale graduate of the class of 1887, who was connected for several years after graduation with the English department at Harvard. Mr. Phelps, for a time, gave a course at Yale in modern fiction, which was so alarmingly popular that the faculty thought it best that it should be discontinued. Mr. Henry A. Beers, professor of literature at Yale, took vigorous exception to Mr. Chamberlain's criticisms, and replied to them with denials, general and particular, and with some discharge of rhetorical missiles. None of the English professors agrees with Mr. Chamberlain, and even Professor Phelps, whom he commended as the sole efficient instructor in the English department, is unable to approve his findings.

The truth seems to be that the study of English at Yale is in a transition state, and while it has been affected to some extent by the methods which have recently been developed at Harvard, it has not fully adopted the Harvard system, nor shown a present purpose to do so. The study of English at Yale has been largely a study of English literature. The branch of the study of English at Harvard which has had the greatest recent development, and excited the most general interest, has been the study of English composition. Yale seems as yet not inclined to go the lengths that Harvard has gone in teaching lads to write. "We do not believe," says Professor Phelps, "in devoting more time to composition than to literature, because we think that ideas are more important than the expression of them." It might be answered that expression bears a relation to ideas analogous to the relation of digestion to food, and that it is highly important to have both.

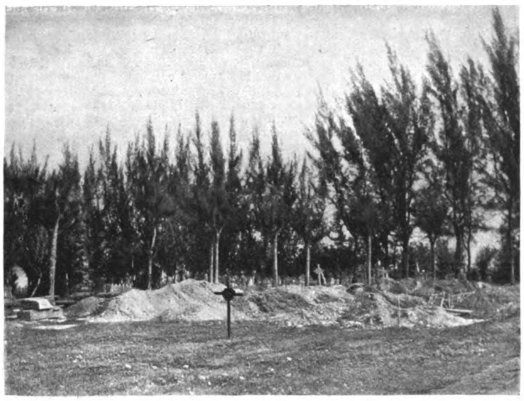
Designs have been completed for three new professorships in English at Yale. Funds for one of them—the Emily Sanford chair—are in hand, and funds for the other two will be forth-coming when the Lampson bequests are available. As yet none of these chairs has been filled.

The British enterprise known as the Egypt Exploration Fund has developed a New York branch, with twenty-five solvent and eminent American gentlemen in its Council, and three in its Committee. The committee-men are Mr. C. D. Warner, Mr. H. M. Wilcox, and the Rev. A. A. Brockway, secretary (2 Bible House). This branch has been started on the strength of a resolution of the London society to share its work and privileges with independent organizations in America, to receive American money for explorations, and allot to the societies sending it a share in antiquities unearthed proportionate to the amount contributed. American subscribers also get the publications of the British society.

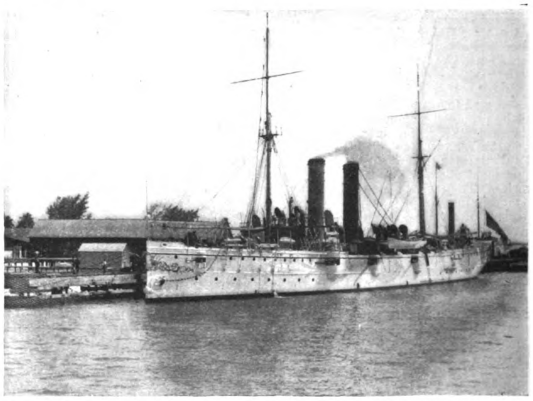
As a diggings Egypt holds out wonderfully. Some of the best loot ever recovered from its soil has been taken out within the last two years. The very latest discovery, reported this month, is the tomb of Osiris. It was found by a French Egyptologist, M. Amelineau. The reports about it are accepted in London as veracious, and it is considered to be not less than ten thousand years old.

E. S. MARTIN.

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GRAVES OF "MAINE" VICTIMS IN THE CEMETERY AT HAVANA.



U. S. S. "MONTGOMERY" COALING AT KEY WEST.



THE DEATH-BOAT—ALWAYS ANCHORED NEAR THE WRECK WITH ITS LOAD OF EMPTY COFFINS.



WRECKING-BOATS AROUND THE "MAINE."



AMERICAN DIVERS AT WORK ON THE WRECKED BATTLE-SHIP.



FIRST WREATH PLACED ON THE GRAVES OF THE AMERICAN SAILORS.
"In Memory of our Dead Heroes—American Citizens mourn their Boys."



GENERAL LEE, CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, AND CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK IN THE CEMENTERIO CRISTOBAL COLON.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—WRECKING OPERATIONS AND CARE OF THE DEAD.
From Photographs by Harold Martin, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 270.]

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HUGO OF THE BROAD AXE.

BUT as for me, sleep I could not. And indeed that is small wonder. For it was the first night I had ever spent out of the Red Tower in my life. I seemed to miss some accompaniment to the act of going to sleep.

It was a long while before I could find out what it was that was disturbing me. At last I discovered that it was the howling of the kennelled blood-hounds that I missed. For at night they always raged and leaped on the barriers with their fore feet, hearing mayhap the moving to and fro of men come up sleeplessly from the streets of the city beneath.

But here, within a long day's march of Thorn, I had come into a new world. Slowly the night passed on. The candle guttered. A draught of air blew fitfully through the corridor in which we lay. It carried the flame of the candle in the opposite direction. I wondered whence it could come, for the air had been still and thick before. Yet I was glad of the stir, for it cooled my temples, and I think that but for one thing I might have slept. And had I fallen on sleep then no one of us might have waked so easily. I heard once or twice the flame of the candle give a smart little "spit," as if a moth or a fat bluebottle had forwarded into it, and fallen spinning to the ground with burnt wings. Yet there were no moths in the chambers, or we should have seen them about the lights at the time of supper. Nevertheless, I heard again the quick light "*plap!*" And presently I saw a pellet fall to the ground, rolling away from the wall almost to the edge of the straw on which I lay.

I reached out a hand for it, and in a trice had it in my fingers. It was soft like mason's putty. "Plop" came another. I was sure now. Some one was shooting at the flame of the candle, with intent to leave us in the dark. Jorian and Boris snored loudly, like tired men-at-arms. I need say no more.

I lay with my head in the shadow, but by moving little by little, with sleepy grunts of dissatisfaction, I brought my face far enough round to see through the straw the window at the far end of the passage, which, as I had discovered upon our first coming, opened out upon the ravine running at right angles to the street by which we had come.

Presently I could see the lattice move noiselessly, and a white face appeared with a boy's blow-gun of pierced bore-tree at its lips.

"Alas!" said I to myself, "that I had these soldiers' skill of the knife-throwing. I would have marked that gentleman." But I had not even a bow—only my sword and dagger. I resolved to begin to learn the practice of pistol and crossbow on the morrow.

"*Plap-scat!*" The aim was good this time. We were in darkness. I listened the barest fragment of a moment. Some one was stealthily entering at the window end.

"Rise, Jorian and Boris!" I cried. "An enemy!"

And leaping up, I ran to relight the candle. By good luck the wick was a sound, honest, thick one, a good housewife's wick—not such as are made to sell and to put in ordinary candles of offertory.

The wick was red, and smoked as I put my hands behind it and blew. "*Twang! twang! hiss! hiss!*" went the arrows and bolts about me, bringing down the clay dust in handfuls from the walls.

"Down on your stomachs—they are shooting crosswise along the passage!" cried Jorian, who had instantly awakened. I longed to follow the advice, for I felt something sharp catch the back of my under-suit of soft leather, in which, for comfort, I had laid me down to sleep. But I *must* get the candle alight. Hurrah! the flame flickered and caught at last. "*Twang! twang!*" went the bows. Something hurtled hotly through my hair—the iron bolt of an arbalest, as I knew by the song of the steel bow in a man's hand at the end of the passage.

"Get into a doorway!" cried Boris, as the light revealed me.

And like a startled rabbit I ran for the nearest—that within which Helene and the Lady Ysolinde were lying asleep. The candle, as I have said, was in a niche, which proved a great mercy for us. For our foes, who had thought to come on us by fraud, could not now shoot it out. Also, in lighting it, in my eagerness to save myself from the hissing arrows behind me, I had pushed it to the very back of the shrine. I had no weapon now but my dagger, for in rising to relight the candle I had carelessly left my sword in the straw. And I felt very useless and foolish as I stood there to wait the assault with only a bit of guardless knife in my hand.

Suddenly, however, there came a diversion.

"Crash!" went a gun. Flame, smoke—much of both—and the stifling smell of sulphur. Jorian had fired at the face of the pop-gun knave. That putty-white countenance had a crimson splash on it ere it vanished. Then came back to us a scream of agony and the sound of a heavy fall outside.

"End of act the first! The Wicked Angels—hum, hum—go to hell!" cried Jorian, cheerily, recharging his pistolet and driving home the wadding as he spoke.

It may well be imagined that during our encounter with the assailants of the candle, whose transverse fire had so nearly finished me, the company out in the great kitchen had not been content to lie snoring on their backs. We could hear them creeping and whispering out there beyond the doors; but till after the shot from the soldier's pistolet they had not dared to show us any overt act of hostility.

Suddenly Jorian, once more facing the door, now that the passage was clear, perceived by the rustling of the straw that it began to open gradually. He waited till in another moment it would have been wide enough to let in a man.

"Back there, dog, or I fire!" he bellowed. And the door was promptly shut to.

After that there came another period of waiting very difficult to put over. I wished with all my heart for a crossbow or any shooting weapon. Much did I reproach myself that I had not learned before, as I might well have done from the men-at-arms about the Wolfsberg, who for my father's sake (or Helene's) would gladly have taught me.

The women folk in the room behind my back were now up and dressed. Indeed, the Lady Ysolinde would have come out and watched with us. But I besought her to abide where she was. Presently, however, Helene put her head without, and seeing me stand by the door with my sword, she asked if I wanted anything. She appeared to have forgotten her unkind good-night tone, and I was not the man to remind her of it.

"Only another weapon, Sweetheart, besides this prick-point small sword!" said I, looking at the thing in my hand, I doubt not, a trifle scornfully.

Helene shut to the door, and for a space I heard no more. Presently, however, she opened it again, and thrust an axe with a long handle through to me. It was the very fellow of the weapon I had used on the pendent calf in the kitchen. I understood at once that it was her apology, and her justification as well. For the Little Playmate was ever a straight lass. She ever did so much more than she promised, and ever said less than her heart meant. Which perhaps is less common than the other way about—especially among women.

"I found it on my incoming, and hid it under the bed," she said.

Then judge ye if I sheathed not my small sword right swiftly, and made the broad axe blade, to the skill of which I was born, whistle through the air. For a mightily strange thing it is that though I had ever a rooted horror at the thought of my father's office itself, and from my childhood never for a moment intended to exercise it, nevertheless I had always the most notable facility for cutting things. Never to this day have I a stick in hand, but when I walk abroad among the ragweed waving yellow on the grassy pastures below the Wolfsberg, I must

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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needs make wagers with myself to cut to an inch at the heads of the tallest and never miss. And this I can do the day by the length, and never grow weary. Then again, for pleasaunce, my father used to put me to the cutting of light wood with an axe, not always laying it upon a block or nag-clog, but sometimes setting the billet upright and making me cut the top off with a horizontal swing of the axe. And in this I became exceedingly expert. And how difficult it is no one knows till he has tried.

So it is small wonder that as soon as I gripped the axe which Helene passed me I felt my own man again.

Then we were silent and listened—and again listened and held our breaths. Now I tell you when enemies are whispering unseen without, rustling like rats in straw, and you wonder where they will break in next, thinking all the while of the woman you love (or do not yet love, but may) in the chamber behind—I tell you a castle is something less difficult to hold at such a time than just one's own breath.

Suddenly I heard a sound in the outer chamber which I knew the meaning of. It was the shifting of horses' feet as they turn in narrow space to leave their stalls. Our good friends were making free with our horses. And if we were not quick about it we should soon see the last of them, and be compelled to traverse the rest of the road to Plassenburg upon our feet.

"Jorian," cried I, "do you hear? They are slipping our horses out of the stalls! Shall you and I make a sortie against them, while Boris with that pistol of his keeps the passage from the wicks of the middle door?"

"Good!" answered Jorian. "Give the word when you are ready."

With the axe in my right hand, the handle of the door in my left, I gave the signal.

"When I say 'Three!' Jorian."

"Good!" said Jorian.

Clatter went the horses' hoofs as they were led towards the door.

"One! Two! Three!" I counted, softly but clearly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SORTIE.

THE door was open, and the next I mind was my axe whirling about my head, and Jorian rushing out of the other door a step ahead of me, with his broadsword in his hand. I cannot tell much about the fight. I never could all my days. And I wot well that those who can relate such long particulars of tales of fighting are those who stood at a distance and labored manfully at the looking on—not of them that were close in, and felt the hot breaths and saw the death-gleam in fierce desperate eyes, close as the eyes of lovers when they embrace. Ah, Brothers of the Sword, these things cannot be told. Yet, of a surety, there is heady delight in the fray itself. And so I found. For I struck and warded not, that being scarce necessary. Because an axe is an uncanny weapon to use, but still harder to stand against when well used. And I drove the rabble before me—the men of them, I mean. I felt my terrible weapon stopped now and then—now stopped softly, now suddenly, according to that which I struck against. And all the while the kitchen of the inn resounded with yells and threatenings, with oaths and cursings.

But Jorian and I drove them steadily back, though they came at us again and again, with spits, iron hooks, and all manner of curious weapons. From out of the corners we saw the gleaming watchful eyes of a dark huddle of women and children. Presently the clamorous rabble turned tail suddenly, and poured through the door out upon the pathway, quicker than spring water through a tide-race in the fulness of the ebb.

And, lo! in a moment the room was sucked empty, save only for the huddled women in the corners, who cried and suckled their children to keep them still. And some of the wounded with the axe and the sword crawled to them to have their ghastly wounds bound. For an axe makes ugly work at the best of times, and still worse on the edges of such a pagan fight as we three had just fought.

So we went back victorious to our inner doors.

Then Jorian looked at Boris and nodded across at me.

"Good!" was all that he said. But the single word made me happier than many encomiums.

In spite of all, we were no nearer to getting away that I could see. For there was still all that long, desperate traverse of the defile before we could guide our horses to firm ground again. But while I was thinking bitterly of my first night's sleep (save the mark!) away from the Red Tower, I heard something I knew not the meaning of—the beginning of a new attack, as I judged.

It sounded like a scraping and a crumbling somewhere above.

"God help us now, Jorian!" I cried; "they are coming upon us every way. I can hear them stripping off the roof-tile overhead—if such rabbit-warrens as this have Christian roofs!"

Boris sat down with his back against the earthen wall and trained his pistol upwards, ready to shoot whatever should appear. Presently fragments of earth and hardened clay began to drop on the hard floor of the corridor. I heard the soft hiss of the man-at-arms blowing up his match. And I waited for the crash and the little heap of flame from the touch.

Suddenly a foot, larger than that of mortal, plumped through our ceiling of brick-dust, and a huge scatterment of earth tumbled down. A great bare leg, with attachment of tattered hose hanging here and there, followed.

Before the pistol could go off, Boris meanwhile waiting shrewdly for the appearance of a more vital part, a voice cried, "Stop!"

I looked about me, and there was the Lady Ysolinde come out of her chamber, with a dagger in her hand, looking upward at the hole in the ceiling.

"For God's sake, do not fire!" she cried; "'tis only my poor Lubber Fiend. Shame on me that I had quite forgotten him all this time!"

At which, without turning away the muzzle, Boris put it a little aside, and waited for the disturber of brick-dust ceilings to reveal himself. Which, when presently he did, a huge grinning face appeared, pushing forward at first slowly and with difficulty; then, as soon as the ears had crossed the narrows of the pass, the whole head to the neck was glaring down and grinning to us.

"Lubber Jan," said Ysolinde, "what do you up there?"

The head only grinned and waggled pleasantly, as it had been through a horse-collar at Danzig fair.

"Speak!" said she, and stamped her foot. "I will shake thee with terrors else, monster!"

"Poor Jan came down from above. It is quite easy!" he said. "But not for horses. Oh no! But I will go and bring the Burgomeister. Do you keep the castle while I go. He bides below the town in a great house of stone, and entertains our Prince Miller's Son's archers. I will bring all that are sober of them."

"God help us, then!" quoth Jorian; "it is past eleven, and as I know them, man by man, there will not be so much as one man able to prop up another by this time!"

"Aha!" cried the head above, "you say that because you know the archers. But I say I shall bring twenty of them—because I know the strength of the Burgomeister's ale. Hold the place for half an hour and twenty right sober men shall ye have."

And with that the Lubber Fiend disappeared in a final avalanche of brick-dust.

He was gone, and half an hour was a long time to wait. Yet in such a case there was nothing for it but to stand it out. So I besought the maids to retire again to their inner chamber, into which neither bullets nor arrows could penetrate. This, after some little persuasion, they did.

We waited. I have since that night fought many easier battles, and bloody battles too. Now and then a face would look in momentarily from the great outer door, and vanish before one could put a shot into it. Next, ere one was aware, an arrow would whistle with a "*Hisst!*" past one's breastbone, and stand quivering, head-covered in the clay. Vicious things they were, too, steel-pointed, and shafted with iron for half their length.

But all waitings come to an end, even that of him who waits on a woman's arraying of herself. Erdberg evidently did not know of the little party down at the Burgomeister's, below the pass of the ravine. Or, knowing, did not care. For just as our half-hour was crawling to an end, with a unanimous yell a crowd of wild men with weapons in their hands poured in through the great door and ran shouting at our position. The window at the end of the passage opened, and a man leaped through. Him I sharply attended to with the axe, and stood waiting for the next. He also came, but not through the window. He ran, head first, through the door, and being stricken down, completely blocked it up. Good service! And a usefully bulky man he was. But how he bled—Saint Christopher! That is the worst of bulky men, they can do nothing featly—not even die!

One man won past me, indeed, darting under the stroke of my axe, but he was little advantaged thereby. For I fetched a blow at the back of his head with the handle, which brought him to his knees. He stumbled and fell at the threshold of the maids' chamber. And, by my sooth, the Lady Ysolinde stooped and poignarded him as featly as though it had been a work of broidering with a bodkin. Too late Helene wept and besought her to hold her hand. He was, she said, some one's son and lover. It was deucedly unpractical. But 'twas my Little Playmate. And, after all, I suppose, the crack he got from me in the way of business would have done the job neatly enough without my lady's dagger.

I tell you, the work was hot enough about those three doors during the next few moments. I never again want to see warmer on this side of Peter's gates—especially not since I got this wound, with its trick of reopening in my thigh at the most inconvenient seasons. But the broad axe was a blessed thought of the little Helene's, and helped to keep the castle right valiantly.

Yet I can testify that I was glad with more than mere joy when I heard the "trot, trot!" of the Prince's archers coming at the wolf's lope, all in each other's footsteps, along the narrow ledge of the village street.

"Hurrah, lads!" I shouted; "quick and help us!"

And then, at the sound of them, the turmoil emptied itself as quickly as it had come. The rabble of ill-doers melted through the wide outer door, and the archers received and attended to them there. Some precipitated themselves over the cliff. Some were straightway knocked down, stunned, and bound. Some died suddenly. And a few were saved to stretch the judicial ropes of the Bailiwick. For it was always thought a good thing by such as were in authority to have a good show on the "Thieves' Architrave," or general gallows of the vicinity, as a thing at once creditable to the zeal of the worthy dispensers of local justice and pleasing to the Kaiser's officer when he comes spying that way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SITUATION IN THE TRANSVAAL.

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S abrupt dismissal of Chief-Justice Kotze has precipitated in its most acute form a crisis for which students of South African history have long been prepared. The net result of the President's action is to destroy the independence of the Transvaal judiciary, to override the Grondwet, or written constitution, of the republic, and make the Volksraad, like the British Parliament, the supreme legislative authority of the land. It is as though some American President, with the consent of Congress, but without consulting the wishes of the people, were suddenly to force the Supreme Court into a position of subserviency to the national legislature, and give to Congress a plenary power in the making of laws, uncontrolled by the Constitution of 1789. One's imagination shrinks from considering the inevitable chaos even in such an orderly country as America, where parties are evenly balanced, and no class reserves to itself a divine right of tyrannizing over another class, and where a chance majority in Congress, having no permanent hostility to any particular section of the electorate, would be less likely to abuse its illimitable authority. It is the absence of all these conditions in the Transvaal that makes the open subjection of the judiciary and the consequent supremacy of the Volksraad a grave danger to the welfare of the republic. Half the land and nineteen-twentieths of the wealth are owned by the Outlanders, who have no votes by means of which they can influence legislation. These Outlanders, who outnumber the Boers by nearly two to one, possess also whatever intelligence and businesslike capacity are to be found in the country. The Boers, to whom alone is given the right of voting, and who therefore have absolute control of the Volksraad, are a nation of stock-raisers, so ignorant and incompetent that their President had to import a batch of clerks from Holland to run their government for them. Circumstances have rendered this pastoral oligarchy suspicious of and hostile to the wealth-producing majority of unenfranchised residents. The Volksraad, in particular, has made it a pastime to harass their industries by every conceivable form of oppressive legislation. Some of its less backward members are disposed to a fairer and more lenient treatment of the Outlander claims; but though the Volksraad is legally possessed of more legislative power than is granted to any other chamber in the world, the tumultuous course of events has made the President practically despotic—just as the American civil war broke through the strict letter of the Constitution and made Mr. Lincoln a dictator as absolute as Cromwell or Napoleon. And President Kruger, in his aversion to the foreigners who have settled in the Transvaal, is a thorough Boer of the old school, and as little disposed as any one can be to change the course of legislation in their favor. Hitherto the Outlanders have found in the High Court and the ability and rectitude of the Chief Justice some protection against the more wanton of the President's acts. Now that the Chief Justice is dismissed and the High Court made subject to the Volksraad, their last safeguard is taken away. The property and rights of 100,000 Englishmen, Germans, and Americans, who claim nothing more than that amount of justice which is allowed to the resident in every civilized land, are completely at the mercy of an irascible old farmer who can hardly sign his name.

The dispute between the President and his Chief Justice must be traced back to its source in the vague drafting of the Grondwet ("ground law") of 1858. The Boers who drew up that instrument were simple farmers whose dissociative habits and restricted language had more than confirmed their native ignorance. Of historical or legal knowledge they had virtually none. Nor had they, like the sages of 1789, like the framers of the Australian Federation to-day, any pre-existing political organization on which to model their new constitution. Indistinct recollections of the system of government in Cape Colony formed their only material. Necessarily the document they hammered out was crude, imperfect, and often obscure. It consists of two hundred and thirty-two articles, many of them dealing with the most trivial subjects in the most minute way. But the grand defect of the charter is that it contains no provision for amendment—an oversight all the more curious as the constitution of the neighboring republic of the Orange Free State, framed only four years earlier, prescribes a simple and effective scheme of alteration. The drafters may have thought, like Justinian, that their handiwork was so complete and would so commend itself to posterity that no change would prove necessary. Possibly they relied on Boer conservatism and the general good sense of the nation. More probably they overlooked the point altogether. Its omission has had the odd result of casting doubt on the real nature of the Grondwet. Does it embody a rigid or a flexible constitution? That is to say, can it, like the constitutions of Switzerland and the United States, be altered only in some specially prescribed fashion? Or may it, like the British constitution, be changed in the same way and by the same authority as that whereby the ordinary law is changed?

In favor of the former alternative, that the constitution is a rigid one, it has been urged that since the Grondwet was drawn up by a Volksraad specifically elected for that purpose, it ought only to be altered by a similar body chosen in like manner; that the general scheme of government it provides for—the division of authority among the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary—was obviously meant to be unchangeable; and that several of its clauses—clause 9, for instance, which declares that "the people will not allow of any equality between colored and white inhabitants"—were certainly intended to be and have always been regarded as the fundamental law of the land. On the other hand, the excessive minuteness of some of the provisions forbids the idea that they could ever have been seriously expected to remain unaltered; and as no specific scheme of amendment is laid down, the changes, when change is necessary, can only be made by the Volksraad acting in its ordinary legislative capacity. Hence the constitution must be deemed a flexible one. This indeed is the view which the Volksraad has repeatedly taken without protest from the people or the judiciary. Several alterations in the structure of government have been effected by a simple act of the Legislature without any express mandate from the people. In fact, whatever may have been the intentions of its framers, the Grondwet has, for the most part, come to be regarded as embodying a flexible constitution, alterable by the Volksraad at its own unfettered discretion.

With this view the judiciary, having a natural preference for the strict letter of the law, has not been wholly in agreement. Many times it has seen the Grondwet violated and made no protest, either through timidity or conceiving that the changes contemplated by the Volksraad were necessary, and did not affect what was obviously organic and fundamental in the constitution.

But of late years the increasing boldness of the legislature in occupying most of the debatable ground left open by the constitution-framers of 1858 has roused the judiciary to a proper sense of its position, and made it aspire to the dignity and authority of the United States Supreme Court. Chief-Justice Kotze was the first to announce from the bench that the Grondwet was the paramount law of the land, and to claim for the High Court the right of testing the enactments of the Volksraad by reference to its provisions. The legislature, after so long an immunity from judicial control, did not take kindly to this claim, and for the past ten years disputes between the Volksraad and the High Court have been frequent, and at times critical. In particular, Article 12 in the Grondwet has been the subject of continuous disagreement. This clause allows a period of three months within which the people may intimate to the Volksraad their opinion on any proposed law, except "those laws which admit of no delay." Now the legislature has in fact neglected this provision, and passed what it has called "resolutions," many of which have been by no means urgent, and on none of which have the people been asked their opinion. These "resolutions" have been treated as equally binding with laws passed in accordance with Article 12, which has never been formally repealed. But when the judiciary began to assert

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itself, the validity of these "resolutions" was very properly called into question, and many of them pronounced null and void, the High Court declaring that it alone could determine what matters were or were not urgent. On the other hand, it is contended that by the prevailing Roman Dutch doctrine of obsolescence by contrary practice, Article 12 has been implicitly repealed; and that even if this be not so, there is nothing in the Grondwet to prevent the Volksraad from deciding at its own discretion what laws do or do not admit of delay.

Obviously such a rough and ready system of jurisprudence was fraught with danger. The time was bound to come when a direct collision between the judiciary and the legislature on some vital matter could not be avoided. Such a time came in 1896. The Volksraad passed the Alien Immigration Act and the Press Act in clear contravention of Articles 6 and 19 in the Grondwet. The High Court declared them unconstitutional, and therefore void. Mr. Kruger retaliated by requiring the judges to take oath they would henceforth recognize the enactments of the legislature as of higher authority than the Grondwet. This the Chief Justice, firm in the support of professional opinion, refused to do. A compromise was effected in March, 1897, by which the High Court agreed not to question the acts and the resolutions of the Volksraad, provided that, after the Presidential election, the Grondwet should be reaffirmed as the fundamental constitution of the state, and the High Court be made entirely independent. The election took place last month, and Mr. Kruger was chosen President for the fourth time. His first act was to break through the compact of the preceding March, dismiss the Chief Justice, and appoint in his place a judge who had already given proof of a willingness to oblige the President, and who received his new office only on condition that the claim of the High Court to pronounce on the validity of the acts of the Volksraad should be quietly abandoned. Chief-Justice Kotze has not accepted his dismissal without protest. He has adjourned the High Court *sine die*, and still considers himself technically the highest judicial officer in the state. But he is practically powerless to enforce his claims against the ignorance of the Boers, the popularity of the President, and the ambitions of the Volksraad. The Transvaal judiciary has in effect become the tool of the legislature.

In taking this extreme step President Kruger may or may not, owing to the opposite interpretations of the Grondwet, be legally correct. But that his action is one of bad faith and politically mischievous is certain. It can only increase the disaffection of the Outlanders. Of all their demands, only one, and that the least important, has been conceded since Dr. Jameson's raid threw discredit on the justice of their cause. The remainder, and they make a formidable list, are as far from being granted to-day as they ever were. In America, which apparently is not the same country that once held the principle of taxation without representation to justify a revolution, their claims have been scoffed at as unreasonable. For all that, they seem to many not only just, but certain of realization. Two things are on their side—time and the follies of the Boer government. The latter, by making a travesty of justice, will gradually alienate the more enlightened among their supporters; and as the process of educating the Transvaal goes on, it will become more and more clear that the independence of the republic can only be maintained by the admission to the franchise of the foreign settlers. A revolution is bound to come; whether peaceably or with war and bloodshed depends on the extent to which the Boers grant or resist the necessary reforms. President Kruger's conquest of the judiciary, by incensing the Outlanders more than it will estrange his followers, looks ominous for a peaceful settlement. It may easily prove to be the beginning of the end.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

A NATIONAL NEWSPAPER LIBRARY.

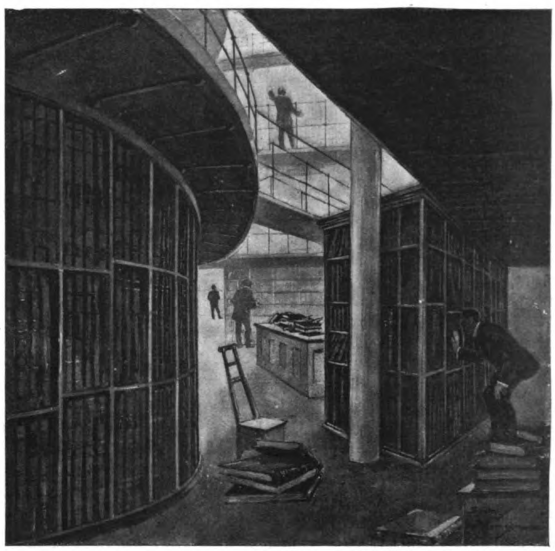
THE huge and ever-increasing collection of newspapers which now forms so large and so useful a part of the National Library at the British Museum had its beginnings in an almost accidental way. From the days when the modern newspaper came into existence in England, until the middle years of this century, three taxes were paid in connection with newspapers. White paper paid a duty at the mill. Every newspaper had to be impressed with an inland revenue stamp, and another duty was paid on advertisements. The collection of these duties formed a large part of the work of the Inland Revenue Department two generations ago, and to aid the collectors in checking the amounts due for newspapers and advertisements, printers of newspapers were required by law to send copies to the department at Somerset House in London.

When the department had used the newspapers for its purposes, they were turned over to the British Museum, and thus was formed the nucleus of the vast collection which to-day includes the complete files of every newspaper printed in England during the present century.

The taxes imposed on newspapers were all abolished between 1840 and 1869; and in 1869, when the last of them was gone, and Parliament was freeing journalism from the fetters fastened on it in the reactionary period of the French Revolution, it also repealed the law which required the sending of a copy of every newspaper to the Inland Revenue Department. By 1869, however, the value and utility of the great collection of newspapers which had been gradually formed at the British Museum had become well known, and there was some apprehension lest, when the obligation of the newspaper proprietors to the Inland Revenue Department was gone, the growth and continuity of the collection should be jeopardized.

It was thought that an act of Parliament would be necessary to bring the proprietors of newspapers into the same relationship to the British Museum that they had held to the Inland Revenue Department; but it was discovered that the Museum had claims upon the proprietors under the Copyright act of 1845. These claims had not been pressed as long as the Inland Revenue Department was acting as the collecting agent for the Museum.

As soon, however, as the tax-collectors ceased to discharge this duty, the Museum authorities asserted their rights under the Copyright act; and since 1869 every proprietor of a newspaper has been compelled to send files of his journal to the Museum.



NEWSPAPER STACKS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Nothing that can be described as a newspaper escapes the law. A copy of every issue of the *Times* is on file at the Museum; so is a copy of every provincial weekly newspaper, no matter how insignificant. All the papers are sent free of expense to the Museum. The sending of them is something of a tax on the proprietors, but it is one of the conditions under which the copyrights of their journals are secured.

In addition to the newspapers thus obtained during the present century the Museum has acquired—sometimes by purchase, sometimes by gift—a large collection of journals of the eighteenth century. Some of these go back as far as 1720. Altogether there are now some 27,000 volumes of newspaper files at the Museum. They are all carefully catalogued, and the volumes are as easy of access to students as any of the books in the great library.

This was not always the case. A few years ago the collection was in much confusion, and there was no adequate catalogue. Within the last three or four years, however, the entire collection has been rearranged. Every volume has been overhauled, and a large number of long-lost journals have been discovered and catalogued. The cataloguing and the arrangement are now as complete as possible, and the only difficulty which confronts the Museum authorities is that of space.

The collection grows at a remarkable rate, and before long it will have absorbed all the space which, in the existing building, can be set apart for newspapers. Before long some system of selection may have to be adopted. As yet, however, everything received is bound and catalogued.

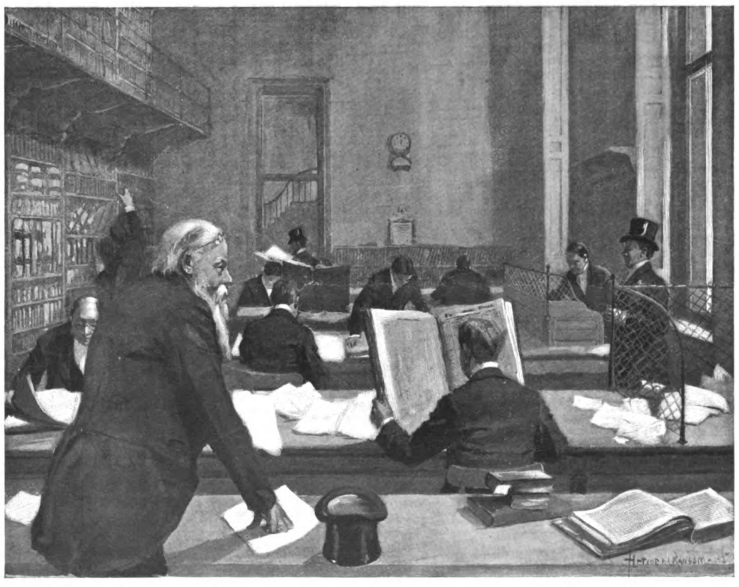
The rate at which the collection grows is shown by the fact that for 1831 the English provincial newspapers were all contained in 41 volumes. The number for 1860 had increased to 278, while for 1894 it was over 900. Twenty to twenty-five presses are required to accommodate the files of the provincial papers for one year. Only in the larger English towns are there daily journals. Most of the provincial papers are published weekly; a few of them twice a week.

Each provincial newspaper is not given a volume entirely to itself. The weekly papers are bound in sets of thirteen weeks, and it often happens that three different sets of newspapers are contained within one green vellum cover. The name of each paper in the volume, and the period the file covers, are in gilt lettering on the back, and all the files of one year are arranged in adjoining presses.

Most of the newspaper files are stored on either side of the corridor which runs around outside the rotunda. The general reading-room is in the rotunda, the whole of which is given up to books and desks for readers. The corridor is on the outside of this vast room, and on the floor below the reading-room. Presses and shelves line the corridor on either side, and on these shelves the files of the provincial newspapers are stored. The inner wall affords 279 square yards of shelf space, and the outer wall 360 square yards, while in the angles formed by the rotunda and in the adjoining corridors on the same floor there are, in addition, 390 square yards. In all, on this floor there are rather over 10,000 square yards of shelf room, the whole of which is set apart for the provincial papers, in which are included those of Scotland and Ireland.

The London papers are all housed on another floor, in what is known as the White Wing of the Library building, and in this wing is the hall set apart for newspaper-readers. It is fitted with desks and racks specially adapted to meet the convenience of searchers and students who are using the heavy newspaper files; it is excellently lighted; all the facilities afforded to readers in the general reading-room are available, and no newspaper research-work is permitted except in this room. The London papers are on the same floor as the newspaper reading-room; but any one of the 27,000 volumes contained in the collection is at the disposal of the readers.

Newspapers for the current year are not accessible, but the work of binding, indexing, and cataloguing the volumes is kept well up to date, and the files of one year are usually available early in the next. The majority of the readers are lawyers, historical students, and journalists, and the desks in the newspaper-room are always as well filled as those in the general reading-room. Some of the larger English municipal libraries, such as those of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, file a number of the more important daily and weekly papers. The collection at the Museum, however, is the only one of national proportions; and the fact that this collection exists, is so inclusive and so easily accessible, makes it unnecessary for the public libraries of lesser importance to use their funds or their space in making collections of newspapers.



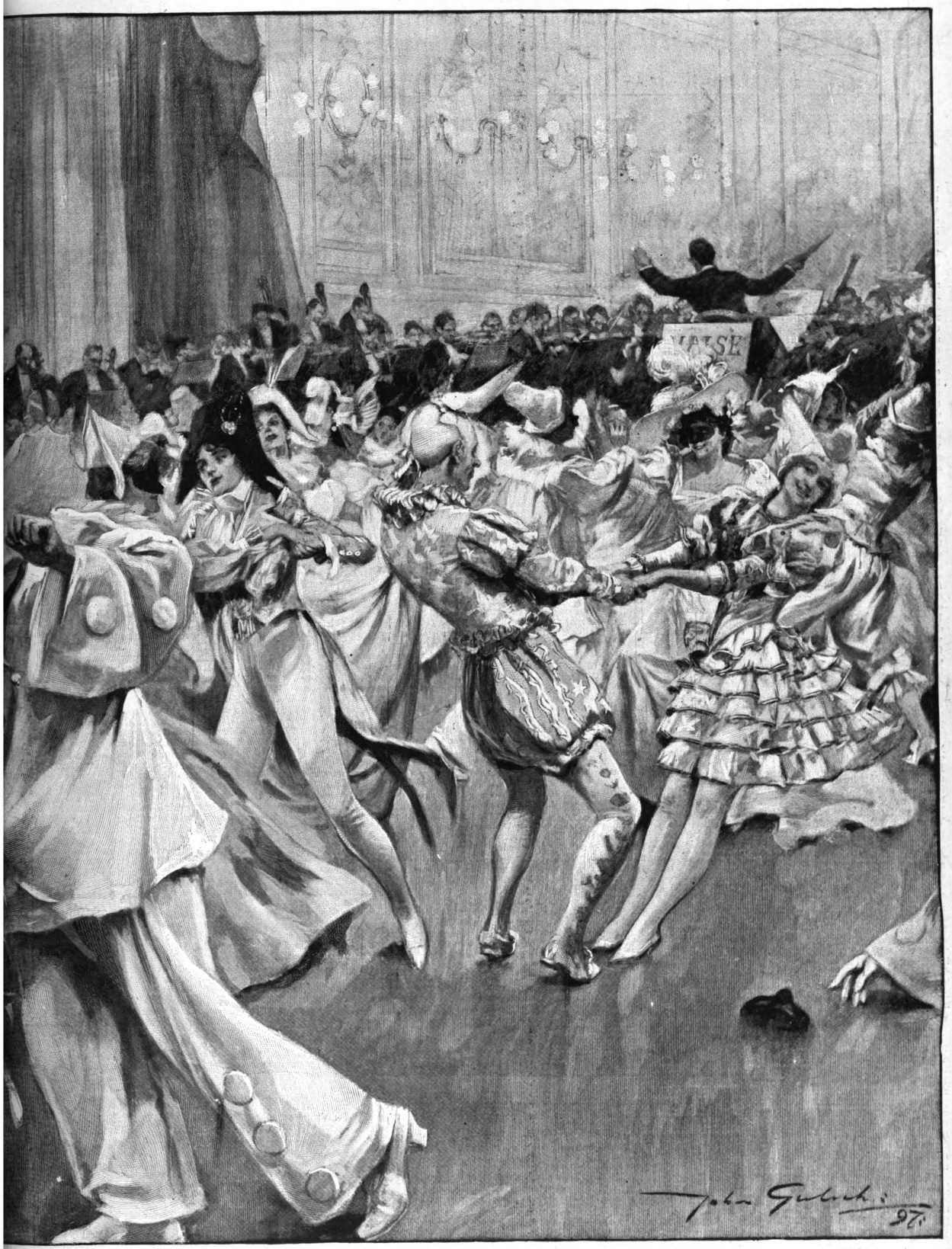
NEWSPAPER-REFERENCE READING-ROOM IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

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THE MID-LENT FESTIVAL AT NICE—THE "WHITE

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AT THE CASINO.—Drawn by J. Gulich.—[See Page 271.]

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BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



VIII.—DROUTH-RESISTING CROPS—ALFALFA AND KAFFIR CORN.

THE man who has seen his property, representing perhaps the accumulation of a long time, swept out of existence by fire, without adequate insurance, probably can understand the feelings of utter hopelessness and absolute discouragement that come to the farmer on the Western prairies when the blasting winds, sometimes in a single night, blister the face of the earth for hundreds of miles, and destroy millions of dollars' worth of crops by "firing." When such a scourge comes, the farmer's lot is most forlorn. It seems as if the hand of God was raised against him. The blow stuns and staggers.

What in the East would be called a smart breeze sweeps almost constantly over the prairie States of the Middle West. In the daytime in summer it is usually hot. At sundown the wind almost ceases, and then a cool breeze, refreshing and sweet, takes its place, and brings rest and comfort to the tired man who tills the land. Occasionally, however, the evening breeze rolls in over the land as if it had been caught on the way and passed through the coils of some monster furnace; it burns and blisters even worse than the wind through which the hot rays of the sun shine. The farmer tosses wearily on his bed, and early in the morning, when he goes to his fields, he finds that a pestilential blight has passed over them in the darkness, and his crops are ruined. His corn has been "fired." From the ground perhaps half-way up the stalks the plants are dead and yellow. This happens when there has been a marked deficiency of moisture, and the ground is parched until its life-giving qualities are almost exhausted before the killing winds arrive.

At such a time it is little help to the farmer to reflect that the ways of Providence are mysterious, or to recall that the afflictions of the righteous are many. The Western farmer is not an irreligious man—in fact, in no State, probably, in the Union are the churches so well filled as in Kansas; he is energetic and practical in his beliefs and theories. He has fought too many battles with nature to give up entirely when the hot winds smite him grievously. He is too intelligent to sit still and do nothing at such a time, and so for years he has been studying how to defeat nature in what to him is her most costly mood. Moreover, the intelligent farmer, with the aid of scientific research and experiment, has been practically successful. In two crops, alfalfa hay and Kaffir corn, he has found drouth-resisting qualities that practically defy nature's withering blasts. Alfalfa, of itself, is a most valuable crop for feeding and developing live-stock, and, besides, withstands great heat. It is almost an ideal food. Kaffir corn has practically the same nutritive qualities that Indian-corn possesses, and also withstands great heat. Taken altogether, alfalfa and Kaffir corn make the ideal dairy ration, as has been found after exhaustive tests—a ration that is bringing prosperity to thousands of those engaged in that industry.

Alfalfa is not new to the United States. For many years it has been one of the chief crops on the Pacific coast. It has also been cultivated to some extent in the East, but not by the ordinary farmer. The farmer of the Middle West knew little of it. Professor Flint, who has made a study of grasses, says that it was introduced into Europe by Darius, from Media in Asia, about 500 B.C. It was cultivated by the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians. When the western hemisphere was discovered Spanish priests brought it across the Atlantic and planted it near their missions. In that way it was introduced into South America. In that way also it crept up along the Pacific coast, and into Central America and into what is now the southern part of the United States. Wherever it has gone it has proved a blessing. It has lasting qualities as a forage plant. It is said that near the city of Mexico there are alfalfa-fields more than three hundred years old. One authority says that the plant will live in a field one thousand years, producing bountifully every year. With half a chance it defies heat. It even laughs at hail. It enriches the soil, and it does what probably no other plant in this country can do—it produces three crops a year even above the frost-line. After it becomes established in a home it requires only the care of the reaper. Its production is cheap, therefore, and it is doubtful if nature ever made a more beneficent gift of the kind to humanity.

Alfalfa is what might be called a clover-plant. It has somewhat the appearance of clover. It is slender, and branches considerably. It has leaves arranged in threes, but smaller than the leaves of clover. It is what is called a leguminous plant; that is, it bears its fruits in pods. It has beautiful purple blossoms scattered along its stems. But its crowning glory is its deep green color. No landscape carpet can compare with it in that respect. A poetic writer of Nebraska has called the plant "the gentle green-robed queen of the prairie," which, "waving her magic wand, has brought peace and plenty to many an humble home." It holds its color after the biting frosts come, and a valley spread for many miles with alfalfa is probably the most beautiful sight that nature affords in the Middle West.

The chief utility of the plant to Kansas and Nebraska is that it will grow in the short-grass country—the sloping half-barren lands that reach clear to the Rocky Mountains. No other kind of "tame grass" may be grown there successfully. A long and bitter struggle has convinced the farmer that the small grains and ordinary corn cannot be grown with a fair certainty of profit west of the middle-line of Kansas and Nebraska. To remain in that territory the farmer must raise those things which will not antagonize nature too deeply. Live-stock thrives on the natural grasses, and in that there is a hint which the farmer has employed to his advantage. By raising three crops of alfalfa hay a year he has something with which to feed his live-stock in the winter and prepare them for food. With Kaffir corn, as has been said, it makes the ideal dairy ration, and this enables the farmer to make money in that industry.

The chief reason why alfalfa hay will grow in the short-grass country is that it has long roots. They have been known to strike twenty-five feet deep for moisture. The plant will not thrive, therefore, in soil that is not open and deep. An ideal place for its growth is along the river bottoms in the western part of Kansas—land under which great lakes of "sheet water," miles upon miles in extent, are found from ten to twenty-five feet below the surface. The roots of alfalfa readily push down to the water and drink when they need moisture, and the result is that the plant blossoms and prospers, and becomes a never-failing source of revenue to the man who cultivates it. On the rolling uplands, where there is scarcely an average rainfall of twenty-five inches a year, the plant will live and produce hay nearly always. It makes good pasturage under ordinary conditions there, and is almost certain every year to produce a fine crop of seed. All the uplands are fertile enough, the only trouble about making use of that fertility being the lack of moisture. Irrigation has not yet succeeded in bringing water in abundance to the assistance of the tiller of the soil in this region, and therefore only such a plant can live as has deep roots, and a pertinacity that even the hot winds of Kansas cannot shake.

There is another remarkable characteristic of this plant that none of its rivals possesses—that is, the power to enrich chemically exhausted land. Along its tangled roots close examination shows masses of what are known to be tubercles. In other words, every root of alfalfa is afflicted with tuberculosis. Inhabiting these tubercles are myriads of bacteria. It is a general belief that bacteria are harmful to the human race. Some kinds are; but science is authority for the statement that bacteria are not always dangerous. Professor G. L. Clothier, of the State Agricultural College in Kansas, says, in discussing the bacteria on alfalfa and similar plants: "Many species are very beneficial to the world. Among them are the bacteria inhabiting the tubercles on the roots of leguminous plants."

I remember that one of the assistants in this department of that college held up to me with a great show of pride a culture of some sort showing what he said was a marvellous growth of bacteria in tubercles. He was absolutely fond of those tubercles. My thought was one of great surprise, until he informed me that one of the best things for the rehabilitation of exhausted soils was to grow some sort of plants on whose roots tubercles such as those would thrive. Alfalfa is one of these plants. Its long roots have a double part to play in this renovation of nature. The millions upon millions of bacteria draw large quantities of nitrogen from the air and store it up in the tubercles for use when the plant needs it. Scientific experiment has shown this to be absolutely true. Then the roots go on an excursion for certain chemicals on their own hook. They go down ten, fifteen, or twenty feet, and bring up the potash and phosphoric acid that are needed for such a plant and its tubercles. Now when these roots decay or are ploughed underground they not only release the great quantities of chemicals that have been stored up, but they leave millions upon millions of little openings in the earth, into which fresh air and moisture find their way, and thus fertility of soil is renewed. In other words, the land renews its youth and vigor by means of a plant which drags down into its roots certain chemicals from the air, and pulls up into its roots certain other chemicals from the deep soil that could not be reached in any other way. It has been said that alfalfa lives more on the air than on the soil.

It has been proved beyond shadow of doubt that alfalfa does renew the youth of the soil. Phenomenal yields of wheat and other cereals have followed the ploughing under of fields of alfalfa, and these yields have continued year after year. Professor Clothier has called attention to the mistake that farmers make in uprooting many of the native grasses and weeds in the western parts of Kansas and Nebraska. He says he wants to see the farmers treat the soil in a rational manner. He puts his complaint in this way:

"Something over forty years ago man came along and proceeded to disturb the harmonious arrangement of plant species which nature, by the law of evolution, had established. He destroyed the wild plants in order that he might grow wheat and corn. But wheat and corn do not support the beneficent soil bacteria, so these gradually became exterminated. From that time on the fertility of the soil has been slowly but surely becoming exhausted, and in the end the farmer himself is becoming exhausted in the process of raising wheat and corn. He does not know that the extermination of a microscopic one-celled plant, living in the dark places of the earth, is the cause of his failure in business, and yet this is undoubtedly the case."

Professor Clothier also adds, "In my opinion the wild lands of Kansas contain more productive wealth (capital), if left in the wild condition, than the gold-mines of Colorado."

The immediate use to the farmer of alfalfa, however, is to feed his live-stock. He may use it as pasture or as hay. In other words, he may feed it green or dry. But it seems to be agreed that as pasture alfalfa is somewhat dangerous. Cattle and sheep which eat of it freely become sick, bloat, and often die rapidly. Horses and swine may eat it green with safety. It is rich in albuminoids, and pigs simply thrive on it. One of the authorities says that "alfalfa-grown hogs have never been known to have the cholera. Diligent inquiry through the sections of western Kansas where hogs have been grown on alfalfa fails to reveal a single case of loss by that disease."

It seems to be agreed that the chief value of alfalfa as a food is to promote growth of animals, and that to produce fat it needs some other food mixed with it. In a dry condition it may be fed with reasonable safety to all kinds of live-stock. It is cheap in its production, and it is highly nutritious. Its nearest of kin in hay is red clover, and chemical analysis has shown that either as hay or in a green condition alfalfa is superior in every respect to red clover. It contains nearly fifty per cent. more crude protein, the chief element in all foods, than red clover. One authority has figured out that alfalfa is forty-five per cent. better in feeding value than clover, and sixty per cent. better than timothy hay. It must be a remarkable plant, surely, that has these rich food qualities, as well as the power to resist drouth when ordinary grasses would die, and also the power to reinvigorate the soil.

One might ask why, if all these things are true, it is not raised more extensively by farmers generally. In the first place, the seed is expensive as yet. In the next place, it is practically new, and farmers are slow to take up newfangled things. Again, it requires most skilful care in raising it, a full crop not being available for three years. At one year's growth the plant is easily killed. Too much water or too little cultivation will destroy it. When once firmly rooted it is perennial, and requires no care except to gather in the fruit of its enduring labor in the shape of strong succulent hay. The farmer must know how to utilize it as fodder, or it becomes dangerous, and it is for this and the other reasons given, probably, that it has not been cultivated more extensively. Nevertheless, it is increasing in acreage yearly. The number of acres growing in Kansas in 1896 was 155,949, a great increase over the previous year. In 1897 the number of acres was 177,137, an increase of more than 21,000 in one year. It is said that there is a profit of from $10 to $30 an acre in raising this crop, and it is also said that it will remain a profitable crop, no matter how many farmers go into the business, because when transformed into beef it makes the cheapest and best meat in the central West. The beef industry is one that by the nature of things must increase. If the farmer cannot sell his alfalfa hay at paying prices as hay, he can sell it as beef.

The Hon. J. H. Churchill illustrates the staying qualities of alfalfa by saying:

"The alfalfa farm is a dividend-paying investment through all kinds of seasons, an insurance against hail, as well as a guarantee from drouth. I have seen a field in bloom cut to the ground by a June hail, and in less than thirty days blooming again for the harvest. What other crop will do that? . . . I believe this is the best paying business in the West to-day."

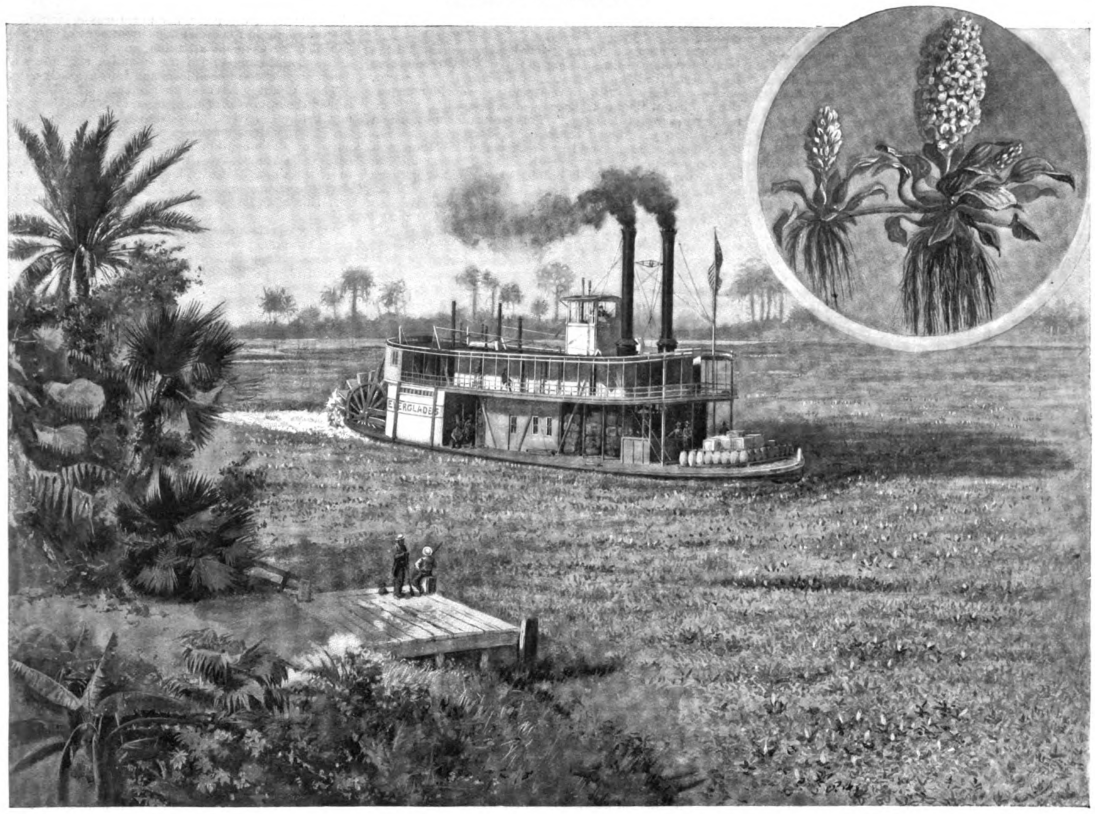
There are many men in the West to-day who have recognized the truth of what Mr. Churchill says. The crop failures of recent years showed that it paid to raise alfalfa. One of the best known newspaper writers in Nebraska, J. W. Johnson, told in the Nebraska *State Journal*, on November 21 last, a story that illustrated this fact graphically. He had been driving near Culbertson, in the western part of Nebraska, and his companion stopped suddenly and pointed out a brick bank building in town and a white farm-house not far from town. Those buildings concerned the careers of two men. One was a banker who had come out into Nebraska about fifteen years before. He had been county treasurer of one of the best known counties of Iowa, and had brought with him to Nebraska nearly $30,000, with which he started a bank. He did very well, until hard times came along, and then he got into difficulties. The other man was a Russian peasant, who came to the same place a year or two later. It took about all his savings to get to his destination, so that it is said of him that when he reached Culbertson he was as "poor as a rat." That man got hold of a bushel of alfalfa seed, and he raised as much of the hay as he could from it, increasing his crop year by year. He raised cattle and hogs as well. He always had crops when corn and wheat and the other cereals failed, and he always had live-stock to sell. He soon so prospered that he gave to each of his sons a farm at marriage, and to his daughter, who was married not long ago, he gave $1000 in cash—an unheard-of wedding gift for a farmer to make out in that territory. This alfalfa-grower had considerable business to do with the bank. According to Mr. Johnson, when he found that the bank was in trouble he demanded his money. The bank went down, but the farmer remained in control, and the banker had to quit. Alfalfa for that man had not only withstood all the storms of nature, but had helped him to survive the financial storms that had swept over that region. Those farmers in the West who have raised alfalfa with care and intelligence are not among the people who are distressingly poor.

Illustrating again the profit there is in raising alfalfa, I quote from a speech made by the Hon. W. R. Akers, former secretary of the Nebraska Board of Irrigation, at the fourth annual convention of the Nebraska Irrigation Association, at Lexington, Nebraska, on November 20, 1896:

> But of all the ordinary agricultural crops, alfalfa is the most remunerative. I almost fear to commence to talk of this wonderful fodder plant and to tell in relation to it, for fear of being thought untruthful. Some of the stories told me on a late visit to my home in Scotts Bluff County seem incredible, and were it not for the fact that I can vouch for the honesty of the people who told me, I would scarcely dare to repeat them. One is the alfalfa seed crop of John R. Stilts, of Mitchell Valley, Scotts Bluff County. He had a forty-acre field of alfalfa which he saved for seed, and from this field he took thirteen bushels and three pecks per acre, which he sold at $3 per bushel; besides, he cut one crop of hay, which alone would pay all the expense of irrigating, cutting, and threshing, leaving him a net profit of $41 25 per acre; or, in other words, a net of ten per cent. on $412 50 per acre. I have no doubt that if you had offered John $30 per acre for his land before he got his crop, you would have gotten the land.

Akin to alfalfa as a drouth-resisting plant is Kaffir corn. It is something new in agriculture in this country. It was

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WATER-HYACINTHS IN THE ST. JOHNS RIVER, FLORIDA.

introduced late in the eighties from Africa, where it had attracted attention in resisting drouth. It too has long roots. They reach a depth of from eighteen to twenty inches. It seems to have the power of sustaining itself during a period of arrested development. In other words, it stops growing in time of drouth, when other corn dies, and if a rain comes within a reasonable time—say, three or four weeks after Indian corn has been killed—it will start up growing where it left off, and produce a crop. The Hon. Scott E. Winne is authority for this statement regarding the drouth-defying qualities of Kaffir corn:

"I have seen Kaffir corn mature a crop of from forty to fifty bushels per acre right by the side of Indian corn that was killed by drouth so that not even a nubbin was matured."

Kaffir corn does not grow quite as high as Indian corn. It sends out more than one flower-stalk, and thus develops several ears. The yield of this kind of corn is from ten to fifteen bushels an acre greater than Indian corn in good years, and when Indian corn produces absolutely nothing, Kaffir corn has been known to produce from twenty to thirty bushels of corn. It will grow on almost any kind of soil, and it must be a complete vegetation-killing year when it will not produce some kind of a crop. In 1893 there were 45,000 acres of this kind of corn grown in Kansas. In 1897 there were 371,838 acres of it produced in that State. It was equivalent to 1,358,739 tons of corn, and the value of it was $4,076,217. Nebraska raised a large quantity of this kind of corn also. It has come to play an important part in the fortune and economy of the West in the ten years it has been known.

In yielding fodder this corn has another desirable characteristic. It remains green until after the seed is ripe. The yield of this fodder is nearly double that of ordinary corn. The grain makes good flour, and is also a good popcorn. As a food product it is not quite so nutritious for live-stock as Indian corn, but the margin of difference is so slight that only scientific research is able to reveal it. In a given quantity it has been found that Indian corn has 81.7 per cent. of the substances that produce heat and fat and support muscular effort. Kaffir corn produces 80.7 per cent. of the same substances in the same quantity of corn. It is more difficult, however, for the farmer to prepare the grain of Kaffir corn for food than the old-time corn. Kaffir corn is harder and grittier, and needs more grinding than its rival. Neither cattle nor swine make as great a growth in weight while being fed for market on Kaffir corn as on the old-time feeds, but an exhaustive experiment, made by the State Agricultural College in Kansas in 1896, revealed that when cattle and hogs are fed together, red Kaffir corn (the white Kaffir corn not being so nutritious as the red) is the best ration that can be used on the farm. That part of the product that the cattle fail to use in beef-making the hogs absorb, and the minimum waste results. Elaborate tables have been made showing the superiority of Kaffir corn to all other kinds of corn for the Western farmer, all based upon the fact that it is a drouth-resister, that it has the power to grow again after it has taken a forced rest, and that it does not become "fired," as ordinary corn does in a time of hot winds.

A remarkable thing about alfalfa and Kaffir corn has been demonstrated in the experiments at the Kansas Agricultural College, and that is that twenty pounds of alfalfa hay and eight pounds of Kaffir corn make the "ideal dairy ration." It is asserted by the experts at this institution that on this ration it is possible for the Kansas dairy cow to produce the very best butter at four cents a pound. Allowing two cents a pound for freight to New York city, the Kansas dairymen assert that they can put butter on the market in the metropolis cheaper than any other producers in the country. If that be true, the outlook for the farmer who cultivates these unfailing crops of alfalfa and Kaffir corn must be rosy, for whether the farmer decides to transform these crops into butter, or into beef, pork, or mutton, he seems to be in a position to do so at the minimum cost.

There is still another food coming into cultivation in Kansas and Nebraska that will have an important effect probably on agriculture in those States. That food is the soy bean, a Japanese product that was brought to this country in 1890. This bean has the peculiar property of being able to supply certain qualities that are lacking in all varieties of corn as a fattening product. It is a little black bean that has been grown for centuries in Japan, and takes its name from a sauce into which the beans are made in that country. None of the ordinary fodder plants of this country compare with the soy bean in nutritive qualities. As a food it is equally attractive to human beings as to live-stock. It compares favorably with the ordinary bean for table use. Its great value as a supplemental food is shown by some tables which the Kansas Agricultural College worked out in an experiment with twelve pigs. When fed with Kaffir-corn meal the pigs made a gain of .50 of a pound a day. When fed with a ration consisting of two-thirds Kaffir corn and one-third soy bean the gain was 1.44 pounds a day. When fed with a ration of ordinary corn-meal the gain a day was .80 of a pound. When fed on a ration of two-thirds ordinary corn-meal and one-third soy bean the gain was 1.46 pounds a day. There are other kinds of Japanese beans that are undergoing investigation in the West. In alfalfa and Kaffir corn the farmer has two splendid weapons with which to contest with nature for supremacy. The officials of the Kansas Agricultural College do not hesitate to say that these two crops will be the "probable salvation of western Kansas and other portions of our Western country under similar climatic conditions."

When one goes about an agricultural community and talks with this and that man, he is likely to become confused as to the relative value of the various branches of farming. One man will assert that it pays best to raise fruits. Another will declare for live-stock. Another will assert that wheat is the only crop worth while producing. As each branch is extolled, and only the good points of that branch brought to the front, one wonders how any farmer ever failed in raising almost anything on his property. It is owing to the difficulty of obtaining unbiassed judgments about crops, and especially about alfalfa, that Secretary Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture had this to say in one of his official reports:

"To be persuaded of its worth and importance does not necessitate accepting without qualification the honestly made, well-meant, yet almost incredible statements of yields and profits. Discounted fully one-half, they still indicate that under conditions such as prevail on millions of Kansas acres, alfalfa can and should early become a factor in our agricultural economy and prosperity."

If alfalfa may be called the "gentle queen of the prairie," surely Kaffir corn may be designated properly as the stalwart king and consort. And it is not too great a stretch of the fancy to denominate the soy bean as an attractive prince of the realm.

THE WATER-HYACINTH PEST IN FLORIDA.

It seems strange to denominate so beautiful a flower as most of us regard the hyacinth a pest, and yet too much of a good thing, not properly placed, frequently becomes noxious; thus it is with the water-hyacinth in Florida. Its beauty can be seen from the vignette, which represents the hyacinth in full bloom, and its pestiferous qualities will have to be imagined from the following description.

It is not actually known when or how this flower was first introduced into Florida, although statistics tell us that it was found in the St. Johns River about 1890, in a pond somewhere near Palatka. The settlers tell us that in cleaning out this pond some of the plants were thrown into the river, they grew, and were so beautiful that settlers transplanted them to different parts of the river, to beautify their places, and thus the seemingly irreparable mistake was made.

The hyacinth is a native of South America, has a thick bushy root, and floats on the top of the water without any apparent attachment to the bottom. If it could be kept near the shore no danger need be apprehended, but wind and storms send it floating out into the middle of the stream in such large masses that navigation is seriously impeded, and the captains of the river craft are beginning to look upon it with growing fear and horror.

As I was sailing up the river on the old steamer *Everglades*, as represented in the sketch, toward Jacksonville, I noticed this great green mass. As we sailed farther up, it became so thick that the vessel advanced with difficulty. The illustration shows how our steamer struck the mass. We backed and pushed, and finally extricated ourselves. The small stern-paddle boats can hardly push their way through these large masses, and at times are completely blocked. I have seen vessels going at full speed brought to a complete standstill.

These plants are capable of doing considerable damage in many ways other than that of endangering navigation. They propagate so fast and grow so rank that the narrow creeks running into the larger river are so thoroughly covered, from bank to bank, that boards can be laid across that would easily bear a person, so it is quite impossible to expect anything short of a dredging-machine to penetrate them. One can also see how much danger may lie concealed under this dense mass. It imperils the health of the neighborhoods in which it grows so rank, being washed up on the bank, carrying with it the refuse that has been caught among its tangled mass, and decaying, sends forth odors that are neither the most pleasant to inhale nor the most healthful to breathe. Then, too, the hyacinth is destroying the timber industry, as it is impossible to float the logs, and it is menacing the livelihood

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of the fishermen, by preventing them from spreading their nets as has been their custom in the past; and not only are the fishermen prevented from catching the fish, but the fish get under these large masses and multiply with marvellous rapidity. The fish dying in large numbers, rise to the surface, and floating on the water, lodge amongst the other decaying matter on the banks, and constitute a dangerous menace to the health of that part of the country in which the hyacinth is getting to be so abundant.

The query is how to get rid of the pest. An agent from the Agricultural Department of the United States has been sent to Florida to ascertain, if possible, what can be done. It has been suggested that perhaps if the red spider or some natural enemy of the plant were deposited there it would be effectual in ridding Florida of the pest; but after this work had been accomplished, and the Floridians had got rid of their dreaded hyacinth, they might possibly find a more formidable enemy in the newly imported exterminator.

But certain it is something must be done or the rivers will soon be completely choked, navigation stopped entirely, and the water-hyacinth will take its place as one of the plagues of modern times.

REORGANIZATION OF THE NAVAL PERSONNEL, AND ITS BEARING UPON EFFICIENCY.

THE building of new ships and the providing them with armaments have absorbed during a large part of the last sixteen years that portion of the public attention and energy given to naval affairs—a work which has been almost wholly creative and administrative.

At the beginning of this period of reconstruction our navy consisted of a few wooden corvettes, which had long been anything but a source of pride or security to the country, and which were following one another to "Rotten Row" with appalling speed. Unless the country meant to disappear as a naval power, it was necessary to build ships; and so the work began, which has continued to the present day, and still continues. First, cruisers and gunboats were supplied to take the places of the old vessels; then, as our industrial facilities increased, armored cruisers were produced, and, finally, battle-ships and torpedo-boats, until the fleet, built and building, is of respectable size, and the vessels are, of their respective classes, equal to the best in foreign navies.

This work depended upon a great industrial development, and could not have been effected without it. Its demands induced and fostered this development. There was in the United States little knowledge of steel-making. Men claiming to be expert metallurgists still argued vehemently in favor of cast-iron guns. There was no establishment in the country that could produce the forgings for an eight-inch gun, and none that could roll five-inch armor. In the rapid strides of the past ten years these facts have been almost forgotten; but they existed, and they serve to mark the industrial advance which has placed our ship-yards and armor-plants in a position to seek and obtain foreign contracts, not finding in those from their own government enough to keep them employed.

There was little to do at sea when this movement began, and comparatively few officers were employed at sea. The ships, diminished in number and small in size, not only did not demand them, but could not accommodate them. The surplus were available for other duties, and were largely so employed. The Coast Survey, the Fish Commission, the Smithsonian Institute, and all the naval offices of the government were filled with officers deprived of their legitimate and proper field of duty and experience by the inadequacy of the fleet.

To this surplus the rebuilding of the navy brought new duties, but duties which were technical, not military. They were employed very largely in the design and construction of ordnance, and also in steel inspection, in the supervision of equipment, and in the domain of electricity. Well grounded in mathematics and the natural sciences at Annapolis, versatile, adaptable, and ambitious of results, naval officers took for fifteen years, after the first appropriations for new ships, a large part in the rebuilding of the fleet, and are entitled to corresponding credit for its successful accomplishment. In the mean time the stagnation of promotion, which had begun soon after the close of the war, grew continually more pronounced, and men began to get old in the subordinate grades. In 1875 officers reached command rank at the age of thirty-four; in 1885, at forty; and in 1895, at forty-nine. While, however, the naval mind was occupied more with questions of construction and of armament than with those of military organization and efficiency—*i. e.*, more with the material of war than with the means of using it—this block in the flow of promotion, and its effect upon the service, failed to attract the attention due to its importance.

But with the completion of a sufficient number of vessels again to place the United States in the position of a respectable and rising naval power—a period which may be regarded as beginning with the first assemblage, in 1889, of a squadron of the new cruisers, and with the return of officers to their natural and proper field of effort—military questions asserted their supremacy, and the effect upon the future employment and value of the new ships, produced by a stagnation of promotion unexampled in naval history, began to be widely and seriously discussed.

The first official recognition of the importance of remedying this growing evil took place in 1891, when Secretary Tracy organized a board of officers, presided over by Captain Phythian, to report upon its causes and the necessary measures of reform. Captain Mahan was a member of this board. It made an exhaustive report, showing plainly and logically that defective and ill-considered legislation and administration extending over a long period had produced only natural and to be expected results, and it recommended incisive and effective—in some respects, drastic—measures of reform. This report pleased neither the navy nor the Department. It was a cold, clear-cut analysis of the situation, and its recommendations were made without regard to individuals or classes of officers, but wholly in the interests of military (naval) efficiency. The majority of naval officers, conservative by habit and tradition, opposed any change, and the report was pigeonholed. But its able presentation of the question had not been without effect, and those who advocated this important reform were encouraged to continue their efforts.

The next step was Congressional. In January, 1894, a joint subcommittee, consisting of three Senators and three Representatives from their respective naval committees, was appointed "to fully investigate and consider the entire subject of the rank, pay, and all other matters relating to the *personnel* of the navy." This joint subcommittee sat for about a year, heard testimony and suggestions from line-officers of the several grades, from staff-officers, and from representatives of the enlisted men, and at the end of that time formulated its opinions and conclusions in a bill which was presented in the Senate by Senator Butler of South Carolina, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. Meyer of Louisiana. The characteristics of this bill were substantially the same as those of the Phythian Board report of three years before—viz., that arbitrary transfers to the retired list or to a "reserved list for shore duty only," to relieve the stagnation in promotion, and selection in some form which should constantly discriminate between officers, and bring to command and flag rank only those of superior ability, character, and acquirements, were both essential to naval efficiency.

The joint subcommittee bill failed. It received little or no support from the Department, and its enemies in the navy were active. There was a majority in the House of Representatives in its favor, or at least in favor of the adoption of a rule limiting debate and bringing it to a vote; but the Speaker, Mr. Crisp, whose influence had been enlisted against it, would not allow it to come to a vote. A decided step in advance had, however, been made, and the character of the opposition to reform had been more clearly defined. In the line of the navy it came from officers who were firmly and unalterably opposed to any change in existing laws which impaired the security of the promotion of each in his turn to the highest grade, and his retirement at the age of sixty-two with the highest pay. They maintained that all officers were of equal merit, or of merit so nearly equal that no board could discriminate with justice to individuals, or with advantage to the service, and, therefore, that seniority constituted a paramount claim to promotion. They admitted that this system had wholly broken down in war; that in 1861, with a navy list whose composition and formation was practically the same as that existing to-day—*i. e.*, the result of a system of promotion by seniority during a long period of peace—complete reorganization of the *personnel* was necessary before the navy was put fairly upon a war footing; that of the seventy-six captains at the head of the navy at that time very few achieved distinction, and that the great majority were set aside altogether, their places being taken by younger men. Nevertheless, in the face of this tremendous object-lesson, they insisted that nothing should be done in time of peace, but that the necessary changes should be effected after war breaks out—which means, under present conditions, that they shall be made in the face of an alert and prepared enemy. For it is hardly necessary to say that the views of these officers are not sustained by the theory or practice of any foreign naval power. Abroad it is held that everything which can be done in time of peace to prepare for war should be done, and while the final test of military worth is undoubtedly active service, that it is better and safer to select those of the best promise, of superior industry and capacity, than to trust to chance alone. Much of the work, also, upon which the success of campaigns depends—the work of organization and administration—is the same as in time of peace, and can be judged with equal fairness.

And of the advantages of more rapid promotion there is no doubt; that is a feature apart from selection, and may be separately considered. Men must be young, or they will not have the vitality for war. If on the downhill side of life, they cannot endure its physical and nervous strains. That has been abundantly demonstrated in all wars of any considerable duration.

No other navy has a record of service comparable with that of the navy of Great Britain, and there the two leading features controlling advancement here referred to as essential have been in operation for generations. Officers are selected for each promotion up to the grade of captain, and there is in each grade an age for retirement which limits the age of promotion to the next grade above and weeds out the poorest men—viz., those who have not been selected. A lieutenant is retired at forty-five, a commander at fifty, a captain at fifty-five. The retiring regulations of the British navy applied to the United States navy at the present time would retire twenty-four of the forty-five captains, sixty-nine of the eighty-five commanders, all of the lieutenant-commanders, and seventy-two—nearly one-third—of the lieutenants. Great Britain has found it necessary to keep the *personnel* of her navy young and vigorous, and to get the best men in the highest places. She has thus had a navy always ready for war, and one which has always stood the test of war without disorganizing changes in its rank list. She has never had an experience like ours in 1861-5, when a lieutenant at the beginning of the war was a rear-admiral at its close. A system which has endured such strains and achieved such results is worthy of study and imitation.

There was still another important source of opposition to naval reform in the attitude and aspirations of the corps of naval engineers. In the new ships the domain of mechanics was complete. Everything was done by or through steam-power, the electric and hydraulic motors being worked by steam through a conversion of energy; and the engineers claimed that this great change gave to their profession an added importance, and should increase their authority and the scope of their duties. This view was opposed by the line, which claimed that the prime conditions of military organization were not affected, and that, whether ships were propelled by oars, sails, or steam, the functions of her captain and other military officers remained the same, and that their authority should not be divided or impaired.

Much was said on both sides. Both had their adherents, and the real issue was not always clearly understood; but what is material to the present subject is that it became evident that nothing could be accomplished so long as line-officers and engineers were at odds. That was plainly stated by public men whose dictum was conclusive.

Matters were in this shape when, last fall, the board presided over by Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt was organized to consider and report upon the existing difficulties and propose remedies. Apart from Mr. Roosevelt's special interest in the navy, his name was a guarantee for the thorough and conscientious treatment of any subject to which he gave his attention, and the naval members of the board commanded the confidence of the service. There were seven line-officers and four engineers.

Their report, presented in the form of a bill, has received the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, and is now before Congress. Its striking and radical feature is the incorporation of the engineers with the line of the navy, or the abolition of the engineers as a separate corps. Of course this change is to be applied gradually to existing conditions. The older engineers are to have simply a change of title, but no change of duties. The members of an intermediate group may, if they elect to do so, and can pass the required examinations, be assigned to the general duties of the line, including succession to command; otherwise they are classed with the first group. The younger engineers are required to qualify within a certain time for line duties in all respects. Nearly all of those engineers who *must* or *may* undertake general line duties are graduates of the Naval Academy and have received a military training. The bill provides also for a corps of warrant-machinists for engine-room watches, and when the change has been completed a lieutenant will be detailed as chief engineer of a ship, as now he is detailed as her navigator, and will command the engineer division.

This scheme runs counter to tradition, and has naturally excited some opposition; but it is remarkable that a very large majority of the men in the service accepted it at once, showing that, consciously or unconsciously, they were prepared for this solution of the vexed problem. Line-officers are more than half engineers already. They have had, from the beginning of our naval renaissance, control of the design, installation, and management of all electrical and ordnance machinery, and have successfully met the attendant demands. To be thoroughly competent naval officers of the present day, they must of necessity be engineers, and in Mr. Roosevelt's admirable letter, transmitting the report of the board, this is set forth with effective reasoning. The change will have also the enormous advantage of simplifying relations on board ship, and removing causes of friction.

But this was only one of the questions passed upon by the board, and, in the estimation of many officers, not the most important one. The combining of line and engineers was simply enlarging the sphere of duties of naval officers. There remained the pressing demand for improving the military condition of the navy.

Briefly, the two prime conditions which must be met by any real reform of our system of naval advancement are:

(1) To bring picked men to the head of the list—*i.e.*, to the highest commands and responsibilities.

(2) To secure promotion to command rank prior to that age at which, through long service as a subordinate, an officer's capacity of adapting himself to new conditions and to the exercise of independent judgment and authority has become seriously impaired.

The Roosevelt Board, like the Phythian Board and the joint subcommittee of 1894, recognized these essentials in the measures of reform which it proposed. It prescribed the number of vacancies which should take place in the several grades each year—thirteen in the grade of captain, twenty in that of commander, twenty-nine in that of lieutenant-commander, and forty in that of lieutenant. If these occurred through natural causes, well and good, and a measure of voluntary retirement was introduced to facilitate the making of vacancies. But, if not, a board of rear-admirals was to be appointed towards the close of each year to produce the vacancies by transferring such officers as it should select to the retired list.

This is by no means a radical measure. It will still leave some of the lists, notably those of the lieutenant-commanders and lieutenants, filled with officers too old, according to naval standards and the experience of active service, for the subordinate duties which they are called upon to perform, but it will arrest the present stagnation of promotion, and will probably turn the tide in the other direction. The age of attaining command rank, which is now fifty, and steadily increasing—which within eight years, under present laws, will be fifty-five—would remain stationary for a few years, and would then probably gradually decrease.

The present bill is the latest step in a series of movements, actuated by the same necessity, meant to accomplish the same result, and which have been remarkable for their similarity of conclusions and recommendations. The Roosevelt Board, like its predecessors, finds that it is impossible to promote all officers to command rank, or all those who reach command rank to flag rank, and maintain the navy in a healthy and fit condition for war. The proportion of subordinate officers to those of command rank is so great that if all are promoted they reach command rank too late in life successfully to take up its new and important duties; and the proportion of commanding officers to flag-officers is so great that if all are promoted the tenure of flag rank is too short. It being necessary, then, to retire officers in the intermediate grades, the question arises as to how this retirement shall best be effected, and the board decides that it should be done by selection. This is the only feature of the board's report which was not unanimously agreed to. One of its members, having certainly the courage of his convictions, voiced the sentiment of the ultra conservatives when he desired this retirement to be effected "without the intervention of human intelligence"—*i. e.*, by chance or lot. But this view received only slight support; and it seems hardly necessary to assert that, when enforced retirements are to be made, the best officers, or those considered the best, should be retained. That is merely following a rule adopted in all departments of human activity.

The case, so far as regards the importance—more than the importance, the necessity—of this reform, seems to be closed. If, as a distinguished naval authority has asserted, "a ship is worth no more than the man who commands her," it is imperative that this man should have every advantage of training and experience. Existing conditions deny this absolutely to the men who will in a few years command our ships—even to the men who will in ten or twelve years command our squadrons. No bill which has ever been presented to Congress for the increase of the navy is of more importance than this measure to make and to keep the *personnel* equal to its ships and guns, and able to meet all demands in war as well as in peace.

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DEATH AND THE CHILD.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

I.

THE peasants who were streaming down the mountain trail had in their sharp terror evidently lost their ability to count. The cattle and the huge round bundles seemed to suffice to the minds of the crowd if there were now two in each case where there had been three. This brown stream poured on with a constant wastage of goods and beasts. A goat fell behind to scout the dried grass, and its owner, howling, flogging his donkeys, passed far ahead. A colt, suddenly frightened, made a stumbling charge up the hill-side. The expenditure was always profligate, and always unnamed, unnoted. It was as if fear was a river, and this horde had simply been caught in the torrent, man tumbling over beast, beast over man, as helpless in it as the logs that fall and shoulder grindingly through the gorges of a lumber country. It was a freshet that might sear the face of the tall quiet mountain; it might draw a livid line across the land, this downpour of fear, with a thousand homes adrift in the current—men, women, babes, animals. From it there arose a constant babble of tongues, shrill, broken, and sometimes choking, as from men drowning. Many made gestures, painting their agonies on the air with fingers that twirled swiftly.

The blue bay with its pointed ships, and the white town, lay below them—distant, flat, serene. There was upon this vista a peace that a bird knows, when high in air it surveys the world, a great calm thing rolling noiselessly toward the end of the mystery. Here on the height one felt the existence of the universe scornfully defining the pain in ten thousand minds. The sky was an arch of solid sapphire. Even to the mountains, raising their mighty shapes from the valley, this headlong rush of the fugitives was too minute. The sea, the sky, and the hills combined in their grandeur to term this misery inconsequent. Then, too, it sometimes happened that a face seen as it passed on the flood reflected curiously the spirit of them all, and still more. One saw then a woman of the opinion of the vaults above the clouds. When a child cried, it cried always because of some adjacent misfortune, some discomfort of a pack-saddle, or rudeness of an encircling arm. In the dismal melody of this flight there were often sounding chords of apathy. Into these preoccupied countenances one felt that needles could be thrust without purchasing a scream. The trail wound here and there, as the sheep had willed in the making of it.

Although this throng seemed to prove that the whole of humanity was fleeing in one direction—with every tie severed that binds us to the soil—a young man was walking rapidly up the mountain, hastening to a side of the path from time to time to avoid some particularly wide rush of people and cattle. He looked at everything in agitation and pity. Frequently he called admonitions to maniacal fugitives, and at other moments he exchanged strange stares with the imperturbable ones. They seemed to him to wear merely the expressions of so many bowlders rolling down the hill. He exhibited wonder and awe with his pitying glances.

Turning once toward the rear, he saw a man in the uniform of a lieutenant of infantry marching the same way. He waited then, subconsciously elate at a prospect of being able to make into words the emotion which heretofore had only been expressed in the flash of eyes and sensitive movements of his flexible mouth. He spoke to the officer in rapid French, waving his arms wildly, and often pointing with a dramatic finger.

"Ah, this is too cruel, too cruel, too cruel! Is it not? I did not think it would be as bad as this. I did not think—God's mercy!—I did not think at all. And yet I am a Greek. Or at least my father was a Greek. I did not come here to fight. I am really a correspondent, you see. I was to write for an Italian paper. I have been educated in Italy. I have spent nearly all my life in Italy. At the schools and universities. I knew nothing of war! I was a student—a student. I came here merely because my father was a Greek, and for his sake I thought of Greece—I loved Greece. But I did not dream—"

He paused, breathing heavily. His eyes glistened from that soft overflow which comes on occasion to the glance of a young woman. Eager, passionate, profoundly moved, his first words while facing the procession of fugitives had been an active definition of his own dimension, his personal relation to men, geography, life. Throughout he had preserved the fiery dignity of a tragedian.

The officer's manner at once deferred to this outburst. "Yes," he said, polite but mournful, "these poor people! These poor people! I do not know what is to become of these poor people."

The young man declaimed again. "I had no dream—I had no dream that it would be like this! This is too cruel! Too cruel! Now I want to be a soldier. Now I want to fight. Now I want to do battle for the land of my father." He made a sweeping gesture into the northwest.

The officer was also a young man, but he was bronzed and steady. Above his high military collar of crimson cloth, with one silver star upon it, appeared a profile stern, quiet, and confident, respecting fate, fearing only opinion. His clothes were covered with dust; the only bright spot was the flame of the crimson collar. At the violent cries of his companion he smiled as if to himself, meanwhile keeping his eyes fixed in a glance ahead.

From a land toward which their faces were bent came a continuous boom of artillery fire. It was sounding in regular measures like the beating of a colossal clock—a clock that was counting the seconds in the lives of the stars, and men had time to die between the ticks. Solemn, oracular, inexorable, the great seconds tolled over the hills as if God fronted this dial rimmed by the horizon. The soldier and the correspondent found themselves silent. The latter in particular was sunk in a great mournfulness, as if he had resolved willy-nilly to swing to the bottom of the abyss where dwell secrets of his kind, and had learned beforehand that all to be met there was cruelty and hopelessness. A strap of his bright new leather leggings came unfastened, and he bowed over it slowly, impressively, as one bending over the grave of a child.

Then suddenly the reverberations mingled, until one could not separate an explosion from another, and into the hubbub came the drawling sound of a leisurely musketry fire. Instantly, for some reason of cadence, the noise was irritating, silly, infantile. This uproar was childish. It forced the nerves to object, to protest against this racket, which was as idle as the din of a lad with a drum.

The Lieutenant lifted his finger and pointed. He spoke in vexed tones, as if he held the other man personally responsible for the noise. "Well, there!" he said. "If you wish for war, you have now an opportunity magnificent."

The correspondent raised himself upon his toes. He tapped his chest with gloomy pride. "Yes! There is war—there is the war I wish to enter. I fling myself in. I am a Greek—a Greek, you understand. I wish to fight for my country. You know the way! Lead me! I offer myself." Struck with a sudden thought, he brought a case from his pocket, and extracting a card, handed it to the officer with a bow. "My name is Peza," he said, simply.

A strange smile passed over the soldier's face. There were pity and pride—the vanity of experience—and contempt in it. "Very well," he said, returning the bow. "If my company is in the middle of the fight, I shall be glad for the honor of your companionship. If my company is not in the middle of the fight, I will make other arrangements for you."

Peza bowed once more, very stiffly, and correctly spoke his thanks. On the edge of what he took to be a great venture toward death, he discovered that he was annoyed at something in the Lieutenant's tone. Things immediately assumed new and extraordinary proportions. The battle, the great carnival of woe, was sunk at once to an equation with a vexation by a stranger. He wanted to ask the Lieutenant what was his meaning. He bowed again majestically; the Lieutenant bowed. They flung a shadow of manners, of capering tinsel ceremony, across a land that groaned, and it satisfied something within themselves completely.

In the mean time the river of fleeing villagers had changed to simply a last dropping of belated creatures, who fled past, stammering, and flinging their hands high. The two men had come to the top of the great hill. Before them was a green plain as level as an inland sea. It swept northward, and merged finally into a length of silvery mist. Upon the near part of this plain, and upon two gray treeless mountains at the sides of it, were little black lines, from which floated slanting sheets of smoke. It was not a battle to the nerves. One could survey it with equanimity, as if it were a tea table, but upon Peza's mind it struck a loud clanging blow. It was war. Edified, aghast, triumphant, he paused suddenly, his lips apart. He remembered the pageants of carnage that had marched through the dreams of his childhood. Love he knew that he had confronted, alone, isolated, wondering, an individual, an atom taking the hand of a titanic principle. But like the faintest breeze on his forehead, he felt here the vibration from the hearts of forty thousand men.

The Lieutenant's nostrils were moving. "I must go at once," he said. "I must go at once."

"I will go with you wherever you go," shouted Peza, loudly.

A primitive track wound down the side of the moun-

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tain, and in their rush they bounded from here to there, choosing risks which in the ordinary caution of man would surely have seemed of remarkable danger. The ardor of the correspondent surpassed the full energy of the soldier. Several times he turned and shouted: "Come on! Come on!"

At the foot of the path they came to a wide road which extended toward the battle in a yellow and straight line. Some men were trudging wearily to the rear. They were without rifles; their clumsy uniforms were dirty and all awry. They turned eyes dully aglow with fever upon the pair striding toward the battle. Others were bandaged with the triangular kerchief upon which one could still see through blood-stains the little explanatory pictures illustrating the ways to bind various wounds—"Fig. 1." "Fig. 2." "Fig. 7." Mingled with the pacing soldiers were peasants, indifferent, capable of smiling, gibbering about the battle, which was to them an ulterior drama. A man was leading a string of three donkeys to the rear, and at intervals he was accosted by wounded or fevered soldiers, from whom he defended his animals with apelike cries and mad gesticulation. After much chattering they usually subsided gloomily, and allowed him to go with his sleek little beasts unburdened. Finally he encountered a soldier who walked slowly with the assistance of a staff. His head was bound with a wide bandage, grimy from blood and mud. He made application to the peasant, and immediately they were involved in a hideous Levantine discussion. The peasant whined and clamored, sometimes spitting like a kitten. The wounded soldier jawed on thunderously, his great hands stretched in clawlike graspings over the peasant's head. Once he raised his staff and made threat with it. Then suddenly the row was at an end. The other sick men saw their comrade mount the leading donkey and at once begin to drum with his heels. None attempted to gain the backs of the remaining animals. They gazed after him dully. Finally they saw the caravan outlined for a moment against the sky. The soldier was still waving his arms passionately, having it out with the peasants.

Peza was alive with despair for these men who looked at him with such doleful quiet eyes. "Ah, my God!" he cried to the Lieutenant. "These poor souls! These poor souls!"

The officer faced about angrily. "If you are coming with me, there is no time for this." Peza obeyed instantly, and with a sudden meekness. In the moment some portion of egotism left him, and he modestly wondered if the universe took cognizance of him to an important degree. This theatre for slaughter, built by the inscrutable needs of the earth, was an enormous affair, and he reflected that the accidental destruction of an individual, Peza by name, would perhaps be nothing at all.

With the Lieutenant, he was soon walking along behind a series of little crescent-shaped trenches, in which were soldiers tranquilly interested, gossiping with the hum of a tea party. Although these men were not at this time under fire, he concluded that they were fabulously brave, else they would not be so comfortable, so at home in their sticky brown trenches. They were certain to be heavily attacked before the day was old. The universities had not taught him to understand this attitude. At the passing of the young man in very nice tweed, with his new leggings, his new white helmet, his new field glass case, his new revolver-holster, the soiled soldiers turned with the same curiosity which a being in strange garb meets at the corners of streets. He might as well have been promenading a populous avenue. The soldiers volubly discussed his identity.

To Peza there was something awful in the absolute familiarity of each tone, expression, gesture. These men, menaced with battle, displayed the curiosity of the café. Then, on the verge of his great encounter toward death, he found himself extremely embarrassed, composing his face with difficulty, wondering what to do with his hands, like a gawk at a levee.

He felt ridiculous, and also he felt awed, aghast at these men who could turn their faces from the ominous front and debate his clothes, his business. There was an element which was new born into his theory of war.

He was not averse to the brisk pace at which the Lieutenant moved along the line. The roar of fighting was always in Peza's ears. It came from some short hills ahead and to the left. The road curved suddenly and entered a wood. The trees stretched their luxuriant and graceful branches over grassy slopes. A breeze made all this verdure gently rustle and speak in long silken sighs. Absorbed in listening to the hurricane racket from the front, he still remembered that these trees were growing, the grass blades were extending according to their process. He inhaled a deep breath of moisture and fragrance from the grove, a wet odor which expressed all the opulent fecundity of unmoved nature, marching on with her million plans for multiple life, multiple death.

Further on they came to a place where the Turkish shells were landing. There was a long hurtling sound in the air, and then one had sight of a shell. To Peza it was of the conical missiles which friendly officers had displayed to him on board war-ships. Curiously enough, too, this first shell smacked of the foundry, of men with smudged faces, of the blare of furnace fires. It brought machinery immediately into his mind. He thought that if he was killed there at that time it would be as romantic, to the old standards, as death by a bit of falling iron in a factory.

II.

A child was playing on a mountain, and disregarding a battle that was waging on the plain. Behind him was the little cobbled hut of his fled parents. It was now occupied by a pearl-colored cow, that stared out from the darkness, thoughtful and tender-eyed. The child ran to and fro, fumbling with sticks, and making great machinations with pebbles. By a striking exercise of artistic license the sticks were ponies, cows, and dogs, and the pebbles were sheep. He was managing large agricultural and herding affairs. He was too intent on them to pay much heed to the fight four miles away, which at that distance resembled in sound the beating of surf upon rocks. However, there were occasions when some louder outbreak of that thunder stirred him from his serious occupation, and he turned then a questioning eye upon the battle, a small stick poised in his hand, interrupted in the act of sending his dog after his sheep. His tranquillity in regard to the death on the plain was as invincible as that of the mountain on which he stood.

It was evident that fear had swept the parents away from their home in a manner that could make them forget this child—the first-born. Nevertheless, the hut was cleaned bare. The cow had committed no impropriety in billeting herself at the domicile of her masters. This smoke-colored and odorous interior contained nothing as large as a humming-bird. Terror had operated on these runaway people in its sinister fashion, elevating details to enormous heights, causing a man to remember a button while he forgot a coat, overpowering every one with recollections of a broken coffee-cup, deluging them with fears for the safety of an old pipe, and causing them to forget their first-born. Meanwhile the child played soberly with his trinkets.

He was solitary; engrossed in his own pursuits, it was seldom that he lifted his head to inquire of the world why it made so much noise. The stick in his hand was much larger to him than was an army corps of the distance. It was too childish for the mind of the child. He was dealing with sticks.

The battle lines writhed at times in the agony of a sea-creature on the sands. These tentacles flung and waved in a supreme excitement of pain, and the struggles of the great outlined body brought it near and nearer to the child. Once he looked at the plain and saw some men running wildly across a field. He had seen people chasing obdurate beasts in such fashion, and it struck him immediately that it was a manly thing which he would incorporate in his game. Consequently he raced furiously at his stone sheep, flourishing a cudgel, crying the shepherd calls. He paused frequently to get a cue of manner from the soldiers fighting on the plain. He reproduced to a degree any movements which he accounted rational to his theory of sheep-herding, the business of men, the traditional and exalted living of his father.

III.

It was as if Peza was a corpse walking on the bottom of the sea, and finding there fields of grain, groves, weeds, the faces of men, voices. War, a strange employment of the race, presented to him a scene crowded with familiar objects which wore the livery of their commonness placidly, undauntedly. He was smitten with keen astonishment; a spread of green grass lit with the flames of poppies was too old for the company of this new ogre. If he had been devoting the full lens of his mind to this phase, he would have known he was amazed that the trees, the flowers, the grass, all tender and peaceful nature, had not taken to heels at once upon the outbreak of battle. He venerated the immovable poppies.

The road seemed to lead into the apex of an angle formed by the two defensive lines of the Greeks. There was a straggle of wounded men and of gunless and jaded men. These latter did not seem to be frightened. They remained very cool, walking with unhurried steps and busy in gossip. Peza tried to define them. Perhaps during the fight they had reached the limit of their mental storage, their capacity for excitement, for tragedy, and had then simply come away. Peza remembered his visit to a certain place of pictures, where he had found himself amid heavenly skies and diabolic midnights, the sunshine beating red upon desert sands, nude bodies flung to the shore in the green moonglow, ghastly and starving men clawing at a wall in darkness, a girl at her bath with screened rays falling upon her pearly shoulders, a dance, a funeral, a review, an execution—all the strength of Argus-eyed art; and he had whirled and whirled amid this universe with cries of woe and joy, sin and beauty, piercing his ears, until he had been obliged to simply come away. He remembered that as he had emerged he had lit a cigarette with unction, and advanced promptly to a café. A great hollow quiet seemed to be upon the earth.

This was a different case, but in his thoughts he conceded the same causes to many of these gunless wanderers. They too may have dreamed at lightning speed, until the capacity for it was overwhelmed. As he watched them he again saw himself walking toward the café, puffing upon his cigarette. As if to re-enforce his theory, a soldier stopped him with an eager but polite inquiry for a match. He watched the man light his little roll of tobacco and paper and begin to smoke ravenously.

Peza no longer was torn with sorrow at the sight of wounded men. Evidently he found that pity had a numerical limit, and when this was passed the emotion became another thing. Now as he viewed them he merely felt himself very lucky, and beseeched the continuance of his superior fortune. At the passing of these slouched and stained figures he now heard a reiteration of warning. A part of himself was appealing through the medium of these grim shapes. It was plucking at his sleeve and pointing, telling him to beware, and so it had come to pass that he cared for the implacable misery of these soldiers only as he would have cared for the harms of broken dolls. His whole vision was focussed upon his own chance.

The Lieutenant suddenly halted. "Look," he said. "I find that my duty is in another direction. I must go another way. But if you wish to fight, you have only to go forward, and any officer of the fighting line will give you opportunity."

He raised his cap ceremoniously, Peza raised his new white helmet. The stranger to battles uttered thanks to his chaperon, the one who had presented him. They bowed punctiliously, staring at each other with civil eyes.

The Lieutenant moved quietly away through a field. In an instant it flashed upon Peza's mind that this desertion was perfidious. He had been subjected to a criminal discourtesy. The officer had fetched him into the middle of the thing, and then left him to wander helplessly toward death. At one time he was upon the point of shouting at the officer.

In the vale there was an effect as if one was then beneath the battle. It was going on above somewhere. Alone, unguided, Peza felt like a man groping in a cellar. He reflected, too, that one should always see the beginning of a fight. It was too difficult to thus approach it when the affair was in full swing. The trees hid all movements of troops from him, and he thought he might be walking out to the very spot which chance had provided for the reception of a fool. He asked eager questions of passing soldiers. Some paid no heed to him; others shook their heads mournfully. They knew nothing, save that war was hard work. If they talked at all, it was in testimony of having fought well, savagely. They did not know if the army was going to advance, hold its ground, or retreat; they were weary.

A long pointed shell flashed through the air, and struck near the base of a tree with a fierce upheaval compounded of earth and flames. Looking back, Peza could see the shattered tree quivering from head to foot. Its whole being underwent a convulsive tremor which was an exhibition of pain, and, furthermore, deep amazement. As he advanced through the vale the shells continued to hiss and hurtle in long low flights, and the bullets purred in the air. The missiles were flying into the breast of an astounded nature. The landscape—bewildered, agonized—was suffering a rain of infamous shots, and Peza imagined a million eyes gazing at him with the gaze of startled antelopes.

There was a resolute crashing of musketry from the tall hill on the left, and from directly in front there was a mingled din of artillery and musketry firing. Peza felt that his pride was playing a great trick in forcing him forward in this manner under conditions of strangeness, isolation, and ignorance. But he recalled the manner of the Lieutenant, the smile on the hill-top among the flying peasants. Peza blushed and pulled the peak of his helmet down on his forehead. He strode onward firmly. Nevertheless, he hated the Lieutenant, and he resolved that on some future occasion he would take much trouble to arrange a stinging social revenge upon that grinning jackanapes. It did not occur to him until later that he was now going to battle mainly because at a previous time a certain man had smiled.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE EMBELLISHMENT OF CITIES.

At a recent meeting of the National Sculpture Society there was shown on the screen a number of views of Vienna and Buda-Pesth, while Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl explained the buildings and their decoration. A point made by the speaker was the recent origin of most of the striking buildings and monuments of the capitals of Austria and Hungary, proving that we cannot take refuge behind the newness of our country for the lack of beauty in our civic buildings, the absence of plan in the adornment of our cities, the neglect of sculpture as decorations for public and private edifices. Vienna and Buda-Pesth have made themselves attractive since our civil war.

Another point is still less flattering to our national and civic pride—in these two cities, many of, if not all, the monuments, fine public structures, parks, and systems of transportation are the result of intelligent support on the part of the people, not the work of the upper or privileged classes or of the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. These beautiful or convenient novelties on the Danube were built with the people's money, with the permission, if not at the instigation, of the people themselves.

The natural moral is that our towns and cities might lay out their streets, avenues, parks, and sites for future buildings far ahead of the moment when they are used, and pass laws forbidding the erection of buildings that violate certain obvious rules made for the preservation of the city's good looks and the health and enjoyment of the town population. But under our system of government, complicated by the two factors of coarse—conscienceless politicians and immigrants who sell their votes—we have learned how useless it is to look to our municipal officers or to expect them to possess an understanding of the financial as well as the esthetic value of beauty in a city.

But we can do something by way of citizen initiative, and to this end there exist in various cities organizations like the Municipal Art Society of New York and the Fairmount Park Association of Philadelphia. The Reform Club, which is a society that has a large non-resident membership, did something recently to rouse the members of the Municipal Art Society to greater activity; but the dinner and speeches on that occasion will be eaten and spoken in vain if the public does not enlist in the cause.

As it now works, the Municipal Art Society of New York puts together every year a few thousand dollars and expends almost the entire sum on a mural painting, like the Simmons pictures in the Criminal Court building, or a piece of sculpture with architectural surroundings, like the memorial to the late Richard M. Hunt. Its organization, however, does not permit of keeping the sentiment of local patriotism alive, or making propaganda for municipal art. Its very name, as an artist has very justly pointed out, is unfortunate, in that it does not express definitely that its object is the embellishment of the city. Municipal art is, indeed, a vague term by no means calculated to attract the public. That name and the absence of an effective organization have kept the Municipal Art Society confined to a very narrow horizon of the populace.

With an endowment which would permit the accumulation of interest and furnish the money so that proper steps might be taken to widen greatly its membership, a society for the embellishment of a city might do great things. The alternative is a smaller society which collects a round sum, say one hundred dollars per annum from each of its members; but in no case is it likely that an American town government will be found, not even in populistic and socialistic States, to spend money for the decoration of an American city on the scale which has been employed in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, and Paris. It would therefore seem the office of the public press in our several great cities to take up this subject as a very pressing public work and employ the unrivalled organization of its leading papers in collecting funds for the embellishment of cities. We have seen in the past what the press has done for charities, such as hospital, fresh-air, and ice funds. Why should we not call on the press to place the local society for the embellishment of the city where papers are printed in such a financial position that it can attend to its duties with effectiveness?

Most of the great cities of the land are already provided with museums and art schools; many have independent societies of artists who pursue their studies and strive to educate the public about them. Has not the time come for the enlightened public, acting through its natural mouthpiece, the press, to take each local organization for the embellishment of cities under the arms and lift it clear of financial embarrassment? A more far-sighted, more public-spirited action on the part of the press it were difficult to find.

CHARLES DE KAY.

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OUR FLEET IN THE ATLANTIC.

IN the official list of the ships composing the navy of the United States the vessels are rated according to their displacement tonnage—displacement tonnage being the weight in tons of the amount of water displaced by the vessel's hull as she floats upright, with all her armament, stores, and equipment on board; in other words, it is the weight of the ship. The classification of the fleet is as follows:

Ships of the first rate, 5000 tons and over—11, eight of which are armored.

Ships of the second rate, between 3000 tons and 5000 tons—16, five of which are armored.

Ships of the third rate, between 1000 tons and 3000 tons—42, fourteen of which are armored.

Ships of the fourth rate, between 500 tons and 1000 tons—7, all of which are unarmored.

This makes the total number of ships of the United States navy all told equal to 76 vessels, 27 of which, including 13 old Monitors, are armored. Not all of these 76 ships are ready for sea at this instant, nor can they all be mobilized—that is, passed from a condition of peace into a condition of war—without a considerable time being spent in repairing them. Nevertheless, they are good ships, not obsolete, and not unable to go into action when fitted out. The unserviceable ships in the navy number 9, the sailing-ships 6, and the receiving-ships—serving as rendezvous and enlistment vessels at our navy-yards—5. These 20—old ships, receiving-ships, and sailing-ships—are not included in the list of 76 ships; they could not be utilized as fighting-ships, whereas all the 76 could.

There are to-day in commission and ready to go immediately into commission 51 ships, officered, manned, ready for action, each one presumably in the very pink of perfection, for each one has been recently at some navy-yard to be tuned up. These 51 ships are divided among the different waters of the globe as follows: in Europe, 3; in Asia, 7; in the Pacific, 7; in the South Atlantic, 2; in the North Atlantic, 27, including 4 Monitors and excluding torpedo-boats. But since the three ships of the South Atlantic are now in the waters of the West Indies, they are in close touch with the North Atlantic squadron, and are under the orders of Admiral Sicard, the commander-in-chief of that squadron, so they form part of that squadron.

There is no gainsaying the fact that these 31 vessels now in the neighboring waters of Cuba constitute a thoroughly efficient fighting force, well officered, well armed, well disciplined. Three of them—the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Massachusetts*—are first-class battle-ships, mounting 50 guns, all told, in their main batteries. Their place in action is in the line of battle, where the fighting is fiercest. They are to give hard knocks with their 12-inch, 13-inch, and 8-inch guns, and to receive them on their 15-inch and 17-inch nickel steel armor belts and turrets. To a somewhat less extent are similar duties demanded of the smaller battle-ship *Texas*, of 8 guns.

To act in concert with these battle-ships, though with greater mobility, more after the manner of the heavy detachments of a land force, are the armored cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn*, mounting together 38 guns. The largest calibre of these guns, 8-inch, should be more than a match for opposing armor of that thickness. Then comes that unique craft the ram *Katahdin*. What possibilities lie in the successful application of such a weapon are known to all, though as yet no ship designed solely to use it, unassisted by guns or torpedoes, has ever been put to the test. Undoubtedly the place of the ram is near the battle-ships, in the thickest of the fight, so that when close quarters come she can launch herself against the hull of her foe. Another type of armored ship belonging to the North Atlantic fleet is the Monitor, the old "cheese-box" of Ericsson. Alone among navies do we still adhere to this class of vessel. And not without reason, for to pass forts unscathed, though stormed at with shot and shell, the Monitor stands unequalled. There are four of this type in commission in the Atlantic ports. Very readily could these low floating platforms with two round turrets on them go to sea with the remainder of the squadron; but the *Puritan*, with her four 12-inch guns, and the *Amphitrite*, *Miantonomoh*, and *Terror*, each with four 10-inch guns, will be needed to safeguard the entrances from the sea to our great cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and others. Their duties will be arduous, and to assist them will be assigned probably the *Ajax*, *Canonicus*, *Mahopac*, *Manhattan*, *Wyandotte*, *Catskill*, *Jason*, *Lehigh*, *Montauk*, *Nahant*, *Nantucket*, and *Passaic*—twelve old-time single-turret Monitors, each mounting two smooth-bore muzzle-loading 15-inch guns. Not much speed have these "old hookers," but they can be made to go about five knots, their turrets can be made to train and their guns to fire, and they can be put into service after a week's hard work. Then no unarmored ship dare engage them in battle; the safety of our ports will be assured, and the more active ships will be left free to carry the war into the enemy's country.

Of cruisers the North Atlantic fleet has a good lot, though not enough of them to wage a war against an extensive commerce, as well as to protect commerce and be with the fleet to act as scouts, lookouts, and do other flying-cavalry service. The *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*, mounting eleven guns each, with phenomenal speed, might be the hawks in search of quarry, assisted by the *Cincinnati*, of eleven guns, though to do good work these flyers should have two or three large armed merchant steamships along with them. For the heavy cruising in connection with the armored fleet about Key West, there are the *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, *Marblehead*, swift and sure, mounting ten guns each; the despatch-boat *Dolphin*, of two guns; and the *Wilmington*, *Nashville*, *Machias*, and *Castine*, of eight guns each. To do the lighter work of the squadron there are the *Annapolis*, *Vicksburg*, and *Newport*, of six guns each. For despatch-work perhaps the *Vesuvius* might suit Admiral Sicard; she is a very fast little ship. There are some other naval vessels in the North Atlantic to-day: the *Fern*—what excellent work such craft can do has been recently made apparent—is one; and the *Adams*, *Alliance*, *Essex*, and *Enterprise*, good wooden sloops of war, each mounting six guns, are others. These can be made use of.

Not yet, however, are all the fighting means of the Atlantic fleet exhausted, for there are the torpedo-boats *Cushing*, *Ericsson*, *Foote*, *Rogers*, *Winslow*, *Porter*, *Du Pont*, *Gwin*, and *Talbot*—names to conjure with, and to inspire deeds of greatest daring.

Summarizing, we find in figures that Admiral Sicard has directly under his command to-day, or dependent upon it, the following fleet:

Armored ships	7
Cruisers	20
Torpedo-boats	9
Total	36
Monitors—new	4
" old	12
Total coast defence	16
Total, North Atlantic	52
And if we add to this number the ships in other squadrons	18
The grand total, United States fleet, which can be immediately mobilized, will number	70

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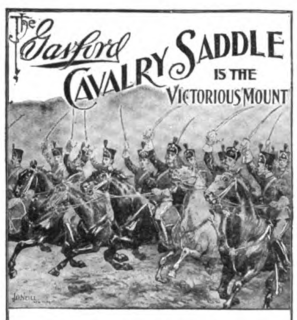


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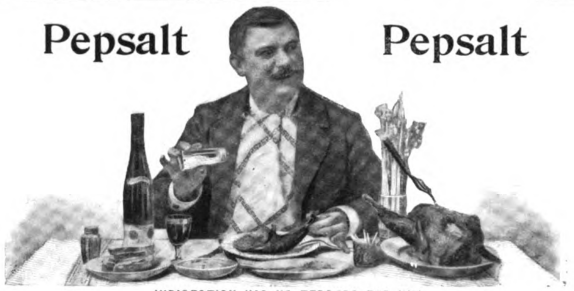
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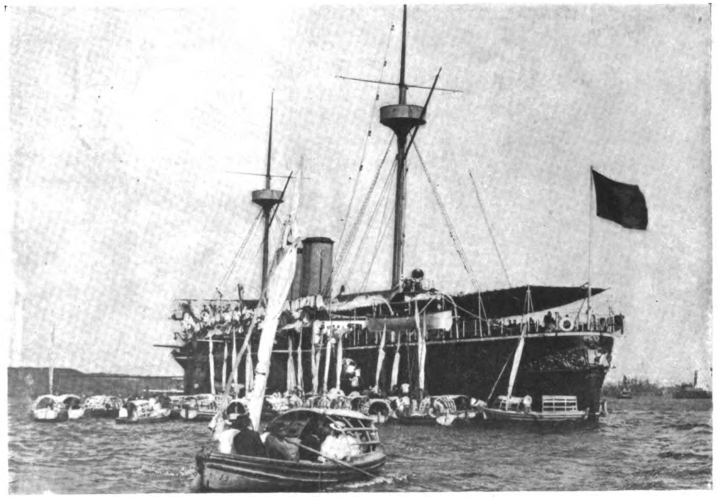
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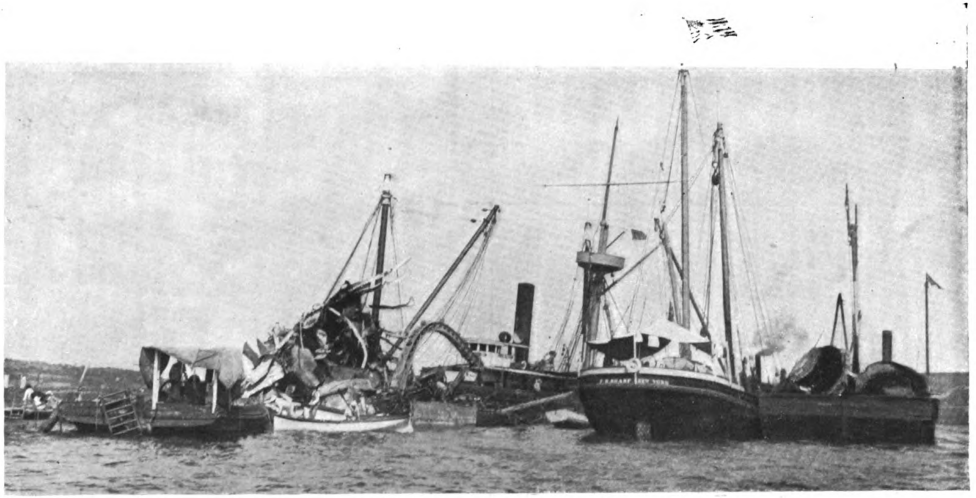
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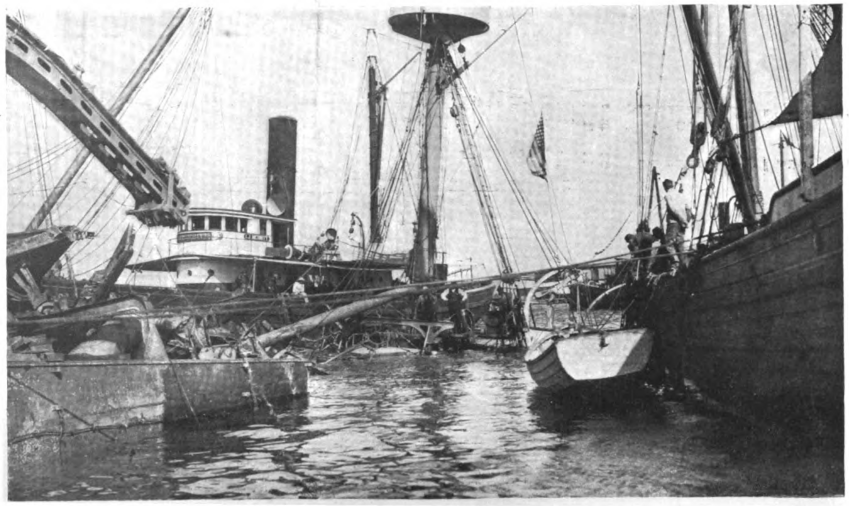
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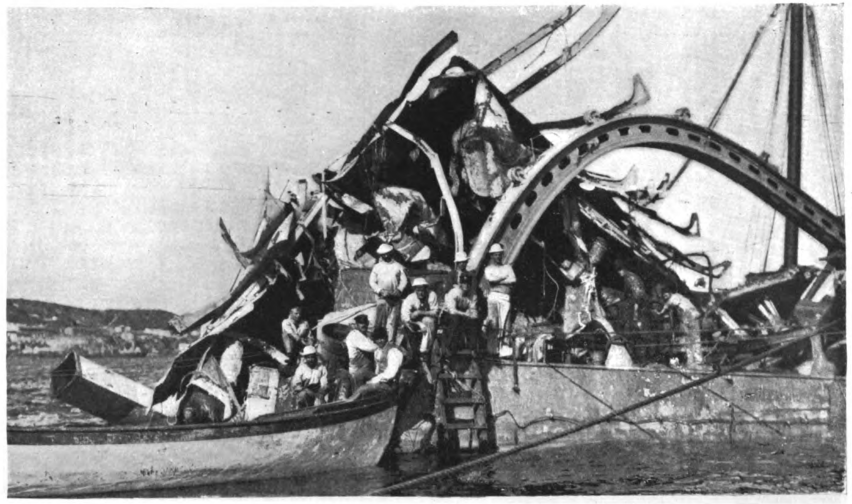
PLEASURE-BOATS SWARMING AROUND THE "VIZCAYA" ON HER ARRIVAL IN HAVANA BAY.



BROADSIDE VIEW OF WRECK, SHOWING THE "MAINE'S" SMOKE-STACKS ON A LIGHTER READY FOR SHIPMENT.



MIDSHIP PORTION OF THE WRECK.



THE BLUEJACKET DIVERS, IN CHARGE OF GUNNER MORGAN, JUST AFTER A DAY'S WORK.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—WRECKING OPERATIONS ON THE HULK OF THE BATTLE SHIP.—[See Page 270.]

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THE GREATER BOSTON SPEEDWAY.

NEW YORK narrowly escaped an irreparable mutilation of Central Park by the intrusion of a road for speeding horses in the midst of the best scenery of that noble pleasure-ground. The calamity was only averted by the assignment of the Manhattan bank of the Harlem River for that purpose. Then, most unfortunately, the opportunity for a beautiful water-side pleasureway was partially lost by wilful neglect of the landscape opportunities of the site and the refusal to consult expert advice until the work had been taken in hand and the scenery of the shore damaged beyond remedy.

A similar misfortune for the Boston park system has been made impossible by the wise action of the Metropolitan Park Commission in including in its scheme of park improvement for Greater Boston remarkably complete provisions for speeding purposes. An important feature of this metropolitan scheme is the reclamation of the scenery of the Charles River by converting its waters and shores into a continuous chain of pleasure-grounds. The banks of the stream at one point offered an ideal site for a speedway. A plan for the work was prepared by the landscape architects, Messrs. F. L. and J. C. Olmsted, and its execution is now in hand. The scheme is admirably complete in meeting all the requirements of the case, with provisions for public enjoyment of the spectacle as well as for the convenience and safety of the participators.

The plan comprises two speedways, in fact—one for horses and the other for bicycles. The location is central, being in the Brighton district of Boston, just across the river from Cambridge, and easily accessible by parkways or other good roads from all parts of Greater Boston. The famous Longfellow Meadow, celebrated in the poet's verse, and the chief feature in the landscape from the historic Longfellow homestead, is traversed by the speedway and its approaches. Being but a short walk from Harvard, it will be a favorite resort for the university students, with whom the bicycle-track will be especially popular. The speedway, indeed, is a great extension of an already important athletic centre. The Harvard athletic ground, Soldiers' Field, presented to the university by Mr. Henry L. Higginson, adjoins it, as does the North Brighton Play-Ground, and the Harvard boat-house is across the river, close to the Boylston Street bridge. From the North Brighton Play-Ground a subway passing beneath the speedway connects with a great ball-field on the bank of the river.

The speedway is approached and bordered by a parkway drive. This road, where it parallels the speedway, is sixty feet wide, to allow space for the return of the speeders from the finish to the start, speeding being permissible only in one direction. A row of trees in a ribbon of turf separates the drive from the speedway, which is fifty feet wide. Instead of being crowned, the speedway slopes slightly from one side to the other, counteracting the effect of the long, easy curve. The course is a mile from start to finish. At the end of the mile is a concourse, and the speedway track continues in a long "run over," so as to slow the horses before turning into the driveway.

Next the horse-speedway is a double bicycle-track. The two tracks, each twenty feet wide, are separated by a hedge occupying a space five feet wide. Like the horse-speedway, these tracks are also sloped slightly from the outer side of the curve to the inner. This gives a mile on a long, easy curve, practically a "straightaway." At the end of the mile, however, the bicycles, instead of swinging into the return drive, like the horses, keep on, the track making a gradual loop and returning upon itself. This gives a continuous course of two and a quarter miles, with "corners" at the loop similar to those of a one-third-mile track. To avoid interference with those on the track the start is placed on a siding, and subways give access to the space within the track. A lavatory is located within convenient access of the start, and will be appreciated by users of the track.

The edge of the river is followed by a broad promenade. Rows of trees separate the bicycle-track from the horse-speedway and from the adjacent walk. All these ways, with the exception of a portion of the boundary road that will be faced by houses, have a grade just above the marsh-level, and are protected from high tides in the river by a temporary dike along the line of the promenade. With the enactment of expected national and State legislation, a dam lower down stream will keep out the salt water, and enhance the beauty of the river by maintaining an even level of fresh water. Neither the horse-speedway nor the bicycle-course will take the place of the ordinary racing-track, since all parts of the course will not be visible from any one point. But a free and public place for these popular sports will be an important feature in the scheme of out-door recreation furnished by the extensive and varied pleasure-grounds of the New England metropolis.

AMATEUR SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

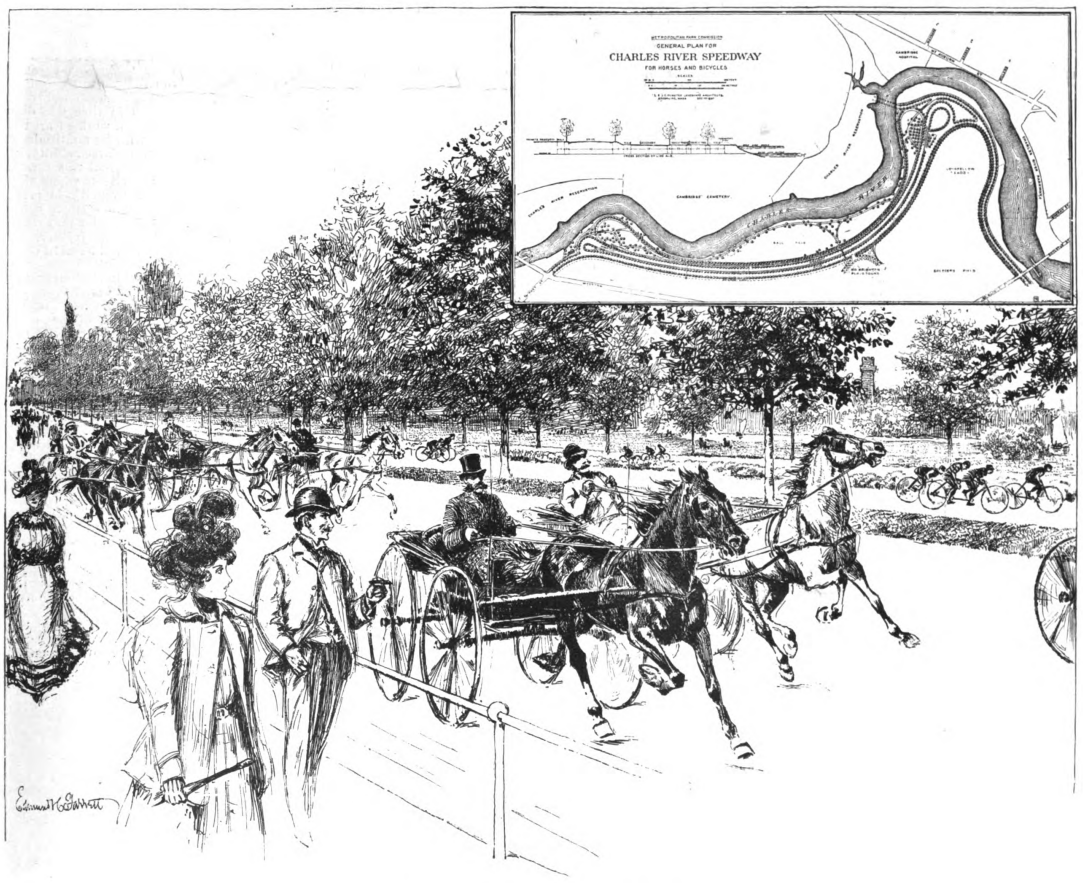
III.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOATING.

THE relationship of the autumn tubbing I have described, and its incidental sociability, to the welfare of the sport in the college and the university seems remote enough to an American mind; for out of the score of fellows who are tubbed only three or four, on an average, go into the college torpid. Yet it is typical of the whole; and it will help us in following the English boating season through the three terms of the college year. These are the autumn term, with the college tubbing and fours, which I have described, and with, besides, the 'varsity trials; the winter term, with the college torpids and the inter-'varsity eights; and the summer term, with the college bumping races. Throughout the year there are two converging currents of activity in boating. On the one hand, the tubs in the autumn term develop men for the torpids, which come on during the winter term; and the torpids develop men for the summer eights. On the other hand, the 'varsity trials in the autumn term develop men for the 'varsity eight which trains in the winter term; and the 'varsity oarsmen end the season in the eights of their respective colleges.

I.

The torpid is, so to speak, the understudy to the college eight. In order to give full swing to the new men, no member of the eight of the year before is allowed to row in it; and the leading colleges man two boats—sometimes even three. The training here is much more serious than that given to the tubs; wine and tobacco are out of order. The races, which are conducted like the celebrated May Eights, are rowed in midwinter—in the second of the three Oxford terms—under leaden skies, and often with snow piled up along the towing-paths. On the barges, instead of the crowds of ladies, gayly dressed and bent on a week of social enjoyment, one finds knots of loyal partisans who are keen on the afternoon's sport. The towing-path, too, is not so crowded as in May Week; but nothing could surpass the din of pistols and rattles and shouting that accompanies the races. It is not for the lack of coaching and experience if the men in the torpid do not learn how to row the stroke to the finish under the excitement of a race. When the torpids break training there are many ceremonies to signalize the return to the flesh-pots: one hardly realizes that the weeks of sport and comradeship have all gone to the filling of a place or two in the college eight.

All this time, while the tubs and torpids have been training up men for the college eight, the 'Varsity Boat Club, whose home is on the shore of the Isis opposite the row of college barges, has also, so to speak, been doing its tubbing; and though one seldom stops to realize it, both sets of tubsters (Oxford is guiltless of this word)—those of the 'varsity eight and those of the colleges—are in the end equally related to the college eights of May Week. The new men for the 'varsity are chiefly those who have come to the front in the May Eights of the previous year—ours of two or three years' standing, though occasionally men are taken directly from the Eton eight, which enters yearly for the Ladies' Plate at Henley. These will number nine or ten; and early in the autumn they are taken out in tubs. They are soon joined by as many of last year's blues as are left in Oxford. The lot is divided into two eights, as evenly



THE CHARLES RIVER SPEEDWAY, BOSTON.

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matched as possible, which are coached separately. These are called the Trial Eights, or 'Varsity Trials. To "get one's trials" is no mean honor. It is the *sine qua non* of membership to the Leander—admittedly the foremost boating club of the world. Toward the end of the first term there is a race of two and a half miles between the two trial eights at Moulsford, where the Thames is wide enough to permit the two boats to race abreast. Of the men who row in the trials the best ten or a dozen are selected to train for the 'varsity during the winter term.

Of the training of the 'varsity eight it is not necessary to speak here at length. The signal fact is that the men are so well schooled in the stroke, and so accustomed to racing, that a season of eight weeks, at Oxford and at Putney, is enough to fit them to go over the four miles and a quarter between Putney and Mortlake with the best possible results. The race takes place in March, after the close of the winter term.

The races I have mentioned give some idea of the scheme and scope of English boating, but is by no means exhaustive. The strength of the boating spirit gives rise to no end of casual and incidental races. Chief among these are the coxswainless fours, which take place about the middle of the autumn term, while the trials are on the river. The crews are from the four or five chief boating colleges, and are made up largely from the men in the trial eights. The races have no relation that I could discover to the 'varsity race; the only point is to find which college has the best four. It is characteristic that merely for the sport of it the training of the 'varsity trials should, in a measure, be interrupted.

After the 'varsity race the members of the crew rest during what remains of the Easter vacation, and then take their places in the boats of their respective colleges. Here they are joined by the rest of the trials men, the remaining members of last year's college eight, and the two or three men who have come up from the torpids. Now begins the liveliest season on the river. Every afternoon the river is clogged with eights rowing to Iffley or to Sandford, and the towing-path swarms with enthusiasts. The course in the May bumping races is a mile and a quarter long—the same as the course of the torpids—and the crews race over it every day for a week, except Sunday. These races, from the point of view of the expert oarsman, are far less important than the 'varsity race; yet, socially, they are far more prominent, and the enthusiasm they arouse among the undergraduates is incomparable. The entire boating system, with its tubs, torpids, and the 'varsity crew itself, is so arranged as to reach its climax each year in the college bumping races.

II.

The difference between American and English boating is primarily a matter of numbers. With us, in a university of from two to four thousand men there are normally four class crews and a 'varsity crew, though, in addition to this, a few "scratch" crews are manned yearly. In the English universities each of the score of colleges, numbering on an average something like one hundred and fifty men apiece, mans innumerable fours, at least one eight-oared torpid, and finally the college eight. A simple calculation will show that with us one man in fifty to seventy goes in for the sport, while in England the proportion is one man in five to seven. This is a conservative estimate, and it makes the proportion of boating-men in England ten times greater.

The difference in spirit is as great as the difference in numbers. Where so many men take part the motive must be as much the love of the sport as the desire to excel at it. In America the sole purpose of boating, which is proclaimed again and again, is to beat the rival eight; and the arguments used to call out candidates is that they owe it to the university to make every possible sacrifice of personal pleasure. In England such an argument is undreamed of. If boating were not a sport, and as such enjoyable to the normal man, no argument could force men into it. To ask them to come out to be tubbed, moreover, in order to strengthen the 'varsity or the college eights, would be a trifle far-fetched. The result of these two systems is curiously at variance with the intention. The English college eights or the 'varsity would be as poor a thing without the support of the college barges as the university itself would be without Winchester, Eton, Rugby, and the rest of the public schools. At Yale and Harvard not only are the 'varsity crews apparently inferior to the English crews, but the class crews are comparative failures in producing 'varsity material. In a word, boating in England is a strong native growth; with us it is an exotic, kept alive by the hot-house stimulants of inter-university rivalry.

A striking example of the inadequacy of our system is to be seen in the lack of an established style. Every institution has a different stroke, which is usually the invention and personal property of one man. The result is that endless energy is spent in discussing styles and experimenting with them. When Yale was winning, the Cook stroke was thought perfection, but no sooner did Yale lose at Henley than its author began a series of experiments at adapting English ideas. In the following year Yale and the English-coached Harvard crew were beaten by Cornell. Now the Courtney stroke is supreme. What the merits of the various styles may be I do not pretend to know, yet it is safe to say that a single good style well adhered to will do more in spreading the boating spirit and in getting out excellent crews than decades of experiments.

A curious consequence of this lack of a traditional style is to be seen in the physical character of the men in our boats. Our coaches have found that, as a rule, it is less trouble to educate a green oar than to eradicate the habits of an oar brought up in a different stroke. Now to learn to row easily and correctly requires an incredibly long and severe course of training, and it has been found that no one who has not originally the physique of an ox can stand the strain. Clearly, however, the physique of an ox is not that of an oarsman. If one finds a man of fine muscular fibre and prime nervous energy in one of our crews he is likely to be so overtrained by the day of the season as to be dead-wood in the boat. In England every Freshman is familiar with the theory of the stroke, and many row it naturally. It is for reasons such as this that eight weeks of training together is enough for a 'varsity crew. The supreme advantage of having an established style is that in England the men are selected from the outset for their skill and nervous force, so that, though naturally heavier of mould than we as a race, their oarsmen are, as a rule, lighter and more agile.

III.

To the American who believes in boating as a sport the English barges have clearly a far-reaching lesson to teach. Yet it is obvious at the outset that it is impossible to adopt the English system *in toto*. The rigors of our winter make the sport impossible for the larger part of the college year, so that, instead of rowing in torpids, our boating-men are forced to the dire monotony of pulley-weights and to the galley-slavery of the tank. And our waterways, which at first sight seem so promising, are in many respects a drawback. They are so wide that it is impossible to follow a crew from the shore, either in practice or in a race. The coaches take passage in a launch, and the rest of us shiver on the banks, perhaps for hours, and in the end see at best the finish. In all probability English boating has gained more by the proximity of the towing-path than it has lost by the narrowness of the rivers.

The most serious drawback, however, is not in the conditions of boating, but in our social attitude toward it. Our boat-houses are so bleak and barren that there is little or no comfort in them, and sometimes—as not long since at Harvard—they have caused actual sickness. And then there is that curiously difficult aspect of our sports, the "society" influence pure and simple. Our successful oarsmen are rewarded for the martyrdom of sport by social advantages far greater than any an English university has to offer. Yet this is as untoward for the sport as the martyrdom they have suffered. Whereas in England the tendency is always for the 'varsity oar to cultivate the members of his college eight, for the eightsman to keep an eye on the torpid, and for both of these to tub Freshmen, and be hospitable to them, our social system tends constantly to lift successful oarsmen out of the world of the aspiring novice. The two are apt to be creatures of different spheres. Instead of stimulating the instinct for boating, our societies knock away its shores and spurs.

The only positive influence our societies exert is in inducing men to take up with boating for the sake of social advancement. In effect, the social spirit says, Give yourself over to the galley-slavery of boating in order that we may win, and we will elect you to the best societies. It makes one's gorge rise, and all the more because, when rightly managed, no better basis can be found for club affinities than a love of manly strife in the open.

What of the future? There is at least a gleam of hope. Among the class crews and the 'varsity there is a tendency to train more men and row more races—a result of Mr. Lehmann's excellent influence at Harvard. And among the laymen the attractions of boating are more and more strongly felt. Last year the Weld Boat Club at Harvard put forth a set of oarsmen who stood for nothing but the love of sport, and won a series of very notable victories over boat clubs in the neighborhood of Boston. And little by little our boat-houses are improving, and the banks of our waterways are made attractive to all interested in the work of the crews. The whole question is one of civilization, and we are advancing with rapid strides. One fact, however, is obvious: as a basis for boating spirit the rivalries of English colleges are far superior to those of our four classes. So long as this difference remains in the social structure of the university the limit of our development is far short of that attained in England.

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN, MILL-BOY AND MILLIONAIRE.

BY BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

ISAAC HOLDEN, the mill-boy who became a millionaire, the mechanic, inventor, philanthropist, and statesman, passed away not long ago at the age of ninety. Spurgeon, his friend, once described him as "being good and doing good." In spite of a frail form, he maintained his health through the years of strenuous labor, toiled at his numerous inventions, built up a gigantic business, and preserved to the end his simplicity of manners and sympathy with the needy. His life is a romance of industry and generosity.

He was born in a collier's cottage in Scotland. George III. was King of England, Jefferson was President of the United States, and Bonaparte, who that year declared Great Britain blockaded, was the national bogie. His father was a Cumberland man, who had married a Scotch woman. The parents of both had become Wesleyans under John Wesley's personal guidance. The father, when quite young, worked in a lead-mine. His little home in Cumberland is still standing. He then removed to a Scotch village, and became head man in a coal-pit near the Clyde. Times were hard, wages low, and food at famine prices. The collier had often only two days' work in the week.

Isaac, when five years old, began his education in a little village school. Five years later, when work at the pit ceased, the family removed again. The parents devoted all their savings to send the boy to Kilbarchan Grammar-School. But the wages again failed, and food was so dear that Isaac had to go to work after he was ten years of age, and this time as draw-boy to two weavers. He went to school at night. The sight of machinery became his constant inspiration. He was always devising, even then, new plans for saving labor. After a while he became a full-fledged mill-boy, and worked fourteen hours a day.

When better days came he left the mill, and was sent to the school kept by a Mr. Fraser, who had known well the poet Burns. This schoolmaster was popularly called "Old Radical." Sir Isaac was fond of telling, later, how Old Radical had "A Man's a Man for a' That" printed in large type and mounted on boards for the boys of the school to look at and parse at sight. When, in the year that George III. died, 1820, Isaac's father removed to Paisley, Isaac went to say good-by to Old Radical, who talked to him about George IV.'s accession, and said: "If you want to study the new King, read Suetonius and Petronius. You will find his counterpart in their works." Isaac had been an apt pupil, and replied, "'The kings of the earth take counsel together,' but what is true and just must live in spite of them."

The boy of fifteen was placed with an uncle at Paisley, to learn shawl-weaving. Here his health broke down, so that he could do little or no manual labor. He then became assistant to John Kennedy, a scientific lecturer, with whom he studied Greek, Latin, French, and mathematics. Twice he offered himself for the Wesleyan ministry, and was accepted as a candidate, but his feeble health closed this path to him. When he was nineteen he became a mathematical tutor at Reading, and formed a mathematical institute, giving lectures in natural science and history. Young Holden's lectures at Reading were given to about one hundred young men, who clubbed together and furnished a little laboratory. In the course of his chemical experiments, in 1829, he originated the idea of the lucifer-match, though he never patented it nor derived any financial benefit from it. But we shall hear him tell his own story. Before a select committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the working of the Patent Laws, he said:

"In the morning I used to get up at four o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. I gave lectures in chemistry at the time at a very large academy. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light; but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put under the explosive mixture sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture, and showed it. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterwards lucifer-matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer-match."

Mr. Holden gave up teaching in 1830, and obtained a place as bookkeeper at Cullingworth, near Keighley, to Messrs. Townend Brothers, in which establishment he afterwards became manager. From the time when he was a mill-boy he had never lost sight of the need for an improvement in the process of wool-combing. He watched the hand-combers at work, and learned that many attempts had been made to treat the fibre by machinery, but that the fibre itself was so delicate that every experiment had failed. He determined to try again. At last he succeeded in the production of the "square-motion wool-comber," with action to imitate that of the hands. In the same year Holden invented a device for genappe yarns.

He next entered into partnership with Mr. Lister, now Lord Masham, whom he bought out at the end of ten years by the payment of £85,000. He improved his patents, extended his business, and accumulated a vast fortune. His Bradford works alone combed 60,000,000 pounds of wool a year. Great factories have grown up in France at Rheims and Croix. At the latter place the population rose as the result of his enterprise from 1700 to over 10,000. The firm of Holden & Sons has become the largest industrial concern of the kind in the world. The French towns which owe their prosperity to him acknowledge with gratitude the two free meals each day provided for them during the Franco-German war of 1870.

Miss Emily Crawford tells us how Sir Isaac killed and buried the "flounced petticoat," which for long had been the pride of the Paris laundress. The cotton famine which followed our war of 1861-65 gave a great stimulus to the wool trade. Muslin dresses almost died out in France, but the particular petticoat, so richly flounced, long defied all opposition, but in time was doomed to entire extinction. It had been a work of art to bleach, starch, and iron the garment, with its multitudes of small flounces, and it cost from ten to fifteen shillings to "get one up." When ironed, the petticoat was carried home suspended from a pole, and in streets where there were many laundresses there were daily petticoat processions. Sir Isaac believed that the cotton garment could be replaced by light mohair. He plotted for that result. The day of the flounced petticoat was gone forever. The Holden factories grew apace under the increased demand for the new and very fashionable fabric.

Mr. Holden entered Parliament in 1865, and retired from public life in 1892. He attributed his vigorous old age to regularity and temperance in living. After 1892 he made it a rule to take ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. On one occasion, in 1893, he said: "I take for my breakfast at present one baked apple, one orange, twenty grapes, and a biscuit made from banana flour. My midday meal consists of about three ounces of beef or mutton, with now and again a half-cupful of soup. If I take a little fish, I take so much less of meat. For supper I practically repeat my breakfast menu. After the system has been built up, and the period of manhood has been reached, all starch foods should be banished from the human diet." Thus this hard-working man, who in early years had feeble health, could look back on a ninetieth birthday! He was habitually cheerful, and in his home life he was singularly happy.

The baronetcy, which the father won by his distinguished public services, now passes to his eldest son, Mr. Angus Holden, M.P., who was born in 1830.

Sir Isaac was for many years a local or lay preacher in the British Wesleyan Church. He was strongly opposed to liturgical worship, yet used often to say that if he were a minister he would prepare his prayers as carefully as he would his sermons.

As an employer he was exact and just, but very kind, generous, and sympathetic with all his work-people. Of his factories at Rheims and Croix he was proud to be able to say that of the English population there three-fourths were children whose fathers had been in his employment, most of them more than thirty years. His own valet had, at the time of his death, served Sir Isaac twenty-three years, and said that he had never, in all that time, noticed a shade of ill-humor on "the master's" face, or heard an impatient word cross his lips.

Thousands of workmen stood bareheaded in the lanes as his funeral cortège passed by, and many a tear fell as the remains of this eminent master of industry were laid to rest in the family tomb. A friend of Sir Isaac, one who knew him well, has said: "He was not a man spoiled by success. When honors poured in upon him, and high positions became his, and the Queen selected him for knighthood, and he attained European fame, he was the same gentle, modest, sympathetic man as he was seventy-years ago."

"PONY TRACKS."—Written and Illustrated by Frederic Remington.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.—Full Leather, $4 00.—Harper & Brothers.

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remain the enemies of every decent man in public life, the inventors of sensations, the authors of lies when the truth failed to contain sufficient spice for their depraved tastes. They would at once set at work an army of spies, whose business it would be to worm out all the secrets of the war. These spies would sneak into the public offices and into the tents of the commanding generals of the army. They would resort to the meanest and most dishonorable subterfuges to attain their ends and earn their pay. If by bribery or other base devices they could obtain a plan of campaign, they would not hesitate to publish it in their newspapers. If they could steal their way into secret defences, they would publish plans of them. The fact that these publications would lead to the defeat of our own armies or the capture of our own strongholds would not deter them from printing what they call the news. They would as willingly betray the enemy as their own country, it is true, but that is as far as their patriotism would carry them. Their ignorant and foolish criticisms of the conduct of the war would affect popular opinion, which they would direct against every self-respecting officer who treated them as they deserved to be treated, and against every capable officer whose movements were not quick enough or sensational enough to whet the appetite for newspapers. This is one of the problems with which our government will be called upon to deal in the event of a war, and it must be confessed that it is so difficult as to make successful war almost impossible. The country would find the lying newspapers in the rear quite as formidable as the armed troops and navies in front.

These newspaper editors and publishers are the most dangerous of the self-proclaimed patriots who are the embodiments of the so-called "American spirit and the advocates of the so-called "American policy." Their companions and tools are the lowest of the politicians with whom a commercial age and a commercial perversion of our system of government have filled the offices and the legislatures of the country. With them, too, are a horde of money-makers, who see in war an opportunity to pocket the millions which the government will be obliged to expend for supplies—for ships, for guns, for arms of all kinds, for food and medicine for the sailors and soldiers, for clothing, for powder—for all that must be bought by the government at a time when the need of haste is so great that opportunity for thorough inspection is lacking, while opportunity for fraud and cheating is correspondingly great. There are some honest but misguided people who are talking about the "American spirit" and the true "American policy" in much the same foolish way as these others, but the great majority of the shouters are such as we have described.

It is true they reach the height of insolence in assuming to be the patriots of the country; but if they are blessed with a war, their mendacity and impudence, re-enforced by their noise, will triumph over the true Americans who hold, in modesty and silence, the true American view, which is that the republic is established for the promotion of the arts of peace and for the prosperity of its honest and industrious citizens; who hold, too, the faith that WASHINGTON taught in his Farewell Address, and that the President of to-day enforced in his address at the University of Pennsylvania on WASHINGTON'S birthday.

"Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct,"

said the first President, and the last President echoes:

"Following the precepts of WASHINGTON we cannot err. The wise lessons in government which he left us it will be profitable to heed. He seems to have grasped all possible conditions and pointed the way safely to meet them. He has established danger signals all along the pathway of the nation's march. He has warned us against false lights. He has taught us the true philosophy of 'a perfect union,' and shown us the graphic dangers from sectionalism and wild and unreasonable party spirit. He has emphasized the necessity at all times for the exercise of sober and dispassionate judgment."

These are the words of true patriots, and they speak the wish of true Americans. If war shall come, it will be fought bravely by the men who love their country for the blessings of peace which have followed the establishment of the republic, for the public virtue and enlightenment for which it stands, for its attainments for human liberty and human progress; by the men now silent and apprehensive, who look forward with an intelligent appreciation of what may come; by such men as those now at the head of affairs in both the civic and military branches of the government. These are the men who come to the surface of American life in every dangerous crisis and sturdily bear its burdens, only to retire, we regret to say, after the crisis is over, to leave the field to the mouthing boasters whose noise may have produced the crisis, and whose aim will certainly be to make all the money possible out of the misery and the suffering of those whom they are now insulting, and upon whose strength and fidelity depend always the safety and welfare of the country.

THE FUTURE OF CUBA.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

NOTHING could be more natural than the sympathy of Americans with other Americans who struggle against oppression, and with those poor victims of the struggle who, in consequence of it, are reduced to starvation and misery. That the bloody and destructive conflict in Cuba be brought to a speedy conclusion, and be followed by a reign of liberty, law, and order, is therefore the sincere wish of all the good people of this country. That wish springs from a generous sentiment, and it is strengthened by a just appreciation of the annoyances, commercial and other, which are caused by the frequent recurrence of distracting disorders at our very doors. The thought that it may be the business of this republic to put an end to the trouble by friendly counsel and mediation, or, if that be of no avail, by forcible interference, finds, under such circumstances, much favor, even among persons who do not think lightly of a war with its incalculable sacrifices in blood and treasure which interference by force would bring on. But it is by no means inconsistent with so generous a disposition calmly to examine, aside from other considerations of right or of interest, the question whether the attainment of the immediate object of such interference, the abolishment of Spanish rule in Cuba, would really have the desired effect of securing to the people of that island the blessings of peace, liberty, and a fair measure of good government. In this respect we are not without valuable experience.

In the early part of this century the efforts of the Spanish colonies on the American continent to achieve their independence excited much sympathy in the United States. HENRY CLAY championed their cause with characteristic fervor. Those efforts appeared to him like a repetition of our own Revolutionary war. He attributed to the struggling South Americans all the political capacities of his own people. He thought that as to their "fitness for freedom" the people of South America were "in some particulars even in advance of us." He fiercely attacked the MONROE administration for not aiding them effectively. He urged the repeal of our neutrality laws for their benefit, and insisted that their independence be formally recognized while the struggle was yet undecided. He predicted for them a glorious future. His glowing speeches created a great stir in the country, but the administration remained firm in its conservative attitude.

In March, 1821, HENRY CLAY had an interview on the subject with the Secretary of State, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who thus recorded his part of the conversation in his diary: "I regretted the difference between his [CLAY'S] views and those of the administration upon South American affairs. That the final issue of their present struggle would be their entire independence of Spain I had never doubted. That it was our true policy and duty to take no part in the contest was equally clear. The principle of neutrality in *all* foreign wars was, in my opinion, fundamental to the continuance of our liberties and our Union. So far as they were contending for independence I wished well to their cause; but I had seen, and yet see, no prospect that they would establish free or liberal institutions of government.... Arbitrary power, military and ecclesiastical, was stamped upon their education, upon their habits, and upon all their institutions. Civil dissension was infused into all their seminal principles. War and mutual destruction were in every member of their organization, moral, political, and physical.... Of these opinions, both his [CLAY'S] and mine, time must be the test."

Time has been the test, and it is now generally recognized that JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S predictions have proved far more correct than those of HENRY CLAY. In fact, seven years after the interview, CLAY himself, in answering a complimentary letter from BOLIVAR, the famous South American leader, could not refrain from giving words to his disappointment, saying that the people of the United States were still anxiously looking for the realization of their hope that with the independence of the South American republics free institutions would be established, "insuring all the blessings of liberty." He might say the same thing now.

The question whether the population of Cuba, consisting of Spaniards, white Creoles, and one-third of negroes and mulattoes, is in any essential respect superior to that of the American republics south of us, and whether better things may be expected of it, is certainly one of far-reaching importance. That question is by no means answered by the statement upon which an esteemed contemporary lays great stress—that the insurgents in Cuba have exhibited splendid fighting qualities, and that they may therefore be trusted with equal capacities for self-government. The fighting in the Spanish South American colonies was in its time quite as respectable as the fighting now is in Cuba; and considering that the national origin of the two insurgent forces as to the white source is the same—there being an Indian admixture in South America and a strong negro element in Cuba—and considering further that the two populations have grown up under similar tropical conditions of climate and under similar traditional influences, religious, social, and political, it is not unreasonable to apprehend that their conduct after the achievement of independence will be similar also. In other words, it is very probable, if not certain, that in Cuba, as in South America, when the war against the Spaniards ends, wars of factions will begin. And inasmuch as in Cuba a large part of the revolutionary forces consists of negroes and mulattoes, high places of command being held by men of color, who, having done their share of fighting, will claim their share in "running" the government, those wars of factions are likely to become embittered by race antagonisms of peculiar acrimony.

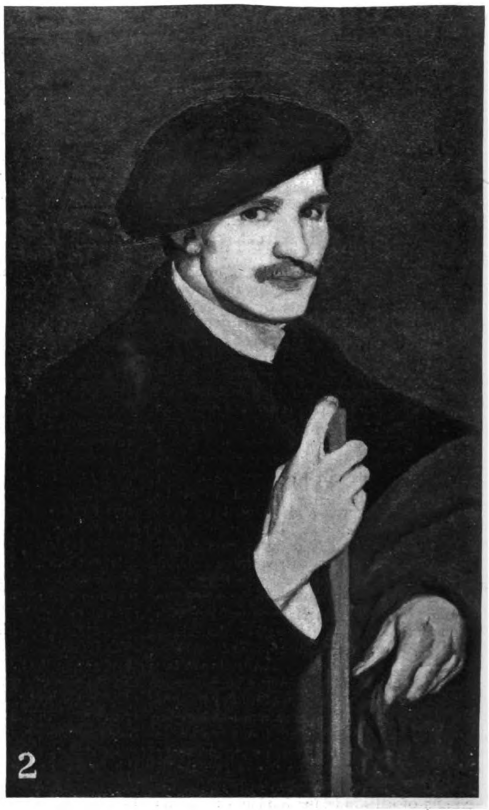
Those of us who by warlike intervention—that is, by shedding the blood of our own people and by sacrificing the treasure of our own country for the purpose of "liberating" Cuba—expect to stop bloodshed and destructive disorder, and to establish civil liberty, peace, and prosperity there, may thus meet with a disappointment as keen as that of HENRY CLAY was. To accomplish their humanitarian end entirely, more intervention by force will probably be required against the factious disturbers. The same men whom our first intervention had liberated would then hate and fight their friends and liberators of yesterday as their enemies and oppressors of to-day. Whoever regards this as an overdrawn picture need only read the history of the American republics south of us, and imagine that the United States had helped them against the Spaniard by warlike intervention, and then attempted to establish and maintain peace and orderly government within their borders. Such a study will convince every candid mind of the complexities of the task. And nobody can foretell how far, after we had once embarked in such a task, our sense of responsibility—not to speak of the growth of a reckless spirit of adventure—would drive us on.

Would not then the annexation of Cuba to the United States appear as the only remaining shift? Probably it would. This would mean the incorporation in our political system of a country, with a population of over 1,500,000 souls, which is essentially uncongenial, if not positively hostile, to our political and social principles, ways of thinking, and habits; a country the climatic conditions of which are such that its principal laboring force—that is, the bulk of its citizenship—can never consist of people of Anglo-Saxon, or, more broadly speaking, of Germanic, blood; a country that is sure to breed interminable race antagonisms—an evil of which we already have more than enough; a country in every way unfitted for the building up of a well-ordered democracy as we understand it. The idea of embodying in our political system such a country with such a population, of making ourselves responsible for "maintaining a republican form of government" and peace and order there, and of permitting such a State—for a State it would become—to take an important part in governing our whole republic, is so appalling that every thinking American may well hesitate before venturing upon any step likely to lead us on to it.

It may be said that all this is mere conjecture. If so, it is conjecture based upon historical experience which no serious man will make light of—the experience that no American republic south of us has ever enjoyed many years of internal peace and prosperity, except under such a government as that of PORFIRIO DIAZ in Mexico—an intelligent and vigorous martial dictatorship clad in republican garb—for such it is—a kind of government which, although the best Mexico or any southern republic ever had, we would surely not tolerate in this country, and which we could never exercise over others without fatal injury to our own free institutions. In the face of so grave a situation as the present, it is not ungenerous and certainly not unpatriotic to consider the future of our own country at least as much as that of any other.

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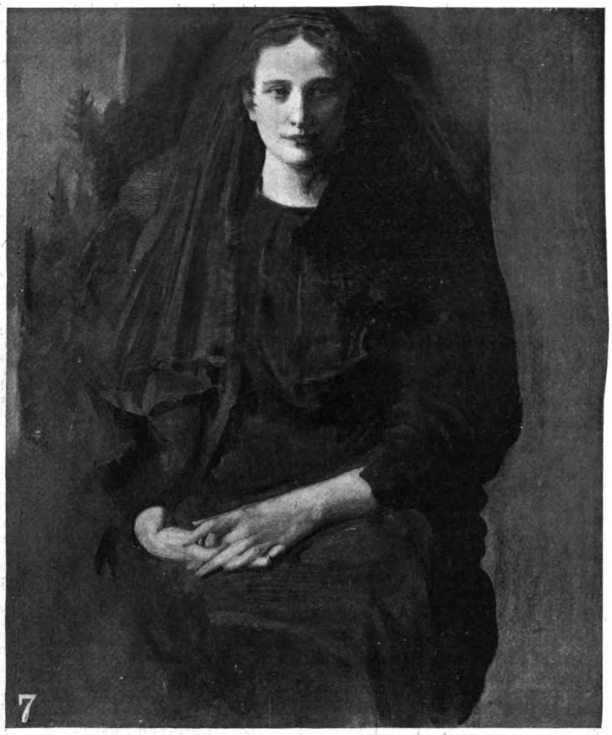
FROM THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK.—[See Page 310.]

1. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps Stokes, by John S. Sargent. 2. Portrait of a Young Man, by Charles Hopkinson. 3. Portrait of a Lady, by Samuel Isham. 4. Portrait of young Miss C., by William M. Chase.

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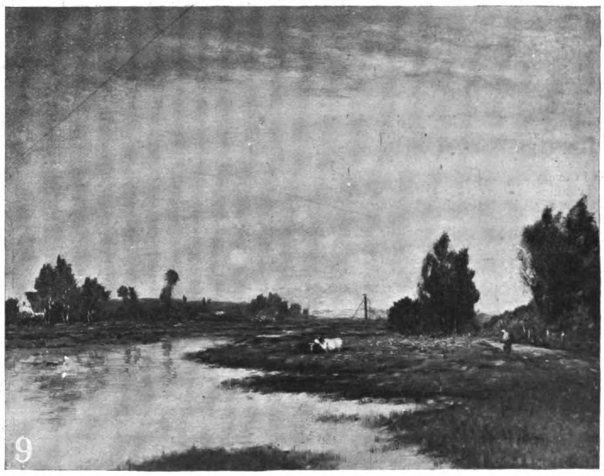


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FROM THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK.—[See Page 310.]

5. "Song of the Pines," by Douglas Volk. 6. "Night and the Waning Day," by George R. Barse, Jr. (Awarded the Shaw Fund). 7. Portrait, by Abbott H. Thayer. 8. "Sea-Sirens," by F. S. Church. 9. "Evening, Honfleur," by George H. Bogert (Awarded the Webb Prize).

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HAVANA.

March 12, 1898.

THE daily life of Havana goes on in apparent unconsciousness of the rebellion in the interior of the island and the quiet and unobtrusive doings of the court of inquiry into the *Maine* disaster. The bay and wharves are busy with shipping; the narrow streets are crowded with broad mule-carts and the ever-present carriage. A new franchise for a street railway is about to be granted. The present omnibuses—the plebeian conveyance of those who cannot pay twenty cents for a *coche*—are crowded; and to the British vice-consul, just out from home, and who probably has no further immediate interest in the *Maine* nor in the revolution than we have in the depredations of a rebellious tribe of Indian hillmen, Havana may well have the appearance of an active tropical city. Havana is white and glistening. Havana lies sun-bathed day after day in the brilliant light of the tropics. The cool breezes of the Gulf blow in from the white-capped water, and watering-carts lay the dust in the streets. Calle General Weyler, formerly called Obispo, but lately changed to honor the Captain-General, is shaded with awnings and gay with Spanish flags. The shops seem busy, and summer fabrics are displayed to the Spanish women. Spanish officers in their tropical uniforms crowd the cafés by night, and walk down the narrow streets three and four abreast. There are so many of them in town that one imagines field duty may be unpopular. The British vice-consul might well have said: "Is there insurrection in the island? Do they anticipate trouble with the States?"

But one is told that before the war the harbor was as full again of shipping; that before the war the noticeable activity of the city was double what it now is; that to-day business is dead; that, with the Spanish merchants, the idea of annexation or a protectorate grows daily in favor, for their interests and profits go hand in hand with stability of government and commercial confidence.

Havana is awaiting the report of the dignified court of inquiry in their harbor with as much interest as you are doing at home.

Meantime the routine work goes on; the autonomist party print long accounts of their policy and aspirations—manifestoes that are laughed at and ignored. There is also published in the papers each day the censored news from the seat of war—which means from the whole island—telling of the sally of some Spanish column, relating the movements of officers gone to join their regiments, telling of insurgents killed or wounded, of a machete and saddle-bags captured from the rebels. There are long telegrams from the mother-country, expressing satisfaction with what has been done by force of Spanish arms and the autonomistic party toward the pacification of Cuba, and assuring those fire-eating volunteers that no one ever thought of disarming them; that Spain's confidence in them as defenders of the country and preservers of public order is unshaken. One cannot help but remember that the disbanding of the 80,000 volunteers in Cuba was the first plank in the autonomistic platform.

Go a few miles outside of Havana and you come to deserted and idle land; ten miles away the sugar-cane is burned nightly by rebels. Between the fortified villages the railway trains run through insurgent country, and the railway companies are said to pay toll to the rebels for permission to run their trains and *not* have them blown up *en route*. The fact that trains are now seldom wrecked would point to the truth of this statement.

And in the city there are starvation and illness and misery, mourning and sorrow. Notice the many women in mourning upon the streets; see them kneeling in the dim light of church aisles. Read the death notices in the papers—they fill many lines, while the number of births is insignificant in comparison. On last Sunday, March 6, 17,745 people were fed in Havana and Guanabacoa by the food sent from our country. And Havana has felt the effects of the war less than any other city in the island.

And behind many of the stucco walls and grated windows, hidden from view, shrinking sensitively and proudly from the pity of old friends and newer enemies, are suffering and hunger none the less poignant than that which can be seen. From the possession of sugar estates and a house on the Prado to a lodging-house in the suburbs—it is an old story, and there are thousands to tell it. Husbands and elder brothers dead or in the field; the women and boys striving to help themselves, striving to help the cause.

After the arrival of a troop-ship from Spain one sees upon the streets knots of the new soldiers, brave in bright uniforms—fresh, strong-looking boys and vigorous young men. What if they have been drafted to the war against their will? The colony is full of interest; Havana pleases them; they have been cheered and welcomed. Ahead of them is the rainy season; fever will break them down; many will die in hospitals, and the crowded transport that carries the remainder back to Spain will enter many a death on her books.

Havana in the evening is bright with electric lights on the principal thoroughfares. The stores keep open until ten o'clock, and a ceaseless line of carriages parades around the Central Park looking for fares. As is the custom in every South American city, the band plays on certain evenings in the park, and the women turn out to be looked at by the men. But in the old days it was different. Then the plaza on band nights was crowded; the people filled every available chair, at a fee of ten cents per chair for the evening; they blocked the streets, and kept the efficient military police of Havana busy in clearing a way for the *coches*. But in these days a few hundred gather on one side of the park, and the children play among the vacant seats.

Men wander listlessly in and out of the cafés; the newsboys cry their wares on the sidewalk, announcing each paper to be of to-day's issue, and the beggars around the hotels are persistent. The cable messages that you read the next morning have been censored and sent to the cable office; the special tugs to Key West, bearing matter the censor would never pass, have sailed, and the correspondents are free to talk of the day's news. Men scan the hotel register for the names of the latest arrivals, hoping to find the name of a friend from the North. Naval officers come up from the harbor, the Consul-General is talking to the latest Senator from home, and the chief of Havana's police walks through the corridors, leisurely and unoccupied, but noting each face. You may wake up in the morning to hear that the police have made wholesale political arrests during the night, and that the man you talked to last night is in Cabañas.

Such was my experience last week; and straightway followed an exodus from Havana to the insurgent ranks of many Cubans. They deem it better to be in the field than in Cabañas.

Turn from the lighted plaza and the strolling officers down a side street. Gaunt women, their rags drawn around their bony bodies, their despairing faces hid against their dying babies, lean against the walls. Little boys and girls are stretched out under your feet; their bodies are swollen, and their arms like pipe-stems. These are the reconcentrados, and that many of them are alive to-day is due to the charity from our country. There are thousands that cannot live; life is torture, death a blessing, and it would be a mercy to aid them peacefully to pass away. This is Havana, and Havana has known less suffering than any other city in the island.

The court of inquiry has been holding daily sessions, and the testimony of divers and experts is being taken. It is possible, though not considered probable, that the findings of the court be submitted to the scrutiny and arbitration of a foreign body, and to be thoroughly prepared for such a contingency, should it arise, the court is making its examination a thorough and full one in every particular. The wisdom of such action is clear.

The *Montgomery*, trim, graceful, glistening with white paint and burnished guns, is moored but a few yards from the Spanish cruisers *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo*. The American boat comes in for her fair share of attention from the harbor and the wharves. Her batteries are discussed by the longshoremen, and there are always groups of idle people on the water-front who express their favorable opinion of our war-vessel. Her visitors would surely be many were visitors allowed to the degree that is permitted on board the Spanish vessels; but this privilege has been extended to Americans only, and it has been a pleasure indeed to receive this hospitality and the courteous treatment at the hands of the officers of the *Montgomery*. Vigilance on this vessel is unabated day or night. The search-light is ready for immediate use, and reports as to harbor happenings are constant on board the American cruiser.

On March 11 the Austrian steam-frigate *Donau* arrived in this port. Official visits were at once paid to her by the different men-of-war in the harbor; it was a pretty sight to see the white men-o'-war boats pulling for the latest arrival, and it is a pleasure to record that the men of the *Montgomery* got away in fine style, and beat the whole harbor to the goal.

To-day there have been paid many visits of courtesy to the men-of-war. The autonomistic cabinet went on board the *Montgomery* at two o'clock, and the booming of saluting guns has been incessant.

The attempt to smuggle jewelry into Havana under cover to the Red Cross Society, and the annoyance to that society resulting therefrom, are now things of the past. The government was naturally incensed at the trick, for the custom receipts are of vast importance here, and when one attempts to evade them it is like touching a man in his most tender, as well as only tender, spot. But the government is convinced that there was no intentional attempt at fraud or evasion, and all restrictions to the free entrance of food have therefore been removed.

March 16.

The court of inquiry have sailed from Havana. Their work here is finished and they will not return. They have completed and perfected all plans and drawings; their examination has been careful and thorough.

The work of the Spanish divers claims so little attention and awakens so little interest that it is impossible to learn that they have done anything that is worthy of serious consideration. They have worked in a perfunctory and careless manner, and have made reports to men appointed to hear them; and while these men are ready with many plausible reasons, all tending to show that the *Maine* explosion was internal, very little serious heed is paid to the Spanish investigation.

The floating derrick *Chief* was yesterday towed into Havana Harbor by the *Underwriter*. The *Underwriter* will at once return to Newport News for a large lighter. The *Chief* is a very powerful derrick, and capable of raising many tons. It is believed that the *Maine's* great guns can be saved by the *Chief*, as well as much armor-plate, machinery, and other valuable material.

There has been much improvement in the methods used for getting the American food to the sufferers in Havana. One large central station has been established, which is open from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon every day in the week, and from which are given out weekly rations for twelve thousand people. There are three sub-stations, properly located in the near suburbs of the city, which are open all day Sunday, and which bring the number of people fed up to 17,450 a week. There has also been established, as an experiment, a diet kitchen. If this one is successful, others will be immediately put into operation. Here cooked food will be given out to the sick—such food as is suited to their needs—and the benefit to these people from this charity will be great indeed, for many of the suffering have no means of properly cooking food for themselves.

The much-talked-of pacification of the province of Matanzas is amusing. At the head of the rebel forces in this province of Matanzas is one Betancourt, with a price of $2000 on his head. He was at one time a dentist in Matanzas city; he is a man of education, and a successful leader. On the night of March 11 he raided a point on the San Juan River not more than a mile from the city limits of Matanzas, and drove off eighty-odd head of cattle, and more than forty horses. There was no fighting on this occasion. On February 24 last, to celebrate the beginning of the fourth year of the insurrection, an expedition of arms and ammunition was, by night, landed on a beach across the bay, and within plain view of the house-tops of Matanzas city, and not more than a mile from a Spanish fort called Murillo.

A strong indication that the Cubans will not consider autonomy is given by the following very recent occurrence. Three men were found dead at the side of the railroad track. The bodies bore papers announcing them to be Cuban leaders of importance who had been killed by their comrades when it was discovered they were in communication with the Spanish with a view to the furtherance of the autonomistic policy.

By day the province of Matanzas is covered with the smoke from burning sugar-cane. The ashes from destroying flames blow through the capital, and in the evening the sun is dulled and yellow from the smoke. At night-time fires give their dull glow to the darkness; and on Sunday before last, in broad daylight, the rattle of musketry was as music to the ears of the rebel families living in one of the suburbs of Matanzas city that stretches along the bay.

Within the last few days there was an engagement between Spanish and Cubans at a town not more than fourteen miles from Matanzas. The insurgents had to retreat, not having ammunition to return their enemies' fire. The next day men were busily occupied in the city in buying from Spanish soldiers cartridges at a cent apiece, and by the following night the insurgents were replenished with ammunition.

There is constant and easy communication between the rebels in the field and their friends in Matanzas. Letters are received one day and answered the next. Matanzas is but sixty-six miles east of Havana, on the northern coast of the island.

HAROLD MARTIN.

WASHINGTON.

March 21, 1898.

FOUR incidents in connection with the Cuban question have occupied public attention here during the last week. The first was the purchase by our government of two cruisers which had been built in England for the Brazilian navy, the *Amazonas* and the *Almirante Abreu*. The second was an order from the Spanish Admiralty, since suspended, for the sailing of a flotilla comprising three torpedo-boats and three torpedo-boat-destroyers from Cadiz for Porto Rico. The third was an informal remonstrance by Spain against our assembling so formidable a fleet of war-ships in the waters contiguous to Cuba, as indicating a spirit unfriendly to Spain, and tending to defeat the autonomic experiment in Cuba by encouraging the restless element there to vote against the government at the coming elections. The fourth was the completion of enough of the work of the naval board of inquiry on the *Maine* disaster to permit of its preparing a report.

Possibly before these lines meet the eye of the reader the substance of the board's report will have been laid before Congress. In view of this considerable significance is attached to a widely printed forecast of a report which will be made by a Spanish board appointed to inquire into the destruction of the *Maine*. The Spanish report, it is announced, will declare the explosion to have had its origin within the ship. This is interpreted to mean that Spain is prepared for a report by our board in support of the external origin of the explosion, and purposes to contest this assumption, with a view to submitting the whole question to arbitration, and thus postponing for a time any further step on our part.

Meanwhile Congress is making active preparations for the national defence. In the House the Naval Affairs Committee has provided in the annual appropriation bill for recruiting the Marine Corps to its legal complement of 3000 men; and the Military Affairs Committee, with the approval of the War Department, has prepared a bill to put the army upon a war-footing with 104,000 men. Statistics have been gathered from all the States and Territories, showing the numerical strength of the organized militia to be 114,362, while the total number of men available for military service, but now unorganized, is more than ten millions. Congress has been much agitated by a rumor that the President shares the hope of Speaker Reed for the speedy passage of the appropriation bills and an early adjournment. This is resented by some members—chiefly by Senators—on the ground that it implies disrespect for the law-making branch of the government, and a desire to leave the executive branch in undisturbed control of the negotiations which may be necessary during the next few months.

Madrid is said to have been stirred early last week by a rumor that Cuban sympathizers in the United States were making ready an armed expedition to take Porto Rico. The suggestion is made in well-informed quarters, however, that this story probably had its origin in Spain, as it afforded a convenient explanation of the proposed despatch of the torpedo flotilla to Porto Rico. Without some such pretext it would have been hard to account for this action on any theory consistent with the attitude of protest assumed by Spain toward the preparations for defence made by the United States; for torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat-destroyers are used only for operations against a navy, and the Cuban insurgents, of course, have no navy.

With the decision of the Spanish Admiralty to suspend the sailing orders for the flotilla, however, and our simultaneous substitution of the harmless *Fern* for the formidable *Montgomery* in the harbor of Havana, the excitement at Madrid seems to have subsided.

Senator Davis's sudden change of base on the Hawaiian question, in dropping the treaty of annexation which was pending in executive session, and substituting a joint resolution to be considered in open Senate, was regarded here as bearing directly upon our strained relations with Spain.

The war party in Washington has demanded haste in the annexation of Hawaii, so as to furnish our navy with a base for operations against the Philippine Islands, the idea being to strip Spain simultaneously of her most valuable colonies in both hemispheres, and thus cripple her efforts to raise money in any foreign market.

The Naval Affairs Committee of the House has referred to a subcommittee the Roosevelt *personnel* bill. Leading members of the committee have assured Secretary Long that some measure in the general line of the *personnel* bill will be reported to the House—either the Roosevelt bill itself, or one providing for one hundred additional engineers and machinists.

The latest indications of the President's policy point to his separate treatment of the *Maine* incident and the horrors of Cuban warfare. If Congress consents to this programme, any further steps on our part which might lead to war are liable to go over till fall.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

A FRIEND of the WEEKLY in Noblesville, Indiana, read a recent paragraph in this department about the willingness of the Hoosiers to stay at home "after they had won the right to leave the State." She calls it "an attack on our Hoosier State," and wants to know if the idea is that Indiana is a prison, and that "only those high on the 'merit-card' may leave the State." Is New York, she asks, the place where good Hoosiers go when they get the right? and, she inquires further, where do the good New-Yorkers go to when the time comes for them to move on? These queries, put in the name of a ladies' club, are of special interest because of their bearing on certain tendencies of American life.

When our querist speaks of the WEEKLY'S "attack on the Hoosier State," she is doubtless joking, for the import of the paragraph she read was to felicitate Indiana on her success in keeping her best citizens at home. The reason why there is anything remarkable about that is because of the existence of a propensity in human creatures who may choose their place of abode to select the place in which they think that life will be most interesting, and because persons who have lived long, under agreeable conditions, in great capitals like Washington, or in big seaboard cities like New York, are apt to consider that there is more fun to be had in such places than in smaller cities. It is recorded of Lincoln that after he had served one term in Congress he liked Washington, and was inclined to stay there, but failed to get a government office which he coveted, and so, happily, went back to Illinois, where he belonged. When the war broke out, Grant was living in Galena, Illinois. When he retired from public life, after two terms in the White House, he did not go back to Galena, but settled in New York. He liked the life of the East, and had lived so long in the East that most of his friends were here, so that it was a natural thing for him to stay here. When General Sherman retired from active service in the army, he tried living in St. Louis, but didn't like it, and finally came to New York, where he died. It was natural, because he had lived for twenty years in the East, and it had become more homelike to him than Missouri. When Grover Cleveland retired from the White House for the first time he came to New York to live. When he finished his second term, and concluded to stop work, he settled in Princeton, New Jersey. He did not go back to Buffalo.

One of the conspicuous features of modern life is the attraction that the great centres of population have for restless or unattached persons. Every considerable city gives evidence of this attraction. New York being the biggest of American cities, and having many allurements of business, climate, and society, attracts more people than any other American city. Washington is socially attractive in an analogous way, because it is a capital. Boston is attractive because it is rich and handsome, and has delightful suburbs. People who can get a license to live in Boston often find life there very pleasant. Chicago is a good place to make money in. People go there chiefly for that purpose, and as it is an exceedingly cogent motive, they go steadily, and in large numbers; but it is observed that Chicago people who have made money enough often pack up and come East to live. When they do that, it must be because life in the East suits them better.

It does appear, therefore, and probably the Ladies' Club of Noblesville will admit it, that the Americans straggle a good deal, and feel no special obligation to stick to one particular State, if they think they can find better sport in another. So it is all the more a credit to Indiana that it seems to hold the Hoosiers pretty close, and that those of them who go out and view the world, and serve in various high places, are apt to go home again in the end. No doubt there are hundreds of native Hoosiers in New York, but it can hardly be said that "the good Hoosiers" come to New York. They seem to stay at home. That's their peculiarity.

As to the "good New-Yorkers," and where they go, that is worth considering. It used to be said that good Americans went to Paris when they died, but that was thirty years ago. The more modern tendency is to go to London. The migratory habits of the very rich Americans are easily studied. Pretty much all of the excessively rich Californians seem to be living in New York or Europe. Rich Chicago people who get tired of Chicago build houses in New York or Washington, and summer-houses in New England. Ohio is a feeder for New York, Washington, and London. New York people who are cloyed with the life of their own town go into the country, or live on a yacht like Editor Bennett, or move to England like Mr. Waldorf Astor, or, like many others, have houses in various likely places — London, Paris, Rome, Florence, or Scotland—and still keep up a few establishments for occasional use at home. One general truth impresses the observer, that while the course of the star of empire is westward, the current of dollars spent in luxury and unproductive investment seems to run the other way.

It is true that this world is not our home, but our sojournings in it interest us in it as a place of temporary residence, and most of us like to have our ideas of places and people assume as much permanency as possible. We like to identify certain people with certain places, and however individuals may move about we like families to have places of permanent residence. It is an interesting question how far this identification of families with places is going to be possible in this country. During the present century, migration—especially migration westward—has been the habit of the country, and nowadays transportation is so cheap and communication so general that it is almost as easy to go somewhere else as it is to stay at home. The two classes of people who seem most likely to maintain permanent relations with localities are those who are too poor to get away, and those who are rich enough to go and come back. Everywhere the conditions of life and of industry, and the relative importance of places and situations, keep changing and compelling moves, and between the families that go to town to make a living and those that go to spend a fortune and those who leave town to save money, the art of staying at home seems to get finer and finer all the time, and the successful practice of it more and more unusual.

General William Starke Rosecrans, who died on March 11 at his home near Redondo in southern California, was one of the noted generals of the war who held high command and won high distinction. He was born in Delaware County, Ohio, in 1819, was graduated fifth in his class at West Point, and after serving eleven years in the engineer corps of the regular army, resigned (in 1854) and opened an office in Cincinnati. When the war came he promptly received a commission as Brigadier-General in the regular army, and a command of 11,000 troops in West Virginia. There he did well, repulsing General R. E. Lee, who tried to recapture the State. In 1862 he commanded a division under Pope in Halleck's army, presently succeeded Pope in command, was appointed Major-General of Volunteers, won the battle of Corinth, took command in October of the Army of the Ohio, and at the very end of the year beat Bragg in the noted battle of Stone River, wherein 108,000 troops were engaged. The battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863, which was saved by Thomas from being a serious disaster, ended the more brilliant part of his military career. He was relieved from command, and Thomas, against his own protests, succeeded him. After serving for nearly a year in command of the Department of Missouri, he was left without a command during the rest of the war. In 1867 he resigned his commission in the regular army. For a year he served, by appointment of President Johnson, as United States Minister to Mexico, and about 1870 he moved to San Rafael, California, and resumed the practice of his profession as civil engineer. He served in Congress two terms, from 1881 to 1885, and from that time until about a year ago held the office of Register of the Treasury.

In Charles A. Dana's "Reminiscences," in the February number of *McClure's Magazine*, there is an interesting record of the impression General Rosecrans made on Mr. Dana, who was with him in the Chickamauga campaign of 1863. Mr. Dana says of him:

> While few persons exhibited more estimable social qualities, I have never seen a public man possessing talent with less administrative power, less clearness and steadiness in difficulty, and greater practical incapacity than General Rosecrans. He had inventive fertility and knowledge, but he had no strength of will and no concentration of purpose. His mind scattered; there was no system in the use of his busy days and restless nights, no courage against individuals in his composition, and, with great love of command, he was a feeble commander. He was conscientious and honest, just as he was imperious and disputatious; always with a stray vein of caprice, and an overweening passion for the approbation of his personal friends and the public outside.

This is an interesting estimate, whether or not it is just. It is proper to remember that it was made after Chickamauga, and not at a time when its subject appeared at the best advantage. As to General Rosecrans's patriotism, courage, and fidelity, as well as his very considerable talent, there never has been but one opinion. Personally he was very popular, and beloved by his soldiers, and liked by the generals and officers who served with him.

A good deal of light was thrown on current processes of making war news by the recent intelligence distributed by the *Times*, that Mr. Chamberlain, the war-news editor of the *Evening World*, was lying at his home in New Jersey, gravely ill with brain-fever. The nature of the war extras of the yellow papers has been so generally appreciated, and the process of getting them out has seemed so very simple, that probably few persons have realized that their issue involved any serious strain, except perhaps upon machinery—multiplex, million-a-minute presses, linotype machines, and devices for getting red and black inks upon plates in expedient contrasts. Mr. Chamberlain's collapse, however, shows that there is more to the "extra" business than that, and that it even involves something fit to be described as a mental strain. We are told that from the time of the *Maine* explosion until he broke down Mr. Chamberlain spent his days and most of his nights in turning out incessant designs for new extras, and worked himself into a state of mind which finally discovered itself about six o'clock on Saturday evening, March 12, in the appearance on the street of a *World* extra which announced in vociferous head-lines that war had been declared. It occurred to some one in authority that the announcement was premature, and if so, might be indiscreet, so this issue was called in, and arrangements were promptly made for Mr. Chamberlain to take a month's vacation. The next night brain-fever developed, a result of over-zealous solicitude for the promotion of his employer's interests.

It is to be hoped that this case may have induced better and more sensible methods in issuing extras. There is no need at all of such precipitation in the preparation of these wares. A better way is illustrated in every lunch-room where they serve batter cakes hot to consumers. The batter is all prepared beforehand, the griddle is kept hot, and the cakes are issued to meet the demand. Such war extras as this unlucky Mr. Chamberlain has worn himself out over might just as well have been issued in an analogous way. They have been at all times gloriously independent of fact or actual occurrence, and could have been as well prepared calmly and by daylight hours, perhaps days before they were needed. Mix your batter, gentlemen, betimes, and if possible let it stand overnight. Have fifteen or twenty different puils of it if necessary, and then when you get ready let us have our extras prompt and hot, and in such succession as the market will stand. If a little real war news comes in, it can be sifted in at any time, and so much the better, but don't let faithful men wear themselves out on these things. Rather than have that happen, we could spare them altogether.

These many eons the Lowell Institute lecture course has been a source of erudition to the people of Boston, and has helped to account for their superior accumulations of knowledge. One of this season's Lowell lecturers has been Dr. William Everett, of Quincy, who has given a series of very popular discourses on poets. Any one would suppose that a Boston lecturer on poets would wish to be contemporaneous, and would consider Kipling, William Watson, Stephen Phillips, and Richard Le Gallienne; or if he preferred to stay at home, then Riley, Stedman, Aldrich, and Richard Watson Gilder. But Dr. Everett has done no such thing. Fearless of the reproach that his reading and appreciation are not "up to date," he has been turning back the clock and talking to the Boston moderns about the poetry their grandmothers read. He has lectured, at this writing, on Cowper, Crabbe, Scott, and Moore, and Campbell, Byron, and maybe others are still to follow. Dr. Everett can read poetry as well as talk about it and the writers of it, and the *Transcript* reports that his lectures have been very successful.

Captain Mahan is an accomplished gentleman, and the fact that he is the world's accepted authority on one great subject of current interest by no means warrants the conclusion that all his intelligence has been concentrated on that subject. He made an interesting address on March 15 at a Lenten service in an Episcopal church on Brooklyn Heights, wherein he told his views, or rather his experience, of religion. He said nothing novel or startling, suggested no new interpretations of Scripture or unusual theological deduction, yet his testimony, simple as it is, is interesting. His discourse, as reported, includes this passage:

> "My experience of life is that of one who has based his practice upon the full intellectual acceptance of the Christian faith as explicitly set forth in the historic creeds—the Apostles' and the Nicene creeds. In those and in the Word of God I have found and find not merely comfort and strength, but intense intellectual satisfaction."

Evidently Captain Mahan does not share the sentiments of those condescending thinkers who regard belief in the Christian faith as a valuable refuge for persons who are tired of thinking.

The new circular adopted at Pittsburg by the Permanent Temperance Committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly, to be issued to the presbyteries, suggests to church courts that it is their duty to "forewarn parents of the temptations that may beset their sons as they enter upon college life," but does not name or suggest any college in which those temptations seem to be more potent than in another. It does state that "the Presbyterian Church has long been teaching that temperance is total abstinence from intoxicants—not their moderate use—and that the traffic (in intoxicants), licensed or unlicensed, is a curse to be constantly combated by every Christian citizen."

That seems a sufficiently explicit statement of the attitude of the Presbyterian Church towards strong drink. It has the advantage of being easily understood. Perhaps it is worth noting, not as a basis of complaint, but in a spirit of friendly interest, that, judged by the standard of temperance thus determined, the Presbyterian fold must contain a very considerable number of intemperate sheep, and not a few intemperate shepherds.

As was anticipated, Dr. Andrew S. Draper declined his recent election as City Superintendent of Schools of Greater New York, and on March 16 the Board of Education elected to that important office Mr. William H. Maxwell, superintendent of the public schools of Brooklyn. Mr. Maxwell is serving his third term in his present office. He is a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1852. His father was a Presbyterian minister. He was educated in Ireland, is a graduate of the Queen's University, and for two years taught in the Victoria College for women in Belfast. He came to America in 1874, and became managing editor of the Brooklyn *Times*. In 1880 he began to teach school in Brooklyn, where, since 1887, he has been Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Aubrey Beardsley died of consumption at Mentone on March 16. Most unenlightened persons will remember him as the artificer of a line of drawings as unwholesome as ever got admittance to polite society. That, however, is doubtless a crude view to take of him. The company of his instigators and admirers included many persons qualified to hold opinions on matters of art, and though many other persons equally well qualified found his creations absurd, the inquiring layman must conclude that he had a talent worth developing, and which we must regret to see cut off. His success, such as it was, was astonishing, for his drawings are well known all over Europe and America, and his work was in active request, yet he was born in 1874 which makes him only twenty-four years old.

A Mr. Sandford of New Haven, described as "Yale's old centre rush and football coach," is quoted in the newspapers as being of a mind to enlist if there is war, and as of the opinion that "every old college football-player in the East will do the same." Mr. Sandford is a peace man, but he says that all the stalwart old Yale athletes whom he has seen are ready to respond to a call to arms, and he believes the country will find no stouter defenders "than the warriors who have gained courage on football fields."

No doubt the football men would give a good account of themselves if it came to blows, though there is some reason to think that if our troubles with Spain should end in active hostilities, the heavy end of the conflict would fall not so much upon fighting-men as upon stokers. The value of football as a means of keeping alive a martial spirit in time of peace has been abundantly dwelt upon, yet, after all, the chief particular in which veteran football-players would be expected to excel as soldiers would be in the possession of superior physical endurance, and in that particular, if war came, they would compete not with students and young men somewhat delicately reared, but with the great body of working-men. The hard physical work of war is done for the most part by young men accustomed from an early age to physical labor. In the host of such men that are available for service the little army of football men would cut, numerically at least, a small figure. One of the interesting results of war would be the chance it would afford of ascertaining whether football has had a visible effect upon our military capacity. Of course, however, it wouldn't pay to hatch out a trouble on that account alone.

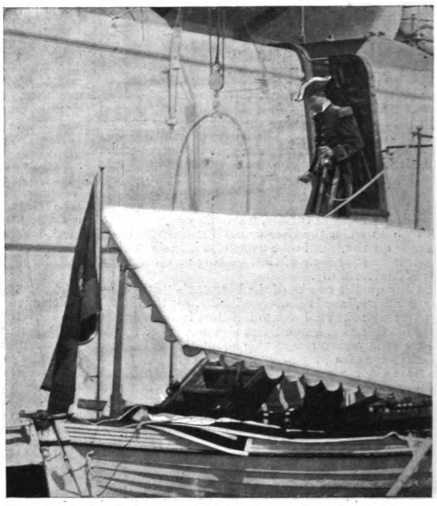
The gold medal of the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts, established in 1893 by Mr. John H. Converse, has just been awarded to two natives of Philadelphia, and former pupils of the Academy, Miss Cecilia Beaux and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. Under the conditions of its foundation this medal is awarded, at the discretion of the Board of Directors, to American painters and sculptors in recognition of high achievement in their profession. The Academy is fortunate in having two representatives of its own schools who are so conspicuously fit to receive the honors in its gift.

E. S. MARTIN.

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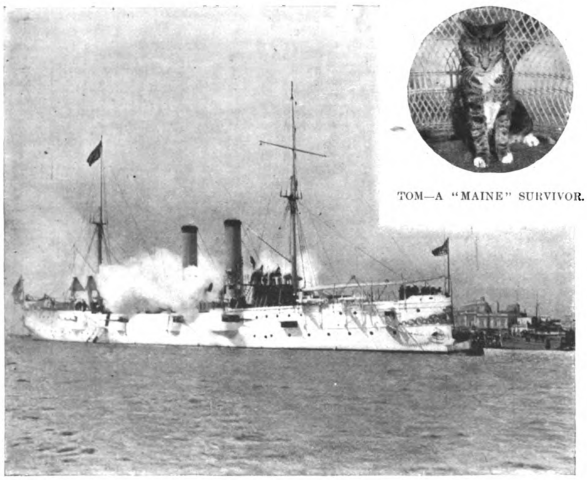
A VERY IMPORTANT PIECE OF WRECKAGE BLOWN UP FORWARD.



NAVAL COURTESIES—CAPTAIN KUKIN LEAVING THE "MONTGOMERY" AFTER AN OFFICIAL CALL.



WRECKERS AT WORK ON THE MIDSHIP SECTION OF THE "MAINE."



THE "MONTGOMERY" SALUTING ON HER ARRIVAL AT HAVANA.

TOM—A "MAINE" SURVIVOR.



ONE OF THE "MAINE'S" PLATES BLOWN UP FROM THE FORWARD PART OF THE SHIP.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—SCENES IN HAVANA HARBOR.—[See Page 294.]

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DEATH AND THE CHILD.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

IV.

THE road moved around the base of a little hill, and on this hill a battery of mountain-guns was leisurely shelling something unseen. In the lee of the height, the mules, contented under their heavy saddles, were quietly browsing the long grass. Peza ascended the hill by a slanting path. He felt his heart beat swiftly; once at the top of the hill, he would be obliged to look this phenomenon in the face. He hurried, with a mysterious idea of preventing by this strategy the battle from making his appearance a signal for some tremendous renewal. This vague thought seemed logical at the time. Certainly this living thing had knowledge of his coming. He endowed it with the intelligence of a barbaric deity. And so he hurried; he wished to surprise war, this terrible emperor, when it was only growling on its throne. The ferocious and horrible sovereign was not to be allowed to make the arrival a pretext for some fit of smoky rage and blood. In this half-lull Peza had distinctly the sense of stealing upon the battle unawares.

The soldiers watching the mules did not seem to be impressed by anything august. Two of them sat side by side and talked comfortably; another lay flat upon his back, staring dreamily at the sky; another cursed a mule for certain refractions. Despite their uniforms, their bandoleers and rifles, they were dwelling in the peace of hostlers. However, the long shells were whooping from time to time over the brow of the hill and swirling in almost straight lines toward the vale of trees, flowers, and grass. Peza, hearing and seeing the shells, and seeing the pensive guardians of the mules, felt reassured. They were accepting the condition of war as easily as an old sailor accepts the chair behind the counter of a tobacco-shop. Or it was merely that the farm-boy had gone to sea, and he had adjusted himself to the circumstances immediately, and with only the usual first misadventures in conduct. Peza was proud and ashamed that he was not of them, these stupid peasants, who, throughout the world, hold potentates on their thrones, make statesmen illustrious, provide generals with lasting victories, all with ignorance, indifference, or half-witted hatred, moving the world with the strength of their arms, and getting their heads knocked together in the name of God, the king, or the stock exchange—immortal, dreaming, hopeless asses who surrender their reason to the care of a shining puppet, and persuade some toy to carry their lives in his purse. Peza mentally abased himself before them, and wished to stir them with furious kicks.

As his eyes ranged above the rim of the plateau, he saw a group of artillery officers talking busily. They turned at once and regarded his ascent. A moment later a row of infantry soldiers, in a trench beyond the little guns, all faced him. Peza bowed to the officers. He understood at the time that he had made a good and cool bow, and he wondered at it, for his breath was coming in gasps; he was stifling from sheer excitement. He felt like a tipsy man trying to conceal his muscular uncertainty from the people in the street. But the officers did not display any knowledge. They bowed. Behind them Peza saw the plain glittering green, with three lines of black marked upon it heavily. The front of the first of these lines was frothy with smoke. To the left of this hill was a craggy mountain, from which came a continual dull rattle of musketry. Its summit was ringed with the white smoke. The black lines on the plain slowly moved. The shells that came from there passed overhead with the sound of great birds frantically flapping their wings. Peza thought of the first sight of the sea during a storm. He seemed to feel against his face the wind that races over the tops of cold and tumultuous billows.

He heard a voice afar off. "Sir, what would you?"

He turned, and saw the dapper Captain of the battery standing beside him. Only a moment had elapsed. "Pardon me, sir," said Peza, bowing again.

The officer was evidently reserving his bows; he scanned the new-comer attentively. "Are you a correspondent?" he asked.

Peza produced a card.

"Yes, I came as a correspondent," he replied, "but now, sir, I have other thoughts. I wish to help. You see? I wish to help."

"What do you mean?" said the Captain. "Are you a Greek? Do you wish to fight?"

"Yes, I am a Greek. I wish to fight." Peza's voice surprised him by coming from his lips in even and deliberate tones. He thought with gratification that he was behaving rather well. Another shell, travelling from some unknown point on the plain, whirled close and furiously in the air, pursuing an apparently horizontal course, as if it were never going to touch the earth. The dark shape swished across the sky.

"Ah!" cried the Captain, now smiling. "I am not sure that we will be able to accommodate you with a fierce affair here just at this time, but—" He walked gayly to and fro behind the guns with Peza, pointing out to him the lines of the Greeks and describing his opinion of the general plan of defence. He wore the air of an amiable host. Other officers questioned Peza in regard to the politics of the war. The King, the ministry, Germany, England, Russia—all these huge words were continually upon their tongues. "And the people in Athens, were they—" Amid this vivacious babble Peza, seated upon an ammunition-box, kept his glance high, watching the appearance of shell after shell. These officers were like men who had been lost for days in the forest. They were thirsty for any scrap of news. Nevertheless, one of them would occasionally dispute their informant courteously. What would Servia have to say to that? No, no; France and Russia could never allow it. Peza was elated. The shells killed no one; war was not so bad. He was simply having coffee in the smoking-room of some embassy where reverberate the names of nations.

A rumor had passed along the motley line of privates in the trench. The new arrival with the clean white helmet was a famous English cavalry officer come to assist the army with his counsel. They stared at the figure of him surrounded by officers. Peza, gaining sense of the glances and whispers, felt that his coming was an event.

Later he resolved that he could with temerity do something finer. He contemplated the mountain where the Greek infantry was engaged, and announced leisurely to the Captain of the battery that he thought presently of going in that direction and getting into the fight. He reaffirmed the sentiments of a patriot. The Captain seemed surprised. "Oh, there will be fighting here at this knoll in a few minutes!" he said, orientally. "That will be sufficient. You had better stay with us. Besides, I have been ordered to resume fire." The officers all tried to dissuade him from departing. It was really not worth the trouble. The battery would begin again directly. Then it would be amusing for him.

Peza felt that he was wandering with his protestations of high patriotism through a desert of sensible men. These officers gave no heed to his exalted declarations. They seemed too jaded. They were fighting the men who were fighting them. Palaver of the particular kind had subsided before their intense preoccupation in war as a craft. Moreover, many men had talked in that manner, and only talked.

Peza believed at first that they were treating him delicately. They were considerate of his inexperience. War had turned out to be such a gentle business that Peza concluded that he could scorn this idea. He bade them a heroic farewell, despite their objections.

However, when he reflected upon their ways afterwards, he saw dimly that they were actuated principally by some universal childish desire for a spectator of their fine things. They were going into action, and they wished to be seen at war precise and fearless.

V.

Climbing slowly to the high infantry position, Peza was amazed to meet a soldier whose jaw had been half shot away, and who was being helped down the steep track by two tearful comrades. The man's breast was drenched with blood, and from a cloth which he held to the wound drops were splashing wildly upon the stones of the path. He gazed at Peza for a moment. It was a mystic gaze which Peza withstood with difficulty. He was exchanging looks with a spectre; all aspect of the man was somehow gone from this victim. As Peza went on, one of the unwounded soldiers loudly shouted to him to return and assist in this tragic march. But even Peza's fingers revolted; he was afraid of the spectre; he would not have dared to touch it. He was surely craven in the movement of refusal he made to them. He scrambled hastily on up the path. He was running away.

At the top of the hill he came immediately upon a part of the line that was in action. Another battery of mountain-guns was here, firing at the streaks of black on the plain. There were trenches filled with men lining parts of the crest, and near the base were other trenches, all crashing away mightily. The plain stretched as far as the eye could see, and from where silver mist ended this emerald ocean of grass a great ridge of snow-topped mountain poised against a fleckless blue sky. Two knolls, green and yellow with grain, sat on the prairie, confronting the dark hills of the Greek position. Between them were the lines of the enemy. A row of trees, a village, a stretch of road, showed faintly on this great canvas, this tremendous picture; but men, the Turkish battalions, were emphasized startlingly upon it. The ranks of troops be-

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tween the knolls and the Greek position were as black as ink. The first line, of course, was muffled in smoke, but at the rear of it battalions crawled up and to and fro plainer than beetles on a plate. Peza had never understood that masses of men were so declarative, so unmistakable, as if nature makes every arrangement to give information of the coming and the presence of destruction, the end, oblivion. The firing was full, complete, a roar of cataracts, and this pealing of connected volleys was adjusted to the grandeur of the far-off range of snowy mountains. Peza, breathless, pale, felt that he had been set upon a pillar and was surveying mankind, the world. In the mean time dust had got in his eye. He took his handkerchief and mechanically administered to it.

An officer with a double stripe of purple on his trousers paced in the rear of the battery of howitzers. He waved a little cane. Sometimes he paused in his promenade to study the field through his glasses. "A fine scene, sir," he cried, airily, upon the approach of Peza. It was like a blow in the chest to the wide-eyed volunteer. It revealed to him a point of view.

"Yes, sir, it is a fine scene," he answered.

They spoke in French. "I am happy to be able to entertain monsieur with a little fine practice," continued the officer. "I am firing upon that mass of troops you see there a little to the right. They are probably forming for another attack."

Peza smiled. Here again appeared manners!—manners erect by the side of death.

The right-flank gun of the battery thundered; there was a belch of fire and smoke; the shell, flung swiftly and afar, was known only to the ear, in which rang a broadening, hooting wake of sound. The howitzer had thrown itself backward convulsively, and lay with its wheels moving in the air as a squad of men rushed towards it. And later it seemed as if each little gun had made the supreme effort of its being in each particular shot. They roared with voices far too loud, and the thunderous effort caused a gun to bound as in a dying convulsion. And then occasionally one was hurled with wheels in air. These shuddering howitzers presented an appearance of so many cowards, always longing to bolt to the rear, but being implacably held up to their business by this throng of soldiers, who ran in squads to drag them up again to their obligation. The guns were herded and cajoled and bullied interminably. One by one in relentless programme they were dragged forward to contribute a profound vibration of steel and wood, a flash and a roar, to the important happiness of man.

The adjacent infantry celebrated a good shot with smiles and an outburst of gleeful talk.

"Look, sir!" cried an officer once to Peza. Thin smoke was drifting lazily before Peza, and, dodging impatiently, he brought his eyes to bear upon that part of the plain indicated by the officer's finger. The enemy's infantry was advancing to attack. From the black lines had come forth an inky mass, which was shaped much like a human tongue. It advanced slowly, casually, without apparent spirit, but with an insolent confidence that was like a proclamation of the inevitable.

The impetuous part was all played by the defensive side. Officers called, men plucked each other by the sleeve; there were shouts, motions; all eyes were turned upon the inky mass which was flowing towards the base of the hills, heavily, languorously, as oily and thick as one of the streams that ooze through a swamp.

Peza was chattering a question at every one. In the way, pushed aside, or in the way again, he continued to repeat it. "Can they take the position? Can they take the position? Can they take the position?" He was apparently addressing an assemblage of deaf men. Every eye was busy watching every hand. The soldiers did not even seem to see the interesting stranger in the white helmet who was crying out so feverishly.

Finally, however, the hurried Captain of the battery espied him and heeded his question. "No, sir! No, sir! It is impossible!" he shouted, angrily. His manner seemed to denote that if he had had sufficient time he would have completely insulted Peza. The latter swallowed the crumb of news without regard to the coating of scorn, and waving his hand in adieu, he began to run along the crest of the hill towards the part of the Greek line against which the attack was directed.

VI.

Peza, as he ran along the crest of the mountain, believed that his action was receiving the wrathful attention of the hosts of the foe. To him then it was incredible foolhardiness thus to call to himself the stares of thousands of hateful eyes. He was like a lad induced by playmates to commit some indiscretion in a cathedral. He was abashed; perhaps he even blushed as he ran. It seemed to him that the whole solemn ceremony of war had paused during this commission. So he scrambled wildly over the rocks in his haste to end the embarrassing ordeal. When he came among the crowning rifle-pits filled with eager soldiers he wanted to yell with joy. None noticed him, save a young officer of infantry, who said, "Sir, what do you want?" It was obvious that people had devoted some attention to their own affairs.

Peza asserted, in Greek, that he wished above everything to battle for the father-land. The officer nodded; with a smile he pointed to some dead men covered with blankets, from which were thrust upturned dusty shoes.

"Yes, I know, I know," cried Peza. He thought the officer was poetically alluding to the danger.

"No," said the officer at once. "I mean cartridges—a bandoleer. Take a bandoleer from one of them."

Peza went cautiously towards a body. He moved a hand towards a corner of a blanket. There he hesitated, stuck, as if his arm had turned to plaster. Hearing a rustle behind him, he spun quickly. Three soldiers of the close rank in the trench were regarding him. The officer came again and tapped him on the shoulder. "Have you any tobacco?" Peza looked at him in bewilderment. His hand was still extended towards the blanket which covered the dead soldier.

"Yes," he said, "I have some tobacco." He gave the officer his pouch. As if in compensation, the other directed a soldier to strip the bandoleer from the corpse. Peza, having crossed the long cartridge-belt on his breast, felt that the dead man had flung his two arms around him.

A soldier with a polite nod and smile gave Peza a rifle, a relic of another dead man. Thus he felt besides the clutch of a corpse about his neck that the rifle was as unhumanly horrible as a snake that lives in a tomb. He heard at his ear something that was in effect like the voices of those two dead men, their low voices speaking to him of bloody death, mutilation. The bandoleer gripped him tighter; he wished to raise his hands to his throat like a man who is choking. The rifle was clammy; upon his palms he felt the movement of the sluggish currents of a serpent's life; it was crawling and frightful.

All about him were these peasants, with their interested countenances, gibbering of the fight. From time to time a soldier cried out in semi-humorous lamentations descriptive of his thirst. One bearded man sat munching a great bit of hard bread. Fat, greasy, squat, he was like an idol made of tallow. Peza felt dimly that there was a distinction between this man and a young student who could write sonnets and play the piano quite well. This old blockhead was coolly gnawing at the bread, while he, Peza, was being throttled by a dead man's arms.

He looked behind him, and saw that a head by some chance had been uncovered from its blanket. Two liquid-like eyes were staring into his face. The head was turned a little sideways, as if to get better opportunity for the scrutiny. Peza could feel himself blanch; he was being drawn and drawn by these dead men slowly, firmly down, as to some mystic chamber under the earth, where they could walk, dreadful figures, swollen and blood-marked. He was bidden; they had commanded him; he was going, going, going.

When the man in the new white helmet bolted for the rear, many of the soldiers in the trench thought that he had been struck. But those who had been nearest to him knew better. Otherwise they would have heard the silken, sliding, tender noise of the bullet and the thud of its impact. They bawled after him curses, and also outbursts of self-congratulation and vanity. Despite the prominence of the cowardly part, they were enabled to see in this exhibition a fine comment upon their own fortitude. The other soldiers thought that Peza had been wounded somewhere in the neck, because, as he ran, he was tearing madly at the bandoleer, the dead man's arms. The soldier with the bread paused in his eating and cynically remarked upon the speed of the runaway.

An officer's voice was suddenly heard calling out the calculation of the distance to the enemy, the readjustments of the sights. There was a stirring rattle along the line. The men turned their eyes to the front. Other trenches beneath them to the right were already heavily in action. The smoke was lifting towards the blue sky. The soldier with the bread placed it carefully on a bit of paper beside him as he turned to kneel in the trench.

VII.

In the late afternoon the child ceased his play on the mountain with his flocks and his dogs. Part of the battle had whirled very near to the base of his hill, and the noise was great. Sometimes he could see fantastic smoky shapes which resembled the curious figures in foam which one sees on the slant of a rough sea. The plain, indeed, was etched in white circles and whirligigs like the slope of a colossal wave. The child took seat on a stone and contemplated the fight. He was beginning to be astonished; he had never before seen cattle herded with such uproar. Lines of flame flashed out here and there. It was mystery.

Finally, without any preliminary indication, he began to weep. If the men struggling on the plain had had time and greater vision, they could have seen this strange tiny figure, seated on a bowlder, surveying them while the tears streamed. It was as simple as some powerful symbol.

As the magic clear light of day amid the mountains dimmed the distances, and the plain shone as a pallid blue cloth marked by the red threads of the firing, the child arose and moved off to the unwelcoming door of his home. He called softly for his mother, and complained of his hunger in the familiar formulæ. The pearl-colored cow, grinding her jaws thoughtfully, stared at him with her large eyes. The peaceful gloom of evening was slowly draping the hills.

The child heard a rattle of loose stones on the hill-side, and facing the sound, saw, a moment later, a man drag himself up to the crest of the hill and fall panting. Forgetting his mother and his hunger, filled with calm interest, the child walked forward and stood over the heaving form. His eyes, too, were now large and inscrutably wise and sad, like those of the animal in the house.

After a silence, he spoke, inquiringly: "Are you a man?"

Peza rolled over quickly and gazed up into the fearless cherubic countenance. He did not attempt to reply. He breathed as if life was about to leave his body. He was covered with dust; his face had been cut in some way, and his cheek was ribboned with blood. All the spick of his former appearance had vanished in a general dishevelment, in which he resembled a creature that had been flung to and fro, up and down, by cliffs and prairies, during an earthquake. He rolled his eye glassily at the child.

They remained thus until the child repeated his words: "Are you a man?"

Peza gasped in the manner of a fish. Palsied, windless, and abject, he confronted the primitive courage, the sovereign child, the brother of the mountains, the sky, and the sea, and he knew that the definition of his misery could be written on a wee grass blade.

THE END.

HOW A FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION IS LANDED.

FROM an experience gained in two successful filibustering expeditions, I can safely assert that the difficulty does not consist in effecting the actual landing, but in making the start. When once the Cuban coast is reached, there is nothing to fear; the whole thing becomes a picnic. The patrol of the coast by Spanish gunboats is entirely inefficient. The smart little filibuster can show a clean pair of heels to any of their boats. She is handled with coolness and dash, and the men aboard her are brimful of patriotism, and so sure of success that it is no wonder they almost always obtain it.

Now to tell something about one of these expeditions. It was about two o'clock in the morning of February — that our filibustering steamer picked up the members of the expedition. The place was in mid-ocean, and I will satisfy curiosity by saying it was about thirty-five miles from the nearest point of land. A tug-boat ran along-side of us and put on board some seventy men. Then we started for another rendezvous, where we were to pick up the boxes of arms and ammunition. It took us two days to reach the spot, and there a disappointment awaited us, for not a boat was in sight. How we strained our eyes and scrutinized the horizon! and how many times some fantastic cloud was mistaken for our boat! But the success of filibustering consists in being able to anticipate all kinds of *contre-temps*. Something had evidently interfered with our ship reaching this point, or remaining there if she had arrived; and to meet just such an emergency as this, a second place of rendezvous had been settled upon. And for this we started, everybody feeling confident that we should find our friends waiting for us. But again we were disappointed. There was not a sign of a boat. About thirty miles off, however, was a light-house, and we resolved to approach it and see if we could obtain any information of what we were beginning to call our "phantom ship." At a mile from the light-house we dropped anchor, and a boat put off to make inquiries.

It was over five hours before these men returned. Their excuse was that they had been chicken-hunting, and that the chickens, scared by so many strangers, had given them a long chase. Later on it transpired that two pretty daughters of the light-house-keeper had led the chase, so that the delay was easily accounted for. The sad part of it was that they had been unable to obtain any news of our boat, so, after much consultation, it was decided to revisit the first meeting-place. Great was the excitement of all on board when, early next morning, the lookout-man sang out, "Sail right ahead!" We had had so many disappointments that some of our number were at first inclined to be pessimistic, but as we got within hailing distance, and our signals were answered, and we knew it was our supply-ship, a long hurrah went up from our people!

Once alongside, the work of transferring the cargo was soon begun. It was a fine sight to see the ardor and alacrity with which this handful of "banditis," as the Spaniards would call them, set to work. In reality our party were good representatives of the Cuban upper classes. Doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, merchants, and an owner of a sugar-plantation worked away, not only at transferring the cargo, but also at filling the coal-bunkers, and all seemed to enjoy the novelty of the experience. By the following morning we had transferred to our little filibuster a complete cargo of boxes of arms and ammunition, and, exchanging salutes with our supply-ship, we started for our landing-place.

It was early on Sunday morning when we first sighted Cuba. The sea was like a mirror; the gorgeous tints of the dawn mingled with the azure of the Gulf water and spread over it myriad colors. In the distance the green coast loomed through a purple haze. The picture was so thrilling that all danger was forgotten in the rapture of the scene. Near us are two sailing-vessels, but of those we take no notice. A veteran of the ten years' war is at the bow, glass in hand. The orders are to get ready for the landing. While approaching the shore the lookout-man reports, "Smoke on the starboard quarter!" Instead of beating a hasty retreat, we wait to investigate, and presently discover that the stranger is a merchantman, so the boat is lowered and a party volunteer to go ashore and reconnoitre. In a very short time they come back and report everything favorable, and all start to busy themselves with unloading the precious cargo. While the work is proceeding, a voice is heard coming from the bushes on shore, then a shout of "Viva Cuba Libre," to which we answer, "Cuba expedicioneros." At once three coast-guards mounted on little mustangs make their appearance, and are welcomed by us with a chorus of "Viva Cuba libre." The joy seems to have intoxicated us all, for we are sure now that the expedition will never fall into the hands of the Spaniards. One of the coast-guards has already started to inform a Cuban force, encamped close by, of the arrival of the expedition. The steamer which we had sighted while approaching the land is by this time plainly seen to be an English tramp as she comes close in shore to satisfy her curiosity. Guessing our mission, she hoists her colors and salutes us with three blasts of her whistle, which we promptly answer. One hour and fifty minutes after reaching the coast the cargo has been landed, the boats are hoisted, and we sail away, amid the hurrahs of those on board, heartily answered by those who are left behind.

The barometer had begun to fall, but as yet caused little anxiety on board, as it might portend merely squally weather, and next day we were once more lying alongside of our supply-ship. On account of the rolling of the two vessels, we were obliged to proceed very slowly in the transfer of our cargo, and it was the following day before we were able to start to land our second expedition. The nearer we approached the Cuban shore the worse the weather became. Some of us had retired to the cabin to secure a little rest, when we were aroused at about an hour before midnight by the cry of fire—not a pleasant awakening on a vessel carrying three tons of dynamite. A lamp had exploded, but was fortunately thrown overboard without occasioning further damage, and quietness was once more restored. The superstitious sailors were inclined to look on this incident as an evil omen, but the effect was counteracted an hour afterwards by a large American eagle which majestically landed on our foremast.

The following night at about ten o'clock we sighted the light of Morro Castle, and altering our course, headed for our landing-place, which was not far from the city of Havana. Unfortunately, owing to the darkness and the rough weather, we were unable to make our port, and were compelled to put to sea again. The lookout-man announced a vessel approaching on our port bow, and at this interesting moment our steering-gear gave way. Fortunately, the accident was not serious and was quickly mended, and we put to sea without further incident. Next day we lay to out of sight of land, and that night once more headed for the light of Morro Castle. This time, in order to avoid repeating our error of the night before, we went so near to Havana that we were able plainly to distinguish the electric lights in Central Park. Two hours later we arrived at our destination. In two hours more, and in the midst of a driving rain, we had landed our second cargo and had again left the Cuban coast.

RAMON SILVA.

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THE PUBLIC FINANCE OF SPAIN, 1895–1898.

WONDERFUL are the mysteries of financial management in a state verging on bankruptcy. The extravagancies of Egyptian and Turkish finance were long the envy of those who wished to get something out of nothing, and were willing to spend non-productively what their trusting lenders would give them. It was only the intervention of the European powers and the "financial control" that pricked the bubble of prosperous borrowing in Egypt, and by drastic measures proved that a debt was not a blessing, or public credit illimitable. Now it is Spain that is the financial wonder, and its relations to the United States, real and possible, make the question of its financial ability of more than ordinary interest.

Before 1882 Spain was suffering from financial troubles. The anarchist outbreak of 1873, the Carlist movement which did not come to an end till 1876, and the Cuban rebellion which was suppressed in 1878, had involved the credit of the state so deeply as to lead to a default in the payment of interest on the consolidated debt, and to embarrass the treasury in its ordinary transactions. During the reign of Alphonso XII. the annual revenue rose from 659,000,000 pesetas (a peseta = 19.3 cents) in 1876 to 873,700,000 pesetas in 1883, the average for the period being 765,400,000 pesetas. The expenditures, it is true, increased at a more rapid pace, and it was little comfort to be assured that the increase was necessitated by advancement in civilization, and was in part due to useful and reproductive investments. The budget accounts of War and Marine diminished, while that of internal improvements nearly doubled. Starting with an expenditure of 797,000,000 pesetas in 1876, the amount continued in excess of the receipts, attaining a maximum in 1882 with 906,500,000 pesetas. For the period 1876–1885 the annual average expenditure was 884,800,000 pesetas, or nearly 79,000,000 pesetas more than the revenues from all sources.

In the first ten years of the Regency, the receipts and expenditures were:

Year.	Receipts.	Expenditures.	Deficits.
	Pesetas.	Pesetas.	Pesetas.
1885–86	795,206,816	895,618,069	100,411,253
1886–87	814,603,151	940,133,469	125,530,318
1887–88	760,690,360	843,209,546	*82,519,186
1888–89	713,123,389	854,544,196	141,420,807
1889–90	752,905,325	835,167,613	82,262,288
1890–91	753,911,974	831,165,851	77,253,877
1891–92	748,925,193	823,520,786	74,595,593
1892–93	719,498,794	767,855,381	48,356,587
1893–94	718,178,524	772,192,103	54,013,579
1894–95	754,830,577	779,569,917	25,249,340

Satisfactory as these results were toward showing an approach to a balance of receipts and expenditure, they were accomplished by means that, in the end, affected the revenue ability of the state. Lotteries, monopolies, and octrois are financial instruments of the Middle Ages, and discarded in most commercial countries. By the side of these antiquities were customs, land taxes, succession duties, and the sale of state properties. It was some of the regular taxes, direct and indirect, and the farmed monopolies that tended to give better returns. The increase was not sufficient to bridge over the difference between the receipts and expenditures. The budget on paper always balanced, or showed a small surplus; but the extraordinary credits accorded to each department during the year gave a deficit, which was covered by the issue of state bonds, or of temporary obligations issued to the Bank of Spain. Even with this annual drawback, the Minister of Finance, Navarro Reverter, believed a reduction of the debt could each year be effected. Indeed, he asserted that a conversion of the debt would afford a part of the saving needed for the financial equilibrium, and he had drawn the most favorable expectations of the near future—conditioned on peace at home and abroad.

In January, 1893, the debt of Spain was classed as follows:

	Pesetas.
Perpetual external at 4 per cent	1,971,151,000
Perpetual internal " "	2,274,660,450
Redeemable " "	1,714,075,000

In addition there were sums due on public works and to employés amounting to 2,156,640 pesetas, making the total 5,962,043,090 pesetas, on which the annual interest and charges amounted to 271,150,858 pesetas. In this account, which is based upon official figures, are not included a small sum due to the United States (3,000,000 pesetas), the inscribed debts in favor of civil corporations and the clergy (725,836,000 pesetas), a floating debt of 195,516,000 pesetas, and obligations incurred on behalf of Cuba, of unknown amount, but placed at about 250,000,000 pesetas. The price quoted in London for the 4-per-cent. external bonds in 1893 fluctuated between 59¾ and 67½, and at the close of the year was at 63, returning to the investor somewhat more than 6 per cent.

It is somewhat significant that in the budget statement for the service of 1897–8 no mention is made of the capital of the public debt. But the *Estafeta* recently published the composition of the debt on January 1, 1898, and with it a statement of the Cuban debt. Since 1893 the capital of the home debt has not materially changed, and stood at 6,767,961,300 pesetas. There was a floating debt of 30,000,000 pesetas, and advances due to the Bank of Spain of 300,000,000 pesetas. The Cuban debt now amounted to 1,448,400,000 pesetas, or six times what it was estimated to have been in 1893. The annual debt charges on the entire amount of the two accounts, including interest, redemptions (*amortissements*), and loss in exchange on foreign payments, are placed at 527,185,659 pesetas—a very heavy item to be provided for in a budget of less than 800,000,000 pesetas. In these charges the Cuban debt calls for 87,718,000 pesetas each year.

The expenses of the war in Cuba have been charged against the "resources" of that island. For many years before the insurrection those resources had not been sufficient to meet the ordinary necessities, and in face of difficulties could not be made to meet the extraordinary requirements of war expenditures. In this dilemma recourse was had to credit—a credit nominally Cuban, but supported and strengthened by a guarantee from Spain. The deficits in the home revenue since 1891 had been met by expedients that were hardly defensible. The advances from the Bank of Spain and the tobacco monopoly company, originally destined by law to other extraordinary purposes, were used in part to obtain a balance in the budget. The bank had offered to loan to the state, without interest, 150,000,000 pesetas for a prolongation of its charter till 1921, and the Tobacco Company offered about one-half of this amount as an advance, these sums to be used for the completion of the new fleet, for army administration, and subsidies to railway companies. No further advances from these sources could be looked for without new concessions or special favors of too liberal a nature. The Cuban Treasury had since 1886 shown a deficit each year of nearly 25,000,000 pesetas, so little real basis for credit could be found in the island.

From the opening of the insurrection the demand for funds was pressing, and this is what was done: In February and March, 1895, the Sagasta cabinet obtained from the Bank of Spain 17,500,000 pesetas, which were advanced to the Cuban Treasury upon Cuban 5-per-cent. bonds of 1890. In April, 1895, the Castillo government induced the bank to make a further advance to the Cuban Treasury of 25,000,000 pesetas at 4½ per cent., with a guarantee in the shape of 35,000,000 pesetas of Cuban 6-per-cent. bonds of 1886. This was expected to carry on the Treasury till the middle of June. To provide further means an operation not dissimilar to the resort to the issue of bonds under our old law as practised in Mr. Cleveland's administration was entered into. In 1890 the Cortes had authorized a very large issue of Cuban 5-per-cent. bonds, on a guarantee of the customs and other revenue of the island. These bonds were to be used in funding the floating debts and arrears of the island, to withdraw the depreciated paper money, and to convert the outstanding Cuban 6-per-cent. bonds into the new securities bearing a lower rate of interest. The conversion scheme had never been carried into effect, and the ministry now proposed to use the bonds originally destined to that purpose, and amounting to 600,000,000 pesetas, as a pledge to procure advances to the Cuban Treasury. The Cortes authorized this act, and under it the Minister of Finance obtained 50,000,000 pesetas from the bank, which took the bonds at 80, and sold others (about 30,000,000 pesetas) in the open market, obtaining from 89 to 91 for the takings.

One result of these operations was to turn foreign exchange against Spain, imposing a heavy tax on her remittances abroad. These remittances were increasing, as the purchases of war material and the interest on the external debt called for immediate payment. In September Cánovas thought to remedy this disadvantage by inducing some French banks, which had on former occasions assisted the Spanish Treasury, to open a credit of 100,000,000 pesetas, on a promise of future concessions to Spanish railroads in which French capital was largely interested. The only result of this suggestion was a sale of 50,000,000 of these Cuban bonds to the Banque de Paris et Pays Bas—a sum hardly sufficient to meet two months' expenditures in Cuba. Further sales were made to the Bank of Spain, and in this way about 400,000,000 of the 600,000,000 pesetas were marketed, at about 80, before the opening of 1896. It was confidently anticipated that the balance could be placed before the end of June, 1896, under an expectation of a speedy reduction of the island, under the new viceroy, General Weyler.

This confidence appeared reasonable, granted the basis on which it rested—peace in Cuba. The bonds of that island had naturally been affected by the insurrection, the 6-per-cents. falling from 110 to 91, and the 5-per-cents. from 101 to 80. The well-known resources of the island were expected to begin to pay the interest on the debt within a few years after pacification, and indeed offered better promise than did the finances of the mother-country. One difficulty was imminent—the expansion of the note issues of the Bank of Spain, due to the heavy advances made to the government on Cuban account, which threatened trouble unless the holding of an adequate specie reserve was enforced. Further, some internal discontent was arising in the manufacturing districts, whose best and often sole markets were to be found in Cuba and Puerto Rico. Even agricultural interests suffered a loss of trade, as the exports of breadstuffs to the colonies, always of importance, were almost disappearing. Diminished commerce affected the shipping, and the immense demand for transports could not make good this widely distributed dislocation and destruction of Spanish commerce, based as it was, even in natural conditions, on a high protective system.

In this situation was the budget for 1896–7 presented to the Cortes by Señor Reverter. He very judiciously maintained silence on the cost of the Cuban war, and confined his predictions and arrangements—chiefly predictions—to the home finances. The principal object to be attained was new resources of revenue and better returns from the old. The budget statement proposed to modify the regulations imposing the contributions on immovables, to increase the tax paid by industrial stock companies, to alter the succession duties, and to reorganize the system of octrois, which were farmed out, and under a contract having still three years to run. The special tax on distilled spirits, on sugars, all stamp duties, were also to be increased, or so changed as to bring new revenue. The tobacco monopoly, about to apply for a renewal of its privileges, agreed to pay a higher rental, and to advance to the Treasury 60,000,000 pesetas at five per cent., redeemable in twenty years. The Rothschilds came into a conditional agreement to make a loan upon the security of an extended lease of the Almaden quicksilver-mines, amounting to about 75,000,000 pesetas; and, finally, the shipping interests, somewhat favored by the hire of government, acquiesced in a navigation tax, which was expected to produce 12,000,000 pesetas. Here were expectations beyond the ordinary sources of revenue of 147,000,000 pesetas.

What was most suggestive in this scheme was the pronounced resort to monopolies, and the expressed intention of still further intrusting the collection of revenue to farmers for a long term of years. Authority was requested to place in the hands of companies to be formed for the purpose the state lottery for fifteen years and a salt monopoly for twenty-five years. The tobacco, stamps, matches, and explosives had been already farmed out, and it was admitted that better returns had followed than had been secured under state management. With the prospect of a large demand for money in the fall, it was felt that every available source of income should be touched, and the farming system was proposed as promising the highest results. Without it an appeal to the money-market would meet with poor offers.

The Cortes was prorogued in September, having conferred full authority on the ministry to use the state credit as needed. To establish that credit in banking centres outside of Spain, the parliament had passed the railroad-relief measure, by which the government was empowered to give subventions to the railways and extend their privileges to 1980 as a maximum period, on condition that the roads should co-operate with the government in establishing a credit of 1,000,000,000 pesetas, with a general guarantee of the nation. Such a law was a curious attempt to mingle state loans with company management, and cannot be defended on any ground, financial or economic. Armed with this authority and backing, which practically gave power to negotiate a loan for 1,000,000,000 pesetas under a general guarantee of the Imperial Treasury, and perhaps a special mortgage on some state monopoly or source of revenue, the administration went into the loan market.

It was long since any government of Europe had undertaken so gigantic an operation in finance. France, when her war indemnity was paid, obtained by popular loan, and under circumstances that impelled every Frenchman to contribute according to his ability, had successfully placed two loans—one for 2,225,000,000 francs, and one for 3,478,000,000 francs. But French territory and nationality were at stake. Russia, in 1896, asked for 400,000,000 francs, and obtained them on the strength of her naturally great resources and her scrupulous regard for her foreign obligations. Here was a loan two and one-half times that of Russia, and offered by a country whose finances had long been deranged, and whose attitude toward her creditors had not been beyond reproach, and the security offered was a curious combination of state and railway companies—a combination resting upon a debt justly due from the state to the companies; one that should have been paid without any entangling conditions. The transaction stands almost unique in public finance.

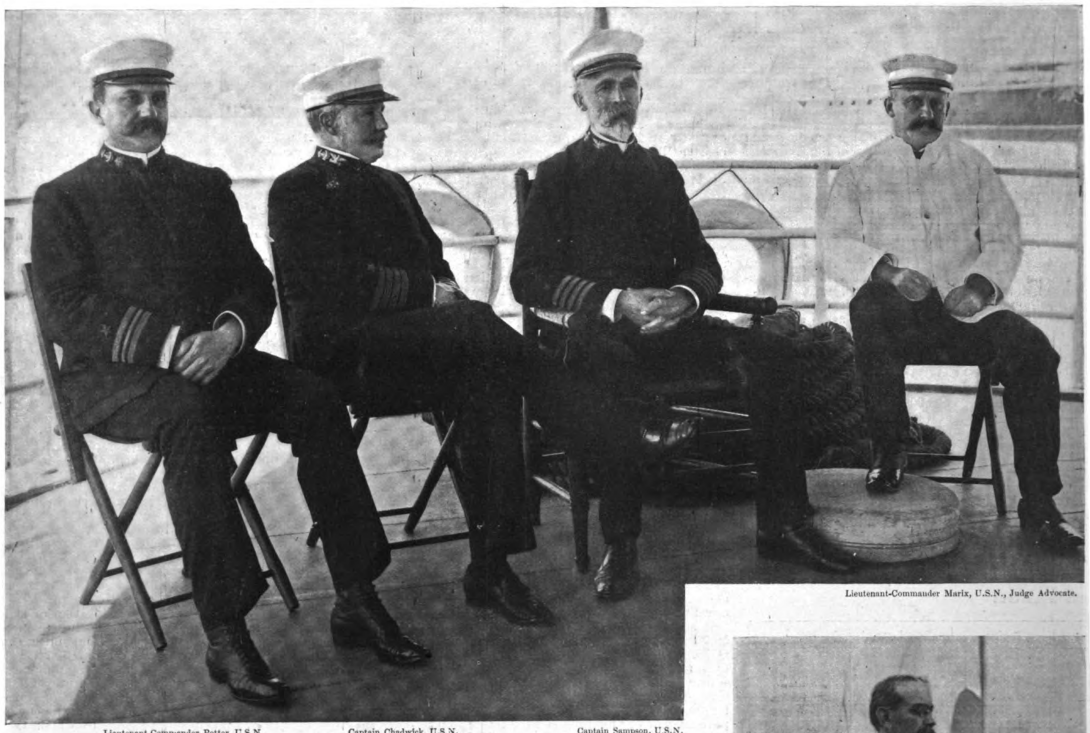
It was expected that some share, and probably a large share, of the offerings would be taken by foreign money centres; but every attempt to effect an arrangement with the financiers, French and Belgian, to whom the most tempting terms were given, failed, and the ministry were obliged to look at the home markets for support. In November, 1896, the government invited offers for 400,000,000 pesetas at 5 per cent., redeemable after eight years, and secured by a pledge of the customs revenue. The loan was liberally subscribed for, and produced about 372,000,000 pesetas, much of which went to repay the loan from the Banque de Paris et Pays Bas, and some of the advances made by the Bank of Spain—an operation which placed in the hands of the minister some of the Cuban bonds pledged for this assistance, but left little real money at his disposal. The Cuban bonds thus obtained had greatly fallen in value, and an attempt to place them anew would still further depress them in the market.

The government was in this position when the Cortes assembled in May, 1897. Money was absolutely necessary for immediate use, and the available resources had been utilized as far as it was safe so to do without seriously affecting, if not destroying, the credit of the state. Monopolies might be created, but time would be required for their operation, and any advances made for the privileges granted would give but little real assistance to the Treasury. The most profitable of the monopolies had been already provided for, and the highest returns from them assured. What remained was of secondary importance from a revenue point of view. The bonds in the hands of the ministry were a doubtful asset, available only should general conditions favor their sale. After more than two years of borrowing, of pledging monopolies, and attempting a huge credit operation dependent upon the active and unselfish aid of corporations (the railroads) which had proved reluctant when the time came to act, the government turned to taxation. It offers one more instance of a nation staving off what is a necessary operation in war, because it forms the very basis of all credit, to a late day. Drastic taxation at the first would have supplied the means of supporting Spain's financial credit at home and abroad. In default of that, a mere exchange of securities, of new borrowings to pay old debts, and each new loan demanding heavier sacrifice, could not vitalize the ability to command offers wherever money could be had on fair terms. It is the usurer who profits in such transactions.

In the Cortes the path was cleared for the ministry by the withdrawal of the opposition. In a session of eight days the financial propositions of the government were carried—propositions admittedly "temporary makeshifts to meet the requirements of extraordinary circumstances at home and in the colonies." No formal budget was passed, as the constitution provides for an extension of the old budget in case the Cortes does not vote a new one. The ministry admitted there would be a deficit in 1897–8, and the additional revenue was to be obtained (1) by adding 10 per cent. to all direct and indirect taxation, except on landed property and on the coupons of the debt; (2) by creating monopolies in the fabrication, import, and sale of petroleum and all mineral oils, and the fabrication and sale of explosives. On these proposals depended the needed revenue, estimated as follows: 2,000,000 pesetas from the surcharge on direct and indirect taxes; 40,000,000 from the farmers of the petroleum privileges; and 16,000,000 from the explosives monopoly. Not only was the revenue from these objects held in view, but operations of credit based upon that revenue were contemplated.

It must be borne in mind that these figures are estimated, and the results may differ widely from the estimates, as they have so frequently differed in the past. The navigation tax, already described, had not produced one-half what had been expected from it; and the Rothschilds in the end refused to close a contract for the lease of the Almaden quicksilver-mines. Full powers were continued to the ministry to borrow money "to cover the expenses of the Cuban war, with the guarantee of the Imperial Treasury, and with a lien on such sources of the

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Lieutenant-Commander Potter, U.S.N. Captain Chadwick, U.S.N. Captain Sampson, U.S.N. Lieutenant-Commander Marix, U.S.N., Judge Advocate.

THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT OF INVESTIGATION ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE TENDER "MANGROVE," HAVANA.



ENSIGN W. V. M. POWELSON, U.S.N.
Expert Witness in the "Maine" Disaster.



LIEUT.-COM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, U.S.N.
Executive Officer of the "Maine" at the Time of Explosion.



CAPTAIN C. D. SIGSBEE, U.S.N.



Captain Sigsbee. General Lee. Chaplain Chidwick.

DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE AMERICAN SAILORS WHO WERE KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION ON THE "MAINE"—CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK'S INVOCATION.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—PROGRESS OF THE INVESTIGATION AND HONORS TO THE DEAD.—[See Page 294.]

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THE FIRST BOAT ASHORE—JUST BEFORE SUNRISE.



THE CARGO ON THE SHORE.



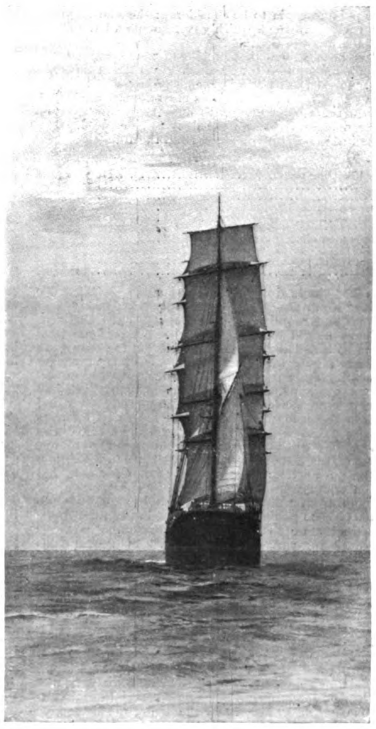
LANDING THE CARGO.



THE LAST BOAT-LOAD.



TRANSPORTING THE CARGO INTO THE INTERIOR.



THE SUPPLY-SHIP.

LANDING A FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION ON THE CUBAN COAST.—[See Page 298.]

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revenue of Spain as might be considered necessary to secure the success of the loans." A similar power was granted for the cost of the Philippine insurrection, and both were conceded only on the assurance of the minister that they would involve temporary sacrifices on the Spanish Treasury, to be eventually reimbursed from the treasuries of the two colonies.

Supported by these measures, the Minister of Finance obtained a popular loan on bonds based upon a pledge of the Philippine customs, a resource thitherto almost unmortgaged. To sell a 6-per-cent. bond for 92, allowing liberal commissions to the banks, was not a very brilliant operation. Out of the proceeds of this loan a certain amount was credited to the Cuban fund, repayments of advances made out of the Cuban bond transactions. But the primary object of the loan was to defray the war expenses in the East Indies. For Cuban expenditures the ministry sounded foreign and home bankers, only to meet with disappointment. It became doubtful if anything could be obtained on the home budget, which required some bolstering from the outside to maintain an appearance of equilibrium. In its trouble, the Treasury appealed to the Bank of Spain, and the statement submitted was not one calculated to excite confidence. On Cuban account nine months' arrears were due to army, navy, civil servants, pensioners, and army contractors—arrears amounting to 400,000,000 pesetas. Marshal Blanco would require 20,000,000 pesetas each month on that account, and 40,000,000 pesetas monthly to defray expenses of war and the reorganization of the colonial militia—a necessary measure in his plan of campaign. Under an arrangement with the bank 200,000,000 pesetas in 5-per-cent. bonds were issued, supported by a pledge of the Spanish customs, and with this assistance the administration expected to meet the demands on Cuban account until April. The Cortes then to assemble would be expected to frame new plans for assisting the Cuban Treasury.

It will thus be recognized that the fiction of paying the cost of the war out of the Cuban Treasury has been maintained from the first, but when examined clearly it seems to have no foundation. It is Spain that has given the money, and Spanish resources that have been mortgaged to obtain this money. Upwards of 800,000,000 pesetas in 5-per-cent. bonds, redeemable at par in eight years, with the hypothecary guarantee of the Spanish customs revenue, have been issued since the outbreak in Cuba, and this represents about one-half of the real debt thus created. For 700,000,000 of the Cuban bonds authorized in 1890 have been issued since 1895, and nearly the whole of the two issues is held by Spaniards or Cuban loyalists. Naturally the final settlement of this debt will present very important and troublesome political and financial problems. In the royal decree establishing home-rule in Cuba and Puerto Rico the reference to this question was eloquent in its evasion of the real issue. It was intimated that the Spanish Parliament would later on be asked to "devise the means to cover the expense of the debt that burdens the Spanish and Cuban treasuries, and the debt that will have been contracted up to the close of the war; and in this law will be fixed the share corresponding to the two treasuries, and the special means to pay the interest and redemption, and reimburse, if needs be, the capital." Suppose Spain loses Cuba, as is most probable, what remedy have these bondholders outside of the Spanish Treasury? And if Cuba is annexed to the United States, would it not be necessary to quiet this claim by some important concessions from us? Certain it is that Cuba will be in no position to meet the interest on even a small part of the debt nominally Cuban.

Two points remain to be considered: the sources of ordinary revenue of the Spanish government and the situation of the Bank of Spain.

It has been shown that outside of new arrangements in certain monopolies the Spanish government has only lately touched the existing scheme of taxes and duties. On the elasticity of these imposts must depend the ability to obtain the money needed to meet the interest on the existing debt and that on the debt to be created. The receipts in 1895-6 were obtained from the following principal sources:

	Pesetas.
Land and building tax	189,476,000
Customs	111,478,000
Tobacco	89,996,000
Octrois	72,202,000
Stamp duties	47,918,000
Taxes on industrial and commercial companies	36,944,000
Exemption from military service	30,293,000
Succession and legacy duties	29,946,000
Retained sums on payments and pensions	25,227,488
Lotteries	22,480,000

No other single duties yielded as much as 20,000,000 pesetas. From alcoholic liquors only 2,366,000 pesetas and from sugar only 14,000,000 pesetas were obtained. The items named gave nearly 90 per cent. of the total revenue collected in 1895-6, and must be the sources to be further tapped for revenue, unless entirely new taxes be devised. The customs cannot be made more remunerative without a reduction in the present very high and protective tariff, framed in 1892, and any reduction would encounter violent opposition from the industrial interests now supposed to be benefited. Tobacco and stamp duties are as productive as they can be, as they are farmed out, and that means little relaxation of vigilance in collection. Lotteries are no longer a certain source of revenue, and taxes on legacies are not very elastic. The purchase of exemption from military service has brought in more than 100,000,000 pesetas in three years, but can hardly be regarded as more than a temporary resource, however profitable at present. The octroïs are connected with local considerations which would make any change difficult and requiring time. So that in distilled spirits and possibly in sugar only can Spain expect to obtain additional revenue to any amount. Spirits are now very lightly taxed, and yet a new duty might fail by encouraging illicit manufacture or smuggling. Spanish financiers believe that the land tax could be made much more remunerative than it is, provided a new valuation (*catastre*) be made, and greater rigor applied in its collection. To make a new apportionment would require years, and even then might prove no more satisfactory than the existing one, which is evaded by collusion of the assessors.

The results of the year 1896-7 gave a net revenue of 736,627,000 pesetas against 706,368,000 pesetas in the previous year, an increase due to the activity of the monopolies and temporary conditions, such as the imports of grain, because of the short home crops and the purchase of exemption from military service. Taxes in general showed a reduced yield, and it is only by regarding the immediate future in the most optimistic light that hope of an actual balancing of the budget can be entertained. The expenses, on the other hand, are increasing each year with the absolute certainty that belongs to permanent demands. An immense floating debt, liable to be called in any emergency, in itself constitutes a serious menace, as no form of indebtedness is so dangerous to the Treasury. Yet an economist of standing thus sums up the financial situation of Spain: "In spite of the existing crisis in Spain and her colonies, in spite of the errors of extreme protection, in spite of the abuses of administration, its financial position is already very favorable, and permits the supposition that with the natural resources of the peninsula, with the proof of vitality shown by its thrift, its middle class and its capitalists, in the domestic loans and enterprises of every description, the Spanish nation will find relief, and will be able to meet its obligations on the day it is no longer embarrassed by the Cuban question."

As the fiscal agent of the government, the Bank of Spain has borne the brunt of the financial burdens since 1895. Even before that year its position as a bank was peculiar, by reason of the immense advances it had made to the state. In July, 1894, its capital and reserve amounted to about 165,000,000 pesetas. It had given to the state a permanent loan of 150,000,000 pesetas, and in addition advances upwards of 620,000,000 pesetas secured by bonds and Treasury obligations of various kinds, no large part of which could be disposed of without creating a panic. As the deposits in the bank were only 350,000,000 pesetas, it will be seen that all the true resources of the bank, and the greater part of the circulating notes in excess, had been loaned to the government.

The circulation at this time was about 944,500,000 pesetas, and the holdings of specie were 428,000,000 pesetas, of which more than one-half, 230,000,000 pesetas, was in silver. Since 1894 the situation has become more critical. The amount of gold has increased nearly one-fifth, of silver one-eighth, and of circulating notes nearly one-third. In 1894 the issue of notes was excessive, for the depreciation as indicated in the exchanges was 27 per cent., and is now over 33 per cent. It is not discoverable how much of the government securities are at present held by the bank, but it has been so large that only a few months ago relief was made necessary, and a small part of the sums due to the bank was paid out of the current popular loans.

It would not be correct to look upon Spain as actually bankrupt. On the verge of it she must be, and her finances at home seem to be hopelessly deranged. Her 4-per-cent. bonds, which sold at 80 three years ago, are now quoted at 51, and the paper circulation is depreciated one third of its face value. From the experience of the United States a lesson may be learned. In July, 1864, the paper dollar ("greenback") had depreciated so far as to be worth only 38.7 cents in gold—a depreciation nearly twice that now reached by the Spanish note. Yet recovery of value was accomplished in one case, and it does not seem improbable that Spain could do the same when freed from the cancer of war.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXV.

MINE HOST RUNS HIS LAST RACE.

HEARTY were the greetings when the soldiers found us all safe and sound. They shook us again by the hand. They clapped us on the back. They examined professionally the dead who lay strewn about.

"A good stroke! Well smitten!" they cried as they turned them over, like spectators who applaud at a game they can all understand. Specially did they compliment me on my axe-work. Never had anything like it been seen in Plassenburg. The head of the yearling calf was duly exhibited, when the neatness of the blow and the exactness of the aim at the weakest jointing were prodigiously admired.

The good fellows, mellow with the Burgomeister's small-ale, were growing friendly beyond all telling, when in the light of the offertory taper, now growing beguttered and burning low, there appeared the Lady Ysolinde.

You never saw so quick a change in any men. The heartiest reveller forthwith became silent, and slunk behind his neighbor. Knees shook beneath stalwart frames, and there seemed a very general tendency to get down upon marrow-bones.

The Lady Ysolinde stood before them, strangely different from the slim willowy maiden I had seen her. She looked almost imperial in her demeanor.

"You shall be rewarded for your ready obedience," she said; "the Prince will not forget your service. Take away that offal!"

She pointed to the dead rascals on the floor.

And the men, muttering something that sounded to me like "Yes, your Highness!" hastened to obey.

"Did you say 'Yes, your Highness'?" I asked one of them, who seemed by his air of command to be the superior among them.

"Aye," answered he, dryly; "it is a term usually applied to the Lady Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg."

I was never more smitten, dazed, and dumb in my life. Ysolinde, the daughter of Master Gerard, the maid who had read my fate in the ink-pool, whom I had "made suffer," according to her own telling—she the Princess of Plassenburg!

Ah! I had it now. Here at last was the explanation of the threadbare and inexplicable jest of Jorian and Boris—"The Prince hath a Princess, and she is oft upon her travels!"

But what a Wendish barking about so small a bone! I have heard an emperor proclaimed with less cackle.

Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg—yes, that made a difference. And I had taken her hand—I, the son of the Red Axe—I, the Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark! Well, after all, she had sought me, not I her. And then, the little Helene—what would she make of it? I longed greatly to find an opportunity to tell her. It might teach her in what manner to cut her cloth.

The archers of the Prince camped with us the rest of the night in the place of the outcast crew. They behaved well (though their forbearance was perhaps as much owing to the near presence of the Princess as to any inherent virtue in the men of the bow) to the women and children, who remained huddled in the corners.

Then came the dawn, swift-foot from the east. A fair dawn it was, the sun rising, not through barred clouds, with the lightest at the horizon (which is the foul-weather dawn), but through streamers and bannerets that fluttered upwards and fired to crimson and gold as he rose.

We rode among a subdued people, and ere we went the Princess called for the Burgomeister and bade him send to Plassenburg the landlord, so soon as he should be found, and also the heads of the half-dozen houses on either side of the inn.

Then, indeed, there was a turmoil and a wailing to speak about. Women folk crowded out of the huts and kissed the white feet of the palfrey that bore the Lady Ysolinde.

"Have mercy!" they wailed; "show kindness, great Princess! Here are our men, unwounded and unhurt, that have lain by our sides all the night. They are innocent of all intent of evil—of every dark deed. Ah, lady, send them not to your prisons. We shall never see them more, and they are all we have, and our children. 'Tis they bring in the bread to this drear spot!"

"Produce me your husbands, then!" said the Lady Ysolinde.

Whereat the women ran and brought a number of frowsy and bleared men, all unwounded, save one that had a broken head.

Then Ysolinde call to the Burgomeister: "Come hither, chief of a thievish municipality; tell me if these be indeed these women's husbands."

The Burgomeister, a pallid, pouch-mouthed man, tremulously brick-dusty, like everything else in the village of Erdberg, came forward and examined the men.

"Every man to his woman!" he ordered brusquely, and the women went and stood each by her own husband—the men shamefaced and hangdog, the women anxious and pale. Some of the last threw a protecting arm about their husbands, which they for the most part appeared to resent. In every case the woman looked the more capable and intelligent, the men being apparently mere boors.

"They are all their true husbands—at least so far as one can know!" answered the Burgomeister, cautiously.

"Then," said the lady, "bid them catch the innkeeper and send him to Plassenburg, and these others can abide. But if they find him not, they must all come instead of him."

The men started at her words, their faces brightening wonderfully, and they were out of the door before we could count ten. We mounted our horses, and under the very humble guidance of the Burgomeister, who led the Princess's palfrey, we were soon out again upon the high table-land. Here we enjoyed to the full the breezes which swept with morning freshness across the scrubby undergrowths of oak and broom, and the sight of misty wisps of cloud scudding and whisking about the distant peaks behind which lay the city of Plassenburg.

We had not properly won clear of the ravines, when we heard a great shouting and turmoil behind us—so that I hastened to look to my weapons. For I saw the archers instinctively draw their quarrels and bolt-pouches off their backs, to be in readiness upon their left hips.

But it was only the rabble of men and women who had been threatened, the dwellers in those twelve houses next the inn, who came dragging our brick-faced knave of a host, with that hard-polished countenance of his gone slack and clammy—slate-gray in color, too, all the red tan clean gone out of it.

"Mercy—mercy, great lady!" he cried. "I pray you, do execution on me here and now. Carry me not to the extreme tortures. Death clears all. And I own that for my crimes I well deserve to die. But save me from the estrappado, from the torment of the rack. I am an old man, and could not endure."

The Lady Ysolinde looked at him, and her emerald eyes held a steely glitter in their depths.

"I am neither judge nor—" I think she was going to say "executioner," but she remembered in time, and for my sake was silent, which I thought was both gracious and charming of her. She resumed in a softer tone: "What sentence, then, would you desire, thus confessing your guilt?"

"That I might end myself over the cliff there!" said the innkeeper, pointing to the cliff along the edge of which we were riding.

"See, then, that he is well ended!" said the Princess, briefly, to Jorian.

"Good!" said Jorian, saluting.

And very coolly betook himself to the edge of the cliff, where he primed his piece anew and blew up his match.

"Loose the man and stand back!" cried the Princess.

A moment he stood nerving himself. A moment he hung on the thin edge of his resolve. The slack gray face worked convulsively; the white lips moved; the hands were gripped close to his sides, as though to run a race. His whole body seemed to shrink and fall in upon itself.

"The torture! The terrible torture!" he shrieked aloud, and ran swiftly from between the men who had held him. Between the path and the verge of the cliff from which he was suffered to cast himself there stretched some thirty or forty yards of fine green turf. The old man ran as though at a village fair for some wager of slippery pig's tail, but the face of him was like Death and Hell following after.

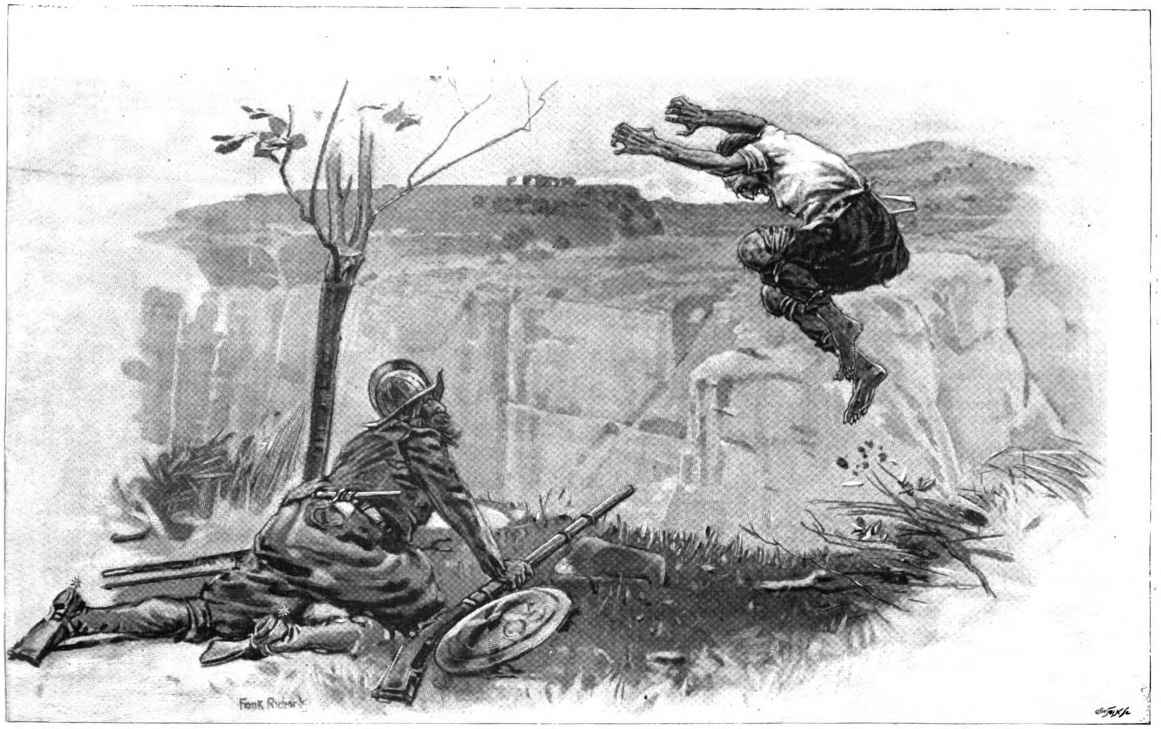
At the cliff's edge he leaped high into the air, and went headlong down, to our watching eyes as slowly as if he sank through water. None of us who were on the path saw more of him. But Jorian craned over, regarding the man's end calmly, and even critically. And when he had satisfied himself that that which was done was properly done, as coolly as before he stowed away his match in his cover-fire, mounted his horse, and rode toward us.

He nodded to the Princess. "Good, my Lady!" quoth he, for all comment.

"I saved a charge that time!" said he to his companion.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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"AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE HE LEAPED HIGH INTO THE AIR, AND WENT HEADLONG DOWN."

"Good!" quoth Boris, in his turn.

We had now a safe and noble escort, and the way to Plassenburg was easy. The face of the country gradually changed. No more was it the gray, wistful plain of the Wolfmark upon which our Red Tower looked down. No more did we ride through the marly, dusty, parched lands, in which were the ravines and cavern villages, of which Erdberg was the chief. But green, well-watered valleys and mountains wooded to the top lay all about us—a pleasant land, a fertile land, and, as the Princess had said, a land in which the strong hand of Karl the Prince had long made "the broom-bush keep the cow."

I had all along been possessed with great desire to meet the Prince of so noble and well-cared-for a land, and perhaps also to meet the husband of so extraordinary a Princess.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRINCE JEHU MILLER'S-SON.

FOR now when she was in her own country, and as good as any queen thereof, I found the Lady Ysolinde in no wise different from what she had been in the city of Thorn and in her father's house. She called me often to ride beside her, Helene being on my other side, while the Lubber Fiend, who had saved all our lives, gambolled about, and came to her to be petted like a lapdog of some monstrous sort. He licked his lips and twisted his eyes in ecstasy till only the whites were visible whenever the Princess laid her hand on his head, so that it was as much as the archers of the guard could do to hide their laughter in their beards. But hide it they did, having a wholesome awe of the emerald eyes of their mistress, or perhaps of the steely light which sometimes came into them.

It was growing twilight upon the third day (for there were no adventures worth dwelling upon after that among the cavern dwellings of Erdberg), when for the first time we saw the towers of Plassenburg crowning a hill, with its river winding slow beneath. We were yet a good many miles from it, when down the dusty road towards us came a horseman, and fifty yards or so behind him another.

"The Prince—none rides like our Karl!" said Jorian, under his breath, but withal proudly.

"He comes alone!" said I, wonderingly. For indeed Duke Casimir of the Wolfsberg never went ten lances' length from his castle without a small army at his tail.

"Even so!" replied Jorian; "it is ever his custom. The officer who follows behind him has his work cut out—and basted. Not for nothing is our Karl called Prince Jehu-Miller's-Son, for indeed he rides most furiously."

Before there was time for more words between us, a tall, grim-faced, pleasant-eyed man of fifty rode up at a furious gallop. The first thing I noticed about him was that his hair was exactly the same color as his horse—an iron gray, rusty a little, as if it had been rubbed with iron that had been years in the wet.

He took off his hat courteously to the Princess.

"I bid you welcome, my noble lady," said he, smiling; "the cages are ready for the new importations."

The Lady Ysolinde reached a hand for her husband to kiss, which he did with singular gentleness. But, so far as I could see, she neither looked at him even once, nor yet so much as spoke a word to him. Presently he questioned her directly: "And who may this fair young damsel be who has done me the honor to journey to my country?"

"She is Helene, called Helene Gottfried of Thorn, and has come to be one of my maids of honor," answered the Lady Ysolinde, looking straight before her into the gathering mist, which began to collect in white ponds and streaks here and there athwart the valley.

The Prince gave the Little Playmate a kindly ironic look out of his gray eyes, which, as I interpreted it, had for meaning, "Then God help thee, little one—'tis well thou knowest not what is before thee."

"And this young man?" said the Prince, nodding across to me.

But I answered for myself.

"I am the son of the Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark," said I. "I had no stomach for such work. Therefore, as I was shortly to be made my father's assistant, I have brought letters of introduction to your Highness, in the hopes that you will permit me the exercise of arms in your army in another and more honorable fashion."

"I have promised him a regiment!" said the Princess, speaking quickly.

"What—of leaden soldiers?" answered the Prince, looking at her mighty soberly.

"Your Highness is pleased to be brutal," answered the Lady Ysolinde. "It is your ordinary idea of humor!"

A kind of quaint humility sat on the face of the Prince.

"I but thought that your Highness could have nothing else in her mind—seeing that our Plassenburg regiments will only accept men of some years and experience to lead them. But the little soldiers of metal are not so queasy of stomach."

"May it please your Highness," said I, earnestly, "I will be content to begin with carrying a pike, so that I be permitted in any fashion to fight against your enemies."

Jorian and Boris came up and saluted at this point, like twin mechamguard. Then they stood silent and waiting.

The Prince nodded in token that they had permission to speak.

"With the sword the lad fights well," said Boris. "Is it not so, Jorian?"

"Good!" said Jorian.

"And with the broad axe he slashes about him like an angel from heaven—not so, Boris?" said Jorian.

"Good!" said Boris.

"Can you ride?" said the Prince.

"Aye, sire," said I. For indeed I could, and no shame to say it.

"That horse of his is blown; give him your fresh one!" said he to the officer who had accompanied him. "And do you show these good folk to their quarters."

Hardly was I mounted before the Prince set spurs to his beast, and, with a casual wave of his hand to the Princess and her train, he was off.

"Ride!" he cried to me. And was presently almost out of sight, stretching his horse's gray belly to the earth like a courser dog after a hare.

Well was it for me that I had learned to ride in a hard school—that is, upon the unbroken colts which were brought in for the mounting of the Duke Casimir's soldiery. For the horse that I had been given took the bit between his teeth and pursued so fiercely after his stable companion that I could scarce restrain him from passing the Prince. But our way lay homeward, so that though I was in no way able to guide or control my charger, yet presently the Prince and I were clattering through the town of Plassenburg like two fiends riding headlong to the pit.

Within the town the lamps were being lit in the booths, the folks busy marketing, and the watchmen already perambulating the city and crying at the street corners.

But as the Prince and I drove furiously through, like pursuer and pursued, the busy streets cleared themselves in a twinkling, and we rode through lanes of faces yellow in the lamp-light, or in the darker places blurs of scrabbled whiteness. So I leaned forward and let the beast take his chance of uneven causeway or open sewer. I expected nothing less than a broken neck, and for at least half a mile as we flew upwards to the castle I think that the certainty of naught worse than a broken arm would positively have pleasured me. At least I would very willingly have compounded my chances for that.

Presently, without drawing rein, we flew beneath the dark outer port of the castle, clattered through a court paved with slippery blocks of stone, thundered over a noble drawbridge, plunged into a long and gloomy archway, and finally came out in a bright inner palace court with lamps lit all about it.

I was at the Prince's bridle ere he could dismount.

"You can ride, Captain Hugo Gottfried!" he said. "I think I will make you my orderly officer."

And so he went within, without a word more of praise or welcome.

There came past just at that moment an ancient councillor clad in a long robe of black velvet, with broad facings and rosettes of scarlet. He was carrying a roll of papers in his hand.

"What said the Prince to you, young sir, if I may ask without offence?" said he, looking at me with a curiously sly upward glance out of the corner of his eye, as if he suspected me of a fixed intention to tell him a lie in any case.

"If it be any satisfaction to you to know," answered I, rather piqued at his tone, "the Prince informed me that I could ride, and that he intended to make me his orderly officer. And he called me not 'young sir,' but Captain Hugo Gottfried."

"How long has he known you?" said the Chief Councillor of State. For so by his habit I found him to be.

"Half an hour or thereby," answered I.

"God help this kingdom!" cried the old man, tripping off, flirting his hand hopelessly in the air. "If he had known you only ten minutes you would have been either Prime Minister or Commander-in-Chief of the army."

It was in this strange fashion that I entered the service of the Prince of Plassenburg—a service which I shall ever look back upon with gratitude, and count as having brought me all the honors and most of the pleasures of my life.

Half an hour or more afterwards the blowing of trumpets and the thunder of the new leathern cannon announced that the Princess and her train were entering the palace. The Prince came down to greet them on the threshold in a new and magnificent dress.

"The Prince's officer-in-waiting to attend upon his Highness!" cried a herald in fine raiment of blue and yellow.

I looked about for the man who was to be my superior in my new office—that is, if Prince Karl should prove to have spoken in earnest.

"The Prince's orderly to attend upon him!" again proclaimed the herald, more impatiently.

I saw every eye turn upon me, and I began to feel a gentle heat come over me. Presently I was blushing furiously. For I was still in my riding-clothes, and even they had not been changed after the adventure of the

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Brick-dust Town. So that they were in no wise fitting to attend upon a mighty Prince.

The Prince of Plassenburg looked round.

"Ha!" he said, "this is not well—I had forgotten. My orderly ought to have been duly arrayed by this time."

"Pardon, my Prince," said I, "but all the apparel I have is upon my sumpter-horse, which comes in the train of the Princess."

My master looked right and left in his quickly imperious and yet humorous manner.

"Here, Count von Reuss," he said, to a tall, handsome, heavily jowled young man, "strip off thy fine coat for an hour, and lend it to my new officer-in-waiting. The ladies will admire thee more than ever in thy fine flowered waistcoat, with silk sleeves and purfles of lace!"

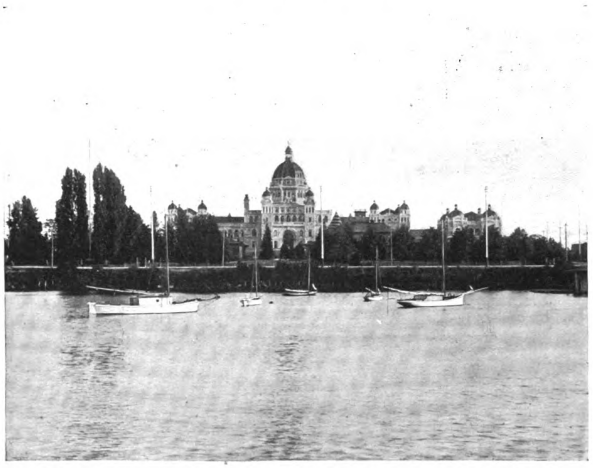
The young man, von Reuss, looked as if he desired much to tell the Prince to go and be hanged. But there was something in the bearing of Karl of Plassenburg—usurper, as they called him—the like of which for command I have never seen in the countenance and manner of any lawfully begotten prince of the world.

So, beckoning me into an antechamber, and swearing evilly under his breath all the time, the young man stripped off his fine coat, and offered it to me with one hand, without so much as looking at me. He gave it, indeed, churlishly, as one might give a dole to a loathsome beggar to be rid of his importunity.

"I thank you, sir," said I, "but more for your obedience to the Prince than for the fashion of your courtesy to me."

Yet for all that he answered me never a syllable, but turned his head and played with his mustache, till his man-servant brought him another coat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.—FROM ACROSS THE BAY.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

MUSIC.

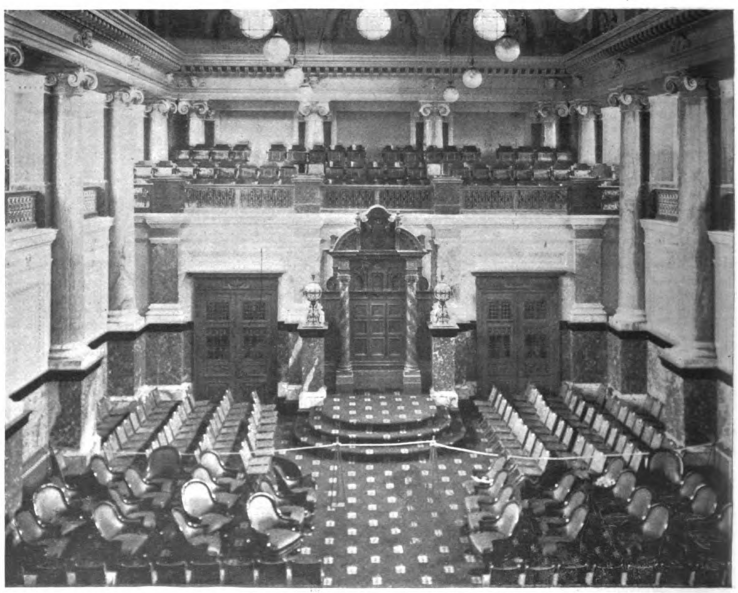
HOSTESS QUICKLY, it will be remembered, had a soul above little theological hinderances. "What's a joint of mutton or so in a whole Lent?" she exclaims with scorn. The days when concert performances between Ash-Wednesday and Easter meant a few routine matters smuggled in, without any one's thinking of referring to the season by their circulars, are bravely past. The musical joints of mutton are very large, and their cuts are ticketed "Lenten" amusingly. Awhile ago we had only Lenten lectures and evening classes and so forth. Now we have "Lenten orchestral concerts" (even the Chicago Orchestra employs that term), we have "Lenten" piano-forte recitals, we have "Lenten violoncello recitals," and "Lenten" matinées of chamber-music, "Lenten song-concerts," and dear knows what not, all labelled with the same dubious suitability. Really it is a wonder that we have not yet "Lenten" comic opera, and Holy-Week vaudevilles—so temporal rather than spiritual a meaning does the word seem to possess in the minds of managers of music. It would be well to allow this overworked reference to remain in the dictionary, or at least in its proper company, unless—as some needlessly æsthetic enthusiasts would have the world believe—art and religion are tantamount.

A mighty satisfaction was felt by Tammas Haggart, of Thrums, in his "sense o' humor." The outcomes—and incomes—of local musical projects often can be viewed with most philosophy if we call to our aid just as much good-nature as we can warm up. The proceedings of the latest (but, we hope, not last) plan to establish a new local concert-orchestra on an endowed basis, or (as the misapplied term goes) to make a "permanent" symphony-band here, certainly need whatever laughter and cheerful satire may be expended on the affair by persons who have grieved in their hearts that seemingly a pleasant-sounding scheme is spoiled as neatly as possible. By a fine touch of absurdity, almost exactly the thing was done to ruin it of which the promoters of it should have called out to each other their loudest "'Ware!" Two of the essential conditions of a good concert-orchestra, such as was mooted, are its separation from hack-work, operatic or other, and money enough as a foundation to make that sort of engagements wholly foreign to the members. The fund for the orchestra, pledged from one source here or from another source there, while large and literally promising, did not roll up to the needed million dollars that was judiciously urged by several workers for the scheme. Mr. Grau, being in this city at the time, occupied with arranging his long operatic campaign for next winter at the Metropolitan, saw his opportunity. Mr. Grau offered to hire the new band for his entire season, quite as he hires Mr. Anton Seidl for conductorial work. As Mr. Seidl's musical situation in New York (with all sorts of announcements and rumors thrown into the balance) has from the first been a special bit of politics entering into the plan—and not to its best aspects—the proposal of Mr. Grau was delightfully attractive to the new orchestra's pioneers. The committees in power at last accounts had closed with Mr. Grau's offer. Thus passes over their orchestra to the Metropolitan's arduous seventeen weeks of opera service, not to speak of whatever else may go with Mr. Grau's practical control of it for his work.

Comment is superfluous. The zealous ladies and gentlemen have wasted their time and enthusiasm. What have they done except, like *Hamlet's* "famous ape," to unpeg the basket into which they had crept, and break their own necks down? What kind of physical condition an orchestra can be kept in, how much time and nerve vigor it will have for fine concert-work, when it is the Metropolitan's band—and, we suspect, largely the Metropolitan's old band—beginning work in November and ending it in the spring? Some seventy performances are to be played, and Sunday concerts and what not besides. The relations of a concert-band to precisely such special and mechanical outside duty have already been indicated in a discussion here. To commit a concert-orchestra to them is ruinous. Much better were it to dismiss the scheme. It is not in any lack of appreciation of the merits of Mr. Seidl as a director of Wagner's operas to regret the obvious mixture of special and superfluous zealotism for Mr. Seidl's share in the project from the first. The plan should have been impersonal. There are other and better concert-leaders than Mr. Seidl. Overstocked as we are with foreign musicians, it would even be better to import another one. The announcement that the new orchestra is named and to be incorporated is, all the same, courageously made. Its title will be "The Orchestra of New York." Under the circumstances, this is assuming a good deal. "The Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera-House for 1898-99" would be better. Certain concerts from it are, indeed, promised to occur at such times of the year as are most practicable, because not in conflict with its duty to Mr. Grau and to the Metropolitan. But enough real superiority to average good work from the different concert-bands now busy here is not to be expected. A new name for just the same instrumentalists heard otherwise, and busy earning their bread, butter, and fiddle-strings as they are earning it now, will not change the amusing aspect of Mr. Grau's swift and exquisitely skilful *coup d'état*.

The visit of the Chicago Orchestra is not concluded as these lines are written. But the impression of its superb quality can hardly be more definite than it has already become, even with the last programmes to be played through. A great many people must have felt that the climax of the season had not come until that afternoon concert at which Rimsky-Korsakov's gorgeous "Sherzàd" Suite was played (for the first time here including its second movement, "The Story of the Calendar") and Richard Strauss's even more gorgeous and complex "Thus Spoke Zarathushtra," heard for the second time locally. Each was given with a virtuosity that not only did splendid justice to such rich orchestral devices, but was more interpretative of such extraordinary works than were preceding performances here under other leadership and by another splendid orchestra. Too much praise can hardly be given to the precision and sentiment of certain individual musicians in the band. That to the actual Chicago fraternity had to be added a contingent of local instrumentalists for some effects that the peculiar programme in question demanded does not alter the measure of individual honor to the Chicagoans. Mr. Thomas held under control both his own men and the temporary aids as few even as great conductors so potently can do. It was not strange that the huge audience became roused to a degree of enthusiasm worthy of the occasion, again and again—after the Suite and the Strauss tone-poem, in which modernity, the splendor of up-to-date instrumental diction, the glow and quiver and bedazzlement of sheer sensuous musical effect, cannot farther go. Hearing such, we soon become careless of how far they really carry out a descriptive programme or merely suggest it; the listener sits thrilled and amazed. And that interpretation of Brahms's Second Symphony on last Wednesday night—what a lecture on the contents of that great work of the last master-symphonist it was! It is one way of estimating the virtues of the Chicago Orchestra, and of recognizing the old-time breadth of its present leader's mind, that the demands of the latest elaborateness are met as effectively—without less impressiveness—as the simpler-stated and far profounder music of the art's earlier and brighter day.

Of young Mr. Hofmann it is now fairer and easier to speak critically than it was a fortnight ago. He has appeared in several orchestral concerts and—a finer touchstone—at his recitals mentioned previously. His measure is manifest. He is still distinctly a *young* pianistic prodigy—not an infant one (as he might have been called when with us ten years ago), but still a young prodigy. Far from mature as an interpretative musician, obviously undeveloped in his sense of the psychic in music, he is a pianist of unusually finished technic, a performer unusual in his hand, in his touch, in a muscular security and vigor that give noble effectiveness to his dynamics. He plays chords, especially, with a solidity and clearness that haunt the ear. His runs are crystalline; his octaves dazzle. All the lighter outward equipment of his profession this boy—for boy he yet is—seems to have at his fingers' ends. Dignity, repose, and fire each enters, at times, wondrously, into the work of so boyish a pianist. But having said all this, there let us pause and trust to the discretion of our ears and common-sense. The lad has not depth of musical insight, by any means, more than have dozens of other young players all the world over. He does not feel music half so much as he thinks about his playing of it. He is yet to come into the best part of his inheritance—musical emotionality. Rubinstein with him is the piano's pedal and key-board; Saint-Saëns is so, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin—everybody is more or less so. The deeps of music, the eloquence of its gravest speech, he does not perceive nor point. No; as he is, he is a wonderful young pianist, greatly advanced on his little-boy identity, but yet with a whole ocean of sentiment not in his surmise. The heart and the mind of artistic manhood, the lights and shadows of life, they alone make the pianist a musician. They alone teach the player the message between the lines on the page. How should it be otherwise with young Hofmann, unless his whole boyhood be his undoing? What error to expect anything at—is it here the age of eighteen, twenty, or what other? "We

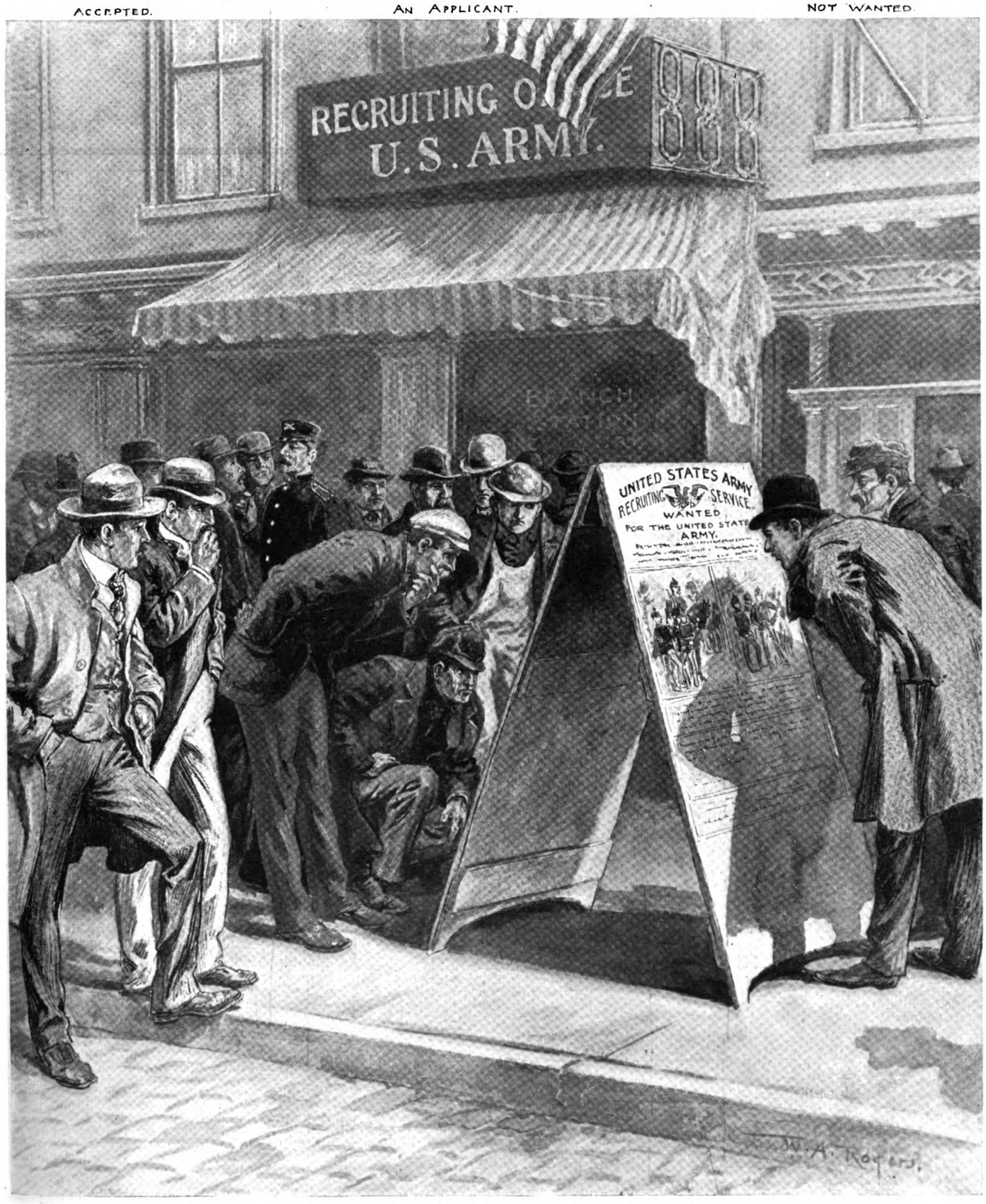


LEGISLATIVE HALL, NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

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INCREASING THE ARMY—SCENES AT A RECRUITING-OFFICE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

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learn in suffering what we teach in song." The pianist may be made. The musician, too, is made, but made by other than professional teaching. Josef Hofmann has yet to be so instructed. Let us be glad, for his sake, that such seems his fortune. The inward lessons will probably come soon, and will multiply impressively enough. Meantime a young player, nearly with his perfected technical sensibilities and power, he is a creature to hear with constant surprise, some respect, and many silent and yet unrealized expectations of his gift and career. At present the fashionable and too largely undiscerning admiration for the young man suggests Trumbull's observation that—

Optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE new Parliament buildings at Victoria, British Columbia, which were formally dedicated with impressive ceremonies on February 10, are the handsomest public edifices on the Pacific coast, though they cost about one-quarter the amount spent on the City Hall at San Francisco. Five years ago it was decided to erect new buildings, and architects were asked to submit designs. The competition was keen, and over sixty architects from Canada and the United States sent in drawings. Two experts awarded the prize to F. M. Rattenbury, of Vancouver, a young Englishman, who had recently come to the colony. The older architects were disgusted, but of the superiority of young Rattenbury's designs there was no question. He has personally superintended all the details of construction, and the result is a public building which is a credit to the colony. It may be said, in passing, that Mr. Rattenbury competed for the Capitol building at Olympia, Washington, and secured the contract, but was unable to go on with the work because it was discovered that he was a Canadian.

Victoria is built on an island shaped like a man's hand. One of the fingers is a peninsula which adjoins the island of Vancouver, and at about the centre of this peninsula are the Parliament buildings. Thus they are unobstructed, and from the little bay which separates the peninsula from the main part of Victoria the view is very striking.

There are three buildings, the central one being the administrative block and including the legislative hall, and the other two the Provincial Museum and the government printing-office. The central block is shaped like a T, the main entrance being in the centre of the two arms, and the great legislative hall forming the stem of the letter. The two side structures are built a little in front of the main building, and are connected with it by a covered colonnade forty feet long. The main entrance is flanked by towers and surmounted by a beautiful dome, which, rising above the trees, is as perfect as the Dome at Washington. Under the arch of the entrance are statues of Captain George Vancouver, the first surveyor of Victoria, and Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of the province. The main hall, or rotunda, is imposing. The dome rises clear for eighty feet, supported by eight marble pillars. There is a dado of marble eight feet high, and the floor is a mosaic of fine marble, with a handsome border. Directly across the rotunda is the entrance to the legislative hall, protected by handsome gates of coppered lacquer. The hall is sixty-one feet by thirty-nine feet three inches, and is surmounted on all sides by galleries. The roof is supported by twenty-two superb solid Italian-marble pillars, with gilt Ionic capitals, and there is an Italian-marble dado eight feet high.

The throne is of carved Indian oak, with twisted columns on either side, and is surmounted by a rich canopy. The coat of arms of the province is carved in oak overhead. Rooms for the various officials and committees occupy the remainder of this building. Each is finished in native woods. The museum, which is located in one of the side buildings, is well worth the attention of any tourist, as it is rich in Indian curios and in specimens of animals, birds, and fishes of the North.

LONDON.

March 7, 1898.

I NEVER remember to have heard so much feeling expressed by average Englishmen on any American topic as with reference to the *Maine* disaster. What has touched people's hearts here is the self-restraint and self-control displayed by President and people in the face of almost irresistible temptation to "do something" strong under the sting of a calamity without precedent or parallel. The pride and high spirit of the American nation never made a deeper impression on this side than when it refused to listen to the sulphurous suggestions of the "yellow press." If trouble ensues, there is no doubt on which side effective British sympathies will be shown. The telegram of sympathy sent by the Navy League to the President of the United States, and courteously acknowledged by him, meant a good deal more than meets the eye. If all the fleets of the Continental powers were to sink at their moorings to-morrow morning, the Navy League would despatch no telegram of regret.

The English Radical press has contrived to give the impression in Europe that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are divided on the subject of colonial policy, and especially in regard to West Africa. Not only the French newspapers, but those who inspire organs of French opinion, like the *Temps*, are firmly under the belief that a struggle is going on in the cabinet between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Prime Minister. This is a mischievous perversion of the facts. I have the best reason for knowing that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are absolutely at one on the subject of French encroachments in West Africa and elsewhere. Not long since Lord Salisbury remarked to a friend that he had sat in many cabinets with many men, but in no cabinet and from no man had he ever experienced such harmonious and friendly collaboration as from Mr. Chamberlain. It has also come to my knowledge, and there is no harm in repeating it, that Mr. Chamberlain has freely expressed to his political friends his satisfaction at the cordial and easy relations existing between himself and the Prime Minister, for whom he entertains a profound admiration. Having regard to their political divisions in the past, it is only natural that friction is attributed by irresponsible writers to the working relations of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. There is no friction. On principles they are absolutely agreed; even on details there has been no difference of opinion. The cabinet is a united cabinet, and the harmony between the Foreign and Colonial secretaries is, and has been, absolutely unbroken. It would be well if the French could appreciate the gravity of this fact.

There is reason to believe that the alterations recently made in the programme of the Channel squadron's cruise are not without grave significance. Leaving the west coast of Spain on March 19, Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson's magnificent fleet will visit Sardinia, Majorca, and Minorca, and will remain in the Gulf of Lyons until the beginning of May. It is unnecessary to point out that, in the event of trouble with France, the immediate junction of the British Channel and Mediterranean squadrons is of the highest strategical importance. With the Channel fleet between Toulon and the Strait of Gibraltar, the French Mediterranean fleet, in the event of hostilities, would be unable to effect a junction with the Brest squadron, and the French admiral in command of the North Atlantic fleet would have no option but to remain under the guns of Brest and Cherbourg. At the time of writing this disposition of the British fleets has attracted no public attention, but I have good reason for saying that difficulties with France in West Africa and the Upper Nile Basin are not wholly unconnected with the recently altered programme of the Channel squadron's cruise.

Although confident hopes are held out that satisfactory arrangements will be come to in Paris on the subject of our West African difficulties, it is impossible to ignore the existence of a growing feeling of irritation with France. In the course of the colonial estimates recently before the House of Commons a sum of £10,000 was voted, after protest, for the compensation of the French fathers of the Catholic Mission at Uganda, whose property was destroyed during the disturbances that took place on the occupation of that region by the British. This payment of indemnity by England to France is regarded as a right and dignified course to adopt, as it is in accordance with the comity of nations. An unpleasant impression, however, has been created by the revelation that what is known as the Waima affair still remains unsettled. On the 5th of January, 1894, Captain Lendy, Lieutenant Wroughton, and Lieutenant Liston, with one sergeant and twenty-six men of one of her Majesty's West India regiments, were shot down by French soldiers on British territory, at Waima, in the colony of Sierra Leone. Observations taken by Colonel Ellis immediately after the occurrence, and subsequently confirmed by the Delimitation Commission, established the fact that Waima is in British territory. It is true that neither Lendy nor the two subaltern officers who were killed had much political or social influence. It is also true that twenty-seven of the slain were colored men, but they were all of them soldiers of the Queen. France has never expressed, or been asked to express, regret for the occurrence; France has neither paid, nor been asked to pay, such compensation to the families of the slain as would be afforded by a money indemnity. A strong feeling exists that this is no mere question of trade or of territory. National honor is involved. In Siam, Madagascar, Tunis, Newfoundland, and West Africa the squeezability of England has been exhibited to the great powers. Graceful concession in small matters or in large is all very well, provided concession is reciprocal. When, however, the concession is all on one side, when indemnities are paid by England to French subjects for mere loss of property, but are not received from France after the gravest provocation and actual slaughter of British troops by French trespassers, the question of honor takes precedence of that of material gain. The Earl of Selborne, the painstaking Under-Secretary of State for the Colonial Office, declared the other night that England was absolutely unanimous that war with France would have been far too dear a price to pay for the loss of our trade-rights in Madagascar. I am convinced that Lord Selborne unconsciously misrepresents the feeling of thoughtful Englishmen on this point. Englishmen are not Jingoes, but when the point of honor is raised, it is immaterial whether the occasion relate to a pestiferous swamp or a combination of paradise and El Dorado. We have now reached that state of relations with France when no language and no diplomacy involving compromise or concession will settle outstanding differences. War or the unconditional surrender of France on the Boussa question is the only alternative.

In the opinion of the naval and military experts, the present is a favorable time to settle our differences with France, if fighting is necessary. In fact, by sending the Channel squadron to the Mediterranean, and thus preventing the junction of the French Toulon and Brest squadrons, the French battle-ships will either be compelled to remain in port or submit to battle with a superior force. French cruisers, for the first fortnight, may inflict a great deal of damage on our commerce; the cables will be cut; much suffering will be caused to the population of both countries; but the result to France will be her extinction as a great power. She will lose all her colonies within a month, including the West African hinterlands, for the sake of which she has driven England to buy. Speaking with a full sense of responsibility, I have no hesitation in saying that the twenty-fifth war between France and England, under present circumstances, however bitterly to be deplored, is now inevitable unless France yields or England sheds her honor. For the first time since the Norman Conquest three generations have lived and died without the forces of England and France meeting in battle array. For the first time since gunpowder was invented, no man lives who has fired a shot in warfare between the French and English nations.

The British public are gradually waking up to the fact that a vital principle is involved in the West African dispute with France. The hinterlands of two British colonies have been obliterated without serious resistance by Great Britain. The precedents of delay and surrender which made the name of Lord Granville a byword in British diplomacy have wrought incalculable evil, and it was not until the still, strong man, in the shape of Mr. Chamberlain, came to the Colonial Office that a serious stand was made. Probably the majority of English people have regarded West Africa as not worth fighting about. Whether or not this be true, if we show to the great powers that we are ready to be squeezed if they only exert sufficient pressure, we shall soon be squeezed dry. A propaganda of unavailing resistance to French encroachments has been made by two people during the last few years, each of whom is remarkable as an individuality. One of them is a lady, Miss Mary H. Kingsley—niece of the author of *Westward Ho*, and the daughter of Dr. Kingsley—whose extraordinary travels on the west coast, described in a thick and ill-arranged but most able book, have lifted the purdah from the mangrove swamps, the forests, the silent rivers, the malaria, and the sunny uplands of that unlovely region in a way that has been accomplished by no other writer. Miss Kingsley has the rare grace of humor. No more depressing tract of country exists on the earth's surface than the stretch of coast-line on the Bight of Benin. Miss Kingsley combines several remarkable qualities. She shuns notoriety. With unrivalled knowledge of the facts, she has refused to join in the discussion on west coast affairs. Her individuality may be judged by the remark of a west coast negro chieftain, who said to a trader that Miss Kingsley was not a white woman, but a white devil. I understand that the sable monarch was not so much alluding to a double dose of original sin as he was referring to the unquenchable vitality, energy, and resolution of the lady in question. She has travelled in Congo Français, in the German Cameroons and Togoland, as well as in the various west coast settlements. Her influence with the governing men in the present instance is considerable.

More remarkable, however, than her courage as an explorer in the worst of climates, or her complete knowledge of the tangled web of west coast politics, is the note of detachment which enables Miss Kingsley to illuminate this most complex and difficult subject with the dry light of reason and sense. Almost every one else with whom I have conversed has some axe to grind—pecuniary, political, military, or administrative—which tends to obscure his judgment, if not to impair the value of his evidence. To these, however, there is one exception.

Sir George Taubman Goldie belongs to a type more common in the Middle Ages than in the stress of these weltering days. Like Charles George Gordon, whom he resembles in more than one side of his character, he abhors publicity, and there is a touch of chivalry in his nature which for years has sustained him under misrepresentation, detraction, and a sea of troubles that would have drowned a smaller man. Sir George Goldie, under a quiet and gentle manner, covers a will of steel. Until Mr. Chamberlain came to the Colonial Office Goldie bore upon his own shoulders the brunt of such resistance to French aggression as was possible under the flaccid administration and degenerate traditions of the Colonial Office. A west coast Athanasius, alone he stood against the world. The result is now visible in the malevolent persecutions of the French press. For a long time the only obstacle to the realization of French ambition, Goldie is now the personification to the French colonial party of British interests and British force. Sir George Goldie is no arm-chair politician. As governor of the Royal Niger Company he personally undertook last year to break the tyranny of the slave-raiding Fulahs in the kingdom of Nupe, the strongest of the states making up the empire of Sokoto. I have no space to describe the campaign, or to recount the admirable arrangements organized by the non-advertising head of the Niger Company. On the 25th of February last year the big fight between 30,000 Fulahs and the Haussa troops of the company took place. The city of Bida was captured. There is little doubt that the Fulahs who were dispersed on that occasion have summoned the French to their help, and that in the form of a quasi-scientific expedition, well armed and with superfluous stores of ammunition, a French party, though disavowed by Monsieur Hanotaux, has actually crossed to the east bank of the Niger.

The hinterland of Lagos is of far greater value than its coast possessions. It is not generally known even in England that for centuries the products of the west coast found their way into Europe through Tripoli and Tunis, and pepper grown on the Niger and transported overland was sold in Constantinople, and found its way to London in the time of Charles II. Myriads of caravans threaded the Sahara region, which is by no means universally the desert it is generally believed to be, though white men are not guided through the fertile valleys it contains. Prosperity induced by this traffic created the populous cities of Kano and Kong. Gradually a touch of the ruling Arab blood graded up the inhabitants of the vast tract of country lying between the Bight of Benin and Tripoli. The French, to a large extent, have gained the sympathy of these people. Leaders of French expeditions have been not only resolute, but tactful and charming in manner. Upon traders they look down with contempt. The Senegalese are a fine fighting race, and, in the opinion of some west-coasters, would walk through the Haussa soldiery "like a hot knife through butter," to use the language of one of them. When the great caravan trade was first reduced by the sea outlet provided by British enterprise and the current of trade reversed, the wealth and comfort of the vast semi-civilizations diminished. Hunger produced discontent among the masses. Rude civilization relapsed into barbarism, and to-day a few caravans only thread their way between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. I need not point out that the potentialities of the open door into West Africa gave to the United States the possibility of a greater trade than is at present dreamed of. The city of Kano alone contains over a million inhabitants, still rudely civilized. Were Kano to become French, American machinery, textiles, and merchandise would be shut out. If Kano remains British, the prosperity of your Atlantic coast cities will be sensibly advanced. American and British interests on the west coast of Africa are absolutely identical as in China. The policy of the "open door" will yet bring about an understanding between the two branches of our race, although the hard knocks seem likely to fall on the British for the next few years.

Lord Salisbury is ill. His inability to get through his work has long been the subject of murmurings among his own subordinates, and of comment by the members of

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the *corps diplomatique*. A foreign diplomatist accredited to the Court of St. James was heard to recount his experiences at the Foreign Office in a manner which, though amusing, effectively displays the practical results of Foreign Office administration when the minister has too much to do. The foreign envoy in question described a Wednesday afternoon at the Foreign Office in the following terms: "I arrive in Downing Street to see Lord Salisbury. Most politely they place me in a room. I wait one hour, two hours, three hours. My business is important. Then comes a young gentleman with charming manners. He is desolated at my waiting so long, and he conveys the profound regrets of Lord Salisbury that owing to pressure of public affairs with other countries he has been compelled to deny himself the pleasure of seeing me. And then this young gentleman continues by saying that it is necessary for Lord Salisbury to catch the train to Hatfield, he must 'go home to tea.' And so my business is not done. Friendly to England, I have been unable to communicate important information that would have been invaluable in recent difficulties, but have been unable to do so. But you are asking me do not I see Lord Salisbury in society? Yes, I see the British ministers in society, but if I talk to one of them on my business he is freezingly polite, but unmistakably conveys to me that I am a bore. I do not wish to be a bore, and therefore I go to spend my Wednesday afternoons in the Salle d'Attente of the Foreign Office." These are the *ipsissima verba* of a highly popular representative of a friendly state; and I am not without reason for saying that in dealing with ambassadors from more powerful states than that represented by the minister to whom I have referred, Lord Salisbury's preoccupations have also led to the curtailment of communications and of the postponement of replies to important letters. The foreign relations of England would be greatly benefited by such a rearrangement of the duties of the Foreign Minister as would enable him to give adequate attention to the representatives of foreign powers. It is said that even the United States ambassador has not received the prompt attention which is due, no less to the dignity of the country he represents, than to his own distinguished personality. ARNOLD WHITE.

AMATEUR SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

ALTHOUGH the Military and Athletic Tournament which was held in Madison Square Garden last week was announced as the second annual tournament, it was the first held under the management of the Military Athletic League—the first tournament, held in 1897, having been run by private enterprise for the very incidental benefit of a hospital. To prevent any similar misuse of the services of military athletes, the Military Athletic League was formed recently, which gave, last week, most successfully, its first tournament, in aid of the fund for the monument to the late General Porter.

To the league belong all but two of the military organizations in New York and Brooklyn, and similar organizations from other States; the regular army has approved it, and the great athletic organizations, the Amateur Athletic Union and the League of American Wheelmen, assist it. Its officials are known both as military men and as athletes, and its individual members have the backing of their own regiments and of the great athletic organizations named.

The week's programme opened on Monday night with a review by the president of the Military Athletic League, Lieutenant-Colonel Luscomb, of the Thirteenth Regiment, N.G.N.Y., of detachments from each of the military organizations participating in the tournament, and then the games began. These were all "track events"—bicycling and running races—and were hotly contested. A well-banked track had been laid, 176 yards in length; but as it was to be used by the contestants in the military part of the tournament, it could not be made so hard as for an ordinary athletic tournament, and the records made on it were slow. The athletic tournament developed into a lively contest for first place between the Twenty-second New York and the Fourth New Jersey regiments, with the Twelfth New York pushing these closely.

After the track events each evening came the military part of the programme, the participants being detachments from the regular army and from the organizations belonging to the League. From Fort Myer, Virginia, came Troop E, of the Sixth Cavalry; from Fort Hamilton, Light-Battery D, of the Fifth Artillery; from West Point, the cavalry detachment; from Fort Columbus, a detail of the Thirteenth Infantry; and the United States Monitor *Terror* sent a detail. Of the New York organizations the Naval Reserve sent a detail from the First Battalion; Troop C, the Second Signal Corps, and the First and Second Batteries were represented strongly. An attractive programme had been prepared, varying each day, which was carried through promptly, to the intense delight of a crowd of spectators that grew larger every night. The cavalry exercises were remarkable, as showing the complete control of the horses by the men, and the mutual understanding between man and beast; the artillery manœuvres were striking; the infantry, musical, and calisthenic drill showed how men may be made athletes without even "home gymnasiums"; while the work of the Signal Corps was a revelation to the spectators. Although, of course, the regulars far excelled the militiamen in the accuracy and rapidity of their manœuvres, the latter held their end up creditably, and, even in comparison with the regulars, showed themselves well-trained and not "tin soldiers."

On Wednesday night the tournament was honored by the presence of Major-General Miles, commanding the army, who appeared in the new uniform which his inspection of the European armies indicated to his experienced mind was necessary to increase the efficiency of our small army. With him was General Merritt, in evening dress; and their aides and a number of officers and ladies accompanied them. The games began earlier than usual, and were interrupted to permit of a review by General Miles of the detachments from the organizations participating in the tournament. Lieutenant-Colonel Luscomb commanded, the band of the Thirteenth Infantry led, and behind followed detachments from the Monitor *Terror*, the New York Naval Militia, the Old Guard, the Thirteenth Infantry, and the Sixth Cavalry; and from these National Guard organizations, the Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Forty-seventh, and Seventy-first New York regiments, the Fourth New Jersey, the First, Second, and Third Batteries, Troop C, and the Signal Corps. These detachments were in four battalions, and quite filled the arena.

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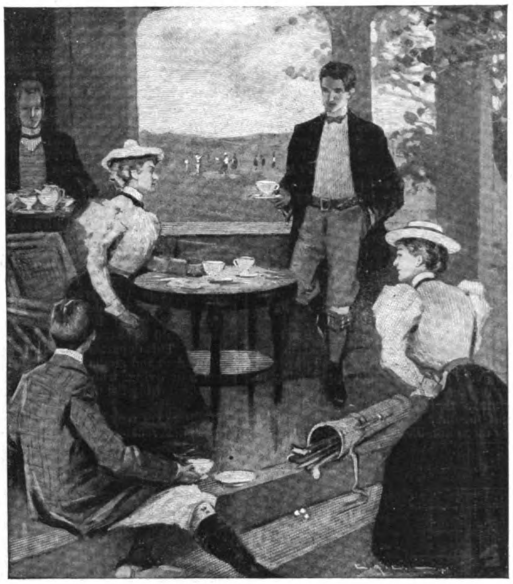
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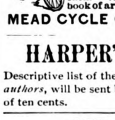


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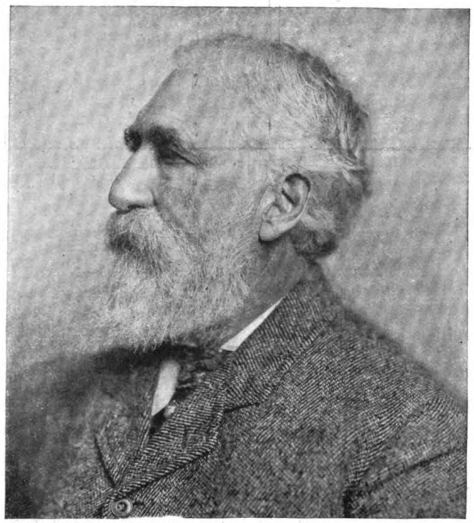
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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

FROM WORLD-FAMED MINDS.

In the limits of a brief review it is clearly impossible to give any adequate view of so colossal a work. Perhaps I may best condense my impression of the work by saying that the Library commends itself to the general reader of books, and especially to those who seek a broader culture and knowledge, for ten vital and decisive reasons.

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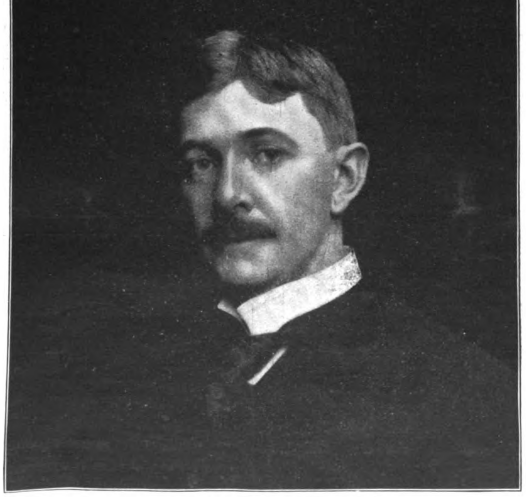
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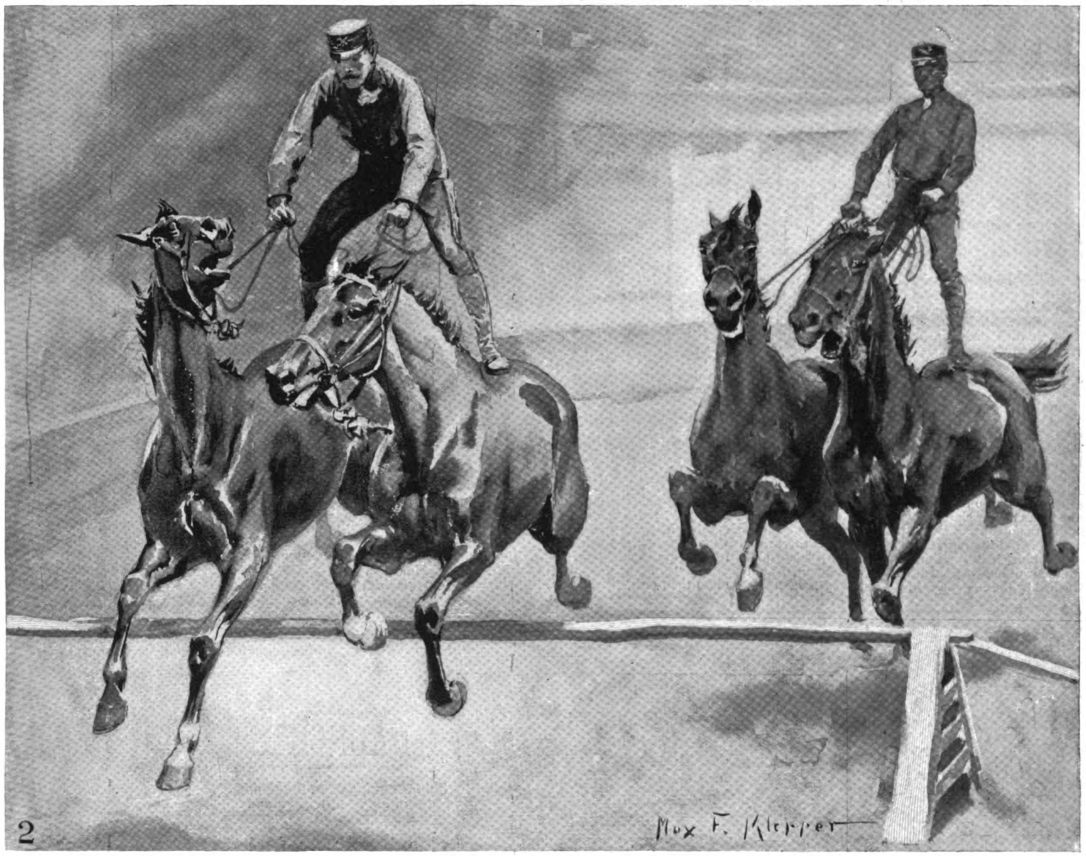
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THE MILITARY AND ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.—[See Page 307.]

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ART.

SOME NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

To the friends of the Society of American Artists—and they embrace nearly every one in this country who is interested in painting—the excellence of this year's exhibition is a subject for great rejoicing. It is impossible, on glancing round the galleries, not to feel that in variety, individuality, and general interest this show is the best of recent years. The galleries present a glow of color to which we have been strangers. This carries with it a sense of vitality, which is increased by further perusal of the pictures. The evidence not only of earnestness but of virile work is particularly refreshing. For, after all, we live in a world of work, and a gallery of pictures to appeal to what is best in us must show the signs of strenuous endeavors that capture our enthusiasm. More than that, we look for sturdy individuality; for proof of men having grappled with problems of their own, instead of echoing those of others. In these particulars the exhibition is quite notable, and one of the most hopeful that we have had.

First honor is due to Mr. John La Farge's superb panel of "Greece," painted for Bowdoin College, where it will fit into the semicircular space in the hall of the Walker Art Gallery, in company with the mural paintings, already in position, by Messrs. Vedder, Cox, and Thayer. Against a background of deep violet hills and sky are set three female figures. The centre one, semi-nude, with yellow drapery around her lower limbs, stands by the side of a pedestal holding a torch, which reaches from the ground to her head. On her left is a figure seated on a mossy rock, with a mural crown upon her head; and on the right the form of Pallas with helmet, and a tablet and stilus in her hands. One can only hint here at the mingling of majestic repose and exquisite sensitiveness with which the full and empty spaces of the panel are balanced, decorating the half-circle with a sumptuous embroidery of form. The color is even more delightful—full of depth and richness. Deep violets, brilliant greens, yellows, crimsons, and grays are blended into a harmony of amazing force; and every individual mass of color has its own separate quality. For a moment one is reminded of the richness of stained glass; but it is rather a distinction of the diverse qualities of velvets and precious stones, for the colors are so impenetrable and solid. Bowdoin College may congratulate itself on having had to wait for this magnificent picture. Work such as this cannot be produced "on time"; it must grow out of the artist's temperament, and the labor will be long. Boston learnt this lesson in the case of Mr. St. Gaudens's Shaw Memorial, and it would be well if all who give commissions for big work would realize it. Too often our men are hurried, and prevented from doing the best of which they are capable. Mr. La Farge's rank enabled him to take his own time, and the country is the richer by a great picture.

As one turns to the picture, by Mr. John S. Sargent, of the full-length portraits of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps Stokes, it is hard to avoid the regret that this great painter, who has proved himself in the library of Boston possessed of such grandeur of imagination and accomplishment, should be compelled by the exigencies of success to spend so much time upon what is, after all, a minor branch of art. It is true he dignifies a portrait by making it a picture, and introduces so much technical excellence that he compels admiration. The lady wears a white duck skirt and a navy-blue jacket, and stands erect and alert and sparkling with pleasant vitality in the front of the picture. Behind her, in half-shade, is the gentleman, clad in flannels; and most admirably represented is the loose and easy attitude of his figure. As usual, the textures of flesh and fabrics are painted with marvellous fidelity, all the more remarkable owing to the breadth of treatment. The eye, after taking in the ensemble, can travel with delight over every part of the canvas, and will assuredly linger especially upon the painting of the lady's hand, which rests upon her hip. Mr. Sargent is also represented by a small portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, lounging in a chair, with one leg thrown over the other. How marvellously characteristic it is! The face so full of intellect and kindliness, the hands vibrating with sensitiveness, even the knee, showing through the loose trousers, expressing the nervous energy of the man!

The picture selected by the jury for purchase under "The Shaw fund," presented by Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, is the "Night and the Waning Day" of Mr. G. R. Barse, Jr. Those who have followed this painter's work must have been impressed with his evident earnestness, and his determination to reach an ideal that is still ahead of him. What the ideal exactly is one can only conjecture, but it seems to be to use the nude figure as a symbol of emotion. He is a facile draughtsman, but his skill in this direction does not flatter him into contentment with the mere charm of drawing. He strives to idealize the human figure and to make it express an abstract thought, and secures a result at once decorative and poetic. In this picture, also, without, strictly speaking, being a colorist, he has sought for and obtained a large measure of emotional quality through his color. The deep glassy green at the bottom of the panel, the purple-black of the drapery, and the pale green-blue sky are a lovely foil to the delicate flesh-tints, and at the same time express the beautiful solemnity and calm which are felt in a fuller degree in the figures that float as softly as swan's-down. The picture is full of tender feeling, and yet virile in conception and treatment.

It is a great pleasure to see Mr. George de Forest Brush represented in the exhibition. He contributes a portrait of Master Scribner—a boy in brown velvet suit, with a background of landscape in warm deep tones—a beautiful example of his strong, serious style and splendid sense of color.

Besides his "Pot of Basil," which was exhibited at Philadelphia, Mr. John W. Alexander sends two pictures of girls—one kneeling upon the floor, the other straining forward over the arm of a chair to play with a kitten at her feet. They are very clever, and the former has a pleasant scheme of color and is decorative in composition; but each is little more than a *tour de force*—"lots of fun" to do, but scarcely serious work. There are two charming little portraits, respectively, by Mr. Kenyon Cox and Mr. Mowbray, the former being especially good. Mrs. Cox exhibits a very graceful little composition, and Mrs. Prellwitz a larger canvas, which proves that she is advancing rapidly in her work.

The "Song of the Pines," by Mr. Douglas Volk, is a more than ordinarily interesting picture. It represents a woman, bearing a branch of pine, standing against a background of rich dark trees, beyond which is a patch of crimson sky. There is a tender sadness in the expression of the face, the eyes look far forward, and a strong note of passionate feeling runs through the rest of the picture. It is a fine example of exalted symbolism. Another subject that appeals especially by its decorative feeling is Mr. Herbert Denman's "Sirens"—a turquoise sea, with silvery haze, a ship in the distance, and three beautiful forms wrapped in cool purple shade.

The English painter Mr. Frank Brangwyn makes an imposing show with the Oriental subject that was exhibited at Philadelphia, and with a large design for tapestry. One of his objects is to make his surface of canvas a piece of magnificent decoration, and how well he succeeds may be noted in the first gallery, where his picture, occupying the centre, gives a richness and vivacity to the whole wall. To the left of it is a highly interesting portrait, by Mr Carroll Beckwith, of a well-known model. He is a man with mustache and imperial, of very fierce aspect, and, in the old-fashioned uniform with which the painter has clothed him, makes a most unique appearance. The painting is vigorous, and the picture altogether a very striking one. At the opposite end of the room is a portrait by Mr. S. Sham, which has much charm of composition and color. Mr. W. B. Van Ingen sends a decorative panel, in which he exhibits a very serious intention. The picture is rich in color and very charming in sentiment.

There are four pictures by Mr. J. McNeill Whistler, three of which represent his earlier method. One is of Old Westminster Bridge, painted in 1862, and it is interesting to note the fidelity to detail which it exhibits. It was not until he had mastered the difficulty of painting things just as they are that he ventured to eliminate unessentials, and to represent things as they appear to his artist's vision. Mr. W. M. Chase sends several pictures—facile, attractive, but unsatisfying.

The Webb prize, given by Dr. W. Seward Webb for the best landscape in the exhibition by a painter under forty years of age, has been awarded by the jury to Mr. George H. Bogert. The river winding through pasture-lands suggests a reminiscence of Daubigny, but the picture is treated in an entirely individual way. It is solidly painted, sparkling in color, and full of light and atmosphere. Mr. Horatio Walker has a remarkably strong picture of a scene in a clearing of the woods, with a yoke of oxen and their driver in the foreground. It is exquisite in color, with a veil of quiet poetry over the landscape, and a note of rugged strength in the man and oxen. The picture represents in their true relation the poetry and prose of life, and is not only beautiful, but stimulating. A snow scene by Mr. T. Appleton Brown is particularly pleasing. It is novel in its choice of subject, and represents not the sparkle or shimmer of snow, but that muffled stillness of foliage and buildings when even the air seems choked.

In the centre gallery is a very interesting collection of miniatures, of which those by Miss Laura Hills may be singled out for special notice. The sculpture exhibit is small, the most notable pieces being two memorial panels by Mr. Herbert Adams, executed by himself in marble. Recent mention has been made in the WEEKLY of Mr. Adams's work, so that it is enough now to say that these panels are thoroughly characteristic of its charming qualities.

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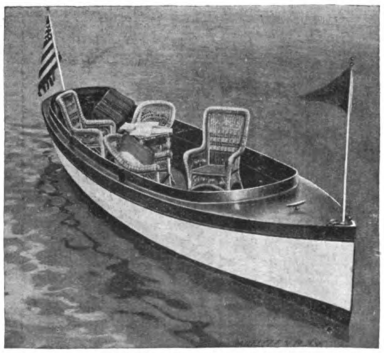
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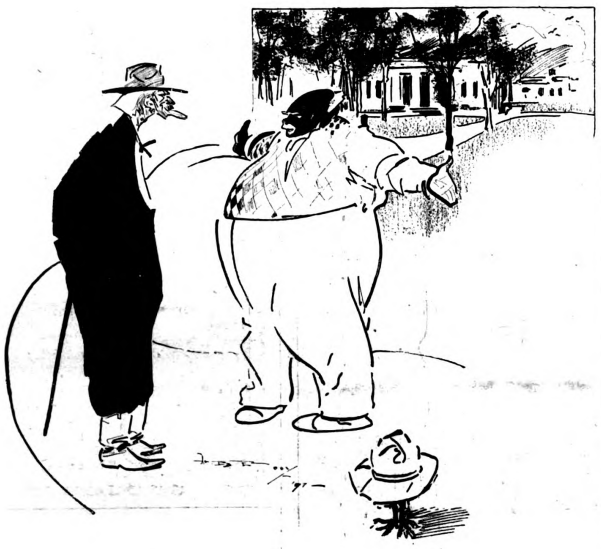
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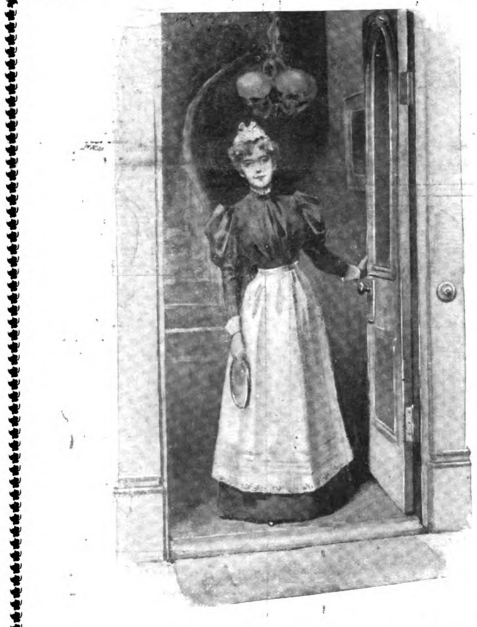
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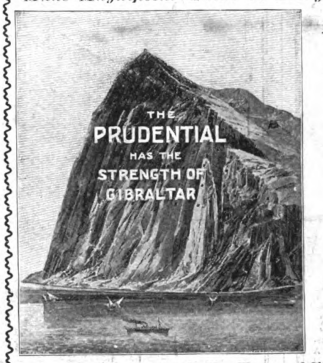
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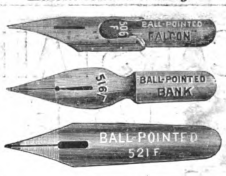


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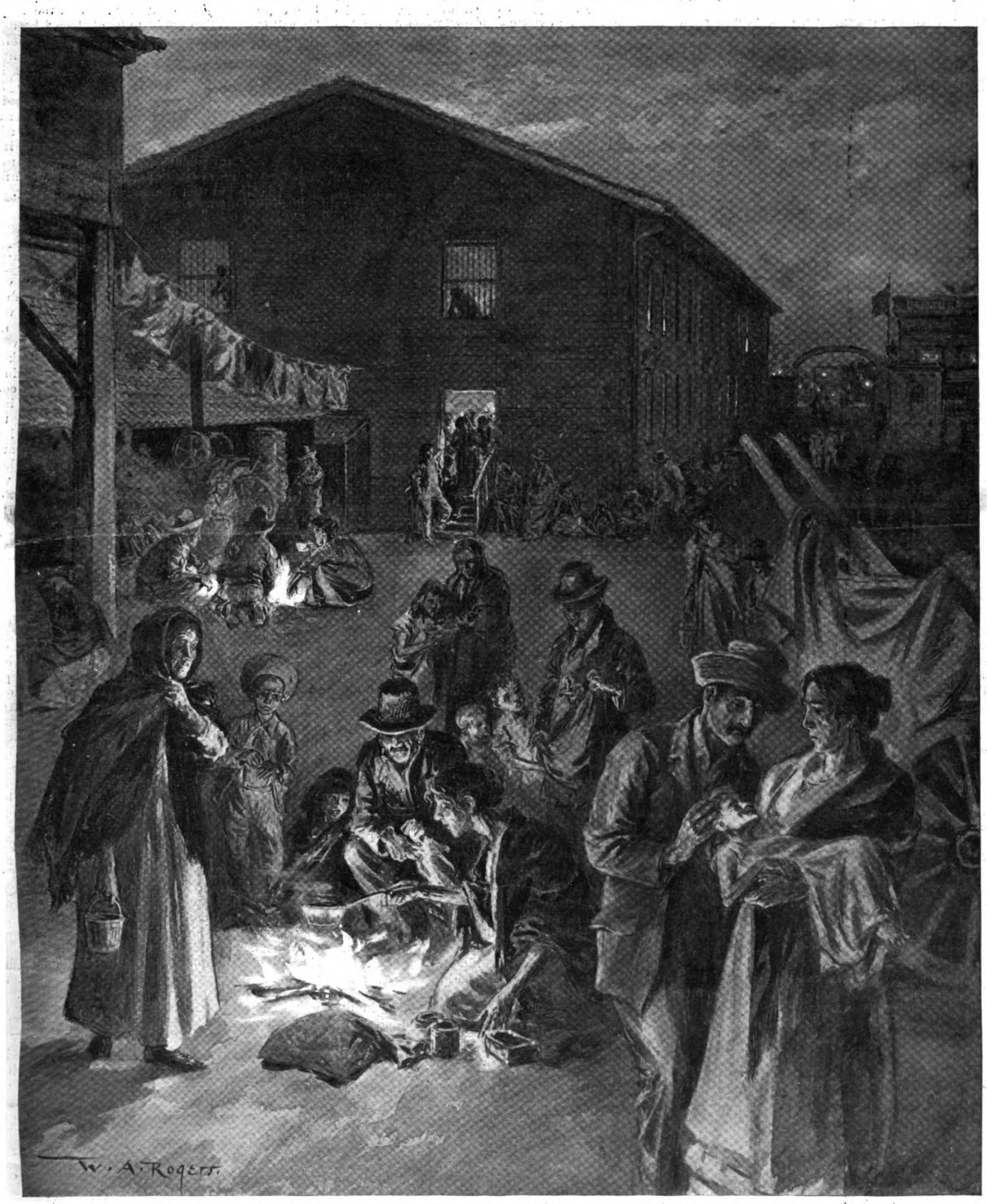
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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LOS FOSOS—"THE DITCHES."

THE ONLY PLACE IN HAVANA PROVIDED FOR THE SHELTER OF RECONCENTRADOS.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Photographs taken by Harold Martin, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 318.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 2, 1898

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THE departure of the Spanish torpedo fleet from the Canary Islands is on its face a menace of war, and every step taken looking towards the outbreak of hostilities is dangerous. Nevertheless, although it is a step which we may possibly be called upon to resist, it is not a step of which, in view of our own preparations, we have the right to complain. We have made ready for war, and in doing so we have taken a proper step, and one that would have made for peace if Spain were wise and willing to face the facts of the situation; but if Spain is foolish enough to desire war notwithstanding our preparations for it, the step that she has taken is natural and logical.

IF unhappily there is to be a war between the United States and Spain, this country is to be congratulated on the officers who are in command of the fleet at Key West. No more intelligent officers can be found in any navy in the world than Captains SAMPSON, EVANS, and CHADWICK. We are moved to say this especially on account of an impression which has gone abroad, to some extent, concerning Captain EVANS. Notwithstanding his well-earned title of "Fighting Bob," he is one of the most tactful and self-restrained of men. The fleet will undoubtedly give an excellent account of itself if it should be called upon to act, and the country may be sure that a war will not be precipitated by anything that any one of the commanding officers may do.

SENATORS GALLINGER and THURSTON have made their contributions to the discussion on Cuba which was begun by Senator PROCTOR. They add nothing to Senator PROCTOR'S statement, which was strong and convincing. They went to Cuba partly as the advertising agents of a disreputable newspaper which has been seeking to create war, while he went as a self-respecting gentleman. What he said is to be accepted implicitly, because of his character. What they said will be accepted so far as they have repeated him. THURSTON'S statement that no one in this country is opposed to warlike intervention except the money-changers is an untruth, and Mr. THURSTON knows that it is an untruth, and a wicked slander as well against the Christian and educated and civilized part of the community. It comes especially with ill grace from a Senator elected by the Republican party of Nebraska, which has been the facile tool of corrupt corporations, and the dishonesty of whose politicians has turned the State over to the control of BRYAN and Bryanism.

THIS year's session of the Legislature of the State of New York is worthy of careful study. With the exception of a few men, from whom much was expected and little obtained, the members of the Senate and Assembly were completely under the control of PLATT and CROKER—chiefly of PLATT—and there never was a session of the Legislature of the State of New York so entirely under the control of money and of corporations having schemes of gain to be promoted through legislation. The process is simple and obvious. The corporation, through the boss, obtains what laws it desires without regard to the rights of the community. Legislation this winter has been in the interest of those who have been able to buy it. On the other hand, every corporation whose privileges and powers are created by law has been at the mercy of a gang of bandits. No Legislature in the history of the country ever was more shamelessly corrupt than this one has been, except, of course, QUAY'S Legislatures in Pennsylvania.

THE Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives has at last agreed upon a measure of currency reform. The plan, as might have been expected, is not one that will wholly commend itself to any one, but it is probably the best compromise that could be made. It provides for transferring the obligation to redeem the greenbacks to the banks, and for an issue in their place of what are to be known as National Reserve notes. In return for the burden thus to be placed upon the banks, certain privileges of a valuable character are to be accorded to them. But what the country will be most interested in knowing is that the measure firmly maintains the present gold standard, and provides eventually for the replacement of the government paper by bank paper based upon bank assets—that is, in effect, upon the business demands of the country. Practically, also, the silver certificates are to supply the notes of denominations up to ten dollars. Another important feature of the plan is the permission granted to the banks to establish branches under regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury. A full report has not reached us, and therefore we cannot now discuss the proposition, but from the abstract given in the Associated Press despatches we are convinced that the proposed measure is a great improvement upon the existing money system, or lack of system, and we trust that it may become a law.

THE proposition that Congress should appropriate $500,000 for the relief of the suffering Cubans seems to have been regarded by most of the daily press as a threat of war. As the Spanish have permitted the United States to expend $50,000 for the relief of American citizens in Cuba, and have also permitted private citizens of the United States to send large quantities of supplies to the island, which have been distributed, partly at least, under the supervision of Spanish authority, we do not see how the proposed charity can be regarded as a hostile movement. However, almost everything probably seems warlike to the over-excited nerves of Jingoism. In view of this, Senator BACON'S resolution reciting the well-known and well-recognized principle that while the government and the people of the United States will always "maintain their national honor and protect their material interests," it is their "desire to live at peace with all the nations and peoples of the earth," was a proper and sanitary measure. The resolution further declares it to be the duty of the United States, in the present "threatening emergency, earnestly and patiently to use every practical and honorable means to preserve peace, so far as the same may be consistent with the honor of the nation and with their duty to themselves." This is not only sane and true, but, while it ought not to be necessary, it is well that it should have been injected into the proceedings of the Senate, where wisdom is a not too frequent visitor.

THE Honorable JOSEPH W. BAILEY is an interesting contemporaneous politician. He is leader of the Democratic side of the House of Representatives, and we think we can say truthfully that of all leaders that either side of the House has ever had, BAILEY possesses the meanest intellect and the lowest standard of public virtue. He professes to want war with Spain over Cuba, and the reason why he wants it is characteristic of him, and of a good many other politicians at Washington, who are, unlike him, however, in the possession of sufficient sense to preserve silence and to refrain from telling their wicked and unpatriotic thoughts. BAILEY is for war because he thinks that war is good politics. If he were not for war, in other words, he might not be sent to the Senate as the successor of Mr. MILLS, and he might even fail of election to the House. He believes that the Republicans will compel war, because if they do not they will be beaten at the next elections, and that if the Democrats oppose any Republican war measure, they, too, will have no future. BAILEY, in other words, would sacrifice his country, would slaughter its men, would make widows and orphans of its women and children, would prevent the return of prosperity, would afflict it with the barbarisms that always accompany and follow war, for the sake of carrying the elections, first in his district in Texas, and then the general elections through the country. BAILEY is the kind of patriot that any country is better without.

MR. ABRAM S. HEWITT has given utterance to his opinion of bosses in connection with the CROKER effort to seize the Rapid Transit Commission for the profit of himself and PLATT. When Mr. HEWITT is at his best he is always invigorating and inspiring. He was addressing the Chamber of Commerce, which passed resolutions protesting against the bill dismissing the present commissioners, and providing for a bi-boss commission in its place. CROKER had impudently announced in a public interview what he thought of the present Rapid Transit Commission, basing his thoughts, if he really had any, upon either ignorance or untruth, and Mr. HEWITT pointed out that here was a change—an ominous change. In other times the boss kept his wicked or crafty designs to himself, and accomplished them in secret, not daring to announce in advance his intentions against the welfare and the pockets of the people; but CROKER has gone a step beyond, and takes the public into his confidence. At least he dares tell the public what he proposes to do, whether they like it or not. Truly we hope it is true that, as Mr. HEWITT said, "there is a limit to the endurance of the self-respecting community." If it be true, the limit has certainly been reached. CROKER, of course, could not rest under Mr. HEWITT'S castigation, because he now takes himself seriously as a talking and letter-writing statesman. Therefore he returned to the subject on the following day in an interview notable chiefly for its unblushing mendacity. The boss contented himself with saying that the Rapid Transit Commission ought to be abolished because in the three years of its existence it has accomplished nothing. Mr. CROKER knows that this statement is untrue, because the present commission has accomplished everything that has been done for Rapid Transit. This untruth was to' ceive those who read it. The boss also said . . Tammany commission would do something. He also knows that this is untrue, for Mr. HEWITT reminded him that there had been a Tammany commission for six years—from January 1, 1889, to January 1, 1895—and that it did absolutely nothing.

INTERVENTION.

THERE is abundant reason for believing that Mr. MCKINLEY will attempt to secure peace for Cuba. There is no reason to suppose that he will undertake to accomplish his purpose in an unduly offensive manner, that is, in a manner which will inevitably bring on war between Spain and the United States. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that he will set about his task in a way that will make war difficult, unless Spain is intent on fighting. It may be that political considerations will force the Spanish government into war, and that, to rally the factions threatening the rule of the Queen Regent and her son, and to unite them in its support, SAGASTA will find cause for quarrel where none is intended and where none is sought. It may be, too, that Spain will deem the opportunity afforded by a war with a strong power for repudiating the whole or part of her debt, one that ought not to be missed.

While war may therefore be demanded by Spain, so far as Mr. MCKINLEY has power over the issue it will not be incited by the United States. The situation is complicated by the obstinate vanity of Spain on the one side, and the demands of the insurgents on the other side for complete independence. Spain cannot conquer the insurgents. This has been evident for many months. It was evident to Mr. CLEVELAND more than two years ago, when intervention by this country was prevented by the death of MACEO. To put down the insurrection Spain has sent more than 200,000 men and boys to the island. Senator PROCTOR, in his interesting report of his recent visit to Cuba, says that about 60,000 of these soldiers remain fit for duty. The rest are dead or ill. Of the dead, many were the victims of disease. While the men have shown themselves, both physically and morally, unfit for the work before them, their officers have proved themselves incompetent. The Spaniards have made no progress since the insurrection began. To quote again from Senator PROCTOR, the Spaniards hold in the "four western provinces just what their army sits on." The consequence of constant discouragement and almost constant defeat, joined to the fact that their pay is about nine months in arrear, is the utter demoralization of the soldiers. They are sick, ill clad, frequently hungry, and apparently they are at the mercy of the Cubans whenever they move out of their ridiculous fortifications. So wholly lost is their military spirit, so utterly depraved have they become, that it is not a rare thing for them to sell even their cartridges to insurgents—furnishing their enemies for money with the implements of their country's defeat. We have it on the authority of a trustworthy and intelligent correspondent, whom we sent to Cuba for the purpose of making an investigation, that Cubans are in the habit of crossing the trochas, thus entering towns or villages supposed to be fortified, for the purpose of buying cartridges from the Spanish soldiers, who, he says, readily sell them at the rate of a cent apiece. The Spanish officers keep their men in the towns, or march them up and down the roads, and the insurgents go where they will outside of the towns, burning and destroying everything. The fields are desolate and blackened by burnings to within a few miles of Havana, and of every other town in the centre and west of the island, while

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the insurgents are in full possession of the eastern end.

This, in brief, is the military situation. In order to make up for their weakness in the field, the Spaniards have resorted to the cruel device of concentrating the country people in the villages. WEYLER'S order was intended to deprive the insurgents of food-supplies, by rendering the country a desert. It has resulted, as Senator PROCTOR says, in "desolation and distress, misery and starvation." The reconcentrados have died literally by the hundreds of thousands. It has been estimated by a competent authority that at least 600,000 of the 1,500,000 inhabitants of the island have died within the last three years—the years during which the insurrection has been in progress—and that most of these deaths have been by starvation and resulting diseases. Within eighteen months 450,000 persons have been buried within the Spanish lines, in consecrated ground. This is the report of the Bishop of Havana. The death-rate now prevailing in the island is appalling, and the scenes that [illegible]ily witnessed in the country towns and the [illegible]e cities are more shocking than any of which the modern civilized world has ever before been conscious. Chief among the horrid sights witnessed by Commander CONVERSE and his men were four dead bodies lying in the streets of Matanzas. Captain-General BLANCO, it was said at the time, revoked the WEYLER order of concentration on his arrival, but this appears to be partly a mistake. He simply gave permission to weak and starving men, without seeds or tools or strength or means of any kind, to go abroad during the day—they must return at night—to cultivate land under the threatening rifles of the guerillas who haunt the country, and who hate the reconcentrados more bitterly than the Spanish do. This painful tragedy has been excused on the plea that it is a war measure. It might have been an excusable war measure in the fifteenth century, or it might be now among the tribes of central Africa, but it is not a war measure recognized by civilized and Christian countries, nor is it one that would be adopted by a strong and self-reliant power. It is the natural resort of a backward race facing a force that it cannot defeat in manly warfare.

If the Spaniards were wise they would have recognized the inevitable, and would have long since ended the war which they are waging, and which must end in their defeat. The incapacity of their military power has been established. They are on the verge of bankruptcy. For a long time they have been selling six-per-cent. bonds for 80, and they cannot possibly much longer continue a struggle that is costing them at the rate of nearly $8,000,000 a month. The insurrection at present is, indeed, nothing but wanton slaughter—slaughter by disease and starvation, not only of soldiers, but of innocent women and children. It is also the destruction of a once fertile island, which, however, will not again, for years to come at least, produce the revenues which Spain once collected from it.

The horrors of the situation ought to appeal to every civilized and Christian power—not to the United States alone. But the question is, what is our duty, since Spain persists in keeping up her war? We are already intervening, in fact, by sending food and clothing to the starving people of Cuba, and we shall continue to intervene in this way for months and perhaps for years to come, whether Spain is willing or not that we should repair her ravages. If Mr. MCKINLEY can perhaps prevail upon the contending forces to cease their work of mutual destruction, he will put a stop to the causes which have produced and are producing these terrible results. There ought to be peace in Cuba. The people and the land want rest. The civilized world is deeply concerned in the matter. Cuba is a terrifying and unwholesome spectacle. But all this cruelty, misery, and wretchedness, all this inhumanity and killing, cannot be cured by more war, by more misery, and by more killing. Peace should be compelled by peaceful methods. The insurgents should listen as well as the Spaniards. They are no nearer independence than the Spaniards are to compassing their subjugation, and they are no more fit to rule themselves by popular government than the Spaniards are fit to rule them. If the United States are to intervene at all, why shall it not be by way of demanding of the insurgents that they make a trial of autonomy? Have the insurgents no duty to perform in this matter? There is no need of war, and there should be no war, unless Spain shall insist on fighting. If she does insist on that direful resort, the United States, which have everything to lose and absolutely nothing to gain, will be ready. But if Spain recognizes the truth of the situation, she will welcome an intervention that will bring her peace, even at the cost of an eventual but postponed loss of Cuba; and, on the other hand, if the Cubans are wise, they will accept what they can get without further desolation and death. At least they ought to realize that no misery in Cuba will be cured so long as this country and Spain are at war with each other.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

IN these days of war alarms we should not forget that there are also home interests which demand unremitting attention. Here is one of them.

The efforts of Republican spoils politicians, after the triumph of their party in 1896, to destroy the merit system in the civil service of the nation and of the States in which it had been introduced, form the most discreditable chapter in our recent political history. Governor BLACK of New York was hailed by them as the hero who "fired the first gun" against the hated reform. It is remembered how jauntily he proclaimed in his first official utterance that he would "take the starch out of civil service"; how during the closing days of the Legislature he caused a bill to be passed which was designed to accomplish that end; and how, when at a public hearing the vicious qualities of that bill had been laid bare to him, he sought to revenge himself for the exposure by hot personal invective in an official document which many of his own party friends condemned as indecent. It is also remembered how in his latest annual message to the Legislature he complacently praised his bill as "the best civil service law this State ever had—a distinct gain over previous laws in the direction which the best friends of the civil service most desire." A report has now been published by the Civil Service Reform Association on the actual workings of the "BLACK law," which may give the Governor abundant food for sober reflection.

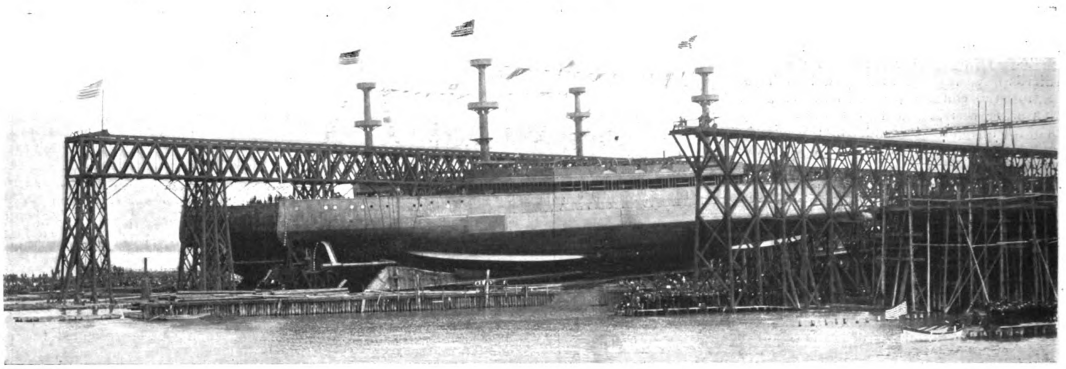
The objections urged against the BLACK bill at the public hearing had been that it was destructive of the competitive character of civil service examinations in giving the appointing officers a controlling influence upon the management of those examinations and in determining the decisive ratings of candidates; that, as appointing officers, according to wellnigh universal experience, were apt to be governed by political influence or personal favoritism, the very first requirement of impartial examinations and of fair competition is the entire independence of their management from control by the appointing power; that the "merit" examinations conducted by independent civil service commissioners, although ever so fair and impartial, would practically go for nothing if, as the BLACK bill provided, the appointing officers had the power to examine candidates for "fitness" in any manner they pleased, and to overrule the results of the "merit" examinations by their own arbitrary ratings; that the system embodied in the BLACK bill would work well only in the case of appointing officers who absolutely subordinated selfish or partisan considerations to the public interest, and who also had the stuff in them of which political martyrs are made; that any appointing officer who cared more for party politics than for the best interests of the service, or who was under the influence of a party machine or boss, would find in the BLACK bill abundant facilities for "beating" the civil service law, and for making a farce of the competitive merit system; that, moreover, the trouble and expense imposed upon candidates by the absurd multiplication of examinations at different places would be apt to deter from competing all those who did not have a "pull" to encourage them; and that, for all these reasons, the BLACK bill would simply serve to restore the spoils system with its characteristic abuses and scandals.

The report now before the public, with its indisputable statements of fact, conclusively justifies all those objections and prophecies. The criticism of the bill, which at the time seemed to exasperate the Governor beyond decorous self-control, is now shown to have been absolutely correct in every detail. With a clearness which must convince every candid mind it is proved that the BLACK law has enabled appointing officers utterly to defeat the competitive merit system, and thus to nullify the mandate of the State constitution, whenever they pleased to do so; that the "fitness" examinations managed by such appointing officers were turned into farce in exactly the manner described to the Governor at the public hearing; that the results of "merit" examinations conducted by independent civil service boards went in such cases for nothing, and that influence and favoritism had it all their own way; and that thus the BLACK law has furnished to the spoils politicians the most effective means and the most tempting opportunities for demolishing all the beneficent reforms that had been accomplished through the original civil service law.

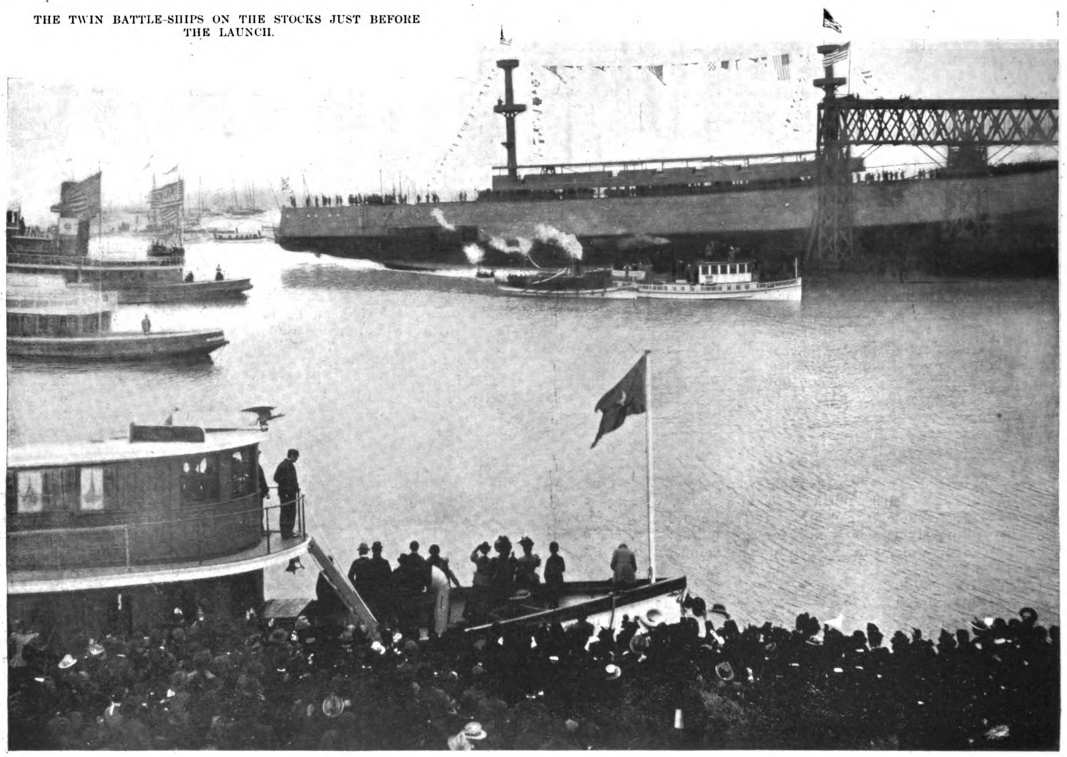
Governor BLACK is credited with saying that "as soon as it were shown to his satisfaction that the new law does not produce the best results, he would aid in any movement to re-establish the old one." Every friend of good government would rejoice to see him justify that declaration. For this he had a splendid opportunity, but he has thrown it away. A bill was introduced in the Legislature the enactment of which into law would substantially have accomplished that end. Nobody doubts that if Governor BLACK had desired the passage of that bill he could easily have compassed it. Nothing but his influence pushed through his own bill last year, to which many members of the Legislature who, yielding to his pressure, voted for it, were at heart opposed. The same influences would have been equally powerful now. There is good reason for believing that the same, and perhaps more, members would have gladly supported the repeal now in order to relieve the Republican party of the dangerous burden with which the BLACK law had saddled it, had not the Governor stood in the way. To pretend, after the report of the Civil Service Reform Association, that he sustained his law because it had "produced the best results" would be ridiculous. It would be equally vain to say that the repeal could not be passed, for want of time, for although the time before the adjournment of the Legislature was short, it was no shorter than the time for passing the BLACK law had been last year. Governor BLACK and, through him, the Republican party, must therefore bear the full responsibility for knowingly and wilfully sustaining a law which has been conclusively shown to work serious injury to the public interest in undoing a beneficent reform; and that responsibility will become all the more burdensome and hurtful when, as after the failure of the repeal bill it certainly will be, the constitutionality of the BLACK law is contested in the courts—eminent lawyers having, after mature consideration, pronounced the opinion that of its unconstitutionality there can be no doubt. After the experience the people of this State have had of the workings of the BLACK act, the restoration of the old law is only a question of time, and the Republican party may find that Governor BLACK did it a very bad service in firing that "first gun," for which the spoils politicians all over the country praised him so lustily, and then in preventing the party from relieving itself of the responsibility for a manifest wrong.

In Congress the assault upon civil service reform which had been heralded with such resounding vociferation, and begun in an apparent "do or die" spirit, has come to a dead halt. The inquiry into the working of the national civil service law, which had been instituted in the Senate, and from which the spoils politicians had promised themselves revelations sure to discredit the whole "civil service humbug," has resulted in a report favoring certain exceptions from the competitive rule, with the very proper recommendation, however, that the whole matter be left to the discretion of the Executive. This indicates that there will be no farther interference by the Senate. As to the House of Representatives, the sub-committee of the committee on the civil service which was appointed to consider the EVANS bill, that famous civil service reform-killer, has made a unanimous report against the bill. That report will in due time go before the House. Then the moment will have arrived for General GROSVENOR, the truculent leader of the anti-civil-service-reform forces, to make good his pompous proclamation that the bill will under no circumstances be permitted to be smothered without action by the House, and that he and his followers are sternly determined to have their innings. But he is now reported as wavering in his purpose. His ravings at the beginning of the session puzzled the listener as to whether to ascribe them to culpable ignorance, or to downright mendacity, or to partial unsoundness of mind. It would be characteristic of him if, after all, he shrank from a decisive battle and confined himself to a furtive attempt to browbeat the President by persistent pressure into large concessions to the spoils politicians, which might appear as a victory for them sufficient to render a further open fight in Congress needless. A man so reckless of the good faith of his party can hardly be more careful of the good name of the President. But it is only just to President MCKINLEY to believe that his duty as President and his honor as a man are more sacred to himself than to General GROSVENOR or to any one of those who clamor for public plunder at the expense of the public good.

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THE TWIN BATTLE-SHIPS ON THE STOCKS JUST BEFORE THE LAUNCH.



THE LAUNCH OF THE "KENTUCKY."

THE DOUBLE LAUNCHING OF THE U. S. BATTLE-SHIPS "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY" AT NEWPORT NEWS, MARCH 24, 1898.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HASTINGS & MILLER.

TWO NEW BATTLE-SHIPS.

THE ceremony of launching the sister war-ships *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky** was performed with complete success and amid a scene of splendid enthusiasm. The occasion was a triumph for the Newport News Ship-building and Dry Docks Company, for never before had a great battle-ship, much less two, been launched from a private yard in the South. It is estimated that fully 18,000 people were present when the launching party, escorted by the Governor of Virginia and his staff, with a guard of honor of the Fourth Virginia Regiment, reached the gayly decorated stand at the bow of the *Kearsarge*. The honor of being sponsor to this new and more magnificent edition of "the ship of the nation" devolved upon Mrs. Herbert Winslow, as the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Winslow, only surviving son of the Captain who commanded the older *Kearsarge* in her historic fight with the *Alabama*.

As the noble ship started to glide down her ways, Mrs. Winslow broke a bottle of champagne over the bow, and exclaimed, "I christen thee *Kearsarge*." An hour later the distinguished party had taken up their position on the *Kentucky*, and the ceremony was repeated, this time with Miss Christine Bradley, daughter of Governor Bradley of Kentucky, in the post of honor. The latter occasion will be memorable as the first in which a goblet of water has been substituted for the traditional wine. The water was drawn from a spring on the old Lincoln farm.

Independent Kentuckians, however, did their best to counteract this official innovation by dashing flasks of Bourbon whiskey at the big ship's sides.

* A full-page illustration and complete description of these vessels were given in HARPER'S WEEKLY, January 22, 1898.

CUBA.

DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN MATANZAS AND HAVANA.

MATANZAS, sixty-six miles by rail from Havana, on the northern coast of the island, is one of the principal sugar-exporting ports of Cuba. Cardenas, another such port, is but a short distance beyond Matanzas, and together the exports of these two cities may be considered as indicative of the activity in the sugar industry on the northern side of the island. These ports are the outlets of a vast and richly productive country.

In normal times this city of Matanzas, which is the capital of the province of the same name, is gay with evidences of wealth, and active with much commercial movement. Before the insurrection it contained over fifty thousand inhabitants. Here were found the homes of many rich sugar-planters—homes that a rare combination of good taste, luxury, and tropical comfort rendered charming and seductive, despite iron-barred windows and forbidding walls.

In the good times steamers and sailing-vessels were always anchored in the bay of Matanzas; freight-lighters were swung to the long wharf, unloaded, and charged again many times in a day; the black bodies of the stevedores glistened with the hard work, and in the shade at the far end of the wharf customs officers lounged in white duck, and chatted with visiting sea-captains. Handsome yachts from the North, their polished launches and trim sailor-men the admiration of the water-front, were frequent visitors at Matanzas.

To-day the city is quiet and stilled. The big steel lighters are moored fast to the river-bank, and their tarpaulins have covered their empty holds for months. The wharf is rotting and falling into the bay. The warehouses are empty and closed by dusty doors; cabs, once plentiful and busy, are now hard to find. Starving people drag listlessly through the streets. Occasionally a steamer comes in; then for a day or two the freighters are busy, and customs officials examine crates and barrels, and check invoices and bills of lading. But as soon as the steamer clears, the city returns to its inactivity, the people to their questions of the future, and the starving to numb despair.

Since two thousand four hundred men, women, and children, but mostly women and children, died in this city in two months; since the dead lay and rotted in her streets; since sharks crowded the bay, seeking their share of corpses—Matanzas has changed indeed.

With her ten thousand starving people, with the gaunt beggars crowding the streets, with her suffering women in pitiful and threadbare mourning, and the silent records of the trenches for the dead, Matanzas was a sad city in the beginning of March, 1898.

Then the smoke of burning cane-fields yellowed the afternoon sun, and fine ashes blew through the streets. The glow of destroying fires was seen nightly from house-tops. The streets were silent and almost deserted, save for the clattering passage of a Spanish officer and his orderly mounted on well-groomed and well-fed horses, the officer brave in English riding-boots, cool and fresh in the linen uniform of his country, and proudly wearing bright medals for bravery and heroic action.

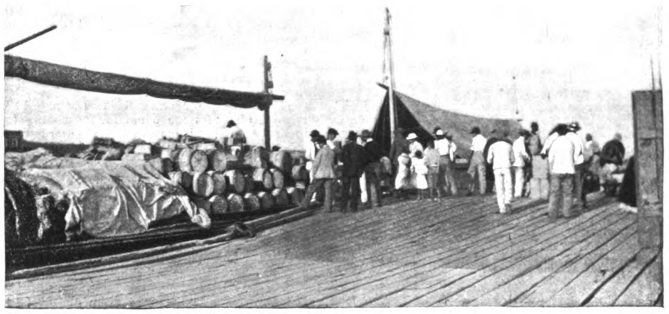
This is one of the cities to which our country has sent food and medicines, to which the American relief will be regularly supplied.

On Saturday morning, March 12, the first American

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RECONCENTRADOS IN DOORWAY OF AMERICAN RELIEF BUREAU, HAVANA, AWAITING DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.



THE FIRST LOAD OF AMERICAN RELIEF RECEIVED IN MATANZAS, BROUGHT IN BY U. S. TRANSPORT STEAMER "FERN."



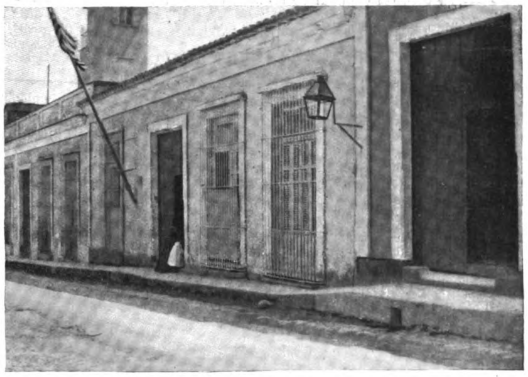
RECONCENTRADOS ON THE STREETS OF MATANZAS.



DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN SAN LAZARO STREET, HAVANA.



CUSTOMS EXAMINATION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN MATANZAS.



AMERICAN CONSULATE, MATANZAS.



THE DESERTED WHARVES AND WAREHOUSES OF MATANZAS.



APPLICANTS FOR RELIEF IN UNITED STATES CONSULATE, MATANZAS.

DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN CUBA

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD MARTIN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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relief—long expected, long talked of, often asked for—arrived in the United States steamer *Fern* and the Norwegian tramp steamer *Bergen*. The *Fern* brought thirty-five tons from Key West, and the *Bergen* delivered fifty tons from New York and Philadelphia. There was probably no place in stricken Cuba where the help from our country was more sorely needed than in Matanzas. Eighty-five tons of food for the starving! The news of it went through the city, and women and children and old men crowded down to the consul's office, long before the goods were landed on the wharf, bearing each a can or a sack to carry away his or her portion.

On this day certain members of the Red Cross Society came over to Matanzas from Havana with the intention of arranging for the distribution of this relief. While the eighty-five tons of provisions already referred to was the first of the American relief to be received in Matanzas, a shipment of food to that city had been made by rail early in the week from Havana. This consignment of about two tons had been directed to the "Agent of the Red Cross, Matanzas." The railroad people knew of no one representing the Red Cross in their city, consequently the goods lay for five days in the station, and were only taken out and delivered to the starving people after the visiting delegation of the much-talked-of society were well on their way back to Havana on the afternoon of March 12. It subsequently transpired that the Red Cross people in Havana, who made this shipment of food to Matanzas, had intended that it should be received and distributed by Mr. Alexander C. Brice, American consul in that city. Mr. Brice had no intimation that the food was coming, he had no notification of its shipment, and the result of the unfortunate blunder in not properly marking the goods was that the suffering suffered for five days longer.

Sunday being a holiday, nothing could come through the custom-house; and although the eighty-five tons of food was delivered on the wharf by Saturday evening, it was not examined by the authorities until Monday morning.

It will be remembered that the Spanish government agreed to permit this relief to come into Cuba free of duty. This it has done; but the regrettable incident of the box of cheap jewelry found among the relief consigned to our consul-general in Havana resulted in the Matanzas custom-house being ordered by the Havana authorities to make an examination of the relief landed in its port, which would not otherwise have been done. It should be stated that the custom-house officials in Matanzas did all in their power to hasten this examination, and that the least possible delay resulted therefrom.

All day Sunday the American Consulate was visited by the reconcentrados asking news of the relief, bringing their tins and bags in the vain hope of at once receiving food. Letters also came to the consul, hundreds of them, in Spanish and in English, recommending to his generosity, and the charity of our country, people whom the writers feared would be overlooked. The letters all told the same story. The one that is given herewith is a fair sample of them all:

A. C. Brice, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—For God's sake, I recommend you the poor and sick widow, Mrs. ——, for when you will distribute the reliefs coming from States.

She has five children, two of them sicks, and nobody help her. She lives No. 21 ——.

Many thanks and excuses. Yours truly, —— ——

Mr. Brice carefully kept all names sent to him in this manner, and the cases were subsequently attended to.

Those seeking the Consulate for information could only be told that the food was still in the custom-house, and that they should leave their names and addresses with the civil governor, whose committee would attend to their case. Wearily the people turned away, and some went to the governor's palace to enter their names. I followed one woman, wishing to see how she was treated there. She came slowly out of the broad doorway of the palace.

"Did you think for a moment they would allow such as I to enter?" she said to me. "The soldiers turned me away." Her voice was dull and heavy, and she leaned against the walls for support. "Tell me," she went on, "is there really food for us?"

I assured her there was, and that more was coming.

"Many of us will die on the palace steps, waiting for them to decide how best to give it to us," she said.

The civil governor of Matanzas has appointed a committee of seven men to direct the distribution of this relief. Four of these men are doctors, most of them are Cubans, and they are all men of good reputation and standing in the community. This committee is helped in its work of distribution by the firemen of the city. The *bomberos*, as they are called in Spanish, are the best association of men in the capital. They are fair and reliable, men of respectability and standing, and that they are well inclined toward the poor is evidenced by the fact that for some time past they have maintained a free dispensary for the diseased and the suffering. The firemen are to make a canvass of the city, which is divided into districts, report the needs of the distressed in each district to the civil governor, who will issue orders on the warehouse for the food in quantity. The relief thus obtained will be distributed by the firemen, or under their direction, to the families on their original lists.

It is not a simple matter to distribute food to thousands of starving people, and especially in this Spanish city, where many resent this so-called intrusion of our country into their own affairs, and where it is the custom for all men to enrich themselves in some manner from any public work that it befalls them to perform. This system has the stamp of our consul's approval. Mr. Brice has been our consul in Matanzas for nearly four years. He saw the beginning of the war, he witnessed its horrors and its cruelties, and now he is active in relieving the misery and starvation that follow, and he has the respect and commendation of all men who know him. Mr. Brice controls the warehouse, and will deliver food on orders signed by the governor only. If he suspects misapplication of the relief, he is at liberty to refuse to deliver until he has seen the abuse remedied.

Mr. Brice is also free to send food where he may see fit, independent of the governor or of the governor's committee. In this way he will reach many of the "silent sufferers." This class is large, and perhaps the hardest to reach in all Cuba. They are the people who, by the war and its consequences, have been reduced from affluence and comfort to absolute, inevitable want. They are starving within the walls of their dismantled homes. Everything has been sold; the house itself is given by deed for the few dollars that will carry them along a month longer. The men of the family are dead or in the field, the women and children are fighting alone. Their property has been destroyed. In deep mourning, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, they are seen walking hurriedly hand in hand. Their faces are gaunt and pale, their eyes furtive and sad and despairing. Too proud to beg, too sensitive to come openly for relief, they despairingly drag through the bitter days, doing their feeble best to hold on to life—it is often hard for one to imagine for what reasons. Then, in an apathy that is born in the race and fed by years and mouths of physical suffering and mental anguish, they hopelessly and gently die. Of all the suffering and sorrow and misery that has come to the people of this fair island by reason of their present struggle for liberty, I believe the greatest burden has been borne by these sad and silent women I have mentioned. A lady in Matanzas told me this story. It is about one of these silent sufferers. The lady in question had in her house a tame dove, which is a common thing in the city. One day a friend, a young girl about twenty, daughter of a man formerly of considerable wealth and position, called upon her. The hostess was aware that her visitor's family was in straitened circumstances. The visitor noticed the dove and admired it.

"My little sister, who is ill, you know—and we fear she will die—has been wishing so much for a pet dove. How happy she would be if I could get her one! Do you know where I could do so?"

The dove in question was donated to the small sister, and the girl went home with it under her shawl.

Some days after this she was found, disguised, in the street at night, begging. A gentleman recognized her, led her to his house, and made her sit down at his table. Her mind was wandering; she had eaten nothing since the dove. She fiercely gathered into her shawl the food before her, and staggered toward her home.

Such cases as the above come by various ways to the notice of our consul, as well as to the governor's committee of seven. It is for the relief of these people that Mr. Brice will distribute independently, and he has secured the assistance, in this branch of his work, of several women in the city.

It is a great pleasure to record that on March 14 one thousand dollars in cash was sent to our consul in Matanzas for the express relief of these silent sufferers, and a like amount was sent to the American consul in Sagua la Grande. This money was given by the *Christian Herald* of New York.

All day Monday, March 14, the customs officials were busily engaged in examining the relief. The quality and condition of the food sent in were excellent. There were flour and corn meal, rice, bacon, lard, condensed milk, corn, codfish, beans, potatoes, clothing, quinine, etc. The people of Matanzas are unused to flour and its preparation, and to prevent its being wasted, arrangements have been made with a baker of the city by which this man is to return one hundred and seventy pounds of bread for each two hundred pounds of flour delivered to him. The bread will be given out to the reconcentrados.

On Monday the poor of the city visited the wharf and looked wistfully at the food that was being loaded on drays and ox-carts to be transferred to the warehouse which had been kindly loaned for purposes of storing and distributing the same.

It was difficult to obtain reliable information as to how the Spaniards of Matanzas considered the sending in of this American relief to the starving of their city. The civil governor, who is a man of humane feelings, was undoubtedly pleased, and so, of course, were all Cubans, of whom there are many in Matanzas. Some of the Spanish element thought that this application of indiscriminate relief was harmful to the people; that if the starving were succored now they would cease all effort to help themselves, and look to our country for future support. Certain others of the Spaniards were glad to see others assume a duty in which they had so shamefully failed; while still others resented, with expressions of anger, what they were pleased to call our intrusion into their own affairs, and declared that this was a leading step to gain possession of the island, that this was our ulterior motive, and we began our tactics by filling the bellies of the starving people. One custom-house man was surely hard pressed to account for the arrival of this relief that every one said came from the United States.

"Do you think the Americans are sending you this food?" he said to a group of lingering reconcentrados on the wharf. "Not at all; it comes from the rich Spaniards in New York and Philadelphia." But I think the reconcentrados knew better than to believe him.

It is probably a fact that some of the ill feeling in Matanzas awakened by our action in this matter can be traced to the pockets of venders of food in Matanzas, who will lose money thereby. Mr. Brice has spent in this city, since last May, twelve thousand dollars of the fifty-thousand-dollar Congressional appropriation for the relief of American citizens in Cuba; this expenditure will now cease. And while the reconcentrados surely had little enough to spend on food, still there was something; and now even this will probably be lessened.

On Tuesday, the 15th, the relief was all in the warehouse and ready to be distributed on the governor's orders. The firemen and the committee of seven were busy with lists, and this work was being attended to as well as could be expected. There will doubtless be some hitches in the beginning; but under the sharp eyes and decisive action of our consul they will soon be straightened out, and by the time the second consignment of relief reaches Matanzas the entire distributing machinery will be in working order. It is Mr. Brice's intention to establish kitchens where cooked food will be given out to the sick and to those who have no facilities at their command for the preparation of the raw article.

There has been established in the palace a bureau where those who have been omitted from the firemen's lists can repair and enter their names. This bureau is accessible to the people, and they are no longer turned away from the palace doors by the Spanish soldiers.

The same vessels that brought this relief to Matanzas have proceeded to Sagua la Grande, bearing as much food to that city as was left here. There the distribution of the food is in the hands of American Consul Barker.

The four hospitals in Matanzas are receiving good and ample rations. On an allowance of a pound a day to each person, eighty-five tons of provisions will feed ten thousand people for seventeen days. The excellent arrangements completed in Havana by Mr. Louis Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*, for the shipping to various points on the island of the American food received in that city, and the telling efforts of Mr. Klopsch to have this food sent down to Cuba from the United States, leave no doubt that Matanzas will receive a second supply before its present one is exhausted.

Even in Havana, where food has always been more plentiful, and where the American relief has been actively applied for some weeks past, the distress and suffering are still great. Mention of this has already been made in these letters.

On the front page of this number of the Weekly will be seen an excellent picture of Los Fosos, in Havana. This place is a long narrow yard not five minutes' walk from the Prado, the Fifth Avenue of Havana. Los Fosos was formerly, and to a certain extent still is, a storehouse for the city drays, a stable for the city mules, and the depository for old and useless municipal property. This is the only place that the city of Havana provides for the free shelter of the vast number of reconcentrados within her walls. In English the name Los Fosos means The Ditches, and the name is well applied.

Formerly the condition of Los Fosos and its wretched inmates was indescribable. Six hundred people were crowded into the two-story shambles on the left. They were naked and starving, diseased, filthy, dead, and dying. There were no beds, no food, no attendance, and no help—nothing but a herded mass of Cuba's unfortunates, reeking with dirt, eaten by disease, who had dragged themselves to Los Fosos to die. And die they did, at the rate of thirty a day.

During November and December of last year efforts were made to better the condition of Los Fosos. Subsequently the Red Cross Society became active in this field, and much good has been accomplished.

To one who now visits Los Fosos the improved condition of affairs is readily seen. There are beds and bedding; there is regular food; doctors are in attendance; medicine is supplied; and efforts are made toward cleanliness. The death-rate varies from three to six a day. But in Los Fosos to-day, bettered as it is, occur scenes of misery, disease, starvation, and death that can never be driven from the memory of those who witness them.

Harold Martin.

WASHINGTON.

March 28, 1898.

The President is still considering various plans for intervening between Spain and Cuba in behalf of the starving reconcentrados, with a view to adopting that which will give Spain the least legitimate cause for offence. It has been suggested by the representatives of European holders of Spanish-Cuban bonds that, if he should go so far as to demand a cessation of all warfare, he should do it in such a way as to leave room for diplomatic negotiation; they believe that they can then arrange a peaceful understanding which shall provide for the assumption by Cuba of all the Spanish debt incurred on Cuban account, with the United States government as guarantor. On the other hand, an intimation has been conveyed informally from Madrid that a party of advanced ideas there is trying to arrange for the feeding of the reconcentrados at Spanish expense, and for a decree of the most liberal autonomy for Cuba, reducing Spanish sovereignty to a mere name, and demanding only a reasonable fixed annual tribute to be paid into the treasury of the mother-country.

Meanwhile warlike preparations on the part of both Spain and this country continue. The Spanish torpedo flotilla, which was halted for a few days at the Canaries, has sailed for Porto Rico. The naval appropriation bill now before Congress authorizes the Secretary of the Navy to enlist men and boys enough to man all ships in commission, provided that the total number of men in the service shall not exceed 12,750, and of boys 1000. Recruiting-offices for seamen have been opened at all convenient points, with instructions for enlistment thus far unlimited. Orders have been issued to repaint all our war-ships a leaden-gray, that being, next to white, the coolest color under a tropical sun, and rendering ships least conspicuous as targets for an enemy's fire by daylight. Eight cutters of the Revenue Marine Service have been turned over to the Navy Department, to be armed and equipped for war, and the list of light-house tenders has been sifted for those vessels which can be made available for naval service. Eight of the old single-turret Monitors have been brought out of retirement, and will be assigned to harbor defence, in charge of the naval militia.

On Thursday Admiral Sicard was relieved of command at Key West on account of ill health, and succeeded by Captain William T. Sampson, with Captain Robley T. Evans second in command, and Commodore Winfield S. Schley was given command of the flying squadron now rendezvoused at Hampton Roads. According to a statement prepared by the Bureau of Naval Intelligence, the United States navy will stand only sixth among the navies of the world, even including the newly purchased vessels and those to be built with the appropriations in this year's budget, which authorizes three first-class battle-ships, six torpedo-boats, six torpedo-boat-destroyers, and one gunboat for the Great Lakes. Spain's navy ranks seventh.

Chaplain Chidwick of the *Maine* has made a report which shows that 257 men and two officers perished in the disaster, and that seven men died afterward of their injuries. Of the 171 bodies recovered from the wreck, 160 have been buried at Havana and eleven at Key West. Congress has passed a bill to reimburse the survivors of the disaster for the losses they sustained, to an amount not exceeding one year's sea pay in each case, and directing the payment of a sum equal to one year's pay to the heirs of the officers and men who perished.

The naval board of inquiry on the *Maine* disaster finished its report on Monday last, and on Tuesday Lieutenant-Commander Marix, the Judge-Advocate, started with it for Washington. On Friday morning it was presented to the President and considered by the cabinet, and to-day it was laid before both Houses of Congress.

(*See page 330 for "Maine" report.*) Francis E. Leupp.

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one of the best agricultural colleges in the West, the question is how shall man combine these two elements and reclaim the land that now resembles a desert to some extent?

With present implements and tools scientific work along this line is not satisfactory. Professor Hood of the Kansas State Agricultural College says that he is sure an immense future awaits the use of the wind in irrigation. Little study and inventive talent have been applied to this problem as yet. What is needed most is machinery that will vary the lifting power according as the wind is light or strong, and that will not call for a definite load, no matter what the energy. Professor Hood also says such machinery must be nearly automatic, and must run almost without oil, for the simple reason that the average farmer will not climb a ladder to oil the machinery of a windmill. Any one who has seen costly farm machinery standing out-of-doors in all sorts of weather in Kansas will understand why the farmers will not climb ladders to keep windmill machinery in order.

All through the western part of Kansas and Nebraska the visitor will see strange contrivances that the farmers have fixed up, many of them in half violation of well-known laws of physics, to pump up the water for irrigation. Poverty practically drove the farmers to attempt irrigation, and hence the machinery used has been such as poverty-stricken men would devise. Many farmers who were not poor also contrived home-made pumping apparatus, owing to the uncertain condition of irrigation results.

Nebraska apparently has taken the lead in fashioning these affairs, and nothing is commoner than to see what are known as "jumbo" mills and "go-devil" mills pumping water for little patches of irrigated property in that State. Professor E. H. Barbour, of the Nebraska State University, has made a thorough study of these crude windmills and their possibilities, and has published his views extensively in agricultural and other newspapers. He has found that the average cost of these mills that are knocked together on the farm is only about $6. They are made from old broken machinery, and generally face toward the south. A long rectangular box is first constructed, and on the sides rests the axle of the revolving part of the machinery. From four to eight arms project from this axle. The wind catches one of these arms and thrusts it down into the box, where it is cut off from the breeze, and this pushes up another arm, which is caught by the breeze and whirled around down into the hold, and so arm after arm or sail after sail is raised, and the axle turns in the wind, the power being applied to a pump that raises the water from the ground.

One of the most remarkable of these mills is a little "jumbo" in Kearney, Nebraska, that cost only $1 50. It is 6 feet high, 3 feet wide, 9 feet long, and has eight fans. This mill saved a strawberry-patch, a garden, and some small fruit in the worst drought that Nebraska ever experienced. There is another of these mills at Lincoln, Nebraska, which is 9 feet wide, 13 feet high, 13 feet long, and which cost only $8. The box is made of discarded lumber about the place, and the sails are wooden frames on which old coffee-sacks are stretched. This odd contrivance irrigates five acres of garden-land, and supplies a reservoir 150 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. Another peculiar kind of windmill is what is known as a merry-go-round mill. It has sails that spread themselves out full automatically when the wind is at their back, and turn an edge and cut through the wind when it is against them as the affair whirls around. Professor Barbour, in pointing out the crudities of these mills, says: "They all point to a tendency to invent along the line of paramount importance to agriculture. And who dares say that these crude mills may not lead to a solution of the only agricultural problem of the West—that is, methods of supplying sufficient moisture at the critical moment for growing crops?"

In talking of the value of these mills, Professor Barbour tells this story in the *Farm Implement News:*

The largest and best known jumbo mill in the eastern third of the State is probably that of John Tannahill, market-gardener and nursery-man, of Columbus, Platte County, Nebraska. It rises like a great winged spectre above the lake of water which it supplies by its two heavy pumps. This mill irrigates ten acres successfully, and is now so surrounded by a growth of timber that it stands in the midst of a miniature forest which cannot be penetrated by the camera. Photographs taken six to eight years ago show a level prairie diversified chiefly by a huge jumbo and a pond. This sudden transformation can be better understood by the Westerner than by the Easterner. On the treeless prairie the cottonwood and other trees often attain, in eight years, a height of fifty to sixty feet, and a diameter of ten to twelve inches. The writer has seen many a house in eastern Nebraska surrounded by a forest so dense, though not ten years old, as to shut out the camera, or rather shut in all the farm buildings, the irrigating-pond, and the stately windmill and tower, so that photographs, no matter how desirable and instructive, were impossible.

So much for the work of getting the water above-ground in a crude way. The real effective windmill is yet to be invented for tapping the great tertiary underflow or the deep Dakota waters. At present Nebraska leads in the matter of irrigation by diverting the streams that flow through the State. It has an irrigation law patterned largely after the law of Wyoming, which aims to give the largest use of the public waters to the farmers. The State has a State Board of Irrigation, which grants permits to companies and individuals to use the waters of the rivers. The claims are known popularly as the old and the new claims, deriving that designation from the fact that in 1895 the irrigation law of the State was changed. The new claims have been filed under the revised law. The old applications for water numbered 2200, with a total estimated cost of the ditches amounting to about $2,750,000, covering about 1,061,000 acres of land. The cost averaged about $2 50 an acre, and, according to the figures of the State board in Lincoln, the value of the increase in the land is more than $9,000,000, or about $9 an acre. That shows the desirability of irrigation. The new claims before the board aggregate about 2200 miles, with an estimated cost under the new methods of $6,000,000, and an increased acreage amounting to 2,400,000 acres. The estimated increase in land values is about $19,000,000.

Kansas has no such board, but irrigation from canals into which river water has been led, it is said, amounts to the use of about 1500 miles of ditches of various sizes. In 1895 Kansas appointed a board to examine into the possibilities of irrigation. The appropriation was most meagre for the work assigned to it, and the board could not begin to do all that was required of it. It sunk nearly a score of wells in the upland districts and made an exhaustive study of the geologic conditions, much of which has been summarized in this article. It was a most thorough report of most thorough work. When Governor Leedy sent in his message to the Legislature in January of last year he was not impressed seriously with the prospects of irrigation. He said he had not seen a copy of the commissioners' report, and it was plain that he thought the scheme of irrigation on a large scale chimerical. The report has been made public since then, but it is not known whether the Governor has modified his views.

In Nebraska no such extended study of the geology of the water-supply has been made. Professor Stout of the agricultural department of the Nebraska State University has issued a bulletin on the water-supply of Nebraska, in which he says that the sheet-water supply is difficult to estimate or determine. He says, however, in speaking of irrigating from wells, "It is almost certain that within the next few years nearly every farmer in the western and middle parts of the State, where the conditions are at all favorable, will have from two to fifteen acres under irrigation by this method." This presupposes a wide extent of the sheet water on the uplands of Nebraska, such as is known to exist on the uplands of Kansas. The Dakota water is known to exist to a great depth in Nebraska, as in Kansas and in all that sloping territory that lies east of the Rockies.

Some notable cases of the benefits of irrigation have been published in the *Nebraska Irrigation Annual* for 1897. Instances are given where irrigated corn has yielded 65 bushels to the acre, while adjacent corn, not irrigated, yielded only 30 bushels an acre. H. J. Hendryx, of Platte County, had twenty-five acres of celery under irrigation. The proceeds were $200 an acre, and the profit $125 an acre. A Lodge-Pole Creek farmer raised 1365 bushels of onions on an irrigated acre of ground, the largest onion of the crop weighing 19 ounces, which, the *Annual* declares, made "a fair-sized meal for seven persons"—of course meaning the vegetable part of a meal. Neighbors without irrigation raised only about 100 bushels of onions to the acre. Mr. Sailing of Cozad, Dawson County, irrigated his wheat-field, applying water to it only twice. His wheat averaged 40 bushels to the acre, while adjacent wheat land, not irrigated, only produced from 20 to 23 bushels to the acre.

These instances are extreme cases, of course, but they show the trend of events in agriculture in the arid and semi-arid regions of the West. A notable incident in this matter of irrigation is the annual fair that is held in Nebraska, where exhibits of produce raised through this method of cultivation are made. These exhibits and the annual meeting in that State of the friends of irrigation are spreading the cause rapidly through the entire arid and semi-arid territory, and bringing about a change in farmers' methods. It is even declared that farmers in the East will learn in time that it will pay for them to have a storage reservoir—they are made easily by scooping out a pond and allowing cattle to trample its bottom solid and hard—as the best way of forestalling a drought. It is also asserted that Eastern farmers, like hundreds of farmers in Kansas and Nebraska, will see the utility of having a pond of water where a fish-supply may be cultivated for household uses, and where in winter ice in large quantities may be gathered.

It is most difficult to forecast the future of the arid lands. It is clear that only the supply of tertiary water may be drawn upon when improved cheap machinery comes. The Dakota supply must be ignored, at its great depth, for a long time. The chief thing in the way of machinery is to secure some kind of a pump, to be run by the winds, that can take advantage of low-velocity breezes, say those that blow at an average of from four to six miles an hour. A desirable thing would be to have a mill operate more than one pump as the force of the wind increases. Owing to the uncertain source of supply of the tertiary water, Professor Haworth has estimated that, using only that part of the water which is supposed to sink through the ground, it is probable that 56 per cent. of Kansas may be irrigated to advantage.

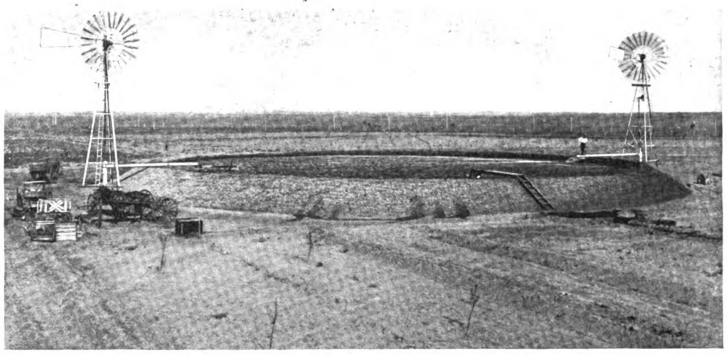
The State Board of Kansas sums up the matter in these words:

The present chief use of the uplands of the western third of the State is for the growing of stock, and in order that they may be utilized to their fullest extent in this business, it is necessary that families reside there, and that water be pumped from the earth and food grown for man and beast. There is not one domestic animal in the western third of Kansas where, under proper conditions, five might be maintained. Nor will there be until an irrigation plant is the basis of each home.

Our investigations satisfy us that there is available water to irrigate at least 10 per cent. of the upland, which, with a fair market for the product, would make a rich agricultural and stock-growing section, and this proportion of the land will come under intense cultivation as the knowledge of the conditions is brought home to the people.

To realize the change of conditions which may be brought about by the small irrigation plant in connection with stock-growing, let us suppose that 1 per cent. of the land is irrigated. This means 6.4 acres per section, and is easily within the powers of a single windmill. This amount thus cultivated is a sure support for a family of five persons. The remainder of the 640 acres is available for stock and forage crops, and will support thirty head of cattle, the profits of which may be laid aside, together with the proceeds of the poultry. Assuming the counties to average thirty miles square, there would be 900 sections to the county. Five inhabitants to the section means a rural population of 4500. This would be the effect of the irrigation of 1 per cent. of the lands.

It is easy to be seen that a one-per-cent. irrigation would not only bring back those 30,000 persons who have left western Kansas, but would add greatly to the population. There are nearly forty counties in the arid region of the State. A population of 4500 to the county would mean 180,000, or 100,000 more than the population at the height of the boom-times, as set forth in the beginning of this article. It would mean a new kind of farming—the farming of small tracts; the intense farming rather than farming on broad areas. It would probably lead to another change in the character of the live-stock industry, and in time to the abolition of the ranges for developing meat food.



TYPICAL IRRIGATION PLANT NEAR LARNED, KANSAS—THE RESERVOIR.

The subject of irrigation's future has been summed up in a picturesque way by Secretary Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, whose poetic and practical words in his enthusiasm for his hobby I have used before in these articles. He says, regarding "the demonstrated extensive underground water-supply,"

"The pumping of these waters will be inexpensively done by harnessing to the work the ever-present breezes which, shot through and through with sunshine, are wafted across our broad prairies, and give the ideal healthful climate for all breathing things, and for developing the choicest growths of grain, fruit, and flower."

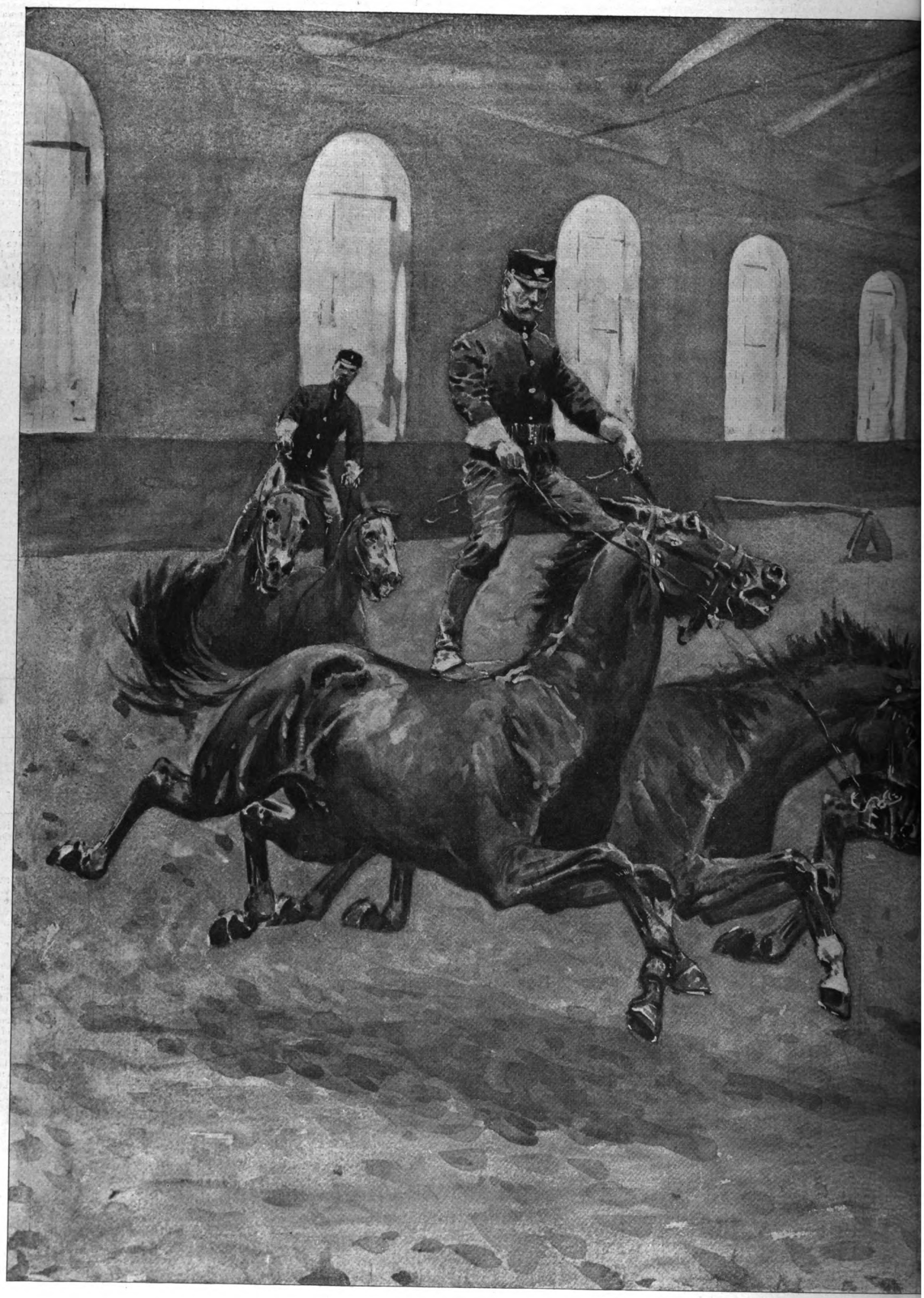
It is safe to say that if such an ideal time does come it will be by a gradual encroachment upon the uplands from the river-fed valleys. The steps will be along the lines of least resistance, and will be slow. Kansas has grown tired of rushing into things without counting the cost. Mr. Ingalls has said that the State "developed at random." One may easily believe that, whether one considers some of the public men, big or little, that it has produced, or whether one considers some of the crops of great and small extent that it has brought forth. That time and condition have passed in the State. With unlimited waters below the fertile ground and unlimited breezes above it, perhaps these two agents may be made to mingle their powers on the surface of the soil, and it may become a garden. But it will require time—a long time.

IN AFTER-DAYS.

WHAT you desired was once endeavor's aim,
But, since you nothing crave, I nothing do;
Ambition has no purpose but for you,
You caring not, I reck of praise nor blame.
The while I hoped for love I fought for fame,
I strove for you, and, striving thus, I knew
How fair it is to win what we pursue—
Now, laurel or no laurel, 'tis the same!
For your sweet sake fate's blows could make me wince,
For mine I fear no failure I may meet,
Nor is there any guerdon I could prize;
Alike are honor and dishonor, since
Win all, I may not lay it at your feet,
Or, losing, see reproach within your eyes!

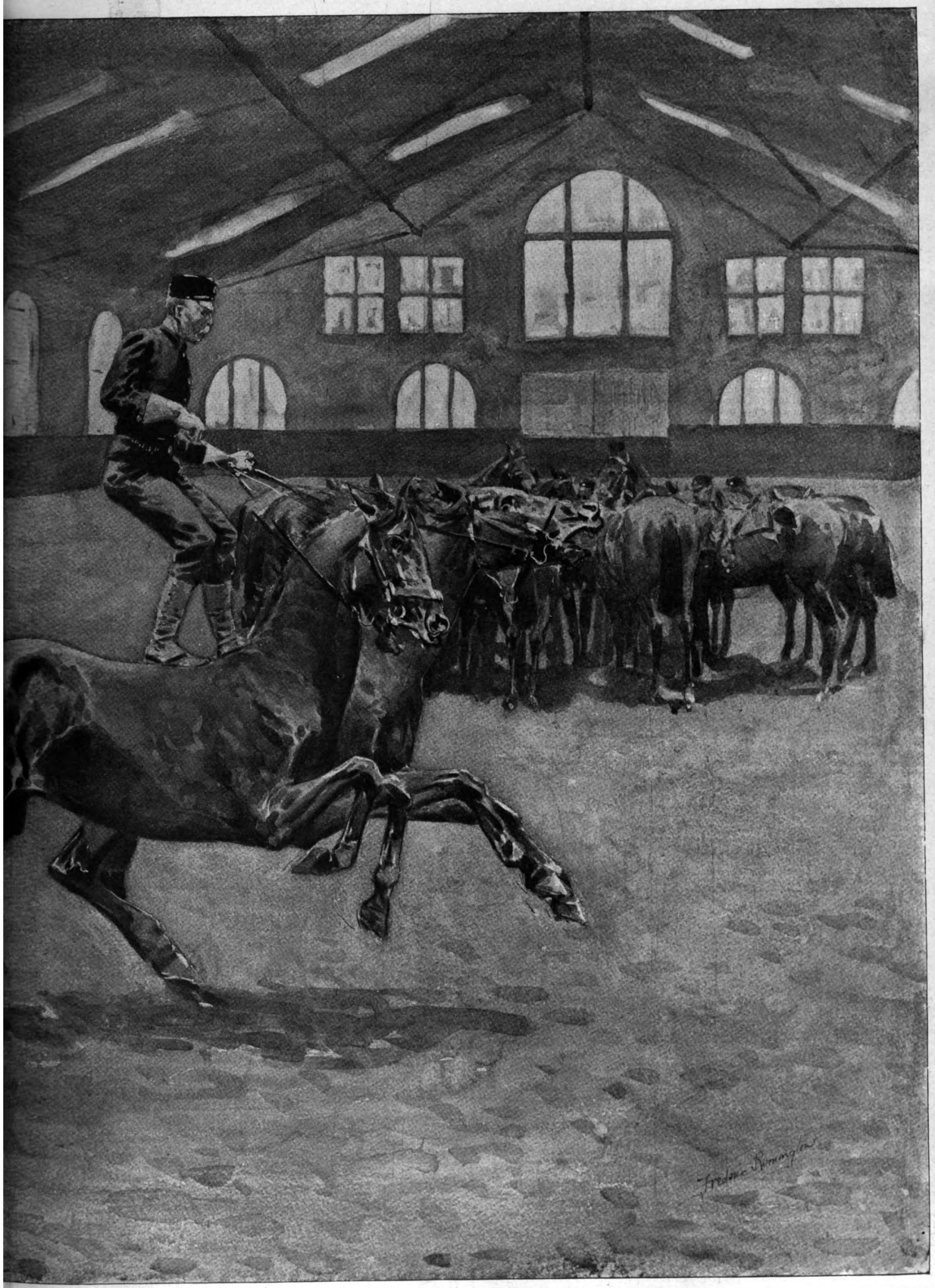
GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

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THE TRAINING OF CAVALRY—A ROMAN RACE AT THE RIDING-

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ALL, FORT MYER, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 321.]

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANOTHER MAN'S COAT.

I FOLLOWED the Prince without another word, and when he received the Princess I had the happiness of taking the Little Playmate by the hand and conducting her as gallantly as I could into the palace. And I was glad, for it helped to allay a kind of reproaching feeling in my heart, which would keep tugging and gnawing there whenever I was not thinking of anything else. I feared lest, in the throng and press of new experiences, I might a little have neglected or been in danger of forgetting the love of the many years and all the sweetness of our solitary companionship.

Nevertheless, I knew well that I loved her sweetest eyes more than all the worlds of men and priests.

And even as I helped her to dismount, I went over and told her so.

It was just when I held her in my arms for a moment as she dismounted. She clung to me, and methought I heard a little sob.

"Do not ever be unkind, Hugo," she said. "I am very lonely. I wish I were back again in the old Red Tower."

"Unkind—never, while I live, little one," I whispered in her ear. "Cheer your heart, and to-morrow your sorrows will wear off, and you and I both shall find friendship in the strange land."

"I hate the Princess! And I shall never like her, as long as I live!" she said, with that certain concentrated hate which only good women feel towards those a degree less innocent, specially when the latter are well to look upon.

There was no time to reply immediately, as I conducted her up the steps. For I had to keep my eyes open to observe how the Prince conducted himself, and in the easy ceremonial of Plassenburg it chanced that I did nothing extravagant.

"But, Helene, you said awhile ago that you hated me," I said, after a little pause, smiling down at her.

"Did I?" she answered. "Surely nay."

"Ah, but 'tis true as your eyes," I persisted. "Do you not remember when I had cut the calf's head off with the axe? You did not love the thought of the Red Tower so much then!"

"Oh, *that!*" she said, as if the discrepancy had been fully explained by the inflection of her voice upon the word.

But she pressed my hand, so I cared not a jot for logic.

"You do not love her, you are sure?" she said, looking up at me when we came to the darker turn of the stairs; for the corkscrews were narrower in the ancient castle than in the new palace below.

"Not a bit!" said I, heartily, without any more pretence that I did not understand what she meant.

She pressed my hand again, momentarily slipping her own down off my arm to do it.

"It is not that I love you, Hugo, or that I want you to love me," she said, like one who explains that which is plain already, "except of course as your Little Playmate. But I could not bear that you should care about that—that woman."

It was evident that there were to be stirring times in the Castle of Plassenburg, and that I, Hugo Gottfried, was to have my share of them.

As soon as we had arrived at the banqueting-hall, the Prince beckoned me and presented me formally to the Lady Ysolinde.

"Your Highness, this is Captain Hugo Gottfried, my new officer-in-waiting."

The Princess bowed gravely and held out her hand. Her aquamarine eyes were bent upon me, suffused with a certain quick and evident pleasure which became them well.

"Your Highness has chosen excellently. I can bear witness that the Captain Gottfried is a brave—a very brave man," she said.

And at that moment I was most grateful to her for the testimony. For behind us stood the young von Reuss, pulling at his mustache and looking very superciliously at me.

Then the Lady Ysolinde withdrew to her own apartments, and that day I got no more words with her nor with Helene.

The Prince also went to his room, and I remained where I was, deeming that for the present my duty was done.

The servant of the man whose coat I wore stood with another servitor close at hand—indeed, many of all ranks stood about.

"That is the fellow," I heard one say, tauntingly, "peacocking it there in my master's coat!"

His companion laughed contumeliously, at which the passion within me suddenly stirred. I gave one of them the palm of my hand, and as the other fell hastily back my foot took him.

"What ho, there! No quarrelling among the lackeys!" cried von Reuss, insolently, from the other side of the room.

"Were you, by any chance, speaking to me?" said I, politely, looking over at him.

"Why, yes, fellow!" he said. "If you squabble with the waiting-men concerning cast-off clothes, you had better do it in the stables, where, as you say, your own wardrobe is kept."

"Sir," said I, "the coat I wear, I wear by the command of your Prince. It shall be immediately returned to you when the Prince permits me to go off duty. In the mean time pray take notice that I am Captain Hugo Gottfried, officer-in-waiting to the Prince Karl of Plassenburg, and that my sword is wholly at your service."

"You are," retorted von Reuss, "the son of my uncle Casimir's Hereditary Executioner, and one day you may be mine. Let that be sufficient honor for you."

"That I may be yours is the only part of my father's hereditary office I covet!" said I, pointedly.

And certainly I had him there, for immediately he turned on his heel and would have walked away.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

But this I could not permit. So I strode sharply after him, and seizing him by his embroidered shoulder-strap, I wheeled him about.

"But, sir," said I, "you have insulted an officer of the Prince. Will you answer for that with your sword, or must I strike you on the face each time I meet you to quicken your sense of honor?"

Before he had time to answer, the Prince came in.

"What! quarrelling already, young Spitfire?" he cried. "I made you my orderly—not my disorderly!"

Von Reuss and I stood blankly enough, looking away from one another.

"What was the quarrel?" asked the Prince, when he had seated himself at table.

I looked to von Reuss to explain. For indeed I was somewhat awed to think that thus early in my new career I had embroiled myself with the nephew of Duke Casimir, even though he was, like myself, in exile and dependent upon the liberality of Prince Karl.

But since he did not speak, I made bold to say: "Sire, the Count von Reuss taunted me with wearing a borrowed coat, and called me a servitor because by birth I am the son of the Hereditary Executioner of the Wolfmark. So I told him I was an officer of your household, and that my sword was much at his service."

"So you are," cried the Prince, "so you are—a servitor! So is he—young fools both! And as for being son of the Hereditary Executioner, it is throughout all our German land an honorable office. Once I was assistant executioner myself, and wished with all my heart that I had been principal, and so pocketed the gilders. No more of this folly, von Reuss. I am ashamed of you, and to a new-comer. Hear ye, sir, I will not have it! I will e'en resume my old trade and do a little justicing on my own account. Shake hands this instant, you young bantams!"

And the Prince sat back and looked grimly at us. I went a step forward. But von Reuss held back.

"Provost Marshal!" cried the Prince, in a voice which made every one in the room jump and all the glasses ring on the table—"bring a guard!"

The Provost Marshal advanced, bowed, and was departing, when von Reuss came forward and held his hand out, at first sulkily, but afterwards readily enough.

Then we shook hands solemnly and stiffly, loving one another not one whit better.

"Ah," said the Prince, "I thought you would. For if you had not, your uncle, Duke Casimir, would have been a Duke without either an heir to his Dukedom or a successor to his Hereditary Justicer!

"Now sit down, lads; sit down and agree!" he said, after a pause. "The ladies come not to table. So now begin and tell me all the affair of the Earth-houses. I must ride and see the place. I grow rotten and thewless in this dull Plassenburg, where they dare not stick so much as a knife in one another, all for fear of Karl Miller's-Son! Since I cannot adventure on my own account, I am become a man that wearies for news. Tell me every part of the affair, concealing nothing. But if you can, relate even your own share in it as faithfully as becomes a modest youth."

So I told him at length all that hath already been told, giving, as far as I could, the credit to Jorian and Boris, as indeed was their desert.

Whereupon, the tale being finished, the Prince said, "Have the two archers up!"

And while the pursuivant had gone for them, the old Councillor leaned across the table and whispered, "Enter Field-Marshal Jorian and General Boris!"

But when the archers came in and stood like a pair of kitchen pokers, the Prince ordered them to tell the story.

Jorian turned his head to Boris, and Boris turned his head to Jorian. They both made a little impatient gesture, which said, "Tell it you!"

But neither appeared to be able to speak first.

"Wind them up with a cup of wine apiece!" cried the hearty Prince; "surely that will set one of them off."

Two great flagons of wine were handed to Jorian and Boris, and they drank as if one machine had been propelling their internal workings, throwing off the liquor with beautiful unanimity, and then bringing their cups to the position of salute, as if they had been musketoons at the new French drill. After which each, having finished, gave the little cough of content and appreciation which among the archers means manners.

But the Prince's information with regard to the affair of Erdberg was not increased.

"Go on!" he cried, impatiently, looking at Jorian and Boris sternly.

They were still silent.

"This officer, Captain Hugo Gottfried," said the Prince, looking at me, "tells me that the credit of the preservation of the Princess among the cave folk is due to you two brave men."

"He lies!" said Wendish Jorian, with a face like a blank wall.

"Good!" muttered Boris, approvingly.

"He did it himself," said Boris, adding, after a pause, "with an axe."

"Good!" quoth Jorian.

"He cut a calf's head off," said Jorian, as a complete explanation of how the preserving of the Princess was effected.

Whereat all laughed, and the Prince more than any. For ever since he drank his first draught of wine he had begun to mellow.

"Well, hearty fellows, what reward would you have for your great bravery?"

They turned their heads simultaneously inwards, without moving any other part of their bodies. They nodded to one another.

"Well," cried the Prince, "what reward would you desire?"

"Now for the Field-Marshal's wand," said the Councillor near to me, under his breath.

"Twelve dozen Rhenish," said Jorian.

The Prince looked at Boris.

"And you?" he said.

"Twelve dozen Rhenish," said Boris, without moving a muscle.

"God Bacchus!" cried the Prince—"you will empty my cellars between you, and I shall not have a sober archer for a month. But you shall have it. Go!"

Jorian and Boris saluted, with a wink to each other as they wheeled, which said, as plain as monk's script, or plainer, "Good!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PRINCE'S COMPACT.

In spite of all drawbacks and difficulties (and I had my share of them) I loved Plassenburg. And especially I loved the Prince. The son, so they said, of a miller in the valley of the Almer, he had entered the guard of the last Prince of Plassenburg much as I had now entered his own service. Prince Dietrich had taken a fancy to him, and advanced him so rapidly that after the disastrous war with Duke Casimir of the Mark and the death of the last legitimate Prince, Karl the miller's son, having set himself to reorganize the army, succeeded so well that it was not long before he found himself the source of all authority in Plassenburg.

Thereafter he gave to the decimated and heartless land adequate defences and complete safety against foreign foes, together with security for life and property under equal laws within its own borders. So in time, no man saying him nay, Karl Miller's-Son became the Prince of Plassenburg, and his seat was more secure upon his throne than that of any legitimate prince for a thousand miles.

After the quarrel with von Reuss, the Prince, for reasons of his own, favored me with a great deal of his society. He was often graciously pleased to talk concerning his early difficulties.

"When I was an understrapper," he was wont to say, "the land was overswarmed and overeaten by officialdom. I could not see the good meat wasted upon crawlers. 'Get to work,' said I, 'or ye shall neither eat nor crawl!'

"'We will eat—to beg we are not ashamed; to steal is the right of our noble Ritterdom,' the crawlers replied.

"'So,' said I, '*bitte*—as to that we shall see.'

"Then I made me a fine gallows, builded like that outside Paris, which I had seen once when on an embassy for Prince Dietrich. It was like a castle, with walls twelve feet thick, and on the beams of it room for a hundred or more to swing, each with his six feet of clearance, all comfortable, and no complaints.

"Then came the crawlers and asked me what this fine thing was for.

"'For the sacred Ritterdom of Plassenburg,' answered I, 'if it will not cease to burn houses, and to ravish and carry off honest men's wives and daughters.'

"'But you must catch us,' said they. 'Walls fourteen feet thick,' said they.

"'Content,' cried I; 'there is more fun in catching you. Only the end is the same—that is to say, my new well-ventilated castle out there on the heath, girdles and neck-pieces and anklets of iron, and six feet of clearance for each of you to swing in.'"

"So they went back to their castles, and robbed and ravished and rieved even as did their fathers for a thousand years. But I took my soldiers, whom in seven years' service I had taught to obey orders—two foot of clearance did well enough for the disobedient among them, being neither ritters nor men of mark. And I, Karl the Miller's brat, as at that time they called me in contempt, borrowed cannon—great lumbering things—from my friend the Margrav George, down there to the south. A great work we had dragging them up by rope and chain and laboring plough-oxen. We shot them off before the fourteen-feet walls. Then arose various clouds of dust, shrickings, surrenderings, crying of 'Forgive us, great Prince; we never meant to do it'—followed, as I had said, by the six-feet clearances. But these in time I had to reduce to four—so great became the competition for places in my new Schloss Müllerssohn.

"But 'Once done, well done—done forever,' is my motto. So since that time the winds have mostly blown through the Schloss untainted, and the sons of Ritterdom, magnanimous captains and honest bailies of quiet bailiwicks, are my very good friends and faithful officers."

Prince Karl the Miller's son was silent a moment.

"But I am still looking out for another man with a head-piece to come after me. I have no son; and if I had, the chances are ten to one that he would be either a milksop or a flittermouse painted blue. Milksops I hate and send to the monkeries. I can endure flittermice painted blue, but they must wear petticoats—and pretty petticoats, too. Have you observed those of the Princess?" said he, abruptly changing the subject.

"The Princess's flittermice?" I faltered, not well knowing what I said, for he had turned roughly and suddenly upon me.

"Aye, marry, you may say it! But I meant the Princess's wilicoats!"

"No," said I, as curtly as I could, for the subject had its obvious limitations.

"Ah, they are pretty ones," said Karl, "I assure you. She has at least an undeniable taste in lace and cambric. They say in other lands—not in this—though I would not hinder them if they did—that she wears the under-garments of men and rules the state. But I think not so. The Princess is a better Queen than wife, a better woman than either."

On this subject also I had nothing to say which I dared venture to the husband of the Lady Ysolinde.

"She read my horoscope," said I, weakly, searching for something to change the subject in the corners of my brain.

"How so?" said the Prince, quickly.

"First in a crystal and then in a pool of ink," I replied.

"It was a good horoscope and of a fortunate ending?"

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"'THE PRINCESS LOVES YOU,' HE SAID AT LAST, LOOKING SHREWDLY."

"On the whole—yes," said I, "though there was much in it that I could not understand."

"Like enow!" laughed the Prince. "I warrant she could not understand it herself! It is ever the way of the ink-pool folk."

Then ensued a silence between us.

Prince Karl remained long with his head resting on his hand. He looked critically at the twisted stem of his wineglass, twirling it between his thick fingers.

"The Princess loves you," he said at last, looking shrewdly at me from beneath his gray brows.

It was spoken half as a question and half as information.

"Loves me!" stammered I, the blood sucking back to my heart and leaving my head light and tingling.

The Prince nodded calmly.

"So they say," said he.

"My Lord, it is a thing impossible!" cried I. "I am but a poor lad—and she has been kind to me. But of love no word has been spoken. Besides—"

And I stopped.

"Out with it, man!" said the Prince, more like, as it seemed to me, a comrade inviting a confidence than a great Prince speaking to a newly made officer.

"Well, I—I love the Little Playmate."

It came out with a rush at last.

"Oh!" said he; "that is bad. I hope that is not a matter arranged, a thing serious. For if the Princess knows as much, the young woman will not have her troubles to seek in the Palace of Plassenburg."

I hung my head and said naught, save that Helene declared she loved me not, but that I thought she was mistaken.

"Ah, then," cried the Prince, like one exceedingly relieved, "it is some boy and girl affair. That is better. She may change her mind, as you will certainly change yours—and that several times, among the ladies of the court. I was in hopes—"

And the Prince stopped in his turn, not from bashfulness, but neither like a man who desires more carefully to choose his words.

"I was in hopes," he went on, speaking slowly, "that if the Princess loved your boy's face and liked my conversation (which I may say without pride that I think she does) you and I together might have kept her at home. So overmuch wandering is not good for the state. Also, it gets her a name beyond all manner of ill within-doors."

Once more I knew not well what to answer to this speech of the Prince's, so I remained discreetly silent.

"I have seen the flittermice about her before, often enough (I thank thee for the word, Sir Captain), but this is the first time she has performed the ink-pool and crystal foolery with a man. There is no great harm in the Princess. In the things of love she is as inflammable as the ink, and as soft as the crystal. Fear[illegible]t, Joseph, Potiphera may be depended upon not to proceed to extremities. But I was in some hopes that you and I could have arranged matters between us—being both men, and honorable men."

I saw that Karl Miller's-Son looked sad and troubled.

"Prince, you love the Princess!" said I, thrusting out my hand to him before I thought. He did not take it, but instead he thrust a flagon of wine into it, as if I had asked for that—yet it was not done as a rebuff. I saw that plainly.

"Pshaw! What does a grizzle-pate with love?" said he, gruffly. "Nevertheless, I was in hopes."

"Prince Karl," said I, "I give you word of honor 'tis not as you say or they say. The Princess has indeed done me the honor to be friendly—"

"To hold your hand!" he murmured, softly, like a chorus.

"Well, to be friendly, and—"

"To caress your cheek?" put in the Prince, gently as before.

"Done me the honor to be friendly—"

"To play with your curls, lad?"

"The Princess—" I began, all in a tremor. For anything more awkward than this conversation I had never experienced. It bathed me in a drip of sweat.

"To kiss you, perhaps, at the way-going?" he insinuated.

"No!" thundered I, at last. "Prince, you do your Princess great wrong."

He lifted his hand in a gentle deprecating way, most unlike the rider who had ridden so fast and so well that night of our coming.

"You mistake me, sir," he said. "On the contrary, I have the greatest respect for the Princess Ysolinde. I would not wrong her for the world. But I know her track of old. You are a brave lad, and, after all, I fear there is something in that calf-love of yours—devil take it!"

I thought I could now dimly discern whither the Prince's plans were tending.

"Your Highness," said I, "I am a young man, and of little experience. I cannot tell why you have chosen to speak so freely to me. But I am your servant, and in all that hurts not the essence and matter of my love for the Little Playmate, I will do even as you say."

Prince Karl grasped my hand.

"Ah, well said!" he cried. "You are running your head into a peck of troubles, though. And you are likely to have some experience of womenkind shortly—a thing which does no brisk young fellow any harm, unless he lets them come between him and his career. Women are harmless enough, so that you keep them well to leeward. I am Baltic-bred, and have ever held to this—that you may sail unscathed through fleets of farthingales, so being that you keep the wind on your quarter and see the fair-way clear before you."

I did not at the time understand half he said, but I knew we had made some sort of a bargain. And I thought, with an aching, unsatisfied heart, that though it might be well enough for an iron-gray and cynical old Prince, the thing would hardly commend itself to Helene, my Little Playmate, to whom I had so recently spoken loving words, sweeter than ever before.

"Devil take all Princes and Princesses!" I said, as I thought, to myself. But I must have spoken aloud, for the Prince laughed.

"Do not waste good prayers needlessly," he said; "he will."

And so, with a careless and humorsome wave of his hand to one side, he went down the staircase, and so out into the quadrangle of the palace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WAR-CLOUD.

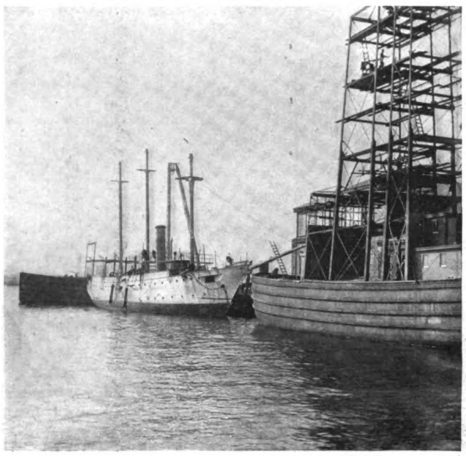
Gods, so long thought dead,
Flap their wings overhead,
Hover—a war-cloud!
Moloch and Astaroth, Loki and Siva,
Eblis, Asmodeus; famine and fever—
Grendel, the low-browed!
Singhalese demons, Hebrew and Arabic,
Ogre and goblin and vampyre and ghoul,
From forest and mountain and graveyard and pool,
Greedy or plethoric!

Swooping and darting,
Thronging or parting,
These make the war-cloud:
Diti and Belial, Nyang and Miru,
African devils, South-Sea, and Hindu.
These bring the war-shroud:
Persian and Saxon fiends, Norse, Madagascan,
Reeri from Ceylon, Typhaon, Azazel,
Beelzebub, Biam, (devils from every hell)—
The fire-fiend Ahriman!

Quicken once more, when we
Lapse into savagery,
Hunger-demons and spirits of darkness, demons of flame and of flood,
Storm-gods, demons of plague and of madness, barrenness, and blood;
Demons that devour men's food, with those that steal men's breath,
Bahman, Abaddon, Samaël, with Kali, goddess of death.

Marrion Wilcox.

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GUNBOAT "PRINCETON," APPROACHING COMPLETION AT DIALOGUES' SHIP-YARD, CAMDEN.



DECK VIEW OF THE FAST TORPEDO-BOAT "MACKENZIE," APPROACHING COMPLETION AT HILLMAN'S SHIP-YARD.

WAR-SHIPS BUILDING ON THE DELAWARE.

PHILADELPHIANS are apt to say with pride that the Delaware River is the Clyde of America, and there seems to be some justification for the boast.

To most persons outside of Philadelphia, and, indeed, to many within, ship-building on the Delaware means "the Cramps'," as the great yard of William H. Cramp & Sons is casually referred to. As a matter of fact, the Delaware in the vicinity of Philadelphia is lined with ship-building yards, and while beside Cramps' only a few of them—perhaps one—can undertake the construction of a battle-ship or a transatlantic liner, for anything smaller, which does not necessarily mean a small boat, they are well equipped.

The stir growing out of the complications with Spain has much significance to these ship-building firms, and to the thousands who earn their living in these yards—many of whom, in Richmond and Kensington, as ship-builders have followed in the footsteps of their fathers and grandfathers.

At several of the Delaware yards are ships building or being finished for the government, and in these there is an increase in the hammering and delving, which to the ordinary person seems confusion worse confounded.

Of course interest centres in the work at Cramps', where, amidst the din occasioned by the rush orders in every department of this immense yard, mostly for ships to be used for ordinary commerce, there is to be heard a note particularly loud, struck by the hundreds who swarm like flies or ants over the two war-ships being rushed to completion with all possible speed. One of these is the Japanese cruiser *Kasagi*, recently launched.

As many men as can work on her at one time are at work, yet two months or more will be required to finish her. She is built on beautiful lines, and the Japanese naval officers under whose inspection she is being finished are very proud of her.

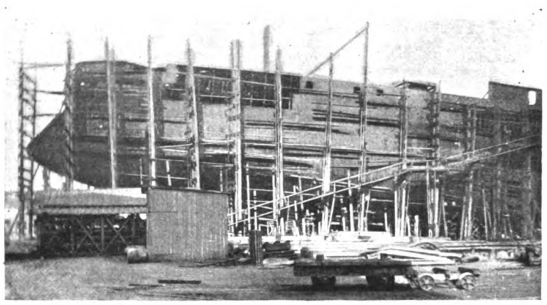
Close by, a veritable mammoth of iron and steel, in an almost impenetrable forest of timber, is the battle-ship *Alabama*, which will be the largest battle-ship on the ocean.

From the decks of the *Kasagi* a good view of her stern is to be had, and the holes for the shafts that will turn her three screws are conspicuous. An army of men are at work on her, but on the sides and in the depths of her immense hull they are lost, and only the great noise of hammering and drilling tells of the work that is going on. No need to tell one who sees her immense proportions that the *Alabama* will be a leviathan among war-ships.

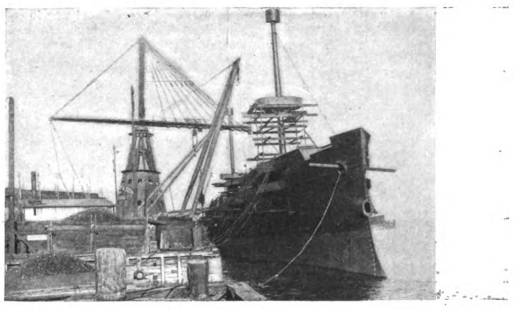
Below Cramps' yard there are several others, including Hillman's and Neafie & Levy's. The latter could turn out a liner if it had the order, but it has no government work on hand. At Hillman's, however, there is a scurry over the torpedo-boat *Mackenzie*, which looks more like a toy than anything else. She is 101½ feet long, 12 feet 9 inches beam, and 7 feet 9 inches deep. With her engines of 850 horse-power she is expected to make twenty-eight knots an hour or better. She has one torpedo-tube forward and one aft, and beside this will carry only one rapid-fire 1-pounder. About two months' more work will complete her.

The yard of John H. Dialogue & Son is at Kaighn's Point, Camden, opposite the lower part of Philadelphia. There they are bending every energy to finish the gunboat *Princeton*, a trim, smart-looking craft, that would be of great service if a war should tax our resources. She can be ready to go into commission in about six weeks.

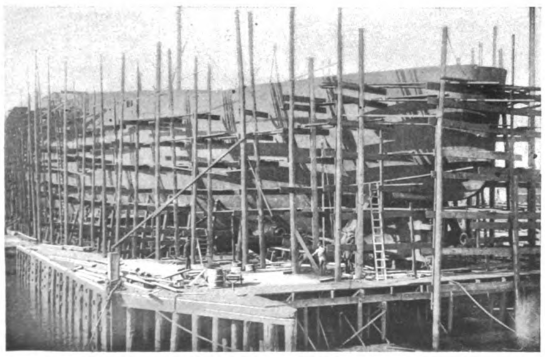
HENRY STARR RICHARDSON.



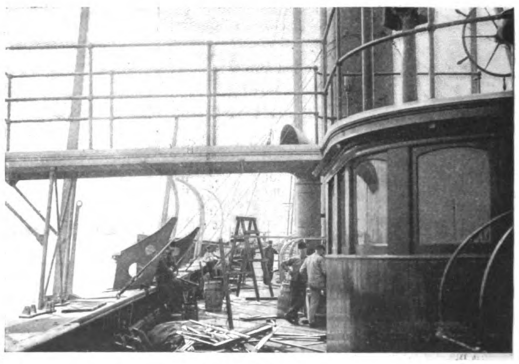
FROM THE BOW TO AMIDSHIPS OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "ALABAMA," NOW ON THE STOCKS AT CRAMPS' SHIP-YARD.



CRUISER "KASAGI," BEING RUSHED TO COMPLETION AT CRAMPS' SHIP-YARD FOR THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT.

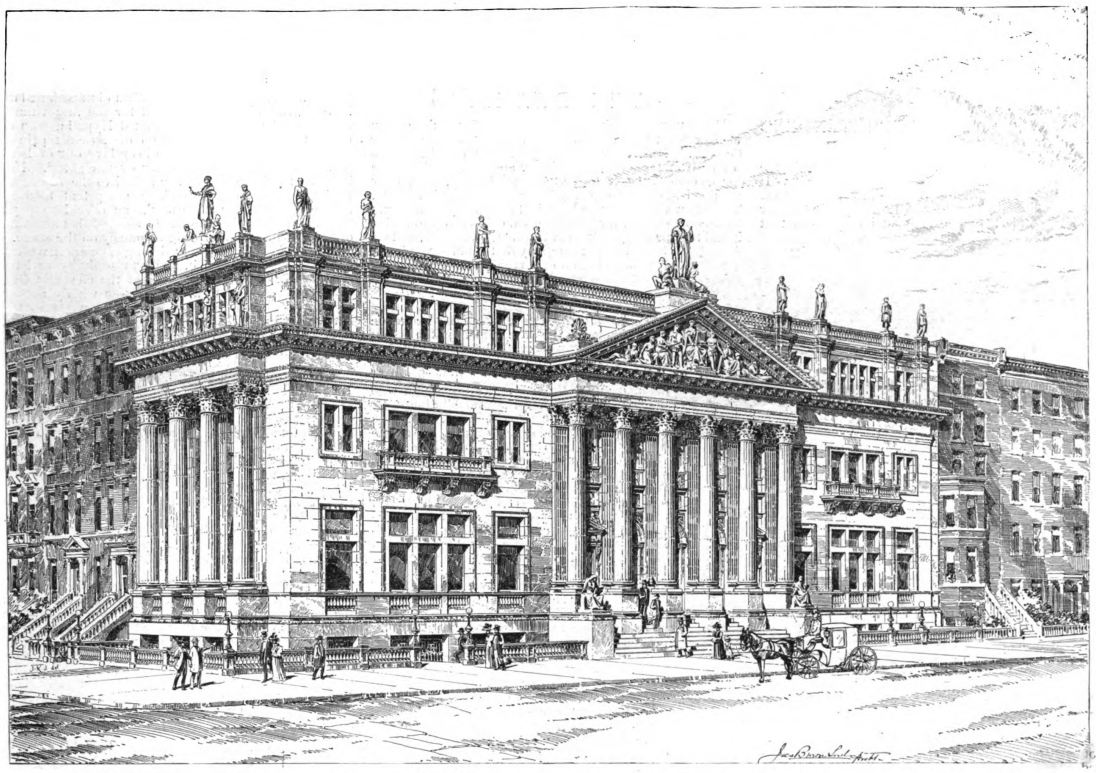


STERN OF THE GREAT BATTLE-SHIP "ALABAMA," ON THE STOCKS AT CRAMPS'.



LOOKING AFT FROM FORWARD OF THE BRIDGE ON THE "PRINCETON."

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THE NEW HOME OF THE APPELLATE DIVISION OF THE SUPREME COURT IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, MADISON SQUARE.—JAMES BROWN LORD, ARCHITECT.

ART.

THE APPELLATE-COURT BUILDING.

THE site of this new building is on the east side of Madison Square, at the north corner of Twenty-fifth Street, its long side and main entrance fronting upon the street, and its west end facing the square. It is thus in close contact with buildings of a domestic style of architecture—a point which has evidently been well considered by Mr. James Brown Lord, the architect. He has prepared a design which is characterized in its main mass by unostentatious dignity, and at the same time, by adding a classic portico with pediment above, and by placing on the short side an order of columns supporting the projecting cornice, he has given the building an impressiveness which befits its purpose. The material is to be white marble.

A very notable feature of the design is the provision which has been made for sculpture, treated not as a mere embellishment, but as an integral part of the architectural scheme—the only correct method of using sculpture upon a building. For example, increased dignity will be given to the entrance by filling the tympanum, or triangular space enclosed within the pediment, by a sculptural composition representing the triumph of law, and this enrichment will be echoed and resolved into a conclusion by the triangular group upon the balustrade above. The monotony of the latter will be relieved at intervals by figures, treated with severe simplicity, which will show against the sky-line not so much as independent pieces of sculpture, but as members of the whole mass, balancing the horizontal tendency. Again at the short end of the building figures are introduced; yet not merely ranged in a row like statuettes on a mantel-piece, but performing, as *caryatides*, an actual function in the general plan.

To that portion of the public, every day increasing in number, who are eagerly interested in the progress of national art, and who know from the universal testimony of past times that the greatest results will grow from the collaboration of architects, sculptors, and painters, this intelligent use of sculpture will be especially gratifying. And, as will be shown later on, Mr. Lord has re-enforced the interior by availing himself of the co-operation of the painters. The general arrangement of the interior may be briefly described. The main entrance opens into a hall, from which rise staircases and elevators. To the left are rooms for the clerks; above are private rooms, each with its anteroom, for the use of the judges, and on the third floor of this part of the building are the dining-room and kitchen. On the right-hand side of the hall is the lawyers' room, and, adjoining it, the court-room—the latter rectangular in shape, with windows at each end, and a circular domed skylight in the centre of the ceiling. To secure light for this a circular shaft of steel and glass will run through the two stories above, and terminate in a skylight on the roof. The second floor of this portion of the building will be devoted to the library, above which will be the janitor's quarters and store-rooms.

It is apparent, therefore, that the opportunity for dignified treatment occurs in the hall and court-room, and it is at these points that the work of the mural painters has been massed. Both will be panelled with marble—probably Sienna—up to within four feet three inches of the cornice. In the hall the painting of the frieze, which runs round three sides, has been assigned to Messrs. H. Siddons Mowbray, Robert Reid, and W. L. Metcalf. In the court-room the judges' desk will occupy the centre of one of the long sides, with a circular enclosure under the dome for the bar. On the opposite wall will be three panels, about ten feet square, to be executed respectively by Messrs. Edwin H. Blashfield, Edward Simmons, and H. O. Walker. On each side of these will run a frieze, which has been intrusted to Mr. Alfred I. Collins, while Mr. Kenyon Cox is responsible for the frieze upon the opposite wall. At the short ends of the room the spaces between the windows will be filled by Mr. Joseph Lauber. There are thus engaged upon this important building no less than nine painters and as many sculptors, whose co-operation has been included in the scheme from its commencement.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE NATIONAL ART CLUB.

THE club of lovers of the fine arts and of artists which a number of gentlemen are about to found is sure to be a success if care is taken to make it in fact what it proposes to be in name—a national art club. That its headquarters are to be in New York is the natural result of geographical conditions. Toward New York tend the great railway systems; through New York pass those who voyage to and from Europe; to New York come every now and then most men of other cities who would be likely to support an organization of the kind. Its membership outside of the metropolis would be of more importance to its permanent usefulness than its membership in New York.

The restricted social clubs in the city which pay more or less attention to the fine arts, and the special organizations of the artists which touch one another through the Fine Arts Federation, seem to cover all the local wants of artists. And for art-lovers in special lines New York has special clubs, like the Grolier and the Numismatic. But there is no society general in its scope that reaches beyond the metropolis and extends a hand of greeting to the art clubs and amateurs of the country at large. Why is this? For the reason that heretofore the fine arts have not taken so strong a hold on the people as they do at the present moment, and the need of some bond of this sort did not force itself on amateurs and artists.

The World's Fair lies only five years back; we can now realize what an awakening that was in the matter of the arts. Since then a hundred clubs of artists or of laymen who wish to further art have sprung into being. There are cities in the Union which do more for the fine arts in proportion to their population than New York does with all her art societies and private clubs. These clubs and their members will have something to say in the future regarding the thousand and one problems of municipal and industrial advance into which the fine arts enter.

The field which a national art club has to plough is virgin soil and of vast extent. Unless the gentlemen interested in the scheme have very narrow horizons—and the names connected with it prove just the contrary—they will not fail to perceive that a national art club, properly officered, and having the confidence of distinguished men in all parts of the country, may do incalculable good in the way of counsel, explanation, suggestion. It might save cities untold millions that otherwise might be wasted in parks, public buildings, monuments, and paintings, which, ordered and begun without due counsel and deliberation, without full knowledge of the experience of some other city, would soon become intolerable to citizens with taste. It might add vastly to the wealth of the Union by pointing out ways to give artistic brilliancy and financial value to manufactures and industrial art works. It might lend that spirit of organization to the fine arts which would make our expositions the most beautiful the world has known, and point the way for painters, sculptors, architects, and artist-artisans to obtain commissions wherever the work of each particular artist would best apply.

All these and many other good deeds may some day stand to the credit of the national art club if the founding of it be approached in a spirit of liberality and large wisdom that has not always characterized foundations in the city of New York. Too often there has been a tendency here to look to Europe rather than the Union for approval. Too often there has been evidence of a silly forth-putting on the part of Gothamites, which the citizens of other cities very rightly resent. Nonsense of this kind is likely to have grown with the abnormal increase of population due to the inclusion of neighbor cities and towns in the name New York, although the evils and uncertainties of the change may have exerted for the nonce a chastening effect upon civic exuberance. There is no reason why a meeting-ground for those interested in industrial and municipal art, for collectors of art objects, and for artists, in every State of the Union, should not be provided on Manhattan Island. Certainly there would be advantages accruing to the metropolis, but no less to the country at large.

There are thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—who do not know what is meant when they see people excited about matters of the fine arts. They can understand a deep interest in religion, and perhaps share enthusiasm for music; but the fine arts swim somewhere just beyond their ken. Those who can appreciate works of the fine arts know well enough what relief they give to minds under tension through business or politics, through family discord, or feelings wounded for one reason or another. The collector appreciates well enough what solace his hobby gives him. A national art club appeals to the thousands who experience such relief from the sordid cares of the work-a-day world. It forms an entrance to a pleasure-ground where the bother of business and politics is forgot. Art exerts on those who enjoy it simply and frankly a soothing, health-giving influence which is scarcely inferior to that of religion. In its essence, indeed, it is by no means unlike religion, since it takes us up into another world of intellectual vibration and of beauty.

Certainly the National Art Club starts with excellent prospects. Among those consulted are President Gilman of Johns Hopkins and President Marquand of the Metropolitan, Director Ives of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts and Commissioner La Farge of New York, Professors Allan Marquand of Princeton and Laird of Philadelphia; art collectors, like Messrs. James W. Ellsworth and Hall McCormick of Chicago, Messrs. Charles Henry Hart and C. H. Hutchinson of Philadelphia, Messrs. Perry Belmont, William T. Evans, George A. Hearn, and John De Witt Warner, of New York; architects, such as Messrs. George

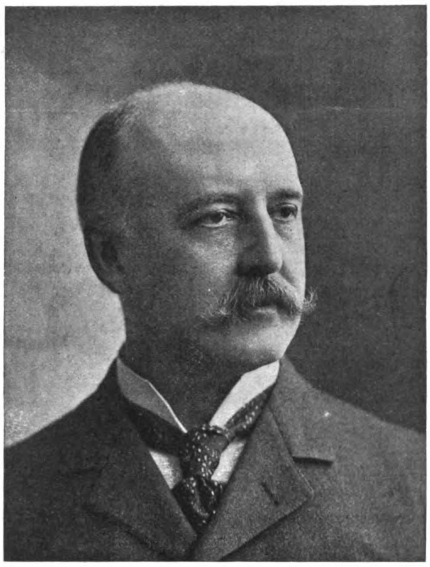
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B. Post, Bruce Price, Stanford White, James Brown Lord, and Walter Cook; sculptors, such as Messrs. J. Q. A. Ward, French, Adams, Bitter, Ruckstuhl; painters, like Messrs. Tiffany, Blashfield, Weir, and Shirlaw and Allen of Boston. Counselled by distinguished men of such varied talents and varied minds, it is not likely that the new club will fail to hit the mark.

NEW YORK'S CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

Mr. William H. Maxwell has been chosen to be the first Superintendent of Education in the enlarged city. It is very certain that no fitter man could have been chosen.

Mr. Maxwell was born with the instincts of a scholar and bred in scholarly ways. His achievements in that direction have been remarkable.



WILLIAM H. MAXWELL.

But he is not merely a scholar. He is a man of broad intellectual grasp, of exceedingly liberal mind, and of unusual executive ability, as he has demonstrated in his long years of control of the Brooklyn public schools.

In that position he has won for himself a place second to that of no other educator in the country

Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, has said, "I regard him as one of the best qualified superintendents that I have ever known."

President Draper of the University of Illinois, and formerly New York State Superintendent of Public Instruction, says that he doubts "if another man can be found who possesses so many of the qualities which would go to make a highly successful leadership of the public-school system of the greater city.

President Eliot of Harvard has said of him, "I have known Superintendent Maxwell for about ten years, and have thought him the most intelligent and best equipped superintendent of schools within my acquaintance."

Mr. Maxwell was born in the north of Ireland in 1852, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. While yet a youth he entered Queen's College, Galway, winning first place in the Latin, Greek, and English examinations, and taking then and afterwards scholarships and money prizes, from the proceeds of which his entire expenses in college were paid. After his graduation he was made a sub-master in the Royal Academical Institution, and during his service in that capacity took post-graduate courses in philosophy and political science, winning the degree of A.M.

He came to America in 1874. Failing to secure employment in his profession as teacher, he took up newspaper work, at which he was conspicuously successful during the next half-dozen years. At the same time he was engaged as a teacher and lecturer in the Brooklyn evening schools. In 1882 he was made Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Brooklyn, and in 1887 he succeeded to the Superintendency—a place which he has held with conspicuous honor and success ever since.

During all these years his influence has been used, strongly, persistently, and aggressively, in behalf of educational reform. It was he who led the movement of superintendents to secure from the Legislature an enactment forbidding the employment of any person as a teacher who had not received a college education, or, lacking that, had not passed at least one year in some recognized school for the training of teachers in pedagogy. Baffled in this effort by the stupidity of the Legislature, and by the activity of ignorant and selfish politicians constituting boards of education, Mr. Maxwell did what he could to improve the quality of teachers by raising the standards of examination for their places.

It is to him mainly that New York State owes the very great advance made in the standing of the English language and literature as subjects of required study in the schools. Not only was he the inspiration of that movement, but he has been its practically guiding agent. He has invented methods which have produced extraordinary results, and he has taught the teachers how to use them with the best effect. In brief, Mr. Maxwell is a scholar, an enlightened educator, an administrator of rare ability, and a man of large and fruitful experience in the practical conduct of schools.

It is the great good fortune of the consolidated city to have so fit a man to inaugurate its educational system.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Augustin Daly recently closed his regular season in New York with a brilliant revival of "The School for Scandal." It is a pity that this production could not have been given earlier in the winter, and permitted to run for several weeks, instead of one week only. Mr. Daly mounted the piece elaborately and with exquisite taste. There is not another manager in the country who would have cared enough for the delightful old comedy to revive it and to expend upon it so much money and care, and we have no other company that could have played it with so high an average of excellence. No detail was neglected that would help to make the production complete, and even the actors who played the small parts showed that they had been skilfully trained. Mr. Daly had made some changes in the arrangement of the scenes that could not reasonably be accounted for; they did not give the action added clearness or movement, and they served only to bewilder and annoy those lovers of Sheridan who know "The School for Scandal" almost by heart. Among the players, Miss Ada Rehan naturally dominated as *Lady Teazle*. Her comedy scenes she carried off with extraordinary abandon, but in the scenes in which Sheridan so ingeniously brings out the fine qualities of the woman she did not always strike the note of sincerity. Mr. Edwin Varrey, as *Sir Peter*, proved to be rather disappointing. His performance was easy and intelligent, but it lacked variety and force. As *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, Mr. Herbert Gresham offered another evidence of his versatility and skill; he has the rare art of absolutely identifying himself with every character he plays. If this could be said of Mr. Charles Richman, the *Charles Surface* would have been an element of strength rather than of weakness in the production. Not for one moment did Mr. Richman suggest that he had succeeded in getting inside the part; instead of playing it, he merely played at it, with a certain hard technical correctness, but without creating the least illusion. Mr. Clarke played *Joseph Surface* with his usual care and discretion, but he made the character seem too old. Mrs. Gilbert was an exquisite *Mrs. Candour*, and an extremely nice bit of acting was done by Miss Wismer as *Maria*.

After a few supplementary appearances in New York next month, and after a brief tour, Miss Rehan will take a long and greatly needed rest. To those who have watched her acting during the past winters, it seems almost incredible that she should have been in delicate health—at times on the verge of prostration. Her performances in this city have never shown more spirit or more finish. Miss Rehan has also been developing out of those annoying mannerisms which used to obscure her rare talent. No finer acting has been seen in New York this season than her *Peggy Thrift*, and for this impersonation alone she would deserve to be remembered. Her ill health has prevented her appearance this year as *Portia* in Mr. Daly's long-promised production of "The Merchant of Venice," but this has only been deferred till the season to come. Some curiosity has been expressed with regard to the actor who will be assigned to play *Shylock*. Three actors have already been mentioned in connection with the rôle—Mr. George Clarke, Mr. Sydney Herbert, and Mr. Tyrone Power. Mr. Clarke would be sure to give a competent performance, but the part is much better suited to the style of either of the younger men. Mr. Herbert has done a great deal of excellent character work, but nothing as yet to show that he is heavy enough to play *Shylock*. Mr. Power, on the contrary, has all the qualities that the part requires—the gift of characterization, a heavy voice, and authority of bearing. During the past season Mr. Power has had almost nothing to do, and yet he is far and away one of the best of Mr. Daly's players. His enforced idleness illustrates one of the disadvantages of the stock company, where the actors are many and the productions are few. Last season Mr. Power gave a remarkably strong performance of *Caliban*, which was much criticised because of its absolute fidelity to the Shakespearian ideal, and showed that he had the courage of his artistic convictions. With a strong *Shylock*, Mr. Daly's production of "The Merchant of Venice" will be one of the great events of the coming season; but no matter how brilliant the production may be in other respects, a weak *Shylock* will ruin it.

At the Irving Place Theatre, Frau Agnes Sorma has returned to renew the success that she won on her first appearance in New York last year. For her *rentrée* she chose the part of *Nora*, in "The Doll's House," probably because of the opportunities it gave her to reveal the many sides of her talent. We have seen several remarkable *Noras*—Mrs. Fiske, Madame Réjane, and Miss Beatrice Cameron, who, by-the-way, revealed in this character qualities she had never been credited with possessing. Not one of them has succeeded in making *Nora* intelligible, and it is not surprising that Frau Sorma should also have failed in this regard. Up to that last scene, where *Nora* leaves her children to go out into the world in order to improve her mind, the character is perfectly consistent. But that long harangue of *Nora's* at the close, that sudden submission to her will of her prig and petty tyrant of a husband—who can explain these? Ibsen himself has convinced us that *Helmer* would not allow *Nora* to leave the house, and that if she did succeed in leaving she would inevitably come back the next day. Perhaps Ibsen showed his cleverness by closing the piece just where he did, and has been laughing in his sleeve at our attempts to discover what he meant. But this would not explain the husband's attitude, would it? Frau Sorma, like all other *Noras*, is really two persons in one, and very skilfully does she differentiate them. She has all of Duse's technical skill, a gift of facial expression greater than Duse's, but she is altogether inferior to Duse in her ability to interpret with equal skill all the emotions. There are times when her acting seems less a reproduction of Nature than either an "improvement" on Nature or a failure to carry out her intention. Her defects were conspicuously betrayed in "The Maiden's Dream," an old-fashioned drama in verse, in which she appeared for the first time here. As the royal heroine, a Germanized Hypatia, who determines to rule her little court on the strictest principles, to check all flirtations, and to keep love out of her own life, Frau Sorma was altogether overweighted. Neither in looks nor in style was she suited to the rôle, and her performance seldom rose above competent mediocrity. As the coquettish, light-hearted, and mischievous young wife in "Untrue," however, she showed that she was one of the best interpreters of light comedy on the stage. Not a fault could be found with the impersonation, which was marked by humor, spirit, and extraordinary artistic resource. The piece itself is one of the cleverest German comedies seen here in many a day—a wholly new treatment of the old device of the loving wife who tries to cure her husband of jealousy by indulging in a mock flirtation with another man. With judicious "washing" it ought to become popular in English.

On her return engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Madame Modjeska was seen as *Rosalind* for the first time in New York in several years. Her own performance, full of grace and charm and subtlety, as it has always been, suffered from the distressing inadequacy of the production as a whole. The scenery was shabby, the company seemed to be ill at ease, and the spectator was haunted by the fear of constantly impending disaster. As Mr. Haworth had been incapacitated by an accident, the rôle of *Orlando* was taken by Mr. Lester Lonergon, who gave an earnest, if not an altogether satisfactory, performance. Two members of the cast stood out for good work—that always admirable comedian Mr. William F. Owen, as *Touchstone*, and Miss Grace Fisher as *Celia*.

The success in Paris of "Cyrano de Bergerac" seems to be almost unprecedented. Not only do vast crowds attend the performances of M. Coquelin at the Porte St.-Martin, one of the largest of the Parisian theatres, but the demand for the book is so great that the publishers have had difficulty in keeping up with it. In New York all the copies were sold soon after their arrival, and a large number of people have been awaiting copies from Paris. The announcement that Sir Henry Irving has secured the piece for England, and that Mr. Richard Mansfield has purchased the American rights, promises well for the two productions in English and yet, in spite of the great interest taken in the work, their success is very problematical. The piece is so absolutely French that one wonders if, even under the best conditions, it will appeal to English-speaking audiences. The humor is Gallic, the pathos might easily lend itself to ridicule, and the poetry is of the kind that loses much of its charm when transferred to our ruder Anglo-Saxon. Much will depend, of course, upon the skill with which the English version is made; to do the piece perfect justice, the abilities of a poet will be required. Two years ago we saw how François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne" suffered here from inadequate translation. As for the interpretation of *Cyrano*, which Coquelin is said to play in a masterly fashion, the peculiar abilities of both Irving and Mansfield will suit it admirably. From Paris comes the report that the young author, Mr. Edouard Rostand, is eager to play the rôle, and that he is waiting for a chance to take the place of Coquelin, who has been ill of late. Coquelin, however, drags himself through his work every evening, for he knows how the Parisian public would acclaim the already much-idolized author if Rostand should make a success in his own creation.

John D. Barry.

INDUSTRIOUS CUPID.

Within his shop, on toil intent,
Sly Cupid whiles the hours away
In making arrows, during Lent,
To use on Easter day.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE "MAINE" REPORT.

Washington, *March 28.*

Every one had been so well prepared by premature publication of hints as to its contents, that the report of the board of inquiry created no sensation in either House. In the Senate the reading of the message was sandwiched in between features of the routine business of the day, and the only tribute paid it was that of silence and attention. In the House of Representatives the close of the reading was followed by a round of applause, and the Houses soon thereafter adjourned.

The findings of the board are that at the time of the explosion, 9.40 P.M. on February 15, the ship was lying in five and one-half fathoms of water, that discipline on board was excellent, and that as late as 8 P.M. the temperature of the magazines was normal, except that of the after ten-inch magazine, which did not explode; that there were two distinct and different explosions, with a very brief interval between, and that the first one, which was like the discharge of a gun, lifted the ship; that the condition of the wreckage, so far as it has been possible to ascertain, points to the explosion of a mine under the ship on her port side; that the outside explosion appears to have caused the explosion of two or more of the magazines forward, but that the board was unable to fix the responsibility for the explosion upon any person or persons. The report was signed by the entire board. It was accompanied by a message of transmittal, in which the President reviewed in detail the history of the sending of the *Maine* to Havana, and stated that the report had been referred to the Spanish government with full assurance that its sense of right would impel it to do what was just and proper under the circumstances. Any later proceedings, the President added, would be duly reported to Congress, and he begged of that body deliberate consideration of the whole subject.

Francis E. Leupp.

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THE SPANISH MINISTER.

Señor Polo y Bernabé, the successor of Minister Dupuy de Lome as the envoy of Spain to the United States, has by his agreeable personality gone far to efface the unpleasant impression left by the de Lome incident. Señor Bernabé will fill his most difficult and responsible post the better because a previous residence in the United States may be assumed to have put him *en rapport* with American life and characteristics. He spent two years here as attaché when his father, Admiral Bernabé, was Spanish minister during the Grant administration. Señor Bernabé, while he has held no very important political office, has been well trained for his new duties by his place as chief of the commercial department of the Colonial Bureau at Madrid, and may therefore be assumed to be intimately associated with Cuban affairs. Señor Bernabé married the daughter of Señor Mendez de Vigo, the present Spanish ambassador to Berlin, and is connected with the first families of Spain. The words of his address to the President, on his presentation, were marked by great tact and clean grasp of the situation, as well as by the most dignified Spanish courtesy.



SIR HENRY BESSEMER.

The name of the great inventor Sir Henry Bessemer, who died in London, England, on Monday, March 14, belongs to the greatest revolution of the industrial world in the latter half of the nineteenth century. This was the process of rapidly and cheaply converting pig-iron into steel by blowing a blast of air through the molten metal, preserving the continuity of the heat by the combustion of the impurities in the iron.

Born in Hertfordshire in 1813, he adopted engineering as a profession, and took out numerous patents at an early age; but his specialty as a discoverer, strangely, did not belong to his earlier investigations. The pivotal thought came to him by an inspiration. The final discovery was the result of numerous and costly experiments. The first patent was taken out in 1855, but before its final success in 1862 was a considerable period of struggle. The process rapidly extended to other countries, but it has only been in the United States that the inventor reaped any financial advantage from his foreign patents. The usefulness of the Bessemer process was greatly increased by the discoveries of Snelus, Gilchrist, and Thomas in furnishing a basic lining of the converter, which eliminated the phosphorus, and by the improvements of Alexander Holley, an American engineer, in the form of the converter. Though the Siemens-Martin open-hearth steel process became a rival of the Bessemer, the latter still retains its prominence, on the whole, as a cheap steel. The following illustration of the value of Bessemer's invention may be cited: Previous to 1855 the annual production of steel in Great Britain was 51,000 tons at £50 per ton. In 1890 in Sheffield alone the annual production was 880,000 tons, and throughout Europe 3,000,000 tons, at an average price of £8 per ton. The development in the United States in the same period has been still more startling. Bessemer's benefaction of cheap steel has resulted in the revolution of railway and ship building, and nearly every variety of structural methods, and there is scarcely a branch of contemporary industry which has not felt its stimulus. He was knighted in 1879, and received numerous marks of distinction from crowned heads and learned societies. In the United States the towns of Bessemer, Michigan, and Bessemer, Alabama, were named from him.

THE "JAUNDICE" ON TOP!

Washington, D. C.

The President and cabinet and the New York *Jaundice* correspondent spent three hours in conference in the *Jaundice's* Washington Bureau last night. The President at first favored waiting until the report of the board of inquiry is acted on before declaring war, but when your correspondent informed him that the *Jaundice's* Sunday edition describing and illustrating the "First Naval Duel" off Key West was already printed, he immediately receded from his position, and stated that he would issue the necessary declaration of war as soon as the *Jaundice's* tugs containing reporters, artists, and trance-mediums reached Key West. By special arrangement with the telegraph companies, connections have been made between the Gulf Squadron and the *Jaund ce* building, New York, so that the *first shot fired in the Jaundice's war between the United States and Spain will be fired by the Jaundice!!*

One hundred picked men arrived here from Yappeville, Wisconsin, to defend the national capital. They were "picked" at the depot and relieved of all their valuables.

The *Jaundice* has arranged the following programme for the navy: At the beginning of hostilities the United States Monitors *Melancholia, Fitzsimmons, Singed Cat,* and *Sitting Bull* will individually engage the Spanish destroyers *Tamale, DeMonk, Garrote,* and *Tarantula.* Our submarine torpedo-boat *McGinty* will station herself off Key West, and apply spontaneous combustion to all-comers under the Spanish flag.

The Fish Commission this morning issued a most significant order which leaves no doubt as to the aggressive course the administration means to pursue towards Spain. The order reads that "All Spanish mackerel are to leave United States waters by noon to-morrow." Prominent diplomats say that Spain will at once resent this harsh edict, and attack our helpless coasts.

Footpads broke into the naval gun foundry last night, and this morning it was found that several guns had been rifled.

At the Spanish legation last evening an important conference was held, the nature of which your correspondent could not learn, his ladder being too short to enable him to get his ear to the window. C. S. McN.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

The Original Angostura Bitters is manufactured by C.W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore. Signature on label. —[*Adv.*]

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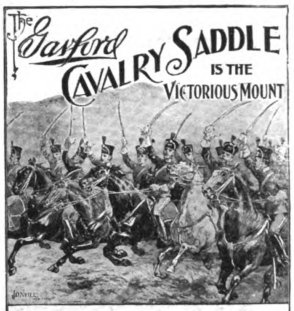
Joseph Ladue, the famous trapper and miner and the present owner of Dawson City, and for many years the agent of the Alaska Commercial Company gives a hint to persons going to Alaska, and pays great compliment to a well-known article. He writes:

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—*New York Tribune.*

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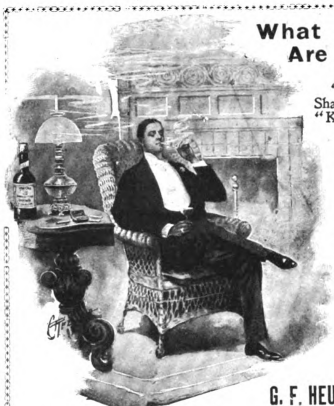


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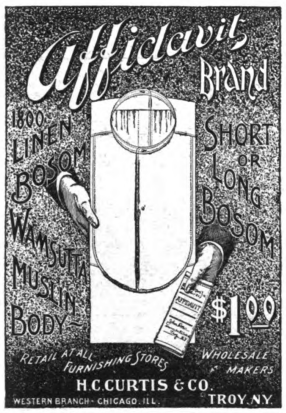
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AN ENGLISH RUGBY LINE-UP ON THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PARKS.

On the Right two opposing Half-backs are putting the Ball in play; on the Left two more Half-backs and six Three-quarters are facing each other in Pairs. One Full-back is showing on the extreme Right. The Referee is on the Side-lines.

AMATEUR SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

IV.—A LITTLE SCRUMMAGE WITH ENGLISH RUGBY.

I HAD scarcely set foot on an English Rugby field when I was confronted with the inevitable question. I replied that from a hasty judgment, which I should doubtless soon alter, the game, compared with ours, seemed haphazard and inconsequent. "We don't kill one another, if that's what you mean by 'inconsequent,'" my English host replied; and I soon found that the report that Hinkey and Butterworth had been killed in the Thanksgiving-day match of 1893 had never been denied in England. A few weeks later the exaggerated press accounts of the Springfield game of 1894 were repeated in England with further exaggerations; and at the time of the Thanksgiving-day game it was reported that the police inspector had come out on the field as the elevens were lining up, and warned them that if they committed criminal assault upon each other the law would take its due course. Soon after this I had my attention called to a paragraph in the London *Weekly Sun*—"Harvard is a place where the undergraduates manage their studies, while the professors manage the football." Finally I discovered the true source of the British acrimony against our game. "This is the sport," my friend remarked, "which Caspar Whitney says, in his *Sporting Pilgrimage*, has improved English Rugby off the face of the earth!" I was hard put to it to defend the well-beloved game.

I.

Meanwhile I had unusual facilities for observing English Rugby. During the Morrison wine which ended the season of tubbing on the river the captain of the Balliol fifteen threw his arms about me, and besought me to play on the team. He had not a single three-quarters, he said, who could get out of his own way running. I pleaded an attack of rheumatism and ignorance of the game. He said it did not matter. "And I'm half blind," I added. "So am I," he interrupted, "but we'll both be all right in the morning." I said I referred to the fact that I was very near-sighted; but he took all excuses as a sign of resentment because he had failed to invite me to breakfast in my Freshman term; he appeared to think it his duty to invite all possible candidates. I speak of these circumstances partly to explain how the captain came to recruit his team from the halt and blind, and partly to suggest the extreme informality of the training for the English game.

The next morning the captain wrote me that there was a match on against Merton, and asked me to come out a quarter of an hour before the rest for a little coaching. A quarter of an hour to learn to play football! In spite of the captain's predictions of the night before, I was not so sure that he was yet "all right"; so I went out to the porter's lodge and scanned the bulletin-board. My name stared me in the face. I had scarcely time to take luncheon and don a pair of football shorts.

The practice my coach gave me consisted in running the length of the field three or four times, passing the ball back and forth as we went. His instructions with regard to the game were equally simple. To keep in proper position I had only to watch my Merton *vis-à-vis* and take a place symmetrical with his. When the enemy heeled the ball out of the "scrum" to their three-quarter-back I was to watch my man, and, if the ball was passed to him, to tackle him. If he passed it before I could tackle him I was still to follow him, leaving the man who took the ball to be watched by my neighbor, in order that I might be on hand if my man received it again. Where our rule is for all to follow the ball, the English rule is for each player to follow his man. If our side heeled out the ball and one of our three-quarters began to run with it, the other three-quarters and I were to follow at his heels, so that when he was about to be tackled—"collared" the English say—he could pass it on to us. There was no such thing as combined "interference" among the backs. A player who gets between the man with the ball and the enemy's goal is rankly off side. It is not to be understood that the captain coached all this information into me. I had to button-hole him and pump it out word by word. Coaching of any sort is all but unknown on English football-fields. All there is of the game is learned at school—or in the nursery!

When the opposing teams faced each other I noticed with satisfaction that there was not a spectator on the grounds to embarrass me. It is so in almost all English college games—the fellows have so many sports of their own on that there is no object in hanging round the fields where their friends are having the fun.

On the kick-off, luckily, the ball did not come to my corner of the field, for I could scarcely have seen it, much less caught it. When our side had returned the kick, the "scrummage" formed. If there is one feature of the English game that awes an American, it is the "scrummage," or "scrum." What happens is this: the nine forwards gather in a semi-ellipse, bend their bodies together in a horizontal plane, with their heads carefully tucked beneath the mass, and then squirm against the opposing mass of forwards, who are similarly placed. The scrum as a whole looks like a huge tortoise with a score of legs at each end, which by some unaccountable freak of nature are struggling to walk in opposite directions. The sight arouses in the native American a superstitious awe. I found my mind reverting to an aboriginal state in which I was likely to worship this tortoise as a totem. It took weeks before I realized that it masked no abstrusely working tactics; there is little, if anything, in it beyond the push and shove that meets the eye.

When our scrum was thoroughly compacted the umpire tossed the ball on the ground between the opposing sets of legs, whereupon both sides began to struggle. The Balliol legs pushed harder and the Balliol bodies squirmed to more advantage, for our men had presently got the ball among their feet. They failed to hold it there, however, and it popped out into a half-back's hands. He passed it quickly to one of my companions at three-quarters, who dodged his man and ran toward the corner of the field. I followed, and just as the full-back collared him he passed the ball to me. Before I had taken three rheumatic strides I had two men hanging at my back; but when they brought me down the ball was just beyond the line. The audience arose as one man—to wit, the referee, who had been squatting on the side-lines—and shouted, "Played. Well played!" I had achieved universal fame.

During the rest of the game the Balliol scrum, which was a very respectable affair of its kind, kept the ball to itself, while we backs cooled our heels.

A few days later, in a game against Jesus, the scrums were more evenly matched, and the ball was heeled out oftener. I soon found that my eyes were not sharp enough to follow quick passing; and when, just before half-time, a punt came in my direction, I was horrified to see it multiply until it looked like a flock of balloons. As luck had it, I singled out the wrong balloon to catch. Jesus fell on the ball just as it bounced over the goal-line. In the second half the captain put one of the forwards in my place, and put me in the scrum.

The play here was more lively, though scarcely more complex or difficult. Each forward stuck his head beneath the shoulders of the two men in front of him, grasped their waists, and then heaved until, when the ball popped out of the scrum, the word came to dissolve. There were absolutely no regular positions; the man who was in the front centre of one scrummage might be in the outskirts of the next. On some teams, I found by inquiry, a definite order is agreed on, but this is regarded as of doubtful advantage. Tactics and strategy, as we understand the words, are scarcely thought of.

What we call "plays" are almost unknown. When the umpire or a half-back tosses the ball into the middle of the scrummage, there are, at an ultimate analysis, four things that can happen. The two sides may struggle back and forth, carrying the ball on the ground at their feet, which constitutes a "pack." Again, the stronger side may cleave the weaker, and run down the field, dribbling the ball yard by yard as they go, until either side picks it up for a run, or else drops on it and cries "down." Sometimes one side is able to "screw the scrum," a manœuvre which almost rises to the altitude of a "play." The captain shouts "Right!" or perhaps "Left!" and then his forwards push diagonally, instead of directly, against their opponents. The result is what we used to call in America a revolving wedge, except that, since the ball is carried on the ground, the play eventuates, when successful, in a scattering rush of forwards down the field, dribbling the ball at their feet, just as when the scrum has been cloven. The fourth possibility is that the side that gets the ball amongst its eighteen legs allows it to ooze out behind, or, if its backs are worthy of confidence, purposely heels it out. Thereupon a half-back pounces upon it and passes it deftly to the three-quarters, who run with it down the field, passing it back and forth. As a whole, the game of the forwards is much more fun than that of the backs, though decidedly less attractive in the eyes of the spectators—a consideration of slight importance on an English field!

Just as I began to get warmed to my new work I smashed my nose against the head of a Balliol man who was dodging back into the push. The captain told me that I need not finish the game; but as it is against the English rules to substitute players, I kept up the grunting and shoving. At the end of the game the captain very politely gave me the hoof. This was just what I expected and deserved; but I was surprised to find that the fellows had objected to my playing the game through. They would have preferred not to be bled upon.

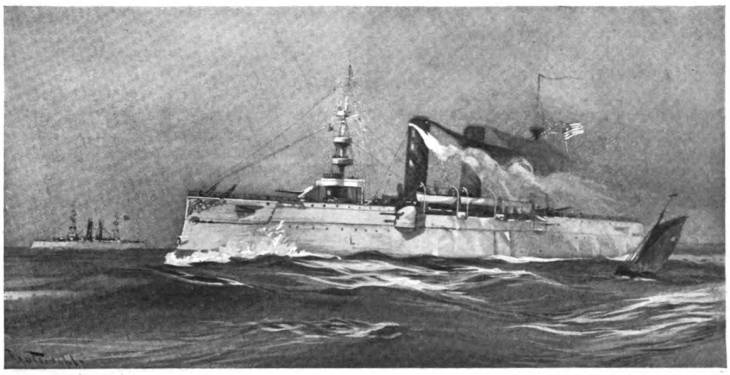
II.

To get a clearer idea of modern English Rugby, and of the relationship our game bears to it, we must look at its historical development. The Rugby Union was formed in 1871, and the first international game was played in the same year between England and Scotland. For the following six years the play was characterized by tight scrummages. Twenty was the orthodox number of players; and when, as often happened in club matches, only fifteen men played, the fact was the result of a lack of men, not of a preference for smaller sides. Of the twenty men, fifteen played "forward" in the scrum. They were regarded as the offensive element. Their duty was to keep a firmly packed mass, and to shove the opposing mass down the field, carrying the ball at their feet. To heel out the ball to the backs was considered a rank breach of sportsmanly etiquette. This was probably because the backs—two half-backs and three full-backs—were regarded merely as a reserve for defence, whose business it was to tackle the enemy if he broke through or round the pack of forwards. If, however, the ball chanced to ooze out of the scrum—as it was apt to do, say at intervals of five minutes—one of the half-backs pounced upon it, and, to prevent a loss of ground, made the best of his way into the enemy's territory. The opposing scrum, meanwhile, was so tightly woven that it could not possibly block or tackle him. It left the backs to stop him, and ravelling out at its



AN ENLARGED VIEW OF THE SCRUM.

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U. S. CRUISERS "NEW ORLEANS" AND "ALBANY" (FORMERLY "AMAZONAS" AND "ABROUALL").
Purchased from the Brazilian Government.

leisure, trotted amiably up to the ball. There was thus an utter lack of co-operation between forwards and backs. This has, as I shall point out, been measurably lessened; but even to-day an American spectator at an English game cries out in his heart, "*Every* man get into the push!"—forgetting that "interference" and "possession of the ball" are requisite to our thorough-going team-play.

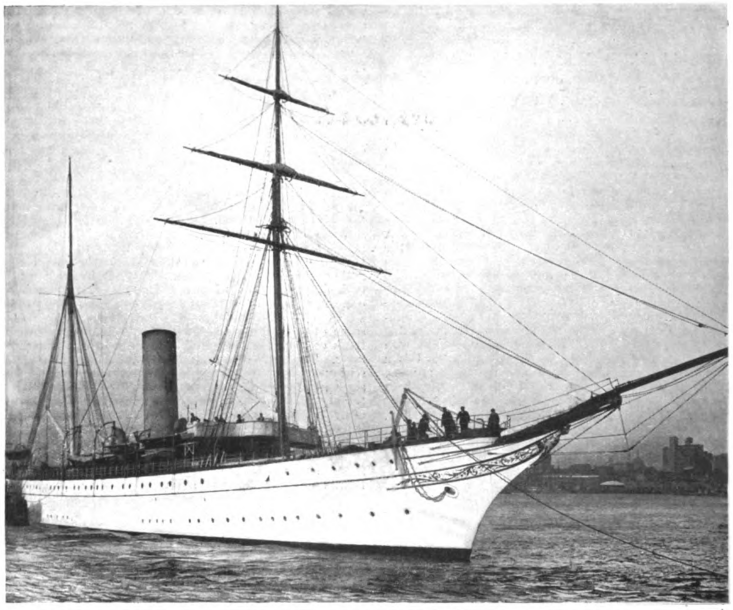
In the international match of 1877 fifteens were introduced instead of twenties. This played fast and loose with the traditional game; packed scrummages rapidly gave way to the mobile modern formation. The first duty of the forwards was still to make their way down the field by brute force; but to supplement the primitive grunting and shoving they had learned the tricks of cleaving their opponents and of screwing the scrum. When either of these feats had been accomplished, they broke away from each other and dribbled the ball down the field, until arrested by the opposing backs. Meanwhile the prejudice against heeling out gave way. A weak scrum which was flanked by a clever set of backs heeled out as often as it could manage to get control of the ball. And the opposing scrummagers, thus put on the defensive, soon learned to get into the running. This caused a revolution among the backs. The half, who could no longer count on evading the enemy's scrum, was forced to kick into touch—a play much more frequent in the English than in the American game, though its use here is of marked advantage, and is rapidly growing—or, like our quarter-back, to pass at once. This development of heeling out and passing in all probability caused the increase in the number of three-quarter-backs. There had been two of these and two full-backs, but by-and-by one of the full-backs was drawn up to three-quarters. The duty of the three-quarters was precisely that of our half-back, except that they eluded the tackling of the enemy not by interference or to any considerable degree by dodging, but by passing the ball back and forth. The forwards, meanwhile, were not infrequently able to struggle loose from the scrum in time to join their own backs in the passing.

The full realization of the value of scientific passing came about 1885. This marks the beginning of the strictly modern game. To-day so great is the horror of "selfish playing," that a three-quarters scarcely dares to run ten yards without tossing the ball to a neighbor, and the forwards are expected to be almost as clever at passing. One of the most remarkable results of the open passing game is that to be quite up to date a team has to sacrifice a man from the scrum, and play four men at three-quarters. I know no more beautiful sight on the football-field than three or four or five English players dashing among the enemy's defence, and meanwhile passing the ball so deftly from one to another that it is impossible to collar a single man in the combination.

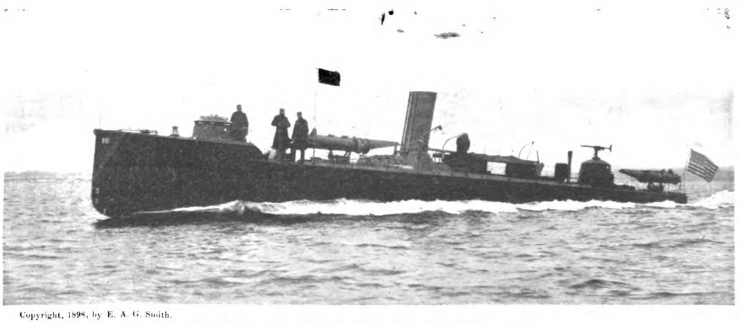
To sum up the development of the English game: The original and perhaps the typical formation is the simple packed scrum, with a reserve of backs for defence. Out of the packed scrum have grown the screwed scrum and the cleft scrum, both to be followed by dribbling or by passing. The backs, at first a reserve for defence, took new duties when heeling out was recognized, and became an important engine for offensive play. Of late years running with the ball in the open has become the most prominent feature for both scrummagers and backs.

III.

This "scientific" co-operation between the backs and the scrum, curiously enough, is seldom to be found in the important games. When Oxford plays Richmond, or Cambridge plays Blackheath, Mercury himself could not be more fleet and sure than the rival backs; but when Oxford plays Cambridge, and Richmond plays Blackheath, a wonderful thing takes place. In the intense excitement the players forget modern refinements, and the game reverts towards its primitive barbarism of packed scrums. In international games the tendency is redoubled. The players, who are the stars of the crack local fifteens of a kingdom, seldom or never compete together as a team before the important match, and are sometimes virtual strangers to one another. In the most important games of the season the reversion to primitive pushing and shoving is most complete. At the match between England and Scotland for the championship of the United Kingdom my amusement would have been complete if I had only had a friend used to our admirably strategic game to laugh with me. Each side played its four three-quarter-backs, sacrificing a man from the scrum in the interest of scientific passing, as every self-respecting team must do; but each was so doggedly bent upon shoving the other down the field that the ball seldom left the scrum. The four unhappy three-quarters cooled their heels, viewing the conflict from afar, and might almost as well have been in ulsters on the side-lines. But this was not the worst of it. Even in the scrum the playing went to the dogs. England, it seemed, was past master at "screwing," and time and again the spectators rose with a shout of "Play-ed, England!" in the expectation of seeing their champions charge into Scottish territory, dribbling or passing the ball. Not once did this happen. In their bull-like efforts they apparently forgot the ball at their feet; and when they had whirled their opponents well about, it transpired that the canny Scotchmen, though unable to stop the revolving rush, had cleverly tweaked the ball from among the English heels. At this stage of the play, it is obvious, the English forwards had wheeled quite out of the line of defence of their own goal, so that only their three-quarter-backs could prevent Scotland from making a "try." The chief use of the four crack three-quarters in that game was to prevent Scotland from scoring after England had successfully screwed the scrum. Their position was precisely that of the primitive backs of the seventies. The incident is characteristic. Eminently playable as the English game is, its spirit is at bottom one of brute force rather than of science, as we understand the term. To grasp this fact completely it is necessary to go somewhat at length into the history of the development of our game from the parent sport. Besides the interest from a sportsman's point of view, the inquiry will reveal curious evidences of a difference in national traits and characteristics.



U. S. DESPATCH-BOAT "MAYFLOWER"
Purchased from the Ogden Goelet Estate.



Copyright, 1898, by E. A. G. Smith.

U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "GWIN" ON HER TRIAL TRIP.

ADDITIONS TO THE NAVY.

Recent additions to the navy by purchase and by completion of contract represent varied types. Five vessels which have attracted attention are the *New Orleans* (formerly the *Amazonas* of the Brazilian navy), purchased in England just as she was about to sail for Brazil; her sister ship the *Albany* (formerly the *Abrouall*); the *Mayflower*, purchased in New York from the estate of the late Ogden Goelet; the torpedo-boat *Gwin*, finished, with her sister ship *Talbot*, at the Herreshoff works in Bristol, Rhode Island.

The *New Orleans* and *Albany* are unarmored twin-screw cruisers of the *Cincinnati* type. They are 330 feet long, 43 feet 9 inches wide, 16 feet 10 inches deep, have a tonnage of 3600, a speed of 20 knots, and carry about 300 officers and men. They are armed with six 6-inch 50-calibre Elswick quick-firing guns, four 4.7-inch 50-calibre quick-firing guns, ten 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Maxims, two field-guns, and have three torpedo-tubes. They have 7500 horse-power, and carry about 800 tons of coal. Their coal-bunkers serve as a protection to their machinery.

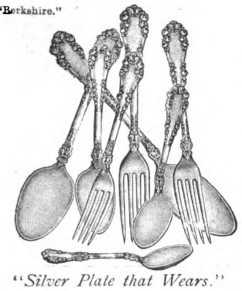
The *Mayflower* was known as one of the largest and fastest steam-yachts in existence. She was designed by G. W. Watson, the famous English yacht-designer, and was built at Clydebank, England. She is somewhat larger than the despatch-boat *Dolphin*. She is 321 feet long, 36 feet 6 inches wide, draws 16 feet 6 inches of water, has 2400 tonnage, twin screws, and a theoretical speed of nearly twenty knots. Four-inch rapid-fire guns with launching-tubes for torpedoes will probably compose her new armament.

The *Gwin* is one of the four single-screw 20-knot torpedo-boats contracted for on October 6, 1896. With the exception of the *Stiletto*, they are the smallest and slowest of their type in the navy. The *Gwin* is 98 feet long, 12 feet 6 inches wide, draws 3 feet 4 inches of water, has 20 knots' speed, is of 850 tonnage, and has two torpedo-tubes. She is waiting for her crew.

"A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE."—By Caspar Whitney.—Copiously Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50.—Harper & B

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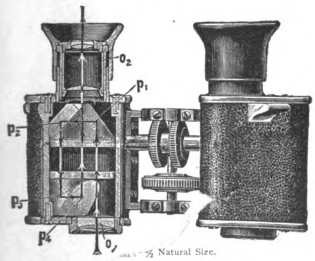


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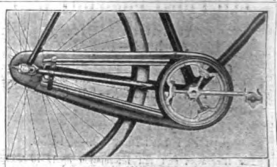
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ARTICLES ON CUBA'S FOREIGN COMMERCE AND RECONCENTRADOS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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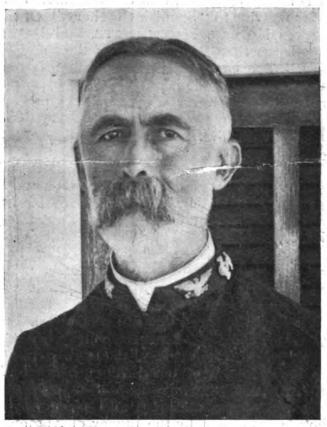
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 9, 1898

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ANOTHER thing besides the freedom of Cuba will certainly accompany war, if war there must be. Notwithstanding the unwillingness of the real patriots of the country who do not wish war except as the last extremity, the people of the United States will present a united front to their enemies. There will be no differences of opinion among us while war lasts; there will be no hesitancy in providing the means and money to carry on the war; there will be manifested everywhere, and by all classes, devoted loyalty to the country, and those with whom we shall be called upon to contend will have to withstand the full force of a powerful and willing nation. The first step taken for the national defence, aside from the preparations of the general government, was taken by the State of New York in appropriating a million dollars to be used by the government in case of the expected emergency.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the award of the tribunal, fixing the amount of damages owing by the United States to subjects of Great Britain on account of unlawful seizure of vessels in Bering Sea, has not yet been paid. This is a case where all dispute as to the fairness of the claim and the justice of the amount is ended. A judgment has been rendered against us, and we are glad to learn as we do from Washington, that the award will probably be paid at the present session. But there has already been too much delay about it.

IN another part of the paper will be found an article on Cuban commerce, written by the author of the article on "The Public Finance of Spain," which appeared in a recent number of the WEEKLY. This article will be found even more interesting to people of the United States than the previous article, for it is this country which furnishes to Cuba its best market, and the commerce of the island is almost wholly dependent for its prosperity upon its relations with the United States. One of the interesting suggestions of the article is that Spain has largely contributed to the ruin of Cuba by adopting the same policy towards the island colony that the general government of our own country has adopted towards the agricultural States in behalf of the manufacturing States.

JUDGE BRADLEY of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, if he is reported correctly, ought to be called to account. The other day, in denying a motion made on behalf of a negro who had been convicted of murder, he said, "Lynching probably would be better than putting the government to the expense of keeping and hanging that brute." We have had lawless opinions from Governors of States, and we have had a ruling by a Kentucky judge on what he called the "unwritten law," but Judge BRADLEY'S utterance goes beyond anything of the kind in our history. Lynching is one of the disgraces of the country. Communities and people who are guilty of it are not civilized, and a judge who would uphold it is himself a criminal. Congress has taken the matter up, and is contemplating impeachment. If the judge is guilty, there ought to be no doubt about his removal.

AT least one notable good has resulted from the feverish excitement of preliminary war from which the world has been suffering for many days past. It was made clear to Spain that the policy of concentrating the people of Cuba in villages and towns there to starve and die must be abandoned, and an end has been made to that horror, General BLANCO having issued an order doing practically what he pretended to be about to do when he assumed the Captain-Generalship of the island. Under his order the reconcentrados are to be permitted to return to their farms and to remain there. Moreover, they are to be helped in the work of restoring the desolate island by the Spanish government. The horror aroused by Senator PROCTOR was certainly the direct cause of General BLANCO'S order, but notwithstanding that order Spain will remain pilloried as the one modern and Christian nation ready to resort to mediæval barbarities for the maintenance of her hold over an unwilling people.

WE are inclined to think that the bosses of New York are not quite so strong as they were before the last election. PLATT and CROKER have failed in some of their schemes. They failed, for example, most signally, to secure control of the rapid-transit project in the interest of Tammany bandits. They failed also to pass their bill for the suppression of criticism by the public press; and CROKER will be obliged, therefore, to submit to the continuance of the habit which the press of New York has acquired of treating him with much less respect than the English press manifests for Mr. GLADSTONE and for Lord SALISBURY. As the New York *Times* recently said, the boss ceases to be strong with the politicians whenever the politicians are made to understand that the people are aggressively hostile to the boss. CROKER is riding to his doom by exhibiting himself too plainly to the people of New York city, and PLATT is probably to meet his fate from a Governor who has not always shown himself over-scrupulous, but who evidently has too much ambition to remain always a humble servitor.

WHEN the report of the *Maine* board of inquiry came before Congress, the Jingoes made a remarkable exhibition of their true character. Every decent citizen in the country accepted the report as a final judgment on the disaster. The officers who composed the board were known to be able and honorable men, who had reached their conclusions, and their failure to conclude definitely, after a patient, thorough, and intelligent examination of all the evidence. But the Jingoes were not satisfied. Representative HULL of Iowa, for example, decided that "the *Maine* was blown up by a Spanish mine." Representative DOLLIVER said that the explosion was the result of a "well-planned conspiracy." Senator HAWLEY has proved to his own satisfaction, by a set of photographs of which he is the happy possessor, that the destruction of the *Maine* was due to "Spanish treachery." Of course Senators MORGAN, MASON, FRYE, and DAVIS all know better than the members of the board of inquiry. The conclusion to be drawn from this feature of the episode is an old one. It is that the Jingo always believes what he wants to believe, and is always ready to denounce every one who disagrees with him.

THE lease by China to Russia of Port Arthur and Ta Lien-wan is finally consummated, and there is general anticipation in Europe of trouble in the Far East. The trouble, however, is not likely to arise between England and Russia, which seem to be on good terms so far, notwithstanding the Chinese concessions to the latter. Russia promises that her ports in China will be as open to foreign commerce as are other Russian ports. The trouble that is likely to break out will be between France and Great Britain. There is really very serious danger of a war between these two countries. The latest letters of our London correspondent, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, give us a clear exposition of the cause of the difficulty, and every American who is not blinded by the lunacy of Anglophobia will wish well to our English cousins. Where they go, go also freedom and self-government, and, besides, the nation of our kindred is now our strongest friend.

THERE is no doubt that France is in danger. We do not believe that the Russian alliance will be of any help to her in any difficulty which she may have with England. Morally, it has been a distinct disadvantage to her. While M. HANOTAUX is professing friendship for both Spain and the United States, and promising neutrality in case war breaks out, the sympathy of the official press is largely with Spain, just as it was the enthusiastic advocate of the Russian alliance. But the Russian alliance is an unnatural one for the French Republic. It is mainly an alliance compelled by money considerations—in other words, by the needs and hopes of profit of the Paris bankers who hold Turkish bonds. This alliance between the bankers of Paris and the Russian Tsar made the republic the enemy of the Cretans in their struggle for liberty, and the supporter of the Sultan in his war with Greece. At the present time it has made the republic the treacherous enemy of England in Africa, and an intriguer against her interests in China. It has also made the French press pretty generally the unfriendly critic of our own republic in its trouble with Spain. The French press is full of sneers not only at the folly of our Jingoes, but at the wise and conservative course of our government, and of our naval officers who have been investigating the cause of the loss of the *Maine*. So blind are these Paris papers to the facts of the situation that their editorial columns are simply filled with untruths uttered in the contemptuous manner which is natural to French wits. We do not believe that the people of France like this attitude towards us any more than they really like the attitude of the republic in its adherence to the interests of the Sultan, and in its hostility to the Cretan struggle for self-government. If the spirit which is dominating France, which includes at present the military spirit seeking to increase the prestige of the army in view of the recent assault upon its honor by ZOLA, succeeds in bringing about war between England and France, France will probably suffer a serious defeat, and an important loss of territory in the East, and after that the bankers and *bourgeoisie* will, we fear, have to reckon with socialism.

THE COURSE OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE United States can wage war on Spain and retain the respect of herself and of the civilized world if Spain refuses to permit us to help the starving reconcentrados, or, in order to prevent the recurrence of starvation and misery, to arrange to bring the wasting war in Cuba to an end. We may rightfully wage war, too, if Spain does not make a proper response, touching the sinking of the *Maine*, to Mr. MCKINLEY'S appeal to her sense of justice. We could not make war righteously unless we waited for the refusal of our aid, or of the demanded promise of eventual peace, or of sufficient indemnification for the loss of our American ship and sailors. The President's course has been to make Spain commit the first act of war, and in this the President has been right, while, in trying to hurry him, Congress has been wrong.

Intelligent men will agree that this country ought not to deliver the first blow unless for better reasons for its hostile attitude than were contained in the resolutions offered in the Senate last week. Not one of these stated a single authentic fact which would sustain us before the court of nations in making war on Spain. They were the frenzied imaginings of distempered minds bent on war, and disappointed because war had not already come. Not a word in them would excuse an immediate declaration of war, or anything but diplomatic negotiation for the peace of Cuba and the indemnification of the United States, such negotiations as the President insisted on carrying on to the end.

This is undoubtedly the time when the President needs and deserves the support of the rational men of the country. Since the report of the board of inquiry on the *Maine* was sent to Congress there has been a great losing of heads that had up to that moment been cool and intelligent. Since Monday of last week a very large number of the people of this country, perhaps a majority, have believed that the *Maine* was blown up by design, and some have gone so far as to accuse the Spaniards of the monumental wickedness and folly of such a crime. The people who are newly recruited for war say, indeed, that they want to fight for humanity's sake, but when they come to the last and bottom declaration of the cause of their hostility it is found that they are filled with rage because the *Maine* was blown up, and, in their opinion, blown up by a treacherous and inconceivably wicked foe, who all the time was pretending friendship for the United States, and, besides, was all the time making court to Europe by a show of dignity and reserve, intended to emphasize, by way of contrast, the enormity of the alleged offence and the gravity of the alleged impertinence committed by the United States in threatening to interfere between a friendly power and her rebellious subjects.

We have hoped that there was to be no war, but we have realized that the shouters who want war for war's sake, or for the chance that war gives to rob the government and the people through contracting and other forms of sutlering, have succeeded in superheating a good many intellects to a point where thinking is difficult to them. If this were not so, the very character of the men who have been clamorous for war would have incited to caution and suspicion. Is it not a fact that the men in public life whom the country most trusts have been for an honorable peace, if an honorable peace could be maintained? Is it not also true that the loudest for war have been the discredited? However, as we have said, the cry for war has been so strong and lusty that it has drowned men's reasons, and politicians who have earned and received the contempt of good citizens have lately been accepted as trustworthy guides because they have wanted to light the torch of war. We must reckon, too, with the spirit of unrest, with the feeling that even war would be better than a condition of uncertainty.

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But a large part of this spirit is also commercial, and has its sources in disappointment at the breaking up of the spring trade, and in consequent loss of advertisements, rather than in the everlasting and blessed fountains of patriotism. We must bear in mind, too, the influence of the Cuban insurgents and the Junta, who insist on determining the attitude of the United States, and compelling this country to win the independence of Cuba at any cost to itself. We must reckon also with the baser politicians who are governed entirely by their party and personal interests, and who are quite willing that Americans shall be killed in war, whether the war be just or unjust, so long as their temporary political ends are gained thereby. And, above all, we must reckon with the awakened sympathies of the people, who have been stirred in the depths of their hearts by Senator PROCTOR'S revelations, and whose cause is always worthy of the profoundest respect.

What is the real state of the case? We could not go to war over the destruction of the *Maine*. Even those who believed that Spain is guilty could not rationally advocate such a course. The report of the board of inquiry stood in the way. The board believed that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside, but it had not a particle of evidence as to who was responsible for the accident. For our part, we accept the conclusion of the board. We believe in the men who composed it, and in the character and thoroughness of their investigation. We believe that in such a case as this, involving as it does the gravest international relations, and holding within itself the most serious of possibilities, that the board would understate rather than exaggerate the significance of purely circumstantial testimony. Therefore we believe that there is the strongest of reasons, short of absolute certainty, for the finding that the explosion was from the outside. But there is no evidence whatever fixing the guilt on any one; so that Spain is only responsible, in international law, for constructive negligence, and the only compensation that could properly be demanded for such responsibility is a money compensation. We do not, of course, accept the Spanish report in the disaster as of the slightest value. That follows from the acceptance of the report of our own officers; but even if our own report had not been made, the assertion of the Spanish board, taking into consideration the character of the investigation on which it was based, is of no greater value, say, than is any important assertion made by any sensational newspaper. In taking the report of the SAMPSON board as conclusive, we differ, of course, from the Jingoes; but no honest and competent man can agree with them unless the facts happen to jump with Jingo desires.

But if there is no cause for war, how could a cause be found in the condition of the reconcentrados, unless Spain refused to permit us to feed them? We admit that, if Spain should object, the country ought to fight for the privilege. There is something more attractive in this proposition than in the suggestion that the report of the SAMPSON board is not true, and that we should fight before Spain has had an opportunity to say no to a demand for recompense, on a state of facts which the board explicitly declared that it could not find. "No matter about the *Maine!* No matter about any other cause!" shouted the Jingoes the week before last. "Let us fight for the sake of humanity!" And the country was very strongly inclined to go with them. But if Spain would not object to our feeding the poor wretches, the reason for fighting for the privilege would be gone. There is no one but THURSTON who has deliberately declared that his charity cannot be seasoned to his taste except with powder and shot. If Spain would permit us to feed the reconcentrados, and would give us satisfactory assurance of the ending of the war, certainly we could not then declare war. This was the position of the President, while the position of the Jingoes was that war should be declared without waiting for Spain's refusal of our charity.

The President has not wanted to fight merely for the sake of war or for Cuban independence unconnected with humanitarian reasons. Until the present time very few citizens of this country have wanted the United States to go to war for Cuban independence alone, and not many would now favor such a war were it not for the temporary blinding influence of unreasoning passion. Sensible persons have a just appreciation of the hollowness of the pretence of love and admiration for the Cuban patriots. There may come cause for war between Spain and the United States, but it will never be merely the struggle for Cuban independence. The horrors of Spanish rule in Cuba justify the United States in demanding that Spain give up its effort to put down the insurrection, but while Spain is consenting to our charitable intervention we should not press her with undue haste. And since she thus permits us to feed the victims of her barbarities, we cannot consistently shoot the consenting Spaniard with one hand while we are feeding the starving Cuban with the other, unless the Spaniard insists that there shall be no consideration of peace by him until the insurrectionists surrender. It is here that the President has found himself. He has sought to relieve the distress, the revelation of which has horrified and amazed the world, and at the same time to guard his country from the terrible evils of war. He has performed the task of a just, merciful, and wise man. He has been surrounded by a snarling pack of warlike politicians and newspapers who have wanted war for reasons which they cannot sustain —in short, for any reason that will draw blood.

THE PHILANTHROPIC POLICY.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

A FEW days ago the excitement about Cuba seemed to turn on the miseries of the reconcentrados. The recent speech of Senator PROCTOR describing their pitiful condition called forth outbursts of genuine sympathy all over the country, which did honor to the popular heart. Their sincerity was proved by the renewed efforts made on all sides to succor the unfortunates, and it was responsive to the popular feeling that President MCKINLEY, whose general conduct under trying circumstances is entitled to the highest praise, made this work of humanity the most prominent point of his policy with regard to the Cuban question. Spain did not repel this peaceful intervention. On the contrary, General BLANCO has approved of it, and issued an order returning the reconcentrados to their homes, and promising them material assistance on the part of his government. It is said by advocates of armed intervention in Cuba that Spain cannot be trusted as to the good faith of her promises. Granted for argument's sake. But is it not probable that under the fierce pressure of the public opinion of the world now bearing upon her she will really make an earnest effort to keep that promise? If this is her intention, will not armed interference by the United States in Cuba, which would mean war, be apt to change the purpose of the Spanish government to relieve the reconcentrados, thus return those unfortunates to their misery, and at the same time deprive them of the philanthropic assistance intended for them by our people? For it must be considered that in case of war the Spaniards would necessarily make a desperate effort to shut us off from all communication with the sufferers, and if we made any attempt to reach them with our food-supplies and hospital stores, to capture those things for themselves. In the mean time the miserable reconcentrados would be in a more wretched and forlorn plight than they are at present, for they would be robbed of the help they are now receiving. It may be said that our warships and our brave troops would soon open a way to them. But that would depend upon the fortunes of war, and the fortunes of war are notoriously very uncertain; they are especially so when the war is to be mainly fought out on the sea with those modern battle-ships of which nobody can predict how they will behave or calculate to what accidents they will be exposed in actual conflict. We may be superior to the Spaniard in the number and quality of our ships, the power of our batteries, and the efficiency of our men. But a chance shot fired from a Spanish vessel may at the decisive moment of an important naval engagement disable our best ship, and turn the action in favor of the enemy. This would, of course, not determine the final result of the war, which, we can safely assume, will, owing to the immense superiority of our resources, leave us master of the field. But it may enable the Spaniards to hold the sea, and to shut us off from the island of Cuba awhile longer, and thus give the poor reconcentrados plenty of time to starve to death or to perish from disease.

Thus it appears that, if it is really our aim promptly to relieve the reconcentrados of their present misery, we should jump at the chance of doing this peaceably, for the very simple reason that armed interference—that is, the actual outbreak of hostilities between ourselves and the power ruling the country in which our charity is to be exercised—would forcibly separate us from the objects of our benevolence, and doom them to further sufferings for a time to be determined by that uncertain factor the fortune of war. He whose philanthropic feeling for the reconcentrados is sincere will therefore, on their behalf, be for peace, at least so long as he is peaceably permitted to pursue his philanthropic work. He may be for war—that is, for armed intervention—only when the path of the philanthropic work is obstructed by force, and he has to cut his way through to those he seeks to benefit. He who is for war while that way is open will have no right to complain if other motives and aims than those of philanthropy are imputed to him. To say that armed intervention will have the purpose of securing the future welfare of those we wish to succor is useless, for two reasons. In the first place, a great many of them would be sure to perish while we were seeking to secure their future welfare in a manner rendering us, for some time at least, unable to provide for their present existence; and secondly, the war with Spain, precipitated by that armed intervention, would deprive us of every possibility of obtaining by further peaceable negotiation the philanthropic end we have in view—which peaceable negotiation would probably become much easier and more promising after we had once won from Spain the admission of our friendly interest in the internal affairs of Cuba.

Thus it is evident that if philanthropy really constitutes the ruling motive of our action, our object will be best served by a peaceable policy, and that if we precipitate a war with Spain by armed intervention without absolute and obvious necessity, the singleness of our philanthropic motive, no matter what our protestations may be, will hardly be trusted by anybody. And it is certainly of high importance to us, as to our honorable standing in the family of nations, that our integrity of purpose and profession, our character for truth and veracity, should stand above question in the opinion of civilized mankind. In this respect it should not be forgotten that if our philanthropic policy is to have full credit, it should not only be, but also *appear* to be, free from all promptings of selfishness. We should, therefore, neglect no means or opportunity for convincing the world that the acquisition of Cuba for the United States, as an intended or a merely incidental result of our action, is absolutely foreign to our thoughts.

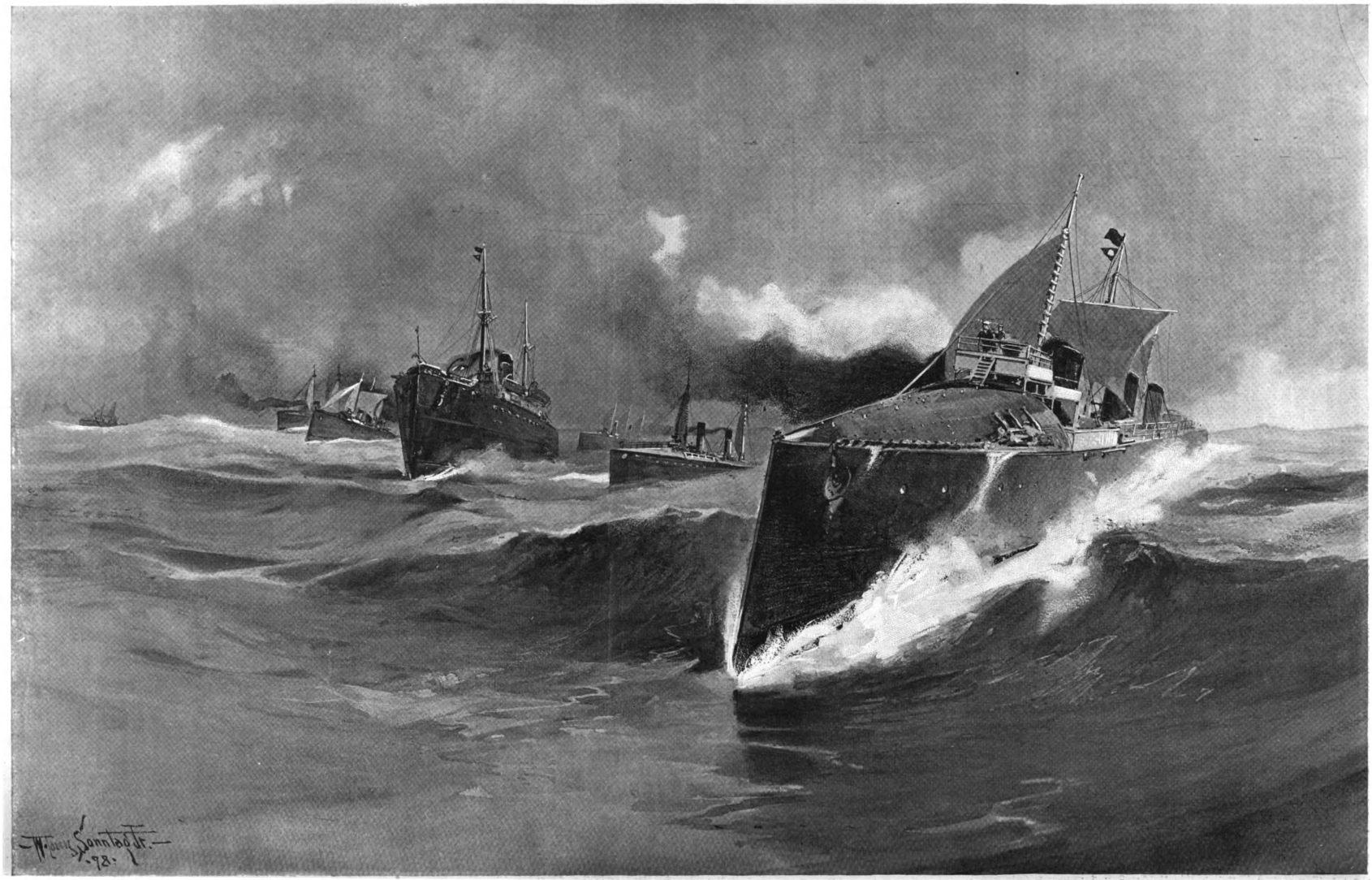
Neither should we forget that the philanthropic policy, if it is to be genuine, must be philanthropic "all round." It must not, in order to alleviate the sufferings of some, impose avoidable suffering on others. That Cuba has been sorely oppressed and maltreated by Spanish misgovernment; that the struggle between the Cuban insurgents and the Spanish forces bore traits of outrageous cruelty; that the forcible "concentration" of the country people in the towns without means of subsistence was a barbarous measure, subjecting its victims to horrible misery; that the Spanish government has been unwilling or unable to put an end to such revolting atrocities; and that the condition of the afflicted portion of the Cuban people powerfully appeals to the sympathy and the helpful impulses of every generous person — all this is certainly true. It is no less true that if, in obedience to such helpful impulses, we resort to war, we shall sacrifice the lives of an incalculable number of our own people in battle or, in case of an invasion of Cuba, by disease; we shall spend in the work of slaughter and devastation perhaps a hundred times as much money as it would cost to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked in Cuba—or, for that matter, to relieve the miseries of the indigent in our own country—for many months; we shall cause that trouble and distress among the poorer classes of our own people by which every war is accompanied and followed; and we shall call into unbridled activity those elements of corruption and demoralization in our social and political life which war never fails to stimulate, and of which we already witness the premonitory symptoms. All this, too, is certainly true. If the one side is entitled to generous consideration, is not the other? If philanthropy demands that we avert harm from the Cuban people, does not the same philanthropy demand that we avert harm from our own people likewise? Is only the one thing to be called "magnanimity" and "honor," and the other "cowardice"?

But we are asked, "Shall we stand by in cold-blooded selfishness, unwilling to take any risk to save our unfortunate neighbors?" No. But if we are a wise, a truly generous, a truly philanthropic people, willing even, if necessary, to take any risk, we shall exhaust the last chance for the peaceable attainment of succor to the suffering and the stoppage of bloodshed and Spanish misrule in Cuba; we shall firmly sustain the noble, patriotic, and statesmanlike efforts of President MCKINLEY to accomplish that object; we shall honor him for his steadfast fidelity in seeking to save both sides from harm; and with him we shall firmly uphold the first principle of true philanthropy — honorable peace so long as it is possible; war only when it becomes an imperative necessity.

When this was written, negotiations with Spain were still pending. By the time it will appear the situation may be essentially changed. But the principles and views herein set forth may even then be thought deserving of consideration.

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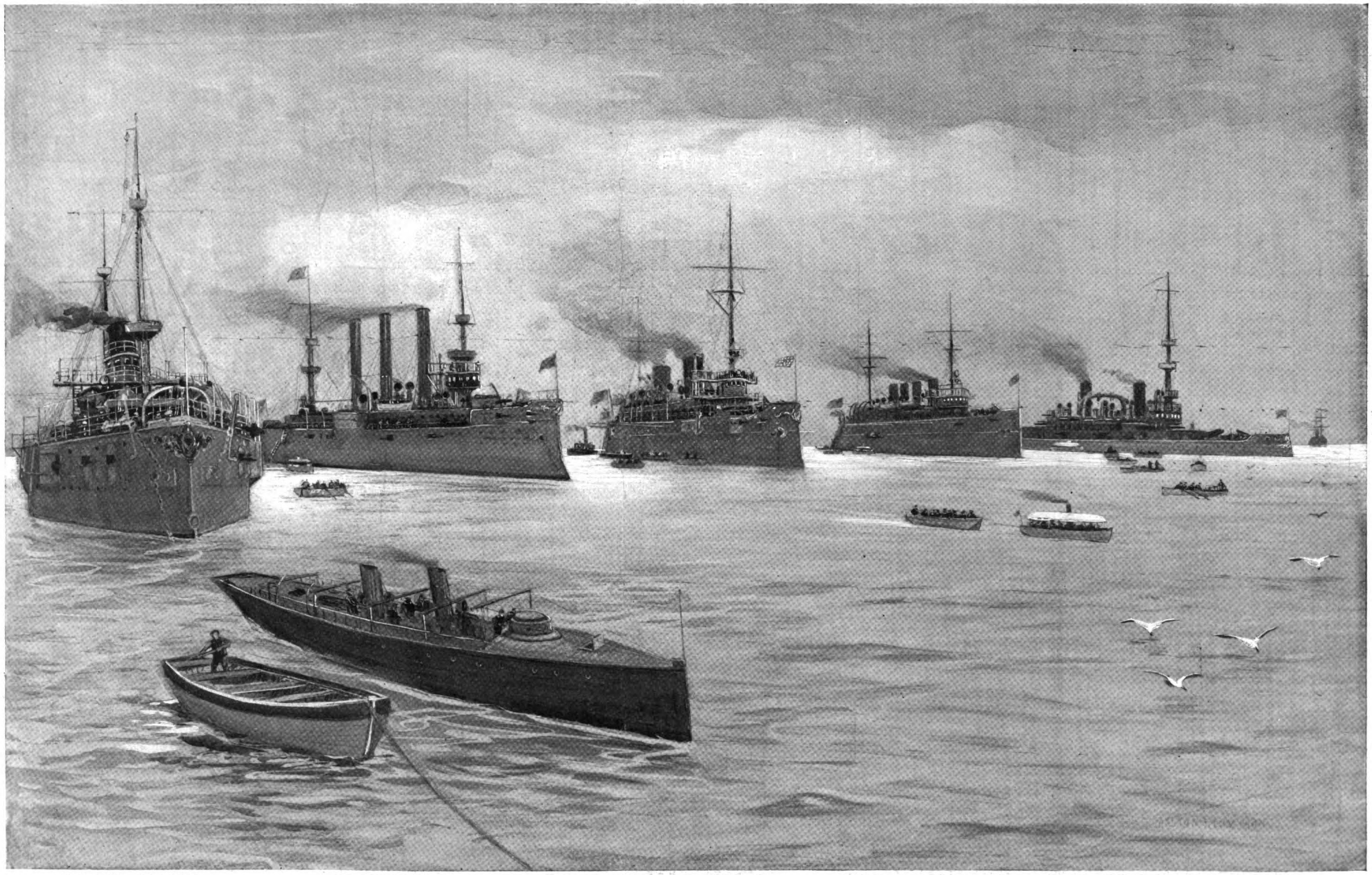
Torpedo-Boat "Ariete." Torpedo-Gunboat "Pluton." Torpedo-Gunboat "Terror." Converted Merchant-man "Ciudad de Cadiz," as Convoy. Torpedo-Boat "Rayo." Torpedo-Boat "Azor." Torpedo-Gunboat "Furor."

SPAIN'S TORPEDO-BOAT FLOTILLA *EN ROUTE* FROM THE CANARIES TO PUERTO RICO.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jr.—[See Page 355.]

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2nd Class Battle-Ship "Texas." Armored Cruiser "Brooklyn." Protected Cruiser "Minneapolis." Protected Cruiser "Columbia." 1st Class Battle-Ship "Massachusetts."

THE FLYING SQUADRON—EARLY MORNING AT HAMPTON ROADS.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

Original from PENN STATE

LONDON.

March 19, 1898.

In Lord Salisbury's break-down the inevitable has happened. The task of governing the British Empire in quiet times requires the vigor of a healthy Titan. During the last fortnight England has been on the verge of war with France. Nobody knows better than Lord Salisbury the meaning of war, and if those behind him have cried "Forward!" with ever-increasing urgency, the task of holding the country in check has imposed upon the Prime Minister a burden under which he has, at all events, temporarily, succumbed. Notwithstanding the optimistic forecast of his friends, there is reason to believe that the reconstruction of the ministry, at which I have more than once hinted, will not long be delayed. With foreign affairs in their present tangled condition, the conduct of the Foreign Office cannot long remain in commission. For the present Mr. Balfour visits the Foreign Office for a short time every day, when the more important despatches and decisions are submitted to him. Mr. Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. Goschen, who form the inner circle of the cabinet, will, it is understood, be consulted on all matters of special moment. This stop-gap plan may last for a few weeks, but it is fatal to rapidity of action, to continuity of design, or to the strength of policy that is attainable only from the exercise of a single mind invested with plenary powers.

As Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury has been saved from the necessity of much correspondence and consultation; still, the union of the two offices is unlikely to recur in our time. The mere physical labor of perusing despatches has prevented the rapid transaction of business. Many despatches are necessarily put aside. The Foreign Office is clogged with arrears. Misunderstandings accumulate. And the result of the Prime Minister adding to his duties the control of the foreign relations of Britain is exactly what it would be if the senior partner of a great firm were to undertake personal responsibility for the control of the largest department of the business in addition to the general supervision of all the others.

With regard to the difficulties with France, it is now understood that, so far as British and French statesmanship is concerned, matters will not be forced to a head before the new French Chamber is elected. Colonel Lugard, on landing at Lagos, will find himself in command of a force of 8000 men, with ample stores and munitions of war. Transport by the Niger route will again be available early in April. I am informed from trustworthy sources that the French have also sent strong re-enforcements to Dahomey. Whatever may be the desire of the governments on both sides of the Channel, it is possible that events on the West Coast may force their hands. Notwithstanding the denial of Monsieur Hanotaux, there is reason to know that a French force—whether disavowed or not is immaterial—is actually on the left bank of the Niger, in the region expressly reserved by the Anglo-French treaty of 1890 as constituting the British Protectorate. An adequate British force of the Royal Niger Company is now understood to be in pursuit of the French expedition repudiated by Monsieur Hanotaux. Either by force or persuasion the latter will be compelled to retire. It is expected that decisive news will be received on this subject within the next few days.

It remains to be seen, in the event of French defeat or retirement, how Paris and the Chauvinist element in France will accept the situation. Behind the question of French encroachments in Sokoto there is the more important question of Boussa, English by direct treaty, dated July 20, 1890. By the third article of this instrument, after granting to the Royal Niger Company full and absolute jurisdiction over all foreigners in the territories of Boussa and Borgu, the Emir and chiefs undertake never at any time to "cede any of our territories to any other person or state, or enter into any agreement, treaty, or arrangement with any foreign government, except through and with the consent of the Company [the Royal Niger], or, if the Company should at any time so desire, with the consent of the government of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India."

If these details are not very interesting, it is perhaps well to record them in order to prove to the American public that Great Britain is not grasping territory that is not admittedly British. The state of relations with France is shown by the fact that the letters of one great Jewish house, of both London and Paris, are sent by special messenger, as it is afraid, in the present state of feeling, to trust its despatches to the French post-office.

The self-restraint of the United States on the questions at issue with Spain continue to be watched with the closest attention, and the hope is growing that a conflict may be avoided. The general—I might almost say the universal—opinion of serious men is that there is no necessity for war, even if the *Maine* disaster should prove to be the result of design, so long as the Spanish government is not implicated in the crime. The only justification for war by a great civilized state is either defence of national existence or the vindication of national honor. Neither of these considerations enters into the question of the *Maine*. Her loss does not imperil your national safety, and the act of an individual foreign miscreant does not touch your national honor. The case of Cuba is different. If Armenia were an island in the British Channel, governed by the Turk and subject to inveterate misgovernment, the sentiments of Englishmen would be identical with the feelings of Americans towards Cuba. The view in England is that the United States is justified, on the ground of national honor, in seeking to put things right in Cuba with or without war. If accomplished peaceably, the achievement will be one of the most signal triumphs of the higher statesmanship recorded in the present century.

It is stated that Mr. Michael Davitt tells the American people that the sympathies of the English ruling classes are really with Spain, and that they are as hostile to America as they were in the days of Washington and Lincoln. The statement is untrue, and is obviously dictated by the desire to create bad blood between England and the United States. On good authority, I am able to say that a recrudescence of the physical-force party in Ireland has begun. Secret meetings are being held, and active endeavors are being made to revive the Agrarian trouble. The anniversary of the rebellion of 1798 is being employed to sow ill feeling and to neutralize the patient and not ungenerous attempts made by England during the last thirty years to repair the injustice of former generations. If Fenianism should revive, it will be put down. The English people now understand too much of the Irish question to dance to the piping of a gang of political mercenaries. Mr. Davitt opposed the ratification of the Arbitration Act with America because his desire to injure England is greater than his power to benefit his compatriots in the United States.

The question of Anglo-American relations is the subject of constant discussion. Thoughtful Englishmen appreciate the fact that international affairs throughout the world are driving the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race into a closer union, both of interest and of policy. England and the United States are now virtually the only efficient representatives of liberty and law against militarism and despotic government. If England and America are to come together, their mutual approach will have been accomplished by the peoples long before their rulers have formulated the conditions under which their mutual interests will be defined. Questions have been asked in the House of Commons this week, by Mr. Davitt and other Irishmen, as to whether Great Britain will loan war-ships to the United States. The negative answers of Mr. Curzon do not exhaust the possibilities. If a conflict ensues between the United States and Spain, it will be unnecessary for England to offer, or for the United States to accept, the active intervention of Great Britain, an act which might, not unjustly, be regarded as beneath the dignity of the American people.

Still, there are other methods by which the warm and active sympathy of Britain with the States might be exhibited. The use of British ports, coaling-stations, and dock-yards, given to the United States and withheld from Spain, would provide the former with naval bases in European waters, the value of which could not be overrated. There is every disposition, and, I believe, a popular determination, to do anything that is necessary to support the principles of freedom and justice with which the United States' action in reference to Cuba is bound up.

As an instance of the friendly feelings towards the United States now exhibited in purely English gatherings, I may mention that at a dinner given by the Navy League to Lord Charles Beresford the speeches began with a pointed reference to the loss of the *Maine* that showed, after all, blood is thicker than water. The Navy League dinner was naturally restricted to British subjects, but I noticed that the only man in the room not of English birth was a distinguished American gentleman, whose presence indicated the character of the relations subsisting between the two countries. On the occasion of Captain Mahan's visit to England, in July next, he also will be the guest of the Navy League. These are straws which show which way the wind blows.

Before leaving the subject of Anglo-American relations I venture to state with perfect frankness the admirable effect that would be produced upon English public opinion by the payment of the indemnity awarded to Great Britain under the sealing arbitration. Although the amount involved is but small and the people interested obscure and unknown here, the prompt payment by the United States of what is looked on as the just dues of British subjects would be both timely and in the highest political sense a generous recognition of the principles of international arbitration.

Officers wounded in the Afridi campaign are beginning to appear in London society, and one hears from them many things of deep interest which have not appeared in the newspapers. Here is one. Much has been said lately against the type and character of the private soldiers sent from England to India. It is true that before and even during the campaign some slight weeding was necessary. An officer who himself was severely wounded by a Dum-dum bullet tells the following story of thirteen private soldiers, which deserves to go down into history. During one of the rear-guard actions a small detachment of twelve men and a non-commissioned officer was cut off. The officer referred to was in command of the party despatched next morning to find them. On reaching the place where the men had made their last stand he found thirteen dead bodies. All their rifles were of course stolen by the Afridis. Here comes the point of the story. After firing his last cartridge, each man of the thirteen removed the breech-bolt of his rifle and threw it as far as he could, so that the rifle, which he knew would be used against his countrymen, might be rendered useless. Every one of those thirteen bolts was recovered by the young officer in command of the search party. The last thought of these men before they laid down their lives was not for themselves, but for their countrymen and comrades. It is good to belong to the race capable of such things.

I am afraid that there is some truth in the following extract from a private letter received from an officer on the Indian frontier who has had his share of hard knocks:

"I don't know if the useless war is to be carried to still greater lengths or not. I don't see, at the present rate, how it will ever end! I hope you will persuade your journalistic friends that the forward policy is absolutely fatal, and that India will soon be ruined by such incompetent men as we have now at the head of affairs. Sir —— —— is at the bottom of all this Afridi trouble, and yet the Viceroy still upholds him in power. Lord —— —— seems to be very incompetent too, and judging from his speeches, he knows nothing about India. They should give up Chitral and recall the Viceroy, and then India might have a chance. Thank goodness, Sir —— —— is going; we shall have one fool the less amongst the authorities now. Sir —— —— is a dead failure, and he has had much to say to all the disasters at the front. The British public have been blinded, but, thank God, there are men like yourself at home who could enlighten them about the real state of Indian affairs. I am no pessimist, but I really believe India is on the verge of ruin. The military party has too much power out here, and the Viceroy is a weak man and of no ability. There will be a new campaign now, and all the bloodshed repeated all over again, and we shall gain nothing for it all. The sole cause of all these frontier troubles is *Chitral* and the making of military roads through the Swat country. How Russia and the Ameer must be laughing at us for pulling their chestnuts out of the fire for them!"

For seven or eight years the public have heard nothing of Mr. J. E. C. Bodley. Ten years ago he was well known, first, as an able official of the Local Government Board, and, secondly, as the secretary and colleague of Sir Charles Dilke in his monumental work on Great Britain. This work was a study of comparative politics and a survey of the entire empire. It is understood that Mr. Bodley investigated the South African problem for Sir Charles, and that the section of the work devoted to the country south of the Zambesi was the work of Mr. Bodley. From that time to this Mr. Bodley seemed to have disappeared from literature and public affairs. He has not been idle. The result of his leisure has just been given to the world in the form of a scholarly, comprehensive, impartial, and pregnant analysis of the political situation in France. He tells us that during a residence of some seven years in France he has investigated every source of information likely to throw light upon his task. He frequented all classes of French society. He became acquainted with the peasantry, with the army, with men of letters, with the aristocracy, and with the middle classes. Like Arthur Young, he sojourned in rural France, and one result of his work is to dispel the notion, too prevalent both in the United States and in this country, that Paris is France.

The pessimism of France seems to be concentrated in the capital and in the great cities. The French people outside the centres of population are industrious and happy. Although the republic has excluded from its service the worthiest sons of France, and has discouraged politicians of decorous example, the cynicism and dejection which form the distinctive note of modern civilization have not yet invaded rural France. That portion of the people which goes resolutely about its daily work and is careless of the form of government under which it lives is not yet stricken with the pessimistic disease that ravages whole communities, irrespective of their racial origin or system of government. Civilized progress in France in some important features has had less depressing results in France than elsewhere. There is no counterpart on the other side of the Channel of the "submerged tenth" of our English cities, whose condition still disgraces our statesmanship.

The social question is serious in France, but it does not present any such sombre pictures of suffering as would warrant extreme dejection. The dolorous contagion of pessimism in France is largely due to the disastrous issue of the war with Prussia. Through all history France has been blithe, expansive, and debonair. She is now peevish, suspicious, damaged in fortune, restless, and bereaved in her affections. The "fatal drollery of representative government," as Mr. Disraeli once called it, seems to be unsuited to the buoyant and somewhat irresponsible temperament of the French people. This is the true origin of our present disputes with France. Constitutional government, to be a success, requires two homogeneous and well-defined parties. France is split up by the group system, and this is but a synonym for irreconcilable conflict, and is the raw material of inveterate corruption in public life.

In France, since the Revolution, the rise and fall of dynasties, not of ministries, have reflected the varying moods of the nation. France has failed to realize any one of the three items in the formula of the Revolution—liberty, equality, and fraternity. The solid result of the Revolution was to bring Napoleon into the field, and to give his master mind the opportunity of establishing that system of internal organization which has outlasted the hundred changes of men and principles that have occurred since the Revolution. The fabric of law and of administration which is the strength and glory of modern France is due to Napoleon. Constitutionalism is unsuited to the French blood. No system of Parliamentary government satisfies the French people. It is not the republic *per se* that is responsible for the low ebb to which French politics has sunk. The fault has been in the attempt to copy the Parliamentary system of England, which is the result of slow growth, and is incapable of being transplanted to foreign soil inhabited by men of the Latin race. Amid the chaos of the Terror and the bloodshed of the Revolution Napoleon devised a system of local administration which has outlived his conquests, and may yet prove to be the foundation on which the verdict of history on the achievements of his life will finally rest.

Such are the main ideas of Mr. Bodley's work. He is of opinion that the coming revolution in France will transform the republic in the direction of the Napoleonic system. The absence of a Cæsar alone has prevented the resumption of power by the inevitable strong man. The hour has come, but not the savior of society. One-man power is the only solution of the problem suited to the genius of the French people. It only remains to be said that Mr. Bodley's work, though not, perhaps, very well arranged, is the best exposition of the temper, politics, feeling, and genius of the French people that has yet been given by an Englishman to English-speaking people. Mr. P. G. Hamerton's delightful works are planned on a smaller scale and occupy a lower plane. Those who are interested in the future of France, or take interest in the process of fermentation which now occupies the attention of Europe, will do well to study Mr. Bodley's book. In this day of slipshod impressionism and superficial analysis the results of seven years' hard work of a trained political thinker are too valuable to pass over with casual and heedless praise.

The principal theatrical event of the week is Nelly Farren's benefit, from which she derives an income of $2000 for life. Londoners are more grateful to those who make them laugh than to those who make them think.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

These are good times for professional prophets. Every one wants to know what is going to happen, and no one except an experienced prophet can tell. Volunteer prophets do not count for much just now. They are apt to be emotional, and their forecasts are open to the suspicion of being prompted by their wishes or their fears. Besides, they are so numerous and their anticipations are so conflicting that no reliable data can be extracted from them. Only regular prophets who know their business need expect attention. Of these the most noted is Lieutenant Totten. He has been heard from; his voice is clear, and his attitude that of Anthony Trollope's hero who Knew He was Right. He declares that it is all turning out as he expected; that Daniel seems to have had the *Maine* disaster and the Cuban war in mind in his forecasts, and that next year, the last year of the century, will see the second coming of Christ and the dawn of the millennium. Mr. Totten reconciles himself cheerfully to the possible obliteration of Spain by the United States, though he does not absolutely certify that that is going to happen. He reads our prospects not in the yellow journals, but in the stars, which cannot lie and have no "extras" to dispose of. The heavenly bodies, he says, are in a state of violent excitement, which points to momentous occurrences between the 15th and 18th of the present month. From March 29 to April 1 was another period for which he predicted violent inflammation.

If matters turn out as Lieutenant Totten expects, it will be interesting to notice whether he is called, as a man of military education, to active service in the army, or left to marshal the stars and translate the celestial signals.

James Payn, who died in London on March 25, had been an industrious man of letters for more than forty years, and turned out in his time a prodigious amount of readable "copy." He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, published a volume of verse before he left college, and as soon as he was graduated—in 1854—became a frequent contributor to the *Westminster Review* and *Household Words*. In 1858 he became editor of *Chambers's Journal*, in which came out his first novel, "A Family Scapegrace," and some years later "Lost Sir Massingberd," a very successful story, which is said to have had an exceedingly favorable effect on the circulation of the magazine that published it.

Ten years ago Mr. Payn had no less than thirty-six novels to his credit. The British Museum catalogue makes him the author of more than 100 volumes. His stories were popular and successful, though none of them won permanent distinction. He also wrote many essays, and a volume of recollections. In 1892 he became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and for some years, until very lately, he has furnished a weekly page of paragraphs to the London *Illustrated News*. Of late he had been very much out of health, though that seemed not to have much effect upon his literary activity.

A Washington correspondent reports the findings of the government Bureau of Entomology in the matter of the house-fly. The fly is an enormously reproductive creature, and, if a fair chance is given to it, can supply any demand in a very short time. Practically all flies are bred in stables. The eggs do best in horse-droppings. They are easily killed by chloride of lime or kerosene; and as the new flies make for water as soon as hatched, a dish of poisoned water in a stable is effective in reducing their numbers. The way to keep a stable clear of flies is to spray all fresh manure with kerosene. The most hopeful token of the abatement of flies in cities, however, is to be found in the substitution of electricity for horses, but that is still so far off that there is every prospect that the fly question will still be actively discussed long after the Cuban question is settled.

Modern spiritualism dates from the "Rochester knockings," which began on the night of March 31, 1848, in Hydesville, New York. The Fox sisters, who invented the knockings, soon carried their phenomena to Rochester, where they began careers of adventure which were far from edifying in their results. To the average lay observer spiritualism seems a barren, disappointing, misleading, and demoralizing affair. It has done notorious damage to many persons, and it is not generally known that any good has come from it, or that it has brought to light any important new truth. It has been so honeycombed with fraud that it has always been very difficult to be sure that there was anything else than fraud to it; yet perhaps it has been of some use in promoting inquiry into psychical phenomena.

There were some celebrations of the jubilee of American spiritualism last week, but the chief celebration will be held next June, when the International Congress of Spiritualists meets at Rochester. However unremunerative spiritualism may seem to most persons, the believers in it in this country and Canada are numerous enough to form an important and active religious sect, with an organization and an estimated membership of 150,000, distributed among six or seven hundred local associations. They own a million dollars' worth of property, including about eighty churches, and employ about 1500 mediums. No doubt their experiments and researches afford them much entertainment, and of course they enjoy that fellowship of kindred minds in which all sorts of sectaries find their profit. An Alabama man explained his willingness to fight Spain by the confession that it was powerful dull in Alabama a good deal of the time. The dulness of normal existence for very many people, which drives some of them to drink, explains very many curious things, and no doubt, among others, the growth of spiritualism. What an enormous accumulation of fads there will be for the prohibitionists to turn attention to, and maybe fight, after they have abolished rum!

Long ago life must have ceased to be worth living for Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, and her death, which came on March 27, must have been in the nature of a welcome release. Misfortunes, bereavements, and reverses clouded her mind as her years advanced, and made her old age a tragedy. She was the daughter of Commodore Stewart of the American navy, was born in 1815, and in 1842 married John Henry Parnell, at that time an attaché of the British legation in Washington. She and her husband lived, for six years after their marriage, on the Parnell estate in County Wicklow, Ireland, and there was born her famous son, Charles Stewart Parnell, the great home-rule leader. In 1869, being then a widow, she inherited from her father his home at Bordentown, New Jersey, and lived there with her daughter. Her fortune, which at one time was ample, was lost through bad investments; her son Charles died after a disastrous loss of prestige; her daughter died; and it became known five or six years ago that she had come to want. Her necessities being for the time relieved, in April, 1895, she was knocked down by a footpad in Bordentown and nearly killed. After that she went back to Ireland to live with her surviving son, and has finally died, the newspapers tell us, from the effects of burns, a consequence of her clothing taking fire.

In her later years she was apparently a difficult person to live with, but no one who remembers her can doubt that very strong materials contributed to her make-up, and that from her and her father was inherited much of the tenacity and persistence, as well as of the strength and lucidity of mind, that made Charles Stewart Parnell the most effective of modern Irish leaders.

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Roosevelt find themselves unable conscientiously to abet the development of journalism according to the ideas of William Hearst. Mr. Cleveland briefly declined to be a member of Mr. Hearst's *Maine* monument committee, on the ground of unwillingness to allow his sorrow to be perverted to the furtherance of an advertising scheme for Mr. Hearst's paper. Mr. Roosevelt, in exposing the untruth of a *Journal* "interview," has disclosed the opinion that the methods of that paper are infamous. Neither of these incidents is at all surprising. What is extraordinary is that the Hearst paper should be able to secure the passive co-operation of so many respectable men in its vainglorious purposes. As curiosities, Mr. Hearst and his property are somewhat successful, and, so far as known, they bear up well under the strain of constant exhibition. Both are believed to be in fair health, though temporarily somewhat hoarse from overmuch screeching in four-inch type.

The remark that "'Christian' is almost as loose and indefinite a word as 'gentleman'" strikes a courteous Boston reader as "demoralizing, both from a social and religious stand-point." The remark was made on this page of the Weekly anent a recent discussion in Boston as to whether Unitarians are Christians. The remonstrant aforesaid holds that "a Christian is one who believes in the divinity of Christ," whether he lives up to his belief or not, and that folks, however upright and good, who do not so believe are not Christians.

Many words have a technical meaning which is precise, and a larger significance which is based on usage. It may be that "Christian" ought to mean what our Boston correspondent says it does mean, but it seems hardly necessary to affirm that general usage (as well as the dictionaries) gives it a more comprehensive significance than that, and applies it to believers in Christ's doctrines as well as in His divinity, and, in general, to followers of Christ. What "Christian" means to the theologian is one thing; what it means to the philologist is another. That theologians should agree about it is not to be hoped for; but philologists, who are concerned only with the idea that the word conveys in talk or general literature, may reach satisfactory conclusions by the mere use of their ears and eyes and general faculties of observation.

It seems that the Massachusetts Legislature has determined to refer the question of who shall vote for Harvard overseers to the graduates who vote at present. On March 28 the legislators decided that if a majority of the academic alumni, the president and fellows, and the overseers should favor the extension of the suffrage to graduates of the professional schools, it should be so extended. This decision seems reasonable and fortunate, and if, as is likely, it results in giving the graduates of the schools a vote, none will have reasonable ground for complaint.

Thrifty persons who use postal cards should take care not to waste their pennies and incur the inconveniences of a lost message by lack of attention to the government order, "Write only the address on this side." To be sure, it has been ruled in Washington that the business of the person addressed may be indicated without causing the card to be thrown out, but there are other chances of exclusion to guard against. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* tells of an unfortunate patron of the post-office who wrote on a postal card bearing an important message, "Please deliver as addressed." The postal card was promptly rejected by the first official that saw it, and the message, of course, was not delivered. Yet the request was a necessary direction, indicating that the card that bore it was not to be forwarded. It appears, therefore, that postal cards, though useful for some purposes, are not as trustworthy as communications which bear the two-cent stamp. They have this drawback, also, that when they are thrown out the sender gets no notice of it.

Another postal device which sometimes defeats the end for which it is used is the special-delivery stamp. If a letter with one of these stamps on it gets to a post-office late in the evening, but before the office is closed, one attempt is made to deliver it; but if it fails, the letter goes into the mail, and its final delivery is apt to be later than if no ten-cent stamp was put on it. This is especially liable to happen in New York, where a letter mailed uptown for quick delivery downtown often reaches its destination after the downtown places of business are closed. Such a letter recently mailed to a downtown address, though marked, "Deliver in the morning," came to the place addressed about midnight, and, delivery failing at that time, finally reached the person addressed the following afternoon. A letter without the blue stamp would have beaten this record by at least five hours.

It is reported that M. Zola has agreed to come to the United States and deliver about fifteen lectures, relating probably to anti-semitism in France, and to the trials of Dreyfus and himself. The arrangement is asserted to have been made with Mr. Edmund Gerson, of New York, and to have followed immediately upon the decision of the French government to grant M. Zola an appeal from the sentence of imprisonment lately pronounced upon him. An interesting detail of this report is that a sum approaching $60,000 is promised to M. Zola for his visit. One could wish perhaps that that detail had been omitted. M. Zola would undoubtedly excite great interest here and would draw full houses, but he most interests Americans at present in his character, lately assumed, of patriot and protestant against prejudice and injustice, and interest based on grounds of that sort is hardly suitable for conversion into cash. It is possible, however, that his recent experiences have been costly, and that he has more than ordinary need of money.

Literature (London and New York) announces a series of articles by Mr. Henry James on "American Literature." Mr. James occupies a position that is in some respects exceptionally favorable for such discourses, since he is a looker-on at the game of American letters without having ceased to be a sharer in its hazards. He is an American writer, yet his later books are hardly American. An American writer of English books, we must call him, noticing as we do it that he is almost the only living writer whom such a description fits. Mr. Bret Harte is as much expatriated as Mr. James, but he has never ceased to write American books, and Mr. Harold Frederic follows the same practice. Analogously Mrs. Burnett, who lived long in America, writes English books. *Cœlum non animum* seems to be the rule with writers, with Mr. James for the exception, and with Mr. Marion Crawford for the outlying unclassified instance which doesn't count.

It was recorded the other day in the public prints that Mr. James had leased Lamb House, the seat of the Lamb family at Rye, in Sussex. It is described as a house abounding in history, with two panelled rooms and a walled garden. Georges I. and II. were entertained in it, and Rye is the cinque-port that figures in *Denis Duval*.

There are only two places in the world, and one of them is home. The other undeniably offers a great deal of variety; some parts of it are better than others, and the particular part that Mr. James has pitched upon must be one of the best. The man who has a little money and a self-supporting mind may live in delightful places, but the mind is quite as indispensable as the money.

Just as one gets himself nicely broken of the penny-paper habit, along comes some violent public agitation and drives him back into all his old excesses. For two months past it has been necessary to buy the day's history in instalments about as follows: In the morning, a three-cent and a two-cent paper for news, and a one-cent paper to see what sort of information the readers of the one-cent morning papers are getting. At noon, a one-cent paper to see if anything happened overnight. At three o'clock, two or three one-cent papers to compare reports and see if anything is really going on. At five or six o'clock, the latest one-cent papers to see if war has been declared. In the evening, a three-cent evening paper as a sedative. Nine or ten papers a day have answered for most readers, though many of us have had more. That is an excessive indulgence. It is worse than cigarettes, and nearly as bad as absinthe. If we should have the war which at this writing the very latest extra predicts, we shall have to adopt stringent measures of self-restraint, and take the news three or four times a day and no more, as we take food. Else, if hostilities should be at all prolonged, there won't be Lakewoods and Bloomingdales enough to hold us all.

What we all expected to read about this spring was the rush to the Klondike, and the adventures and experiences of the adventurers. There every one was going who wanted excitement, or could give a graphic description of what he saw. We expected to be interested in descriptions of aerial railroads, of road-building, of freight transportation, of the wild life of great camps, of lucky finds, the development of claims, and the exertions of capital, intelligence, and labor to make a rough arctic region habitable for man.

The rush has begun. All through March the Klondikers were trooping Westward in increasing numbers, but we hear little of them. Considerations of buried treasure are of surpassing interest in time of peace, but they cannot hold an audience when there is a prospect of a fight.

It is not too late to record the remarkable impression made upon his contemporaries by the late Morris Black, whose death about a month ago in Cleveland was publicly lamented by preachers in their pulpits, in resolutions adopted at a special meeting by the Bar Association of the city, and by a multitude of citizens who came to his funeral. He was a young man, twenty-nine years old, and a graduate of Harvard of the class of '91. He studied law, travelled abroad for a year, and starting to practise law in Cleveland, undertook seriously and steadfastly to do his duty as a citizen. In 1896 he was elected a member of the City Council, in which immediately he took a conspicuous and highly important place as a champion of good government. His efforts were so vigorous and effectual that after two years of public service his untimely death is recognized as a calamity. His record recalls the rapid development in public usefulness which marked the astonishing career of William E. Russell.

The inter collegiate debate in New York, on the evening of March 25, between Columbia University and the University of Chicago, was of special note as being the first contest of the sort between representatives of an Eastern and a Western college. Heretofore, since the revival of interest in inter-collegiate debating, about six years ago, the contests have all been between neighbors. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton have disputed together; Cornell and Pennsylvania; Williams and Dartmouth; Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, and Northwestern universities; Stanford and the University of California—but not before last month have the West and the East met on the platform. Columbia won the other night, but the Chicago men gave a very good account of themselves, and pleased and edified their hearers.

On the same night Yale met Princeton, at Princeton. It was the fifth contest between them. Ex-President Cleveland presided, but did not prove an effectual mascot for the college of his choice, for the judges awarded the victory to Yale.

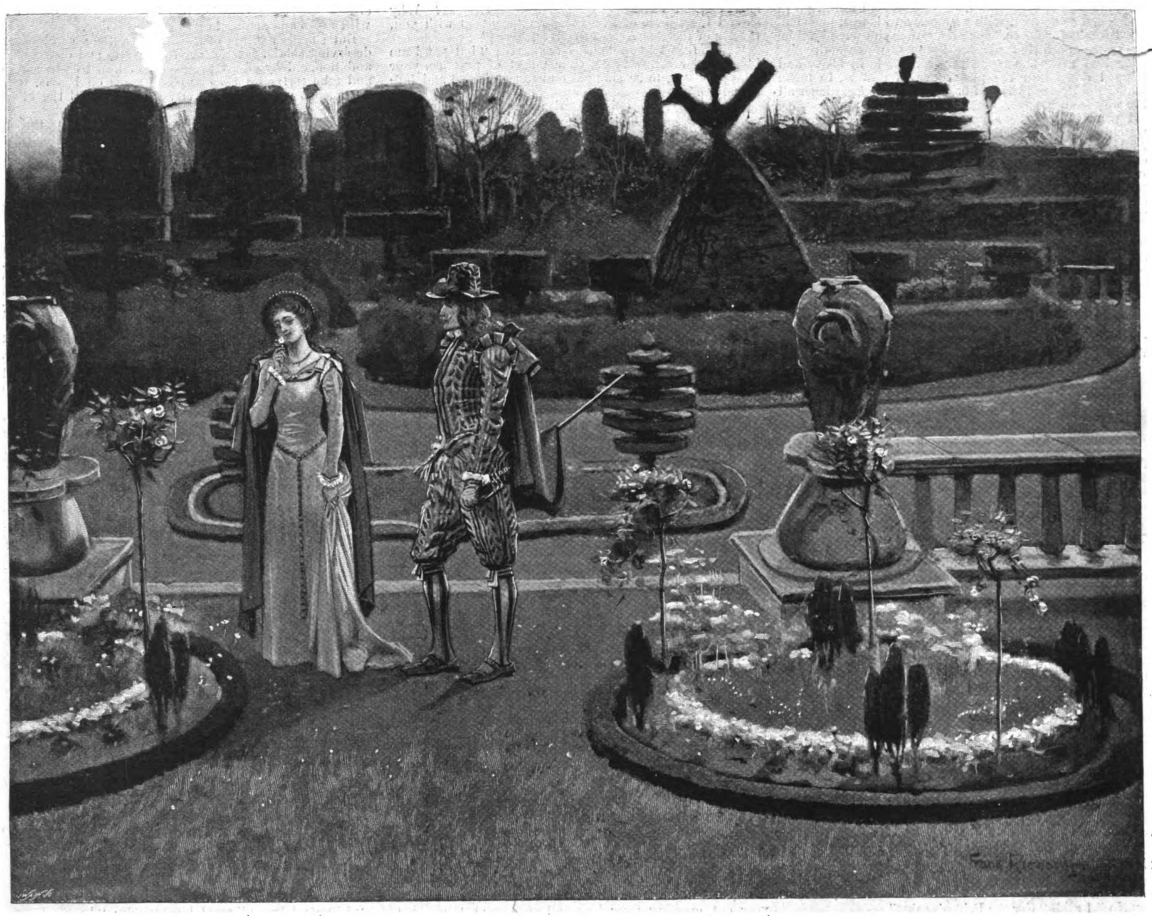
E. S. Martin.

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IN THE SENATE, MARCH 25, 1898.
Reading the President's Message on the Destruction of the "Maine."—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOVES ME—LOVES ME NOT.

NOW how this plan of my Lord Prince's worked in the Palace of Plassenburg I find it difficult to tell without writing myself down a "painted flitter-mouse," as the Prince expressed it. I was in high favor with my master; well liked also by most of the hard-driving, rough-riding young soldiers whom the miller's son had made out of the sons of dead and damned Ritterdom. I got my share of honor and good service, too, in going to different courts and bringing back all that Prince Karl needed. To exercise myself in the art of war I hunted the border thieves and gave them short enough shrift. In a year I had made such an assault as that of the inn at Erdberg an impossibility all along the marches of our provinces.

The crusty old councillor, Leopold Dessauer, who had held office under the last Prince of the legitimate line, was ever ready to assist me with the kindest of deeds and the bitterest of words.

"What did I tell you about being Field-Marshal?" said he one day—"in Karl's kingdom the shorter the service, the higher the distinction. If you and the Prince live long enough, I shall see you carry a musketoon yet, and not one of the latest pattern, either. You will be promoted down, like a booby who has been raised by chance to the top of the class!"

"Well," said I, humbly, for I always reverenced age, "then I hope, High-Councillor Dessauer, that I shall carry my musketoon well!"

"I do not doubt it!" said he. "And that is the most hopeful thing I have seen about you yet. It is just possible, on the other hand, that you may yet rule and the Prince carry the piece."

"God forbid!" said I, heartily. For, next to my own father, of all men I loved the Prince.

"The Princess hath a pretty hand," remarked Dessauer, casually.

"I' faith, yes!" said I. "What have you been at to find out that?"

"Weak—weak!" he said, shaking his head. "I fear you will wreck on that rock. It is your blind peril."

"My blind peril!" cried I. "What may that be, High Councillor?"

"Ah, lad," he said, smiling with that wise, all-patient smile which the aged affect when they intend to be impressive, yet know how useless is their wisdom, "it was never intended by the Almighty that any man should have eyes all round his head. That was why He fixed two in front, and made them look straight forward. That is also why He made him a little lower (generally a good deal lower) than the angels!"

I heard him as if I heard him not.

"You do me the honor to follow me?" he said, looking at me. He was, I think, conscious that my eyes wandered to the door, for indeed I was expecting the Little Playmate down every minute.

"Ah! yes, you follow indeed," he said, bitterly; "but it is the flirt of farthingales down the turret steps. No matter! As I was saying, every man has his blind peril. He can see the thousand. He provides laboriously against them. He blocks every avenue of risk, he locks every dangerous door, and, lo! there is the thousand-and-first right before him, yawning wide open, which he does not see—his Blind Peril!"

"And which, High-Councillor Dessauer, is my blind peril?"

"I will tell you, Hugo," he said; "not that you will believe or alter a hair. A man may do many things in this world, but one thing he cannot do. He cannot kiss the fingers of a Princess—dainty fingers, too, separating finger from finger—and kiss also the Princess's maid of honor on the mouth. The combination is certainly entertaining, but it is somewhat explosive."

"And how," asked I, "may you know all that?"

The old man nodded his head sagely.

"Neither by ink-pool nor yet by scrying. All the same, I know. Moreover, your peril is not a blind peril only, but a blind man's peril. Ye must choose, and that quickly, little son—fingers or lips."

I heard the rustle of a skirt down the stair. It was the light springing tread of the one I loved first and best, last and only. "By the twelve gods, lips!" cried I, and made for the door.

And I heard the chuckling laughter of High-Councillor Dessauer behind me as I followed Helene down the stairs. It sounded like the decanting of mellow wine, long hidden in darksome cellars, and now bringing to the light the smiling of ancient vineyards and the shining of forgotten suns.

I found Helene arrived before me in the rose-garden. She did not turn round as I came, though she heard me well enough. Instead she walked on, plucking at a marguerite.

"Loves me—loves me *not!*" she said, bearing upon the last word with triumphant accent, as she continued to dismantle the poor flower.

And flashing round upon me with the solitary petal in her hand, she presented it with a low bow, in elvish mockery of the manner of the court exquisite.

"Ah, true flower!" she said, apostrophizing the bare stalk; "a flower cannot lie. It has not a glosing tongue. It cannot change back and forth. The sun shines. It turns towards the sun. The sun leaves the skies. It shuts itself up and waits his return. Ah, true flower, dear flower, how unlike a man you are!"

"Helene," said I, "you have learned conceits from the catch-books. You quarrel by rote. Were I as eager to answer me, I might say: 'Ah, false flower, you grow out of the foulness underneath. You give your fragrance to all without discretion—a common lover, prodigal of favors, fit only to be torn to pieces of pretty spiteful fingers, and to die at last with a lie in your mouth. Again I say false flower!'"

"You can turn the corners, Sir Juggler, with words," answered Helene. "So much they have already taught you in a court. But there is one thing that your fine-feathered tutors have not taught you—to make love to two women in one house and hide it from both of them. Hot and cold come too near each other. They will mix and make lukewarm of both."

A wise observation, and one that I had made myself.

"May the devil take all princes and princesses!" I began, as I had done to the Prince himself.

Helene shook her head.

"Hugo," she said, "I was but a simpleton when I came hither, and knew nothing. Now I am wise, and I know!"

She touched her forehead with her finger, just where the curls were softest and prettiest.

"Oh, you have learned to be thrice more beautiful than ever you were!" I said, impetuously.

"So I am often told," answered she, calmly.

"Who dared tell you?" cried I, quick as fire, laying my hand on my sword.

"The false common flowers by the way-side tell me!" said Helene, pertly.

"Let them beware, or I will take their heads off for rank weeds!" I answered.

For at that time, in the Court of Plassenburg, we talked in figures and romance words. We had indeed become so familiar with the mode that we could use no other,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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even in times of earnestness. So that a man would go to be hanged or married with a conceit on his lips.

"I think, Sir Janus," she said, "that you would not be the worse of a little medicine of your own concocting."

And with that she swept her skirts daintily about and tripped down into the pleasaunce of flowers, to make which the Prince Karl had brought a skilled gardener all the way from France.

I prowled moodily about the higher terrace, moodily watching the sky and thinking on the morrow's weather. And by-and-by I saw one come forth from among the cropped Dutch hedges and stride across to where Helene walked with a flower in her hand. I could see her again picking a flower to pieces, and methought I could hear the words. My jealous fancy conjured up the ending: "Loves me not—loves me! Loves me not!"

She turned even as she had done to me. It was that sneering court fop, the Count von Reuss, Duke Casimir's nephew—still in hiding from the wrath of his uncle. For at that time hardly any court in Germany was without one or two of these hangers-on, and a bad, reckless, ill-contriving breed they were at Plassenburg, as elsewhere.

Then grew my heart hard and bitter, and yet in a moment afterwards was only wistful and sad.

"She had been safer," thought I, "in the old Red Tower than playing flower fancies with such a man."

I had seen the very devil look out of his eye—which, indeed, it did as often as he cast it on a fair woman. In especial I longed to throttle him each time he turned to watch Helene as she went by. And here she was walking with him, and talking pleasantly too, in the rose-garden of the palace.

"Ah, devil take all princes and princesses!" said I. This one, it is true, was only a count and disinherited. But I felt that this was the Prince's doing, and that it was for the sake of the covenant he had made with me that I had to put up with such a toad as von Reuss crawling and besliming the fair garden of my love.

It was an evening without clouds—everything shining clear after rain, the scent of the flowers rising like incense so full and sweet that you could almost see it. The unnumbered birds were every one awake, responsive and emulous. The silence of midsummer was broken up. It was like another spring.

The Princess Ysolinde came out to take the air. She was wrapped in her gown of sea-green silk, with the sparkles of dull copper upon it. The dress fitted her like a snake's skin, and glittered like it too, as she swayed her lithe body in walking.

"Ha, Hugo!" she said, "I thought I should find you here!"

I did not say that if another had been kinder she might have found me elsewhere and otherwise employed. I had the discretion to leave things as they were. For the time to speak plainly was not yet.

She took my arm, and we paced up and down.

"Princess—" I began.

"Ysolinde," corrected she, softly.

It was an old and unsettled contention between us.

"Well, then, Ysolinde, to-morrow must I ride to fight the men of mine own country of the Wolfmark. I like not the duty. But since it must be, for the sake of the brave Prince, it shall be well done."

"You do not say, 'For your sake, Ysolinde'?" she answered, pensively.

"No;" I said, "For the Prince's sake."

"You would do all things for the Prince's sake—nothing for mine!" said the Princess, withdrawing her hand.

"On the contrary, Lady Ysolinde," I made answer, "I do all things for your sake. Save for the sake of your good-will I should now be elsewhere."

Which was true enough. I should have been in the garden pleasaunce beneath, and probably with my sword out, arguing the case with von Reuss.

But she pressed my arm, for she understood that I had delayed a day from my duty for her sake. So touched at heart was Ysolinde that she slipped her hand down from my arm and took my hand instead, flirting a corner of her shawl cleverly over both, to hide the fact from the men-at-arms, as Helene could not have done to save her life. But every maid of honor who passed noted and knew, lifting eyebrows at one another, I doubt not, as soon as we passed, which thing made me feel like a fool and blush hotly. For I knew that ere they were couched that night every maid of them would tell Helene, and with pleasure in the tale too.

"Devil take—" I began, and stopped.

"What did you say?" asked Ysolinde, almost tenderly.

"That if I come not back again from the Wolfmark it will be the better for all of us!" I made answer, which was indeed the sense, if not the exact text of my remark.

"Nay," she said, shuddering; "not better for me that am companionless."

"Why so?" said I, boldly. "You do not love me. Deep at the bottom of your heart you love your husband, Karl the Prince. You know there is no man like him. Me you do not love at all."

"You will not let me," she said, softly, almost like a shy country maiden.

"Ah, if I had, you would have slain me long ere this," said I, "for I read you like a child's hornbook that he plays battledore with. 'Have not—love! Have—hate!' There you are, all in brief, my Lady Ysolinde."

"It is false," laughed she; "but I love greatly to hear you call me Ysolinde."

She netted her fingers in mine beneath the shawl. Well might the High Councillor say that she had a beautiful hand. Though, God wot, much he knew about it. For Ysolinde of Plassenburg could speak with her hand, love with it, be angry with it, hate with it—and kill with it.

"I am an experiment," said I; "one that has lasted you a little longer than the others, my Lady Ysolinde, only because you have not come to the end of me so soon."

"Pshaw!" she said, pushing me from her—for we were at the turning of a path; "you love another. That is the amulet against infection that you carry. Yet sometimes I think that that other is only your hateful, plain-favored, vainly conceited self!"

I saw the Prince sit alone, according to his custom, in an arbor behind us at that very moment, and judge ye if I blushed or no. But the Princess saw him not, being eager upon her flouting of me.

"I tell you," she cried, scornfully and disdainfully, "there is nothing interesting about you but the blueness of your eyes, and that any monk can make, and deeper and bluer, with his lapis lazuli. An experiment? Why should I, Ysolinde of Plassenburg, experiment with you, the son of the Red Axe of the Wolfsberg?"

"Nay, that I know not," I answered; "but yet I am indeed your arrow butts, your target of practice, your whipping-boy, to be slung at and arrow-drilled and bullet-pitted!"

"I dare say," she said, bitterly; "and all the time you go scatheless—no more heart-stricken than if summer flies lighted on thee. Away with such a man; he is the ghost of a man—a simulacrum—no true lover!"

"At your will, Princess. I go indeed away. I will to-morrow seek the spears. But, after all, you will not send me forth in anger?" I said, with a strong conviction that I knew the answer.

"And why not?" said she.

"Because," I replied, looking at her, "I am, after all, the one man who believes thoroughly in your heart's deep inward goodness. I believe in you even when you do not believe in yourself. I can affirm, for I know better than you know yourself. You cover the beauty of your heart from others. You flout and jeer. Above all, you experiment dangerously with words and actions. But, after all, I am necessary to you. You will not send me away in anger. For you need some one to believe in the soundness of your heart. And I, Hugo Gottfried, am that man!"

"Hence, flatterer!" cried the lady, smiling, but well pleased. "It is known to all that I am the old serpent—the deceiver—the ill fruit of the Knowledge of Evil. And now you say of Good also! And what is more and worse, you expect me to believe you. Wherein you also experiment! I pray you, do not so. That is to you the forbidden fruit. Good-night, and go pray for a more truthful tongue!"

And with that she went in, the copper spangles glancing at her wrist, red as the light on ripe wheat, and all her tall figure lissome as the bending corn.

CHAPTER XXX.

INSULT AND CHALLENGE.

Now, because there is still so much to tell, and so little time and space to tell it, I must go forward rapidly. In these dull times of grouting peace, when men are like penned pigs, waking up only at feeding-time, they have no knowledge of how swiftly life went in times when every day brought a new living friend or a new dead enemy, when love and hate awakened fresh and fresh with each morrow's sun—and when I was young.

Perhaps that last is the reason. But when the Baltic Norther snorts without and mine ancient thigh wound twinges down where my hand rests naturally, I have no better resource but to fall to the goose-quill. And, lo! long ere I am done with the first page, and have the ink no more than half-way to the roots of my hair, I am again in the midst of the ringing hoofs of the foray. I hear the merry dinting of steel on steel; the sullen *chug-chug* of the wheels of Foul Peg, the Margrave's great cannon, which he lent our Prince; the oaths of the men-at-arms shouldering her up, apostrophizing most indecently her fat haunches, and the next moment getting tossed aside like ninepins by her unexpected lurches. Ah, the times that were when I was young!

I see these gallants about our later courts—Lord help them, sons of mine own, too, some of them, year in and year out, crossing their legs and staring at the gilded points of their shoon. All has grown so tame—none now to ride a-questing in the Baltic forest for border brigands—indeed, no brigands to quest for.

But I forget. Time was when I looked love, and I too had shoes—aye, with golden tips to match the armor of honor which the Prince gave me after I had led my first regiment to victory, even as the Lady Ysolinde had said. And noble shoes of price they were, too.

And I could make love, too, when I had the chance. But, nevertheless, not more than one day in six—spending the rest in the new training of my men, the perfection of their equipment, the choosing of their horses, and the providing for their stores.

God wot—it was a good time. I mind me the year when the Prince fell out with Duke Casimir, and we played the old tricks with him.

Never was I gladder of any quest than that to ride within sight of the Red Tower and wave the blue and yellow of my master under the very ramparts of the Wolfsberg, and almost within hearing of the inhuman howling of the blood-hounds.

"Singe his beard!" said my master. And with a hundred riders I did it, too, for though the burghers clattered to their gates, I rode to the very walls of the Wolfsberg, which for bravado I summoned to surrender. And the best of it was that no man knew me. For I had grown bearded and strong, and was most unlike the lad who had ridden away so meekly and almost in tears out of the gate of the Wolfsberg.

Of my father, thank God, I saw nothing—though I doubt not he saw my troop. For doubtless he would be with his master—aged now, soured, and prone to cower about, fearing the dagger or the poisoned bowl, seeing an enemy in every shadowy corner, and hearing the whistle of the assassin's bullet in every wind.

And save when an honest burgher was slain by the Black Riders, the beasts of the kennels were fed on diet more ordinary than of old.

So we rode back with our prisoners, and as much plunder as we could screw out of old Burgomeister Texel and his burghers by threats of sacking the city—a deed which I was main sorry for afterwards, in the light of that which happened at a later day. But I knew not the future then, and it was as well. For the gilders paid nobles for the new-fashioned ordnance which stood us in such stead that autumn, when we had sterner work in hand than singeing the gray beard of Duke Casimir.

Within Schloss Plassenburg things went on much as usual. Perhaps I was lax in my wooing—I cannot tell—I loved sincerely enough, of a certainty. Nor was I backward in telling Helene of it, and sometimes she would love me well enough, and then again she would not. So that I could not tell what she would be at.

Looking back upon everything now, I see well enough how the rankling secret thorn was the accursed understanding with the Prince, that for his peace's sake I was to be friendly with the Princess and let her try her fool experiments on me. Which she did, God wot, innocently enough—that is, for all the harm they did me. But, nevertheless, without knowing it, I kept the Little Playmate with a sore and aching heart for many a day.

But I made nothing of it—thinking, like a careless, ill-deserving soldier-lover, eager for success and dazed with ambition, chiefly of my profession, of how to win battles and take fortresses, till one day I came on Helene with her cheeks wet and her pretty lips bitten till the blood came.

"What is't, little one? Tell me!" said I, going to her, and putting my arm about her, as indeed I had some right to do, if no more than the right of having carried her up into the Red Tower in her white gown so long ago.

But she wrested herself out of my hold, saying: "Do not touch me, sir. 'Tis all your fault!"

"What is my fault, dear lass?" said I. "Tell me, and I will instantly amend it."

"Oh!" she cried, casting her hands out from her in bitter complaint, "there is nothing so meanly selfish as a man! He will say tender things—aye, and do them too, when it liketh him. He can be, oh, so devoted and so full of his eternal affections. He is dying all for love. And then, soon as he passes out of the door, he ties his sword-knot and points his mustache to his liking, and, lo! there is no more of him. He goes, and straightway forgets, till it shall please his High Mightiness to call again. Oh! and we—we women, poor things, must stand with our mouths open like mossy carp in a pond, and struggle and push for such crumbs of comfort as he will deign to throw us from the full larder of his self-satisfaction!"

This was a most mighty speech for the Little Playmate, and took me entirely by surprise. For mostly she was still enough and quiet enough in her ways.

"'Tis true, sweetheart, that some men are like this, but not Hugo Gottfried, surely. When did you ever find me unkind, unthankful, unfaithful? When went I ever away and left you alone?"

"Oh, you did—you did," she cried, the tears starting from her lovely eyes, "or I should never have been insulted—treated lightly, spoken to as a staled thing of courts and camps!"

And Helene sank down by the garden wall in an abandonment of sorrow—so that my heart grew hot and angry at the cause of her grief, to me then unknown.

I knelt down beside her.

"Dearest," said I, "I knew nothing of this. Tell me who has insulted you? As God is in His heaven, I will have my sword in his heart, were it the Prince himself. Tell me, and by the Lord of the Innocents, I will make him eat cold steel and drink his own blood therewith."

"Oh, it was my own fault—I know I should not have met him—let him speak to me in the garden. But you were so cold to me, Hugo. And then I thought—I thought that the Woman was taking you away from me. Also she sent me out to be in his path!"

"In whose way, I bid you tell me, and what woman?"

Though the latter I knew well enough.

"The Princess," she answered, "and the Count von Reuss. To-day he spoke to me of love, and spoke it hatefully, shamefully; when the Princess had bidden me go and carry her message to him. But it was with me that he desired to meet. And I—at first many days ago—I walked by his side and listened. For you were on the high terrace, and I wished you to see. I thought—I hoped—"

And the little one broke off with tears.

"I know, I know," cried I, contritely; "I am a blind, doting fool. I thought no more of such dangers than when I had you safe and innocent, my Playmate of the Red Tower. But what did or said von Reuss?"

"Truly he did naught, but only spoke—things for which I would have smitten him to death had I possessed a dagger. I bade him begone. And he swore he would have me yet in spite of every town's Executioner in the Empire."

"Ah, will he?" said I, a calm chill of hatred settling about my heart. "I, Hugo Gottfried, will execute him if I have to send for my father's Red Axe to do it with—singed and scented monkey that he is."

"Nay," said Helene, "then I wish I had not told you. Perhaps he will not meddle with me more, and if you cross him he may slay thee. Remember I have no friend here but you, Hugo!"

"Caspar von Reuss slay me! I could eat him up without salt or savory—a weak reed, a kerl without backbone, save of buckram. Why, I will shake him this day like a rat between my hands."

So I spoke in my anger, hot with myself that I had let the Little Playmate suffer these things, and resolved that neither Prince nor Princess would stand between me and my love a moment longer.

But it takes more than Say-so to budge the stubborn wheels of circumstance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CUBA.

CONCENTRATION, STARVATION, AND AMERICAN RELIEF.

The order of concentration issued by General Weyler to the island of Cuba in October, 1896, and the far-reaching misery and death resulting therefrom, should be considered, first, as a military move with a view to bringing about the discomfiture and defeat of the rebels; secondly, as an inhuman and bloodthirsty effort to blot out a people by starvation. The order could have been made effective for the first purpose without bringing hundreds of thousands of people to death by starvation and disease. But the fact that it was not thus interpreted leaves little doubt as to the real purpose of the order.

Before the issuing of this order of concentration the Spaniards in Cuba were confronted with conditions which rendered their operations against the insurgents always difficult and often ineffective. The insurgents went then, as now, in small bands; they were thoroughly familiar with the land, and they could always count upon the help, guidance, and sympathy of the greater number of the country people. If a Spanish column started to run down a rebel band, word of this movement was passed through the country, from farm-house to farm-house, by hurrying and eager messengers, until the rebels were informed of the Spanish approach, and thus given time to escape. And the same people who notified the rebels misled the Spaniards with false information as to roads and directions.

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The insurgents could count on food, clothing, and horses from their sympathizers; they were hidden by them when close pressed by the Spaniards; they were aided in many ways, at all hours. The rebel abettors worked against the Spanish and for the Cubans whenever opportunity offered. These country people declared themselves neutral—pacificos—and considered themselves exempt from persecution by the Spanish because they took no active part in the fighting.

It must not be thought that all the country-side was in sympathy with the rebels, or that there were no country people who were neutral and peaceful; of these latter there were, of course, many; but the rebel helpers were sufficiently numerous and active to render Spain's warfare both trying and ineffectual.

Under these circumstances, an order that would serve to make the people of the island declare their position, that would separate the rebels from those loyal to Spain, was a proper military measure. It was fair to say to these people, "Go out and fight if you are rebels; if you are not, let us know it." So the order for the concentration of the country people into the towns and villages was issued.

The thorough application of this measure required about three months. In January, 1897, the country was pretty well cleared. The insurgents no longer had the help of friends in the field. The country was free of houses and buildings that would hide the enemies of Spain, for the thatch huts of the farmers had been stripped of roofs and walls, and fires blazed by night and by day, completing the destruction. The enforcing of this order gave opportunity, to those who carried it out, for cruelty, vandalism, and abuse that it is not my purpose to describe. Much has been already written thereon, but it is doubtful if the full story of the barbarity and fiendish inhuman cruelty practised upon the defenceless people, mostly old men, women, and children, who were driven from their homes by men bearing the arms of Spain, will ever be written. Much crime was committed that remains unknown except to the perpetrators. One can hear numberless tales of abuse and cruelty; careful examination into their truth so often brings conviction that the task becomes odious.

If, from the time these country people were concentrated in towns and villages, Spain had provided for them, or had made it possible for them to earn a scant living from the fields, the concentration order would be without its worst stigma. But this was not done. Many of the reconcentrados came to the towns with absolutely nothing—no food, no clothing, no farming implements or household utensils. Others brought what they could hurriedly lay their hands on. Some came well provided. For a time they existed on their own resources, and then on the resources of the towns into which they had been driven. But it can readily be seen that these ways of support would soon become exhausted. Whereupon Spain, to remedy the difficulty, inaugurated the zones of cultivation. Theoretically this idea was good, but it failed in its application.

Around each village, outside the wire fence and the guarded ditch that marked the limits to which the inhabitants were allowed to walk, were allotted fields to be cultivated by the reconcentrados for their own support. If these fields had been large enough to support the people within the towns they surrounded, if the people had been given the facilities with which to work them, such as implements and seeds, if they had been aided and not abused by the men locally in authority, many lives would have been saved. But the ground allotted was never sufficient; no tools or seeds were supplied. It is true that they were offered for sale at exorbitant prices by the Spanish storekeeper of the village, who in many cases was also mayor. But can the six-month reconcentrado be expected to have money? So it was that in many instances the mayor and the military commander, or men having equal advantages of position and power, acquired much of this land intended for the relief of the half-starved reconcentrados, and put it down in tobacco and cane for their own profit, giving some few of the reconcentrados a small daily wage to work in their fields.

Consider the case of the military comandante of a certain small town, who is a humane and kind man. He tried in vain to have the cultivated zones extended. His efforts to procure seed and implements for his people were futile; he worked unceasingly for the good of those in his town, but with no result. Finally he was severely reprimanded from headquarters, being asked if he had not perception enough to see the object of his superiors in this order of concentration, and being given to understand that his efforts to frustrate this object were unwelcome.

So the famine in the towns increased and the country remained depopulated. Until during the months of October, November, and December of 1897, nine months after the fulfilment of the concentration order, the most appalling reports of death by starvation, and from diseases that meant starvation, became current. During these months the death-lists were largest. A few examples will suffice to give an idea of the situation. The figures I use were obtained in February and March, 1898. I was informed again and again, as I made my inquiries, that the condition of these people was infinitely better at the time of my investigation than it had been some three or four months before. Upon my asking why this was so, I was invariably told that so many of the starving had already died that there was consequently more food for the remainder.

Güines—

Population of village, January, 1897	6,000
Number of reconcentrados sent to village	9,000
	15,000
Deaths in Güines, from January 1 to December 1, 1897	6087
Deaths in Güines in 1894	448
" " " 1895	537
" " " 1896	824

San Nicolas—

Population of village before order of concentration	1500
Reconcentrados in village on January 5, 1897	4000
	5500
Deaths in San Nicolas from January 5 to November 26, 1897	1142

Madruga—

Population before order of concentration	2289
Number of reconcentrados sent to village	5833
	8122
Deaths in Madruga from January to November 1, 1897	2751

Jaruco, province of Matanzas—

Number of reconcentrados sent to this town	6070
Deaths among reconcentrados, until December 31, 1897	3475

The above figures are taken from official Spanish sources.

The little hamlet of Chascajaba, in July, 1897, had a population of 250 people. In October of the same year five out of this number were living—three of whom were children—four of whom died shortly after removal. Chascajaba will need new farmers to work her fields.

In the province and city of Matanzas the mortality has been great, and the suffering and misery beyond words. This province is almost entirely given over to the cultivation of sugar.

A Spanish paper of Matanzas printed, under censorship, on November 23, 1897, the following statement: "From the 1st of January of this year until yesterday, Nov. 22, there died in this city, that has not 50,000 inhabitants, including the reconcentrados, 5166 people; let our readers make their own comments upon this fact."

I am assured by men in Matanzas who know the facts that from January 1, 1897, until March, 1898, the total number of deaths in Matanzas city was between ten and eleven thousand.

The *Diario de la Marina*, of Havana, printed on December 27, 1897, the following censored statement: "Of the 99,312 persons concentrated in the province of Matanzas there have died from epidemics, inanition, and hunger 20,044, and the mortality in this province of Matanzas is not so great as in certain others."

There were at one time in 1897 some 12,000 reconcentrados in Matanzas city. In the month of November, 1897, there died in two certain districts of this city, namely, district of the Palace and district of the Market—1200 people, while the births in these same districts during that month amounted to 38. In December of 1897 there were 1200 deaths in this suffering city, and one day during this month our consul counted eight dead bodies in the streets.

I have before me a list of towns in different parts of the island, giving number of reconcentrados admitted therein since the issuing of the order, and the number of deaths in each village up to December, 1897. The proportion of deaths to number of reconcentrados varies from one-fifth to over one-half. The statistics in this list are from official Spanish sources.

I visited Matanzas on March 2, 1898. That day there were twelve thousand people in the city suffering from want of food, and by far the greater part of these were women and children. The men to be seen were old, or else wretchedly ill. The only recourse of these starving thousands was begging, and Matanzas had so long been subject to these demands of the poor that the good people of the city were rapidly nearing the end of their own means. There existed in Matanzas on this day four hospitals, entirely supported by voluntary offerings of private individuals still able to give. These hospitals contained less than three hundred people who were fed with more or less regularity; and this hospital work was absolutely all that was being done in Matanzas on that day in the way of organized aid to the starving. I visited Caridad Hospital on March 2 at 2 P.M. On the morning of March 1 this hospital had one hundred and four inmates; sixteen died during that day, and four up to the time of my visit on the 2d. Details similar to the foregoing can be procured without end. The few already set down will show some results of General Weyler's concentration order.

The population of the island of Cuba in normal times is estimated at 1,160,000. Various estimates of total number of deaths by starvation have been made; they vary from 400,000 to 500,000. It should be remembered that in Cuba it is always possible to procure exact data concerning deaths when interment has been in consecrated ground; but during these last years thousands have been buried in ditches and trenches, and no record of their numbers has been kept.

In November, 1897, General Blanco, who followed Weyler as Captain-General of Cuba, issued his modification of the concentration order, with the alleged intention of mitigating the evils. He proposed to allow the imprisoned people access to the idle lands surrounding them, to extend the zones of cultivation, to straighten out existing wrongs. His intentions were perhaps excellent, but their application was weak. It was not sufficient to order the various military chiefs to allow the reconcentrados to go to the fields. Let us look at the situation from the stand-point of the reconcentrado. He was weakened by months of malnutrition and half-starvation; he was worn out with disease; he was penniless; he was without tools and seeds, and his women folk and children were ill and starving also. With permission to return to the country and take up his old life, this is what would confront him upon arrival there: a ruined and burned home, sixty days to wait before the ground would give him a mouthful to eat, and the ever-present danger to himself and family of death, violence, and abuse at the hands of the uncontrolled bands of guerillas that roam the country. Most of these starving families, moreover, consisted solely of women and children. Few of the reconcentrados ventured back into the country. If a naked child were placed within a fenced field and told to subsist on what the ground produced and could be made to produce by his efforts, the situation of this child would be similar to that of the reconcentrado in Cuba if he were actually allowed to go to the country. When it is learned that many of the Spanish military commanders of villages and towns favored Weyler and his plans and method of extermination, that to their belief his was the only way to end the war, and that in many cases Blanco's modification order was disregarded, it will then be understood why practically none of the reconcentrados returned to their old life. It is almost impossible to learn of an authentic case of this having been done.

Cases innumerable can be quoted where men have asked in vain to be allowed to return to the country. In a certain town sixteen men were seeking permission to go out and begin work on their farms. After three weeks' delay this permission was granted to one of the sixteen applicants, an American citizen. This man borrowed fifty dollars to buy tools and provisions, took eight men with him, and repaired to his old farm, some ten miles away, and began to make charcoal. He personally brought down his first load for sale. Upon finishing this business he started to return, but was stopped. No explanation was given; he was simply told he could not go back. His workmen waited for him until their food was exhausted, and then made their way back into town as best they could. This was the end of his effort to provide for his family.

It is stated, and it appears to be a fact in the towns that came under my notice, that the reconcentrados are allowed to leave the confines for the day, but they must always return at night. If this liberty were accorded in all villages, and the people were given the use of tools and supplied with seeds, much good would surely result. But tools and seeds they have not, and their efforts to obtain food from the country are necessarily limited; they dig for edible roots, they snare birds, and they gather firewood. At all times those who thus venture forth are in danger of death or abuse from the guerillas and insurgents.

As a result of the Blanco modification, the cultivated zones have, to a certain limited degree, been augmented, and the benefit derived from this cultivated land to the remaining reconcentrados is increased by the fact that today there are far fewer mouths to feed than formerly. But even now the zones are miserably insufficient. Spaniards have told me they could not be extended, because, were this done, they could not then be protected from the depredations of the rebels. This may be generally true—in some cases I know it to be a fact—but it only goes to show how little of the country is actually under Spanish control.

The above was the condition of the Cuban reconcentrados when the American relief began to arrive in the island. This American relief, sent by our people for the Cubans, must not be confused with the $50,000 appropriation of Congress for the relief of American citizens in Cuba, the good effects of which have been active since May, 1897. It is said that seventeen hundred Americans have been very materially aided by this fund. Many of these Americans are naturalized citizens, and cannot speak our language. It has been sufficient for them to prove citizenship to receive aid, and it is doubtful if any one who has had this distribution in hand has desired to discriminate against these sufferers because they were not natural-born citizens of our country. Our consul in Matanzas has fed three hundred and five American citizens out of this fund since May 24, 1897. Out of this number six only have died. The rations served out were ample, and while three hundred and five people were actually on the lists, Consul Brice tells me that some weeks twice that number have been fed by the relief, those fortunate enough to be eligible dividing with relatives and friends.

There is on record but one case of violence among the starving of Matanzas city. In October, 1897, some five hundred of the reconcentrado women were put to work by the mayor at filling in with sand a morass on the outskirts of the city. Their wage was ten cents a day to each woman. When the work was finished the women went in a body to the mayor, asking him what was to become of them now that the morass was filled in and they had no more money. "I'm sure I don't know," answered the mayor. The women were persistent in their demands for work or food, and the mayor was alarmed at this new feature of the question. Finally he suggested, in a moment of weakness, that the city market was full—let them help themselves there. He was taken at his word; in a body the women moved on the surprised market men. Their strength was in their numbers, and they thoroughly cleared out the stalls before the surprised venders could put up the shutters or drive them away.

The American relief to the reconcentrados that, through the agency of charitable organizations and newspapers, is now being sent to the island will do much to relieve the suffering. Excellent methods for the distribution of this relief have been perfected by Mr. Louis Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*, and they are now in full operation. Mr. Klopsch has obtained reliable reports from over four hundred towns and villages in the island, setting forth the number of inhabitants of each place and the number of the starving; also notes as to how the smaller places can be reached, railroad and distribution facilities, etc. Upon the receipt of the relief in Havana, it has been despatched without the loss of an unnecessary hour. The allowance of food was one pound a day, for ten days, to each sufferer. On March 25 twenty-three car-loads of food left Havana. Each town and village on the lists will be visited, soon after the delivery of the food, by representatives of those having the distribution of the relief in hand. These representatives will perfect arrangements for distribution, correct errors in the original lists, and be generally active in the field. During the week of March 27 the efforts of Mr. Klopsch in this direction resulted, judging from the reliable reports at present obtainable, in the feeding of from seventy-five to one hundred thousand people for ten days. Relief from this country promises to be ample. It is estimated that there are two hundred and twenty-five thousand people in Cuba to-day who are suffering for want of food.

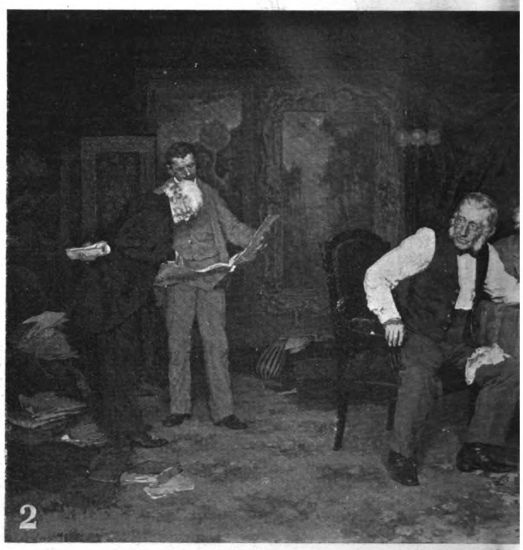
But with all that is being done, with the active work of many good people in the field, and the almost unlimited means our country promises to place in their hands, many thousands will die in Cuba during the next few months from the effects of starvation. For there are thousands who are so far gone that the best of food and attendance could not save them. The position of these unfortunate people is not as if their food-supply had been abruptly and entirely cut off a few weeks ago; those who still live have been starving for many months. Their bodies are weakened, and disease has had full sway. The appalling number of deaths from starvation in Cuba, the bright sunny island that under proper conditions could support in comfort and plenty eight millions of people, will surely be swelled by many more thousands before the chapter is closed.

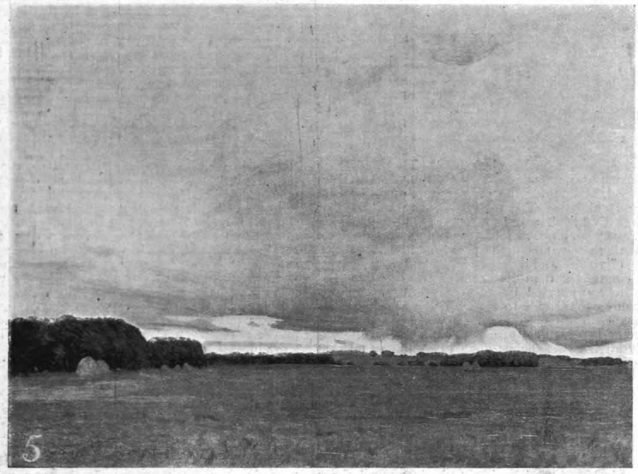
Havana itself has had its fair share of reconcentrados. But, for several reasons, these people have probably suffered less there than elsewhere. Havana has felt less the ill effects of war than many interior towns. In Havana there has been the most of business activity, and, following this, opportunity for work. The citizens of the capital have been better able to help the suffering by personal contribution. The succor of the Spanish government has been in slight evidence in Havana. The distribution of the first of the American relief was confined solely to Havana and its immediate vicinity, unfortunately at the cost of increased suffering at other points, whose resources were as nothing, and whose want was indescribable.

HAROLD MARTIN.

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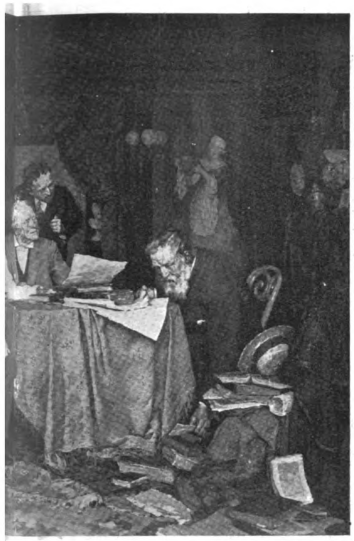




FROM THE SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE

1. "The Harrower—Morning," by Horatio Walker. 2. "The Search," by Louis Moeller. 3. "United States Cavalryman," by Gilbert C. [illegible]. 7. "Child Sewing," by Frank W. Benson. 8. "The Mill Stream," by F. S. Dellenbaugh. 9. "In the Studio," by William M. Chase. [illegible]

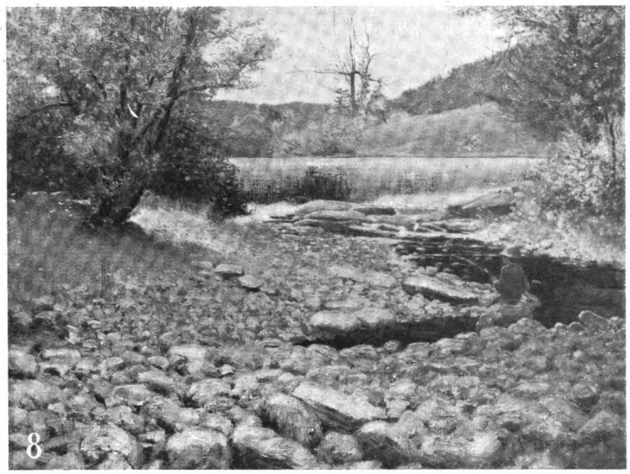
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E NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.—[See Page 351.]

...il. 4. "Orange Blossoms," by W. T. Smedley. 5. "The Passing Shower," by Arthur Wesley Dow. 6 Portrait, by Abbott H. Thayer.
... "Pastime," by C. D. Weldon. 11. "A Breezy Day among the Sky-Scrapers," by Homer Lee. 12. Portrait of Mrs. M., by Irving R. Wiles.

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THE FOREIGN COMMERCE OF CUBA.

NOT since our civil war has the spectacle been presented to the world of a great producing country reduced to impotence through war or insurrection. The wars in Europe, Asia, and Africa waged since 1860 have concerned large numbers of men, wide territories, and threatened diversified industries, but the effects soon wore away, and the immediate disturbance was not great. In Cuba alone has war proved destructive to immense interests, and has wrought with such virulence and concentrated intensity as in two years to have beggared a people living in one of nature's garden-spots, and having at their very door a market second to none in the world. With an area equal to that of Ohio, containing a population about one-half that of Massachusetts, under an antiquated and oppressive political and economic rule Cuba has attained a high commercial importance. The present political situation of the island requires no description; the commercial past and possibilities are of the greatest moment in any attempt to weigh its relations to be maintained with the United States. Few official reports of the trade of Cuba have been published, and it is only from fragmentary returns and from the statistics of other countries that an approximately correct account can be obtained.

In only one year, 1892, have the returns of Cuban trade been distributed by countries participating in that trade, and the figures must be accepted with that doubt which pertains to all Cuban statistics, even though given out as official. These returns were as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Spain	$4,000,200	$1,983,600
Puerto Rico	779,600	371,600
United States	3,590,800	15,886,200
England	2,734,400	90,800
Germany	898,600	718,200
France	192,000	401,200
Canada	709,200	817,800

It does not require much study of the returns of the commerce of Spain with Cuba to recognize the inherent weakness of the system on which it rests. Insisting that the Cuban market shall be reserved for Spanish products of agriculture and manufacture, no market is conceded in Spain for Cuban products. Further, the entire carriage of the commerce between mother-country and dependency is confined to vessels flying the Spanish flag, and generally owned in Spain. The result is inevitable. Cuba, growing little that Spain needs or will take, must look elsewhere for a market, and so comes into competition with the world. The prices obtained for her sugar, tobacco, and fruits are not determined by monopoly conditions, but by a strenuous struggle with countries producing similar or competing articles. The beet-sugar industry of Continental Europe has nearly ruined the cane interests of the British West Indies, and Cuba has been fully exposed to the same destructive influences. It has only been the natural aptitude of the island for the cane-culture and the existence of a market like the United States that have enabled her to maintain, and even to increase, her production in the face of obstacles insuperable to neighboring islands and countries not possessed of as great advantages.

How limited and inelastic is the market given in Spain to Cuban products a few statistics will show. In 1881 Spain imported from Cuba products to the value of $4,492,178, of which only $2895 was carried in vessels other than Spanish. Of the total sum $1,956,129 was in sugar, representing 14,479,124 kilograms, and $1,814,661 was in tobacco. No other single item gave an import of $193,000, the nearest to that sum being cocoa, $163,700; woods, $137,753; and spirits, $109,057. Ten years later, in 1891, the total import was $7,193,173, of which $4,243,140 was in sugar (the quantity being 36,641,975 kilograms); tobacco, $1,502,312; cocoa, $430,679; and spirits, $520,250. This would have represented a fair rate of increase had there been any assurance of a continuance of development. In 1894, the last full year before the outbreak of the insurrection in the island, the returns showed no notable change in the total, but some disquieting alterations in the details. The total import was $7,265,120, an increase of only 1 per cent. over the return for 1891. The sugar takings were $2,918,700 (or 25,674,000 kilograms), a decrease of more than 31 per cent. in value, and 29 per cent. in quantity; those of tobacco were $2,285,833, an increase of 52 per cent., due in great part to the needs of the tobacco monopoly in Spain; and cocoa gave a small increase, while spirits a large decrease. It was evident that Cuba could no longer look to Spain to take even the small share of her sugar product that had been taken in the past, and only in tobacco could a market be looked for—a market ruled by a company that sought its own profit and not the profit of the Cuban planter.

As if these indications of serious weakness were not sufficient to awaken inquiry, there was a marked increase in the movement from Cuba to Spain of the precious metals. In 1881 the colony sent only $51,376 in gold and $9100 in silver. In 1883 and 1885 about $1,096,000 in silver was thus exported, but the gold movement ceased. From 1886 to 1892 neither metal was sent from the island, but $1,124,400 in gold was sent from Spain, and beginning with 1891 the exports from Spain to Cuba of silver assumed large proportions, incident to the effort of the administration to place the currency and the finances of the island upon a firm basis. From 1891 to 1895 no less than $13,000,000 in silver has thus been shipped, and in 1896 the enormous sum of $24,228,640 in silver was sent to Cuba, and nearly $12,400,000 in silver and gold sent from Cuba to Spain, a movement incident to the military expeditions sent to the island. This movement since 1884 is given in detail, and in pesetas (a peseta = 19.3 cents United States money).

In illustration of the close monopoly maintained by Spain in her colonies, and the importance of these colonies to export interests, some comparisons may be made of a few leading items. In 1895 there were exported from Spain 4,942,565 kilograms of white cotton goods. Cuba received 3,520,416 kilograms, Puerto Rico 345,660 kilograms, and the Philippine Islands 1,004 297 kilograms—the three dependencies receiving more than 98 per cent. of the entire export. It is much the same with other textiles, and only to these colonies can Spain export them, protected as they are by tariff and navigation laws intended for Spanish benefit. Of the exports of boots and shoes in 1895, amounting to $5,138,944, the three colonies took $5,014,930. No rice or wheat flour, preserves or sweets, or such manufactures as soap, paper, paints, and colors, or glass, china, or earthen-ware of Spanish export, find any market outside of these monopolized colonies. In 1885 Cuba received about one-tenth of the total exports from Spain; in 1895 the proportion rose to 17 per cent., or about one-sixth of the whole. In the earlier year the three colonies took one-eighth of the exports of Spain, and in 1895 no less than 27 per cent.

TOTAL TRADE OF SPAIN AND SHARE OF CUBA.

Year.	Imports.		Exports.		Excess of exports.
	Total.	From Cuba.	Total.	To Cuba.	
1884	779,643,866	19,721,813	619,192,339	52,778,264	33,056,451
1885	764,757,664	39,678,705	698,003,042	64,963,029	25,289,324
1886	855,206,950	39,280,467	727,349,885	69,044,242	29,763,776
1887	811,211,708	37,336,303	722,181,712	61,008,980	23,667,677
1888	716,085,479	32,980,660	763,104,389	65,096,728	29,116,068
1889	866,811,424	34,767,153	896,855,826	82,718,564	47,951,411
1890	941,137,925	44,561,814	937,759,853	86,426,832	41,865,018
1891	1,018,770,524	37,270,329	932,245,001	114,860,362	77,590,033
1892	850,530,978	49,587,558	759,803,976	145,319,355	95,731,797
1893	770,745,408	29,519,643	709,706,877	127,924,211	98,404,568
1894	804,790,869	37,643,110	672,887,317	117,061,881	79,418,771
1895	838,404,904	37,181,893	804,952,118	136,261,640	99,079,747
1896	909,889,269	83,758,201	1,029,292,447	255,904,875	172,146,674

The ever-increasing excess of imports into Cuba from Spain over the exports from Cuba to Spain pointed to a coming catastrophe in the exchanges. The creation of tresury notes (*bons du trésor*) could postpone the settlement, but was able to do so only at the expense of greater exchange difficulties in the future. It was a condition of war that put an end to the process, and the unnatural conditions then introduced favored Spain. For every consideration of commerce was now set aside in her efforts to suppress the rebellion against her authority.

The customs laws of Cuba must be studied to understand the commercial dependence of the colony on the mother-country. Prior to 1882 imports into Cuba paid duties which varied not only with the country of origin, but also with the flag of the carrying vessel. By the system introduced in 1870 imports were divided into three groups or classes, and the duties, increased in later years, were in 1881 for each group as follows:

	First Group.	Second Group.	Third Group.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Spanish products:			
In Spanish vessels	5	14.25	12.50
In other vessels	7.50	22.50	28.75
Foreign products:			
In Spanish vessels	10	30	36.25
In other vessels	12.50	40	46.25

The third group, where the difference was largest, comprised the textiles. No competition could be had under such duties.

In 1882 a new arrangement was made by the *leyes de relaciones*. The discriminating duty by flags was to be abolished gradually; but commercial arrangements made with the United States in 1884, with England in 1886, and enjoyed by France and Germany under the most-favored-nation clause, practically wiped out these duties, leaving Spanish products on an equal footing with foreign, and thus enjoying no protection. A new tariff, framed in 1892, freed Spanish products from all duties, and levied what proved to be nearly prohibitive rates on foreign products that could come into competition with similar products of Spain. The concession made to the United States in 1891 on flour put an end to imports of this article from the mother-country, but the abrogation of the reciprocity agreement in 1894 restored the trade to Spain. The fluctuations in the exports of the four leading items in this trade of Spain with Cuba are displayed in the following table:

EXPORTS FROM SPAIN TO CUBA.

(In pesetas; a peseta equals 19.3 cents U. S. money.)

Year.	Wheat flour	Wine.	Boots and shoes.	Cotton cloth.
1886	6,307,080	17,104,681	9,977,888	6,057,621
1887	4,807,258	12,857,059	10,210,976	7,057,621
1888	5,317,185	10,824,677	10,520,960	9,014,484
1889	6,378,995	12,989,012	13,774,852	12,998,133
1890	9,428,538	13,066,596	13,247,040	12,044,279
1891	11,970,188	11,960,699	16,968,224	17,227,163
1892	372,950	9,599,616	21,906,624	25,857,456
1893	.....	8,761,977	21,460,368	27,219,798
1894	3,818,316	8,211,591	20,694,048	22,896,115
1895	20,926,882	7,440,803	17,249,760	18,384,033

The duties on imports constitute the most important part of the Cuban revenue. Without them the island would be a full charge on the mother-country, and even with them an annual deficit occurred. In the fiscal year 1894-5 the receipts from all sources for the full year were $21,656,000, a not unfavorable return compared with previous years. Of this sum $12,173,320 was obtained from customs, and $6,086,248 from other taxes and imposts. The lotteries yielded $1,563,870, and the *régie*, or farmed revenues, $1,669,592. From these four sources more than 99 per cent. of the entire revenue was derived.

A mere glance at these sources indicates their weakness. It was a mistake to frame the revenue system for the colony on the model of that of the mother-country. The conditions at home made such fiscal instruments as lotteries and monopolies possible, and profitable even at this late day. But the plantations of the colony did not lend themselves readily to such methods. A monopoly in sale could not be other than oppressive, and a monopoly in production or manufacture was out of the question. The lottery appealed to the lowest instincts of the lowest grades of the population, and produced more demoralization than revenue. If the financial system was weak in a time of peace, it was certain to fail in a time of trouble. Commerce has been sadly disorganized by the insurrection, and with production kept down by force and the population beggared by martial law or a law of terror, no internal taxes could continue to be productive of revenue. Lotteries are of secondary importance, but have ever appealed to the Spanish gambler, for they offer the excitement of a game of chance, and at very small cost. Yet they must feel the altered condition of the island even more than the *régie* or state monopolies. How imperfect is the revenue system of this great colony becomes evident when the receipts for the first nine months of the two years 1894-5 and 1895-6—the latest available returns—are compared:

	1894-1895.	1895-1896.
	Piastres.	Piastres.
Contributions and Imposts	3,849,112	2,767,119
Customs	9,826,693	8,414,872
Monopolies	1,312,481	1,062,879
Lotteries	1,068,709	854,980
Other	59,785	58,480
Total	16,116,720	13,157,810

Here is a decrease of more than one-sixth established in a single year, and there is every evidence of as heavy a diminution in receipts for the year 1896-7. The framing of a budget for Cuba has become a mere form, and always makes a show of returns as high as had been received in the years of peace and fair prosperity. But the results have proved most disappointing, and must continue to do so while a state of war and disorganized production and commerce last. In any event, a tariff must be the foundation-stone of the revenue system, and hence the intimate connection between revenue and commerce.

The limitations imposed on Cuban foreign commerce may be shown in the trade statistics of other countries. England, the most important commercial power in the world, finds little in Cuba to buy for her own consumption or for use in her industries. She is a much better customer for the Philippine Islands, whence she obtains nearly one-half of her imports of hemp, her largest single import of unrefined sugar, and some tobacco and oil nuts, amounting in all to more than $7,500,000 a year. From Cuba and Puerto Rico (the islands are not separated in the trade returns) the total import in 1896 was only $179,205, and the largest movement in any single year since 1889 was in 1894, when the value of imports rose to $1,119,880. Prior to 1888 the import was much larger, but the growth of the beet-root industry in Continental Europe crowded the cane product from the English market, and only a small quantity is now obtained from Cuba. In times of peace this item of raw sugar was the most important article in this trade, but 230,000 hundred-weight would be considered a heavy movement, representing a value of about $828,000. Apart from sugar, the only product largely dealt in is mahogany. A year in which the United Kingdom would take Cuban products to the value of $1,000,000 would be looked upon as a very favorable one for Cuba.

As an exporter England has a larger interest in the Spanish West Indies. In a fair year $18,000,000 would represent her exports to them, and these exports would be almost equally divided between her own produce and manufactures and foreign or colonial merchandise passing through English hands. Foods, especially rice, cured or salted fish and meats, and cheese, are all of foreign or colonial origin. The textiles of cotton, wool, and flax, iron and steel in various forms and machinery, are entirely of British make. Naturally the insurrection has greatly affected the demand for these products, and the British exports to both islands have been reduced to less than one-half the amount exported in 1892. It is evident that little encouragement to Cuban production on the old lines can be found in English commerce.

France, on the other hand, is a better consumer of Cuban and Puerto Rican products than purveyor for Cuban markets. Naturally, having sugar colonies of her own and a great overgrown beet industry at home, she takes no Cuban sugar. Of the three leading items of import—coffee, tobacco, and sponges—which made up 84 per cent. of the general imports and 92 per cent. of the special imports from the Spanish West Indies, only two—tobacco and sponges—are so distinctly Cuban products that they could be assigned to that island. The imports of these two articles amounted to less than $950,000 in 1896, and in only one year since 1886 have they amounted to $1,000,000. The value of all imports into France from Cuba and Puerto Rico was $3,458,203 in 1896, of which $2,224,776 was for consumption in France. This was the largest import since 1890, and was due to an unusually heavy taking of coffee, more probably from Puerto Rico than from the sister colony.

The total export from France to the Spanish West Indies was $447,440 in 1896, or less than one-half the import value. Of this sum $342,776, or about 77 per cent., was in French produce or manufactures. The movement was remarkably small, only one-fifth what would be regarded as the transactions of an average year. These exports are almost entirely of manufactures, and of those finer or more peculiar grades known generally as "Paris articles." Neither as an importer nor as an exporter does France enter into competition with the United States in Cuban markets, and may be set aside as a negligible quantity.

Germany, the third of the great commercial powers of Europe, is also a larger taker of West Indian products than supplier of those markets. As in the case of England and France, the trade with the two islands belonging to Spain is entered under one head, but the commodities most largely concerned indicate with sufficient clearness the source. Since 1890 the special imports into Germany from the Spanish West Indies have averaged $2,960,000, and have been heavier in the more recent years. Tobacco is the one very large article ($2,124,000 in 1896), and, with skins, woods, and coffee, makes more than 96 per cent. of the total import. Certainly all the tobacco and a very large part of the skins are of Cuban origin, but the other articles are in large part from Puerto Rico.

In no year has Germany exported to Cuba and Puerto Rico manufactures to the extent of one-half the value of the imports from them. Aggressive and successful as the exporters of Germany have been in other markets, they have met with little encouragement from the colonies of Spain. Beginning with a special export of $1,190,000 in 1889, the first year in which the islands were separately given in the trade returns, it increased to $1,428,000 in 1892, only to fall to $1,071,000 in 1896. Outside of rice (of foreign production), copper, iron and steel ware, and paper, there is no important article of export to be mentioned. Germany is not a factor in Cuban commerce, and

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cannot be looked upon as having immediate interests or offering encouragement to it.

In 1896 the three great commercial powers of Europe purchased for their own consumption products of the Spanish West Indies to the value of $5,525,941, and these products (outside of tobacco) were largely obtained from Puerto Rico. In the same year they exported to these islands commodities to the value of $7,255,621, making a total transaction of $12,781,562—a sum not equal to the annual commerce of the United States with Switzerland. As the year 1896 was an unfavorable year, it will be interesting to take the years of largest transactions with each country since 1886. The total imports from the Spanish West Indies on this calculation were $7,506,703, and the exports were $17,848,968, or a total movement of merchandise of $25,355,671. Such a comparison is of interest as showing it is the export trade from Europe to these islands that has suffered by the insurrection, while the import interests, though seriously affected, have better withstood the stress of war. It is also of interest as proving that Spain, in 1896, when food and munitions of war had increased her exports of merchandise beyond the average, did not enjoy a larger market in Cuba than the three powers of Europe had held in the best years in the two islands. For in 1896 Spain sent to Cuba in merchandise $26,892,000, and received from Cuba only $4,379,643. To such a pass has the commercial policy of the mother-country brought her trade with the dependency.

In Europe Cuba finds a very limited market for her chief product, sugar, and this market is yearly becoming smaller through the strenuous and successful, though costly, effort of four countries to produce sufficient beet sugar to meet the possible requirements of all Europe. It is to the United States alone that Cuba can sell her cane product, and this one circumstance brings the island into closer commercial relations with us than with the mother-country and all Europe combined. The limit of the possibilities of growing sugar in the island has never been fully tested. The abolition of slavery in the French and British sugar colonies introduced such a disturbing influence in their labor arrangements as to give Cuba, where slavery and the equally vicious coolie system continued until absolutely abolished in 1886, a great opening in developing the sugar interest. In 1886 the crop was placed at 700,000 tons; in 1893 it had increased to 840,000 tons—a not striking increase, considering the stimulus offered by free sugar in the United States. The next year the crop rose to 1,087,000 tons—high-water mark—nearly equalled in 1895 with 1,040,000 tons. The insurrection ruined the sugar interest, bringing the production down to 240,000 tons in 1896, and almost crushing it out in 1897.

Nearly all the tobacco is taken by the United States. The export of leaf in 1893 was placed at 227,865 bales, of cigars 147,365,000, and a very large quantity—45,000,000 packages—of cigarettes. Woods (chiefly mahogany), honey, wax, and fruits make up the balance of Cuban exports. The total trade of Cuba for three years, as given in official documents, was—

Year.	Imports.	Exports.
1892	$52,101,652	$83,018,228
1894	87,970,000	104,638,000
1895	69,574,080	103,249,000

The returns of the largest trade year with England, France, and Germany show that these three countries took about 7 per cent. of the total exports from Cuba, and supplied 20 per cent. of the imports. Including Spain's share in the trade of the island, we find that the four nations took about one-tenth of Cuba's exports, and supplied nearly one-half of her imports.

To this point the commercial interests of Europe in Cuba have alone been considered. It now remains to show the position occupied by the United States.*

The trade of Cuba with the United States increased most rapidly between 1871 and 1880. While the average annual import into the United States from 1861–70 was $38,219,500, the average from 1871–80 was $65,970,300, an increase of 72.6 per cent. The high-water mark was reached in 1874 with $85,428,097, a figure never approached before or since that year. Just twenty years later, in 1893, the value of the imports rose to $78,706,506, a second record in this commerce; but in the interval the ten-year average had fallen from the $65,970,300 of 1871–80 to $55,436,360 of 1881–90, and $69,380,400 for the five years 1891–5. These figures alone show that it is the United States, and not Europe, that has given Cuba its commercial standing and opportunity.

This trade is, however, curiously restricted on the part of Cuba, for it rests upon three articles—sugar, tobacco, and fruits. In only one of these articles may Cuba be said to possess a monopoly — tobacco. All attempts to produce "Havana" tobacco elsewhere have failed, as the plant undergoes some change when transferred to other soils. While it is well known that much of the leaf coming as "Havana" is really a product of Puerto Rico, made up into cigars in Cuba, yet the tobacco of the Cuban valley holds a natural and deserved eminence over other qualities. The quantity imported in 1896 — 26,748,911 pounds—was the largest transaction in a single year, representing a value of $10,549,080, and constituting 97 per cent. of the total import of leaf, other than wrappers. Nearly $3,000,000 more as manufactured tobacco, chiefly cigars, is brought in from Cuba under ordinary conditions. A rough estimate would give the number of cigars thus imported from Cuba at 52,000,000, constituting a small number when compared with the domestic product, 4,000,000,000 in 1897, yet exercising a very important influence in the market.

In supplying the United States with fruits Cuba occupied a secondary position. In bananas the British West Indies and Central America surpassed her, and the oranges and cocoanuts of the island could not compete in quality with like products of the neighboring countries, like Mexico and Colombia, or of the British islands. In other lines, such as asphaltum, hides and skins, vegetables, and cabinet woods, Cuba held an important but by no means dominant position in our imports, and would hardly be appreciably missed were the trade in these articles to cease, as indeed it has done to a great extent since 1896. The iron ore from Cuba is the only quality of ore brought into the United States in large quantities, having a composition peculiarly fitting it for use in the furnaces of the coast.

So that, when sifted down, the commerce of the United States with Cuba rests upon two items, tobacco and sugar, and of these the more important is sugar. In 1894, when the proposal to restore a duty upon imported sugar was pending, and the world was searched for raw sugars to be landed in the United States before the duty became effective, Cuba supplied 2,274,135,000 pounds. When it is stated that the importations ranking next in importance were 305,855,000 pounds from the Hawaiian Islands and 258,958,000 pounds from Germany, it is easily seen what the sugar of Cuba meant to the United States. In the twelve months of 1894 the imports of raw sugars from all sources were 3,482,093,821 pounds, of which 313,116,052 pounds were the product of the beet root. Thus Cuba supplied 71 per cent. of the total cane imports, and 65 per cent. of the total sugars.

Nothing can bring into clearer light the terrible results of the insurrection to the commercial interests of the island than a comparison of the movement of sugar in 1897 with that of 1894. It is well known how both Spanish and Cubans sought to produce a moral as well as physical effect by preventing the planting and gathering of the cane. Only the trade returns can give some appreciation of the destructive effect of this policy. In 1897 Cuba sent to the United States 420,490,000 pounds of raw sugar, or less than one-fifth the quantity sent in 1894. Among cane-producing countries this import was exceeded by the Hawaiian Islands and the British East Indies. Cuba supplied only 14 per cent. of the total imports of cane sugar, and less than 10 per cent. of the imports of all raw sugars. In place of receiving $63,000,000 for the sugar exported to the United States, as it did in 1894, Cuba received only $10,000,000 for its sending in 1897. The ability of the island to pay its charges of debt and administration, and to feed the "carpet-baggers" and absentee planters, to support a host of useless but hungry and rapacious officials sent out from Spain, depended upon this remittance for sugar and tobacco from the United States. At least $55,000,000 a year has been lost to Cuba in these two articles alone, and an island rich in tested possibilities is doomed to an economic destruction while Spain holds dominion.

For it is the market of the United States alone that can make Cuba bloom into profit. All Europe combined cannot do it, as the one great interest of the island competes with a special industry of Continental Europe—the beet-root industry—an economic nightmare that has more than once threatened the state treasuries with ruin, and produced more diplomatic negotiation than could a question of territory. The huge overfattened monstrosity which each nation hoped to use offensively against its neighbors has turned upon its creators, and would veto any proposition to give Cuba even a small part of the home markets. All Europe, too, is combined against the free sale of the second large item in Cuban economy, for the state monopoly (*régie*) in the leading nations of the Continent control with an iron hand the import, manufacture, and sale of the weed. No statesmanship based upon sentiment or upon economic considerations on the part of Europe can give Cuba what she needs, and what she must have if she is to remain a factor in the world's commerce. No decree of Spain, no system of tariff duties or navigation regulations or commercial prohibition, can have effect in affecting this overshadowing influence of the United States over the commercial destinies of Cuba.

In the supply of Cuba with her chief needs in food and machinery the United States should also stand first. A natural protection of distance, as well as a natural advantage in production, should establish this commerce on grounds which no other country could well contest unless favored by tariff laws that would work more injury to the producers than benefit to the monopolists. In 1894, a year of fair trade, the exports from the United States to Cuba were $19,855,237. Of this total more than one-half was composed of machinery and iron and steel in various forms, breadstuffs and provisions, wood and coal. Of articles of minor importance the movement was large, but need not be specified; for the opportunities for increasing the export must first lie with food (especially flour) and machinery. With the pacification of the island the demand will develop in many directions; and with the burdensome and discriminating customs duties repealed, the United States should be in a position to avail itself of its natural ability to enjoy the offerings of the Cuban market.

Nor is the question of annexation closely connected with this commercial supremacy. As a dependency of another power, and under a system of maladministration, Cuba developed into its commercial eminence; and even those adverse influences could not seriously interfere with this development. As an independent power, working out its own political salvation, the economic ability would still remain, and probably be even more active when the trammels of the Spanish commercial policy have been laid aside. The immense sales of sugar and tobacco and the ever-increasing demand in the United States for tropical fruits would give Cuba a commercial standing and financial credit that would be a guarantee of power and safety. As a Territory or a State of the Union, Cuba could only bring with it a train of political and financial problems of serious import and high difficulty.

* The trade returns of European countries are for calendar years; those of the United States are for fiscal years, from July 1 to June 30.

ROSE DATES.

FEW persons who are more than a little fond of particular varieties of roses are aware of how recent is a really strong individuality in foreign varieties of their favorite flower.

The "Gloire de Dijon" dates from 1853. The "General Jacqueminot" was offered to the public in 1859. The "Maréchal Niel" (which beautiful rose seems lately unjustly out of vogue) was perfected in 1864. "La France" came in 1868. The "Madame Isaac-Pereire" is of 1880. "La Reine" is almost the oldest of the hybrids still beloved, having made its success in 1843.

The new and assumed varieties now put forth annually still reach the number of seventy or eighty. But the majority of them have no decisive characteristics to enable them to hold their own against others. The "American Beauty" and "Catherine Mermet" are the most significant additions within a few seasons to the general catalogue, and not yet in universal favor.

ART.

NOTES AT THE SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

IT is impossible not to feel that this exhibition compares unfavorably with those of other societies that have been recently held. Whereas they have possessed the qualities of progressiveness, not in the direction of following new fads, but in the sounder one of higher aims and maturer fulfilment, the Academy, as represented by the present exhibition, is open to the charge of perfunctoriness, mediocrity, and, in certain cases, of trashiness. The younger and stronger elements, which are its chief hopes, have not on this occasion come forward in sufficient numbers or with sufficient force to vitalize the dead wood. There is a dreary dead level of apathy, from which one is too often startled into a feeling of painful surprise that the committee should have presumed so far upon the credulity or indifference of the public as to permit the hanging of certain pictures. On the other hand, there are a few exhibits which speak with such authority that the impression left by the whole exhibition is mainly a remembrance of them.

One of these is Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith's "Portrait of Mrs. Beckwith." The lady stands in front of a gilded chair upholstered in crimson damask. She is dressed in black skirt with a bodice of deep blue velvet, and a boa and muff of brown fur. The pose is very dignified, and the general air gracious and womanly. The textures throughout are painted with magnificent assurance, and the picture, as a whole, is full of force and persuasive charm. The same qualities are apparent in Mr. Walter Shirlaw's "In Church"—the figure of a lady in black sitting on a bench of time-stained oak, with a quaintly fashioned hat tied with ribbons under the chin of a sweet and serious face. The hands are crossed, one holding a handkerchief, and the other lying upon an open book. The picture is a beautiful example of Mr. Shirlaw's matured and earnest method. There is a sober luxury in the blending of the rich dark tones, relieved by a delicate animation of reflected lights, and little accidents or studied surprises of effect. Out of the strenuous earnestness of this well-pondered harmony of deep tones the face and hands steal with a tenderness, almost playfulness, that is quite bewitching. The Hallgarten Prize of $300, for the best picture in oil-colors painted in the United States by an American citizen under thirty-five years of age, is awarded this year to Mr. Robert Reid for his "Dawn." This is a ceiling panel, about eight by six feet, representing the rosy-fingered goddess stepping into her chariot, and lighting her torch from the flame-bowl held by another girlish figure. The latter symbolizes the source of light; at the same time, of life, for a little child is nestling at her feet; and of beauty also, as suggested by a peacock. The picture is finely composed, with large masses and fluent lines of movement, and the coloring is dainty, animated, and yet very dignified. The girlish figures are exquisitely pure and beautiful in type, and accord well with the symbolical subject and the sensitive grace with which it is treated.

"In the Studio," by Mr. William M. Chase, has all the spontaneity and freshness which characterize his pictures, and is carried further than many, with a brilliant arrangement of color that is thoroughly decorative. The Thomas B. Clarke Prize of $300, for the best American figure composition painted in the United States by an American citizen, without limit of age, has been given to Mr. Abbott H. Thayer. It is rather a stretching of terms to call his portrait of a lady, shown as far as the waist, a "figure composition"; and the work, though very serious in intention, has been scarcely carried to the point of completion. There is much force shown in the conception and treatment, and a charming sentiment runs through the picture; but the face, notwithstanding its great beauty, is much marred by the almost brutal indication of shadows. One of the most agreeable canvases is a "Child Sewing," by Mr. Frank W. Benson. It is tender and sparkling in color, the face and pose are lovably childlike, and although little more than a sketch, it is painted with wonderful decision, and from the requisite distance counts as a very beautiful picture. Mr. Edgar M. Ward contributes one of his brilliant records of skilfully arranged facts, under the title of the "Coppersmith"; and Mr. J. G. Brown a strongly executed record of facts, as his fancy sees them—two gamins playing with a dog.

The most important landscape is the late Mr. William L. Picknell's "Banks of the Loing," a stretch of river, with towing-path on one side and hills on the other, bathed in warm sunshine, and full of the health and peacefulness of country. Mr. Howard Russell Butler, whose election as an Associate of the National Academy is announced, is represented by "The Sea at Evening," a very important and beautiful picture of rosy sky and curling waves, limpid as well as opalescent. "A Spring Idyl," by Mr. George H. Smillie, is a grateful piece of fresh and vigorous painting, and "A Moonlight Night" a good example of luminous gloom, such as Mr. Louis Paul Dessau depicts with so much feeling and truthfulness. The "Sunshine," by Mr. B. West Clinedinst, is almost more of a decorative panel than a landscape, for it is painted very nearly on one plane; but it is very charming, composed with a certain demure playfulness, and warm and vivacious in color. Mr. C. Harry Eaton's "By the old Bridge" is a pleasing landscape, full of cool lush vegetation; and Mr. S. M. Laurence's "Setting Sun, Coast of Cornwall," a glow of misty colors, very lovely, but covering possibly too much canvas for the subject. "Moonrise in August" is an example of Mr. W. A. Coffin's earnest study of nature, caught as it were in her secret moments when none but the poet or the artist is abroad to pry upon her. Mr. J. H. Twachtman shows a remarkable picture of "Niagara Falls," in which the plunge of the torrent, contrasting cloud of spray, and the slip and fall of the smaller streams of water are finely expressed. Color, movement, weight, are all depicted, though, as seen at night, the picture seems to be deficient in moisture. In "Spirit of the Night," a naked child standing with uplifted hands in front of a stretch of silvery sea, Mr. Alexander Harrison has conceived a beautiful thought, but scarcely expressed it fully. The reason may be the want of beauty in the child's figure, which disagreeably attracts the eye. Still, it is a picture for which one is grateful. One more landscape must be mentioned in this brief summary—"The Mill-Pond," by Mr. J. Appleton Brown, graciously tranquil and tender. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF CHINA.

UNUSUAL attention has lately been directed to affairs in the Far East. The greatest diplomats of Europe, Asia, and America have suddenly been brought face to face with a strange medley of unexpected complications, concentrated in the ancient empire of China. The people of that country, hitherto intensely conservative, have been compelled by the force of circumstances to move with the great movements of the world and the time. Conditions have changed, and with the change have arisen new opportunities along lines of progress, enlightenment, and reform. Whoever would seek to use time, money, and energy with the least possible waste must note the new conditions and meet the new opportunities. What may have been best a few years ago may not be best to-day.



REV. GILBERT REID, Peking.

Recognizing the significance of the present time in the affairs of the Far East, a company of men, resident in China, have combined in the effort to establish in the city of Peking the International Institute of China. Already men connected with the nationalities of Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, and the United States are on the committees to further the interests of the proposed institute. Men of other nationalities have shown their endorsement of the work by contributing to it. Men who are sincere in their wish to promote the welfare of the Chinese people and to strengthen the Chinese government have come forward to show their good-will toward this new enterprise.

This International Institute, to be started in the capital of China, is a combination of various features distinct in other lands. First, there will be a library and reading-room, to bring together books and periodicals in the Chinese language, to which will be added such from other countries as will be deemed advisable in the future. This will be the first library of the kind to be erected in China, and it is purposed to make it a model for public-spirited Chinese to follow in other sections of the country. Second, there will be a museum, or permanent exposition building, to display the arts and inventions of different nations and to impress the Chinese with the best features of our Christian civilization. Third, there will also be reception-rooms, to bring together the leading men of China and those from other countries who may desire to meet them in a social and friendly way. Fourth, there will be an auditorium for public lectures on all questions of importance, and to be used as a meeting-ground for both foreigners and Chinese who congregate in the large city of Peking. Fifth, there will be class-rooms for giving information and instruction to the grown-up men in official life, or who have literary degrees—a plan modelled somewhat after the University Extension course in this country.

The peculiarity of this work is the definite purpose to reach those who possess the largest influence in China, and through them to affect for good the whole population of that country. As one largely responsible for carrying out this proposed plan, I may say that I deem the undertaking to be feasible because of what has already been accomplished without the aid of any such institutional work. Personally, during the few years that I have lived in China I have found it possible, in a social way, without any introduction from other foreigners and without any political pressure brought to bear upon them, to make the acquaintance of as many as four hundred of the Chinese mandarins. This, of course, has been secured only through concentration of effort, and by a willingness to conform to many of the Chinese usages and to recognize the good points which many of them possess. Within this circle of friends are included all but one of the Emperor's cabinet, every one of the eleven members of the Imperial Board of Foreign Affairs, many censors of rank, men of highest literary distinction, and upwards of one hundred officials now holding office in the different provinces. An associate in the work is the Rev. Dr. Martin, author of *A Cycle of Cathay*, who has also had large acquaintance with distinguished men in the government, owing to his position, held for over thirty years, as president of the Imperial College and adviser to the Foreign Office. If such a number of influential men, many of whom are intensely conservative, can thus be reached with no attractions, how reasonable is it for us to expect that, with such attractions as this institute will afford, still greater influence can be exerted on these same men, and also an influence over others not yet reached, so that together they will be inclined to adopt measures, approve plans, and assist all efforts for the uplifting of their own people, and for the strengthening of their own government.

PLAN OF BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

The Grand Secretary, Li Hung-Chang, in a letter which he presented to me April 12, 1897, to be used for publication in this country, made the following statement:

"You have set about solving this problem in a way that should commend itself to every friend of humanity. Unquestionably, if you can give to the blind leaders of our people light and learning enjoyed in the West, they in turn will lead our people out of their darkness."

Then, referring especially to his friends in the United States, he closed with these words:

"If it would interest them to know that I regard you highly, and will give you a helping hand in your future efforts to bring more light into the world and encourage higher aims for aspirations, you may use for that purpose this letter," etc.

The Imperial Board of Foreign Affairs, as representing the government, has, for the first time in its history, been willing to formally sanction under its seal such a plan for an international institute. Promises have been made by men of that body to bestow still greater honor by memorializing the Emperor for Imperial recognition so soon as the plan may be carried out. There is already abundant proof that the execution of this plan will not long be delayed. Already in China I have been able to secure contributions to the amount of $15,000. Most of this came from individual Chinese. Governor Hu, Director-General of Railroads in North China, the Metropolitan Viceroy Wang Wen-Shao, of Tien-tsin, and Viceroy Chang Chih-Tung, in Central China, were among the number to indicate their good-will by rendering financial aid. The work at present is carried on in a humble Chinese house rented for not more than $7 per month, and though new and grander buildings are planned for the future, it is still intended to bring Western ideas to the Chinese by methods of conciliation and adaptation.



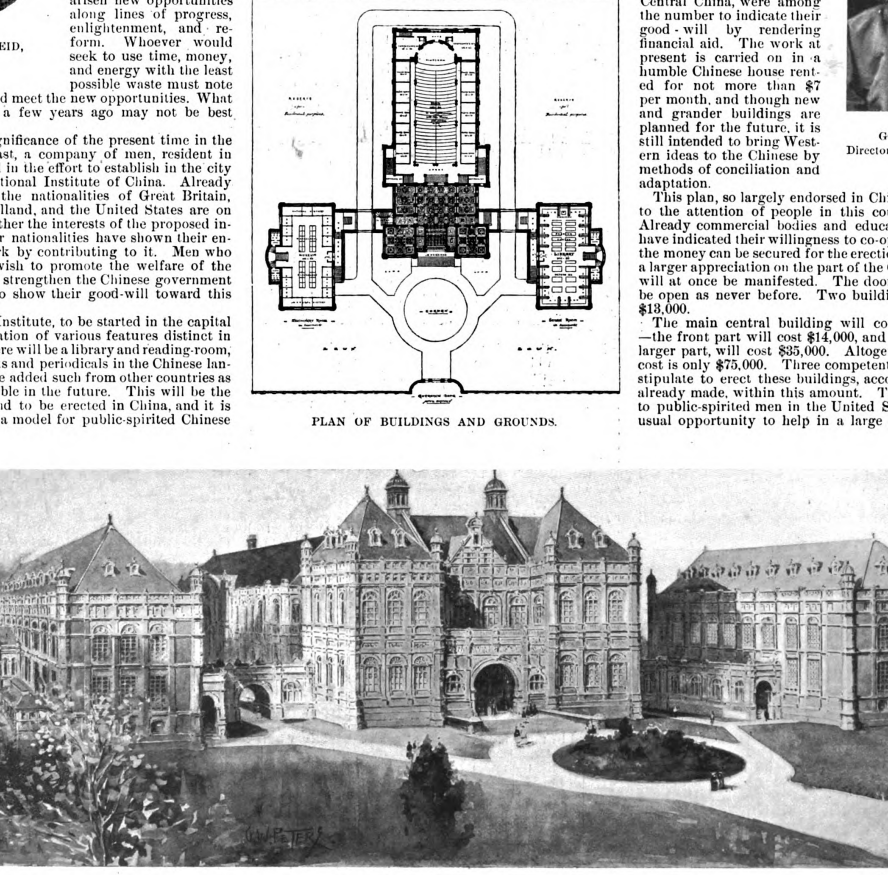
GOVERNOR HU, Director-General of Railroads.

This plan, so largely endorsed in China, is now brought to the attention of people in this country and Europe. Already commercial bodies and educational institutions have indicated their willingness to co-operate. As soon as the money can be secured for the erection of the buildings, a larger appreciation on the part of the Chinese themselves will at once be manifested. The door for progress will be open as never before. Two buildings will cost each $13,000.

The main central building will consist of two parts—the front part will cost $14,000, and the auditorium, or larger part, will cost $35,000. Altogether, the estimated cost is only $75,000. Three competent English architects stipulate to erect these buildings, according to drawings already made, within this amount. This plan, presented to public-spirited men in the United States, offers an unusual opportunity to help in a large and generous way this new endeavor to open up China more widely and peaceably to the whole world—to commerce, to education, to civilization, and to all the varied forms of Christian missions.

Should pamphlets or other information be desired, inquiries may be made of the Fleming H. Revell Company, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York city, or of the bankers Brown Brothers, 59 Wall Street.

GILBERT REID.



PROPOSED BUILDINGS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF CHINA, AT PEKING.

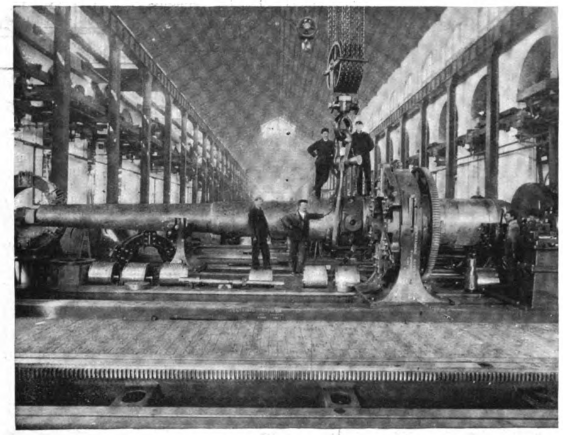


METROPOLITAN VICEROY WANG WEN-SHAO, OF TIEN-TSIN.

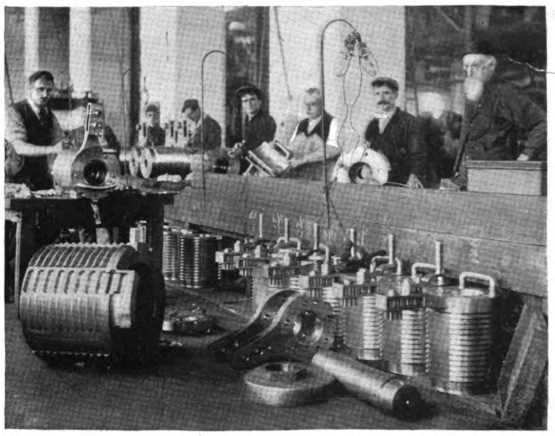


VICEROY CHANG CHIH-TUNG.

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PUTTING A 12-INCH GUN IN A LATHE AT WATERVLIET ARSENAL.



ASSEMBLING FOR MECHANISM OF 10-INCH AND 12-INCH GUNS.
In Foreground, Breech-Pin for first 16-inch Gun built at Watervliet.

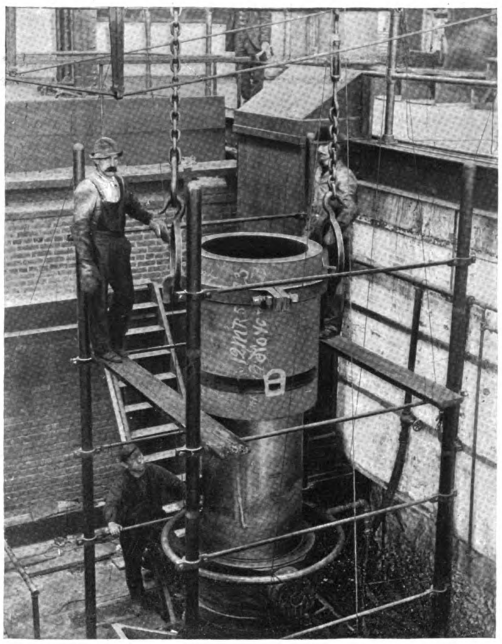
BUSY TIMES AT ARSENALS.

Illustrated with photographs of the United States Arsenal at Watervliet, New York, taken especially for "Harper's Weekly" by Albion W. Floyd, through courtesy of the Secretary of War.

THE great rush of preparing materials for war in case the Cuban question should bring on hostilities—an activity that has been widespread in the iron and steel world, and in those branches of trade that deal with explosives—centres largely around the arsenals where the guns, big and little, are made, or around the fortifications where the guns are being placed in position. One gets a better idea of what a modern cannon means by visiting the place where these guns are assembled and shipped by the dozen and score than by visiting the emplacement of a fortification or the turret of a battle-ship. It is for this reason that the great government factories for ordnance at Washington and near Troy, New York, are objects of especial interest at the present time. The arsenal near Troy is known as the Watervliet arsenal. It is where the government makes and finishes guns for the army. The guns made by the government for the navy are finished at the Washington arsenal.

It is at the Watervliet arsenal that the most interesting gun ever under construction in this country, and said to be the largest in the world, is being put together. It is the 16-inch gun for coast defence. The cost of this single weapon with its carriage will be nearly $400,000. It will be 49.1 feet long, and it will weigh 126 tons, six tons more than the monster gun which Krupp exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago. The powder charge for this monster will probably weigh 1000 pounds. Its projectile will weigh over a ton. The extreme range of the gun will be about fifteen miles. Special machinery had to be made to produce this gun.

But not only is Watervliet interesting on account of the manufacture of such a piece of ordnance, but because of the extent of its works and capabilities of producing other kinds of ordnance. It is there that our large 10 and 12 inch rifled cannon, and our 12-inch mortar-guns for coast defence have been turned out by the score, in addition to smaller guns, for army use, by the hundreds. The main shop in the plant is 1000 feet long and 180 feet wide. It is filled with costly machinery, and guns, chiefly large ones, in various stages of completion. There are numerous other buildings at the arsenal, and the plant occupies a tract of 138 acres of land.



SHRINKING-PIT OF WATERVLIET ARSENAL—SHRINKING JACKET ON 12-INCH MORTAR.

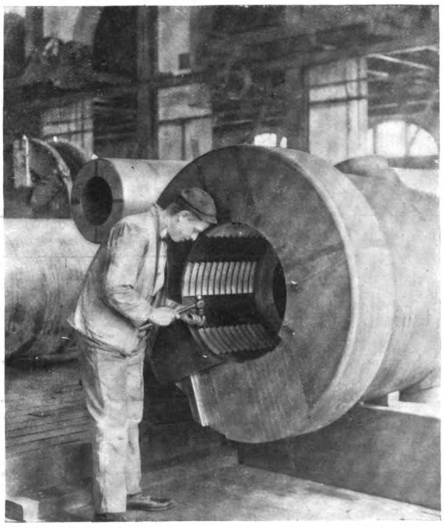
The need of haste in the present crisis has led to the working of employees in double shifts. Eight hours constitute a day's work in Federal government factories. The first shift of men goes to work at seven o'clock in the morning, and continues until four o'clock in the afternoon. The night shift goes on duty at 4 P.M., and works until midnight. About 600 men are at work, all told. It requires about one year to build a 12-inch gun in ordinary times, and even when night and day work goes on it requires nearly nine months.

The Watervliet arsenal has been in existence since 1813. It first consisted of about thirteen acres of land in what was then known as the village of West Troy. The land cost about $2500. It was primarily an arsenal—a place for the storage of war-supplies. In 1815 there was a further purchase of land, and in 1828 thirty more acres were added. From time to time more land was added, until its present extent of territory was reached. It was not until the latter part of 1887 that the manufacture of modern ordnance was begun there. Although the government has contracted with private firms and companies for making great numbers of guns, it was thought to be wise for the War Department to have its own plant as well.

The immense main building was started in 1890, and not finished until 1894. Since then it has been kept busy all the time. This main building is the chief object of interest in the place. It has in its equipment three electric cranes that are used in handling the guns in the various stages of the work upon them. One of these cranes has a lifting capacity of

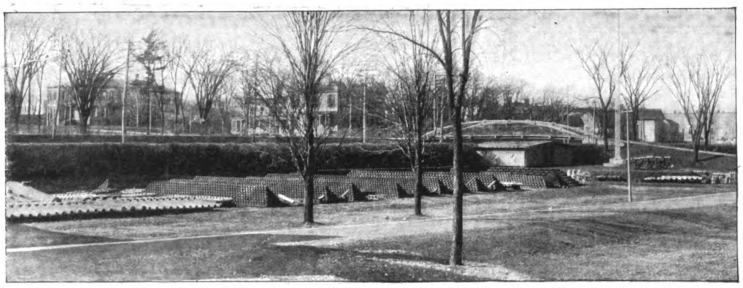


INTERIOR OF GUN-FACTORY, WATERVLIET ARSENAL.
Four 12-inch Coast-defence Guns in Foreground, ready for Shipment.



WORKING ON BREECH OF FIRST 16-INCH GUN MADE AT WATERVLIET.

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FIRST VIEW OF ARSENAL GROUNDS, WATERVLIET, NEW YORK, AFTER PASSING THE GUARD AT THE OUTER GATE.

30 tons; another lifts objects weighing as much as 75 tons, and the third can lift 130 tons. These cranes pick up pieces of ordnance and move them from place to place with the ease and rapidity that a porter would move a barrel in a factory. They are the greatest time-savers in the way of machinery probably that are in operation anywhere in the country.

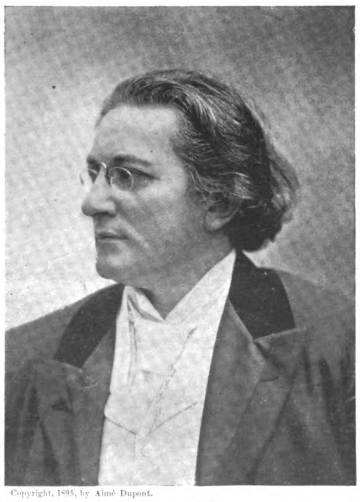
Although a modern cannon is a ponderous affair, there are few things manufactured which require tools of so great delicacy as those used in such a plant. To look at a finished gun, one would scarcely imagine that it required a tool in perfecting it that would measure the one-thousandth part of an inch. This machine is called a compositor. Then there are monster lathes for turning the guns, machines for boring, machines for rifling, and other work in the making and building of these weapons, not including the ponderous machinery required in casting and forming the ingot. The necessity of having new machinery for some of the processes in making the big 16-inch gun added enormously to its cost.

The shrinking-pit in a gun-factory is where probably the most delicate work in the plant is done. It is where the jackets are placed on the long tubes of the cannon proper. The jacket on a gun is fitted to the breach. It is heated in a furnace for about thirty hours, to a temperature of 700 degrees. Then it is quickly taken to the shrinking-pit, where the cannon proper is suspended, muzzle down. The glowing jacket is lowered gradually and most carefully over the tube, and when in position—a matter involving an adjustment of the finest character—is allowed to cool and grip the tube so that it cannot be released. The hoops and bands that are added after that in the building-up process of manufacture are shrunk on the gun while it is in a horizontal position. The ingot from which the main tube of the 16-inch gun at Watervliet was made weighed, when cast at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 82,800 pounds. The jacket forging weighed 90,000 pounds. A hole had to be bored and rifled with absolute accuracy in the main ingot; the tube had to be turned perfectly round; a circular hole, exact to the thousandth of an inch, had to be made in the jacket ingot, so that when expanded by heat, in order to slip it over the gun-tube, and contracted by gradual cooling after it was in position, it should fit the tube perfectly, and strengthen it to resist a pressure of no less than 38,000 pounds to the square inch when the gun should fire its ton projectile.

The views accompanying this article illustrate some of the stages of the manufacturing and finishing processes at Watervliet, and were taken by permission of the War Department, and through the especial courtesy of Mr. Alfred Christiansen, the mechanical engineer and master-mechanic of the gun-factory at the arsenal.

ANTON SEIDL—1850–1898.

A PROFOUNDLY sad and sudden occurrence in course of a musical season does not always mean an actual calamity. But the death of Anton Seidl, a week ago last Monday, coming with startling unexpectedness, falls as a positive disaster to certain of the highest orchestral interests in New York just at this immediate juncture of events; as well as represents a melancholy disturbance to incidents and plans independent of New York's own vivid musical life. It could hardly have been more sudden and more quickly a tragedy. Mr. Seidl was apparently in good health; somewhat tired out with the arduous work of the season now waning, but occupied in his arrangements for the numerous engagements yet to be met in town, and with a long concert tour in this country at the head of his own orchestra before him, as well as the direction of opera and the Wagner Festival in London. He died while making a late afternoon call on a friend and business manager, and when on his way homewards to receive some special guests at dinner. The cause was acute gastritis, as defined by the physicians called in; but so sudden an end was almost mysterious, swift as is the violent malady named. The funeral occurred on Thursday, in the Metropolitan Opera-House, before a large assemblage. Since the death of Dr. Damrosch in 1885, no such incident has so powerfully thrilled and shocked the musical circles of our country, and no such public tributes have been paid to any resident musician's invaluable labors and esteemed personality. The close of a great season is darkened with sorrow and burdened with a sense of personal and professional affliction.



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ANTON SEIDL.

Mr. Seidl was Hungarian by actual birth, but he has been identified with Germany and the United States during a brief and splendid career. Born at Buda-Pesth in 1850, after early studies at Leipzig he soon became a most confidential member of that intimate circle around Wagner and Wagner's family—with it, indeed, often associated by a floating legend more closely than as merely by his long musical secretaryship to Wagner and by Liszt's affectionate interest. After rapidly rising in fame as Wagner's assistant conductor and as a general conductor at Leipzig (1878), as the leader of the Angelo Neumann tour with the Nibelungen dramas (1878), and at Bremen's notable city opera (1883–5), Mr. Seidl was engaged for the (old) Metropolitan Opera-House by Mr. Edmund C. Stanton, to succeed Dr. Damrosch. In September, 1885, Mr. Seidl came to us. From that time the bright history of the Metropolitan's years of—exclusively—opera in German, the tale of its magnificent and now historic productions of Wagner's works (including the complete Tetralogy, and "The Mastersingers," and "Tristan"), of successes that have made its history one brilliant forever in musical annals—it has almost all been closely the story of Mr. Seidl's efficiency and recognition. He can hardly be separated from its chapters. The changes and shiftings of musical policy at the Opera-House gradually, but firmly, worked only for Mr. Seidl's more permanent authority and honor there. Under Mr. Grau, too, his career and fame had lately widened, and his name was impressing itself on a public foreign to us as it had not done in the past.

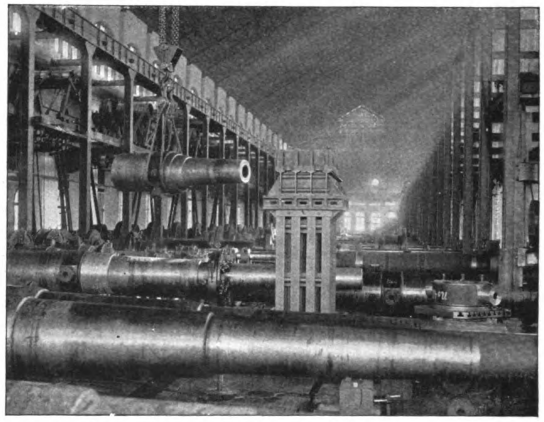
Last season's London and Baireuth performances were doubtless but the beginning of a larger international reputation than ever before. The fair splendors of a quite new career were apparently before Mr. Seidl. And since, with all his specialistic charges, as an operatic director, he had identified himself as the conductor of such orchestral societies and concert series as the Philharmonic, the Brighton Beach seasons, the Seidl Society, the Astoria, the Chickering Hall, the various concerts and tours of his own band, his life was of exceptional concert industry. It need not be said that so abrupt a conclusion of all its varied concerns means grave and tangled complications in our city's immediate future, as well as a dolorous hour to all who esteemed and admired the musician and the unassuming, amiable, sincere man.

Mr. Seidl was, in fact, an unusual musician—a conductor in his field with no superior whosoever—and in many traits he was an unusual man. He was educated in much besides his profession. His general culture was wide. As a conductor he was among the first in the world, particularly and peculiarly as concerned the interpretation of Wagner's scores. By inheritance, by tradition, by genius, by training, Seidl was a lord and a master in the delivery of Wagner, as have been only half a dozen Wagner leaders, since Wagnerism first uttered its messages to the operatic stage. Those who have heard him lead Wagner's greatest pages will never forget how Mr. Seidl disclosed their contents. His individuality in Wagnerism is not likely to be attained by new men—at least not with us who know what he was wont to do. In a wide range of classic and modern dramatic opera—"Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," "Euryanthe," "The Queen of Sheba"—he was admirable. As a director of orchestral concerts in general Mr. Seidl, naturally enough, was unequal, and often not felicitous.

But it is to be said to his honor in this quality that he conducted Bach, Mozart, and several of Beethoven's symphonies with masterly insight. (He was to lead the "Ninth Symphony" at the last Philharmonic concerts, during the same week that brought death to him.) As a composer Mr. Seidl made no pretensions, and was too busy to disclose his originality, except in his orchestral transcriptions, including the superb "Bach Divertimento" one, produced at the Philharmonic a few seasons ago. He has been spoken of lately as engaged on an opera.

But the story of the personality, the industry, the individualism, of Mr. Seidl cannot be told in a brief newspaper notice. He was too great a leader for that. Few directors so plainly fall into perspective at once. His keen, fine face, his serious, dignified manner, his deep musicianship, will long be our memory. The future held so much for him, beyond doubt. But Death is the intent, sombre leader of all this orchestra of life; and at his signal Anton Seidl too must needs cease to play his part, and must leave us. So comes a silence to sadden and to perturb a whole community, and to grieve all those musical circles of Europe yet in touch with his merits and his mastery.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



TRANSFERRING A 12-INCH MORTAR FROM ONE MACHINE TO ANOTHER BY ELECTRIC CRANE.

WASHINGTON.

April 4, 1898.

WITHIN the last week the Cuban complication has taken an unexpected turn in Congress. The *Maine* episode has come to the front, and the idea of intervening merely for the purpose of relieving the reconcentrados has been shifted to a secondary place. The President still prefers to treat the *Maine* affair as a thing apart; but it is that, more than the stories of suffering, which has moved the Committee on Foreign Relations in both Senate and House to prepare resolutions looking to the recognition of Cuban independence, and armed intervention, if necessary, to maintain our position.

The elections held in Spain and Cuba a week ago resulted, as was expected, in a victory for the government. Inspired by a hope that this assurance of popular support would make Sagasta and his colleagues more open to diplomatic approach, the President entered upon a new and final negotiation, having for its immediate object the cessation of the war in Cuba. The leaders of both Houses of Congress warned him that, in view of the feeling of exasperation there, it was uncertain how long the members could be held in check. They were assured that if they would abstain from any aggressive action till the close of the week, they should then have a full statement of the diplomatic situation, and could proceed intelligently to their next step. An informal compact was made on this basis, and the only attempt to overset the programme—a resolution recognizing Cuban independence, sprung upon the House by Representative Bailey of Texas—was promptly snuffed out by the Speaker on a point of order, the Chair being sustained, on appeal, by a close party vote of 180 to 139.

On Friday the President gave a brief statement to the press that his negotiations with the Spanish government had come to no satisfactory conclusion, and that he would refer the whole matter to Congress in a special message as soon as he could prepare one. This message will go in to-morrow or Wednesday. Meanwhile the most that is known as to the attitude of Spain is that she has already provided for the release of the reconcentrados, and appropriated $600,000 to relieve their necessities and restore them to normal conditions of life, and that she will agree to an armistice till the new Cuban Autonomist Legislature can consider the situation. In no wise, however, has she consented to make Cuban independence a subject of discussion.

The Cuban insurgents still insist that they do not desire to see the United States involved in war with Spain, but that our simple recognition of independence of their republic will accomplish all they wish. Meanwhile the Senate has discussed Mr. Lodge's project for the purchase of the island of St. Thomas from Denmark, with a view of giving us a coaling station; but the Danish government appears

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to be reluctant to do anything which might be interpreted by Spain as an unfriendly act in the present crisis.

The scene in the Senate Chamber when the report of the naval board of inquiry was received last Monday was highly impressive. The chaplain's opening prayer had made pointed references to the international crisis, and appealed for Divine guidance through a period so stirring to the passions of men. The galleries were crowded to overflowing, and long queues ran out into the corridors, almost blockading passage there. Some routine business had been transacted in the first few minutes of the session; but as the door at the rear of the Chamber opened, and the Vice-President ordered proceedings suspended to receive a message from the President, an expectant hush fell upon Senators and spectators. As the last Senator who had any business to offer took his seat, his associates laid aside their writing and reading and settled themselves in attentive attitudes, the occupants of the galleries bent eagerly forward, and the Vice-President drew the manuscript from its wrapping and handed it to the clerk.

Even the dreary singsong of the reading did not abate the earnestness of the attention paid to every line and word, till, as the end was reached, Senator Davis of Minnesota moved the reference of message, report, and accompanying papers to the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which he is chairman, and the assembled multitude drew a long breath of relief.

Preparations for national defence still go on actively in the War and Navy departments. News has reached this country of the purchase of another cruiser abroad. A novelty has been added to the naval establishment, called the mosquito fleet. Petty squadrons formed of tugs and yachts, partly protected, and armed with rapid-fire guns, will be stationed at various exposed ports, and manned by naval militia. It is suggested that when an attack is expected at any particular port, several of these squadrons may be assembled at that point, and make a pretty formidable defensive force.

In a consultation between the Secretary of the Navy and the Superintendent of the Naval Academy the other day, it was decided to waive the final examinations for graduation at Annapolis this year, and to give the members of the graduating class their diplomas two months in advance, so that they may be at once assigned to sea duty.

Enlistments for the navy have not kept up their first active pace. For this reason the department is disposed to exercise a good deal of lenity in the cases of men under charges of desertion. Those who have made good previous records, and whose fault was merely technical, will probably be received back, and the charge entered against their names will be changed from desertion to "straggling."

Notice has been received at the War Department of the organization of a National Volunteer Reserve, under the sponsorship of a number of veteran officers, Northern and Southern. Its purpose is to enroll some two million citizens of proper age and physically able to bear arms, who are to sign a pledge to respond to the call of the President or of the Governors of their respective States and Territories for volunteers in case of war. It is hoped by this means to prepare the way for a great and impressive popular uprising for the defence of the government, and avoid many of the delays incident to the raising of a volunteer army which caused such embarrassment in the early days of the civil war. Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield, U. S. A. (retired), and Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, of the late Confederate army, are leading spirits in the movement.

Some alarm was aroused in Washington on Friday night by a cable despatch stating that the Spanish torpedo flotilla had reached Porto Rico. The discredit thrown upon the report by the navigation experts at the Navy Department was justified by the authentic news received later that the advance members of the flotilla had reached Cape Verde Islands, where they had temporarily put in. This flotilla, the arrival of which in our waters had been dreaded by those who realize its strength and suspect a hostile purpose in its coming, consists of six vessels: three torpedo-boats—the *Ariete*, the *Azor*, and the *Rayo*—and three torpedo-boat-destroyers, the *Furor*, the *Terror*, and the *Pluton*. The *Ariete* and the *Rayo* are 97-ton boats, each 147.5 feet long, and armed with four 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, and three and two torpedo-tubes, respectively. The *Azor* is a 108-ton boat, 134.5 feet long, and with the same armament as *Ariete*. The destroyers are steel vessels, the *Furor* and *Terror* being twins, of 380 tons, 220 feet in length, and armed with two 14-pounder and two 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 37-millimetre automatic guns—all of the Maxim-Nordenfeldt design—and two torpedo-tubes. The *Pluton* is a 400-ton vessel, 225 feet long, carrying two 12-pounders, two 6-pounders, and two 1-pounders, and two torpedo-tubes. The flotilla is in convoy of a cruiser taken from the transatlantic merchant fleet, of 3084 tons displacement, 363.6 feet long, and armed with 5½-inch Hontoria guns.

On Wednesday another fleet of Spanish war-vessels set sail from Cartagena, bound westward. It consisted of the armored cruiser *Infanta Maria Teresa*, a sister ship to the *Vizcaya*; the armored cruiser *Cristobal Colon*; a torpedo-boat-destroyer, the *Destructor*. The war-ships *Pelayo* and *Carlos V.*, which have been in French ports, have sailed for Cartagena, evidently to be prepared there for foreign service. The *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo* have meanwhile left Havana harbor, apparently to meet the torpedo flotilla at Martinique, and escort it into West Indian waters.

The funeral of Lieutenant Friend W. Jenkins, one of the two young officers lost in the *Maine* disaster, occurred at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, Pittsburg joining in the obsequies. The body lay in state for two hours at the Allegheny Post-office, and later at the Pittsburg Court-house, the bells of the churches tolling as the citizens filed by the bier. Business was practically suspended, and the whole population thronged the streets. The funeral procession was made up of militia regiments, a detachment of naval reserves, the local Grand Army posts, and other patriotic organizations, and headed by General Wiley and staff of the Pennsylvania National Guard. The Protestant Episcopal service for the dead was read at Christ Church, Allegheny, and a sermon preached by the rector, the Rev. Robert Meech. The burial was in Uniondale Cemetery, where a volley of musketry was fired over the grave and an American flag planted at its head.

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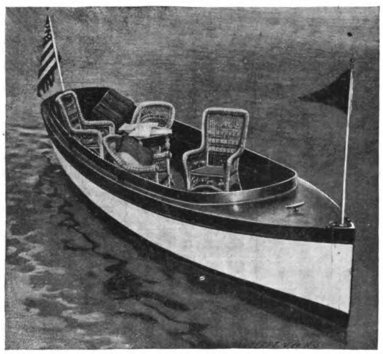
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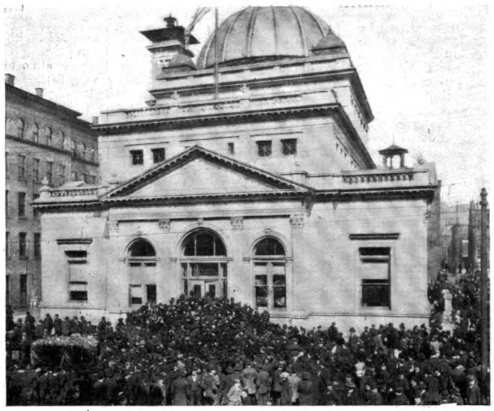
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THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE CEMETERY.



THE SCENE AT THE GRAVE.

FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT FRIEND W. JENKINS, U.S.N., OF THE "MAINE," AT ALLEGHENY, PENNSYLVANIA, MARCH 30, 1898.—[See Page 355.]

AMATEUR SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

V.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RUGBY.

I.

FOR the origin of American Rugby we have to look to the English game of the early seventies. As I have said, this was a game of closely packed scrummages for offence and defence, flanked by a reserve of five men for purposes of defence merely. This game our men tried to learn from a study of the printed rules of the Rugby Union. About the only teams to have any actual experience of the game as properly played were the Harvard teams, which had occasional matches with Canadian universities. In the course of time, partly because of the confusion and obscurity in the wording of the Rugby rules, partly in consequence of a disregard of the spirit of the rules, which, it is to be feared, has since proved only too characteristic, and partly also in consequence of a no less characteristic ingenuity—our players little by little altered the game. There is no clearer indication, in fact, of the mental and temperamental difference between the American and the Englishman than is found in the history of Rugby football.

Instead of waiting for the ball to pop out of the scrum, as any self-respecting Englishman of that period would have done, we took matters in our own hands—or, to be more literal, we took the ball to our feet—and regularly heeled it out whenever we thought we could gain by the play. This, as I have said, is exactly what the English players learned to do in time; but the respect for English tradition is so much stronger in the loyal Canadian than in home-born Briton that when we anticipated the development it led to a discontinuance of matches between Harvard and the Canadians. Thus the only live source of English football tradition in America went by the board.

As our game increased in popularity a series of wholly new features was introduced. So great did the advantage of heeling out appear that forward play developed into a scrabble to get possession of the ball. This must have caused much blind hacking and other brutality. The initial struggle was soon obviated by permitting the centre forward to snap back the ball—at first with his foot, and then with his hand. This of course involved the "possession of the ball," granted which, passing, as the English understand it (which involves great risk of "losing the ball"), is impossible. The introduction of the possession of the ball marks the birth of the American game.

This innovation revolutionized the game of the forwards. "Packs," and even the more modern features of English scrumming—all of which depend upon perfect neutrality of possession—were no longer feasible. The opposing rushers lined up face to face, and sought only to protect or to aid in the running of their backs, or to tackle the backs of their opponents. In other words, the possession of the ball implied that a side should either attack with all its forces, or stand wholly upon the defensive.

At this stage of the development of our game it is obvious that the weaker side, so long as it did not "lose the ball" by fumbling or otherwise, was able to keep the stronger side from scoring, and often did this throughout a game. To prevent blocked games, it was ruled that if a side failed to gain five yards in three successive attempts, it should lose the ball. This is the origin of counting downs—the second great feature of our game.

The number of players meanwhile had been reduced to eleven. This clearly indicates that the game was becoming, as a whole, more fast and open.

Each of these innovations, it is evident, tended away from the blind struggle which is still so prominent a feature of the parent game, and in the direction of clever, well-organized play.

The fact that our game consists of a succession of "runs" led to the invention of various "plays." At first these consisted in a combination between two or three of the "rushers" and the back who was running with the ball. Guard and tackle would "make a hole" in the opposing line, or tackle and end would block off their men so that he might "circle the end." These plays, which are a logical result of the possession of the ball, involve a clear breach of the off-side rule, and pointed the way toward the flagrant off-side of "interference." The idle half-back would run ahead of the man with the ball, while the full-back would perhaps ram him through the "hole" from behind. When these tricks were brought out they were formally protested as involving off-side play; but Rugby traditions were so weak, and so obviously grew out of an entirely different game, while the strategic advantage of interference was so vast, that we altered our definition of off-side. The development of interference was logical and inevitable.

Yale was the first to take advantage—under the able guidance of Mr. Walter Camp—of the enormous possibilities of interference. The teams of 1891-2 brought out plays in which every man in the eleven had a definite part to perform, and the success of which depended—as in real warfare—upon every man's performing his part. Then Mr. Lorin F. Deland taught the Harvard eleven his wonderful strategic plays, in which, by a clever evasion of the spirit of the rules, momentum was added to interference. Thus the spirit of manipulation, which at first led to an abolition of promiscuous roughness in the scrummage, led us back to a roughness which was no less real because founded upon stratagem.

That this roughness is a permanent feature of the game no one will believe for a moment, for the dominant spirit of our sport has always been one of stratagem rather than of brute force. Already our football experts, taking advantage of hospitable advances from the University Athletic Club, have framed rules for the purpose of moderating the game. The good effect of these is lessened by the fact that the partisan desire to win a game at any cost often makes our coaches cleverer at evading laws than at making them, so that the left hand has been known to undo the work of the right; but the spirit of moderation is abroad in the land, and in the end it must conquer.

II.

The particulars in which our game is most susceptible of moderation are mainly the results of the two vital principles of American Rugby—the possession of the ball and interference. When a man is tackled in our game he does not dare to pass the ball, for fear his side will lose possession of it. Our rule is therefore to tackle low and fell the runner in his tracks, so as to stop the progress of the ball, and, if possible, make the runner drop it in order that the tackler's side may snatch it up. On the other hand, a runner is in duty bound to struggle on the ground until he has gained the last inch, so that as many men as the law allows pile on top of him to arrest his gains and make him cry "down." The most brilliant tackler is the one who can slam his man hardest upon the ground, and the best runner the one who can struggle farthest at the bottom of the heap. In England it is still fair play to grab a man by the ankle, but in order to prevent a pass the tackler in nine cases out of ten aims at the ball. The result is that a man is seldom slammed to the earth as he should be in our game. And once a man is down, there is none of the sowbug business at the bottom of the heap. The rule plainly states that "in the event of any player holding or running with the ball being tackled, *and the ball fairly held*, he must *at once cry 'down,'* and *immediately put it down*." The comparative harmlessness of English tackling is aptly indicated by the fact that the men wear flannel shorts instead of quilted breeches, and have bare knees instead of stuffed knee-pads. Yet this is largely due to the fact that an English field is kept green and springy by the autumn and winter rains. It would be wrong to conclude that English tackling is child's play. And piling up is at least not unknown, for one may always dispute as to when the ball is fairly held.

Of the dangers of our mass plays and interference, so much has been said of late and so many stringent rules framed that it is unnecessary to dwell long upon the subject. As for mass plays, the charges of brutality have, I should say, been rather overdone. When men are wedged together they protect one another, and, even with considerable momentum, the crushing can scarcely be greater than in an excited election crowd. The legislation against mass plays is probably due to an intelligent desire on the part of the experts to make the game more interesting by making it more open. The dangers of interference in the open seem to me distinctly greater. The colliding players not only run directly at each other, but their speed is quadrupled. When a man is blocked off he is liable to be thrown violently upon the far from tender bosom of our November Mother-earth. Any one familiar with the practice of an American eleven will remember the constant cry of the coaches: "Put your man out of the play; knock him on the ground!" My own observation has been that a large majority of the serious and lasting injuries are got in the open. It has been truly said that the American game has exaggerated the most dangerous features of the two English games—the tackling of English Rugby and the "charging" or body-checking of the Association

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game. It is only fair to add that our game is not inevitably brutal. Whenever two elevens go into a contest with a willingness to abide by the spirit of our rules, as happened in the chief games last fall, and in certain previous years remembered by the enthusiast, it has been impossible to object to the play on the score of roughness. The facts I have stated are important chiefly as emphasizing the necessity for a sportsmanlike spirit.

Perhaps the chief reason for the comparative innocence of the English game lies in the fact that an injured player cannot be substituted. When a player is disqualified for rough play or retired on account of injuries, his side has to finish the game a man short. There are several reasons why this rule could not be adopted in America. The loss of a man from eleven is much more severely felt than from fifteen; it would be more fatal to our team-play than to the English "combination"; and the temptation to "lay up" a clever opponent, which, in spite of the abundance of fresh substitutes, has frequently proved too strong for the sportsmanship of American players, would be doubled. Yet the idea has marked advantages. A man will think twice about slugging if, when disqualified, his loss cannot be supplied; and when an accident is as severely felt by the team as by an individual, the general style of play must moderate. A careful adaptation of the rule would do more to prevent brutality than pages of rules and folios of preachments. For instance, it might be ordered that the maximum of substitutions on either side in consequence of injuries should be three, or even two, and that a side indulging in slugging might lose the slugger without the privilege of substituting.

The greatest point of difference between the English and the American games lies in the severity of our preliminary practice. Our season is so short and our game so complicated, that in the effort to reach the highest pitch of science and condition, coaches and men alike are constantly tempted to overwork. Numbers of our athletes enter every great contest bearing injuries that the slightest accident will develop into sprains or dislocations. Four-fifths of the hard knocks of which reporters made so much in the great games are only slight aggravations of injuries received on the practice-field.

In consequence of this there is already a distinct movement in favor of lessening the severity of practice. The Harvard authorities, under the able guidance of Mr. James G. Lathrop, have limited each day's battle to periods ranging between five to twenty-five minutes, as the day varied or the season advanced. There can be no doubt that under this régime the men played with unprecedented "ginger." In fact, as the final team had to be selected on the basis of the work done in these brief line-ups, the men simply tore up the earth. In the first season of the new régime the fittest who survived this struggle were more battered and bruised than any previous Harvard eleven. The incident shows the difficulty of teaching American athletes moderation—even the mild-mannered sort of athletes produced at Cambridge. Yet experience and common-sense are correcting this fault, and the tendency is widespread to modify the severity and tedium of football practice.

The actual difference between the "practice" of an English and an American team is almost incredible to one who has not seen it. To sift the candidates for an English team there is a Freshman match and a Senior match, with perhaps one or two "squashes" besides. Even these tests are largely a matter of form. Men are selected chiefly on their public-school reputations, and in consequence of good work in a college fifteen. The process of manufacturing players, so familiar to us, is unknown. There are no Camps and Delands in England—in fact, no coaching of any kind, as we understand the word. When a man has learned the game at his public school or in his college, he has learned it for all time, though he will of course improve by playing for the university. The team plays a game or two a week against the great club teams of England—Blackheath, Richmond, London Scottish, Cardiff, Newport, and Huddersfield—with perhaps a bit of informal kicking and punting betweentimes. When the weather is bad they lay off entirely. Thus all the deadly worry and exhaustion of practice are avoided. This is especially true in the college teams, which seldom or never play together except in a match game. They may have a "kickabout" on the field betweentimes, but this is only for the exercise and the fun of it.

III.

The virtue of such temperance is that it makes the English game much more moderate and sensible, and, however unscientific, much more fun to play. The football limp and the football patch are far from being thought the final grace of manhood. Of course good men "crock," as they call it, every season; and not a few of the injuries are as serious as those on our own fields. Yet they are accidents, not incidents. The natural physical effect of the game is to make men erect, lithe, and sound. And the effect on the nervous system is similar. The worried, drawn features of the American player on the eve of a great game are unknown. If you told an Englishman that American players have been given sulphonal to put them to sleep, he would certainly stare. He could not understand how football should be anything else than a sport, an exercise that brings manly powers into play.

Delightful as the English spirit is, however, to one accustomed to the exaggerations of our American games, it must be admitted that it has the defects of its quality. If the fifteen show what we should call a disgraceful lack of form, the fringe of fellows along the side-lines smile, and say that the 'varsity billiard tournament has interfered with their football. In an inter-'varsity match I saw the Oxford team, which was fifty per cent. the better, allow itself to be shoved all over the field. It succeeded in keeping the score a tie only by the merest good fortune. It transpired later that the gayeties of Brighton, whither they had gone to put the finishing-touches on their training, had beguiled them. Nobody really resented it. You can't expect a man to be everywhere in the push.

This spirit of *laissez-faire* is carried into the great international matches, and exaggerates the tendency I noted last week to revert to the primitive game of brute force. Everybody knows that the most effective game is that in which there is the most skilful combination, and that this cannot be attained without practice. Yet for an international fifteen to play together before the match would be in particularly bad form. The result is the most amusing anomalies. Wade, the great Oxford three-quarter-back of a dozen years ago, who is perhaps the greatest of all three-quarters, first "got his international" on account of his excellence in combination; but as he had never laid eyes on the other two men in the position until the day of the game, his playing proved nothing above the ordinary, and it took another season to convince the nation that his reputation was just. The fifteen international stars may thus be no better as a team than any one of the half a dozen teams from which they were selected. This was curiously demonstrated half a dozen years ago. Owing to club jealousies, Cardiff had to supply almost all the Welsh internationals. The result was a better showing than Wales had ever made. In the following year nine of the fifteen internationals were taken from the Newport team, and Wales for the first time won the championship.

IV.

I venture to say, however, that there is something in football beyond an afternoon's sport. Centuries before the formation of the Rugby Union the game was regarded as a mimic warfare. Mr. Montague Shearman, in his excellent article on football in the *Badminton Library*, quotes as follows from Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, 1602. "The play is verilie both rude and rough, yet such as is not destitute of politics, resembling in some sorts the feats of war.... It puts a courage into their hearts to meet an enemy in the face." And Mr. Shearman himself, in protesting that the game should consist of something besides scientific dodging and passing, says: "To our mind, the delight of the Rugby Union game.... came from its resemblance to mimic warfare.... There was something of the stern joy of warfare in the rushing attack, the stubborn defence, the grapple breast to breast, the overthrow, and the rise again to face the foe." This praise, which is to be spoken of the English game only in a moment of enthusiasm, leaves half the virtue of the American game untold. If the English player must be "not destitute" of the "politics" of war, the American must act in a hand-to-hand contest with the coolness and precision of troops on parade; and furthermore, at least the captain and the quarter-back must exercise the highest generalship in the midst of the feats of war. The superiority of our game as a test of courage and discipline, presence of mind and intellectual grasp, is simply incalculable.

Even on the score of general playability it is by no means certain that our game is permanently in arrears. A period of rapid growth, such as it is at present passing through, is always marked by flagrant excesses. Yet it is mathematically demonstrable that the invention of new features in the game must have a limit, and consequently that this period of growth must cease. The type must, as in all evolutions, become at last fixed. That is to say, in future the game will not be, as now, radically different each year from the game of all preceding years. It will be the same old game, year in and year out; and everybody, from the youngest prep. to the oldest grad., will know it and love it. The science and art of its practice will be as generally understood as that of the English game is to-day. Then the Freshman player will be as thorough a tactician as the Senior, and the régime of endless practice, worry, and diplomacy will be over.

Of course there will always be parents, faculties, and legislators that think that they can make a man gentle or generous by law. And, so long at least as our sons resemble their fathers, we shall place success above character, victory above sport. Yet, if the legislators let the game crystallize in anything like its present form, and if at the same time we regain our Anglo-Saxon birthright of sportsmanship, we shall have a game the equal of which, for sport, science, and prowess, has never yet been known.

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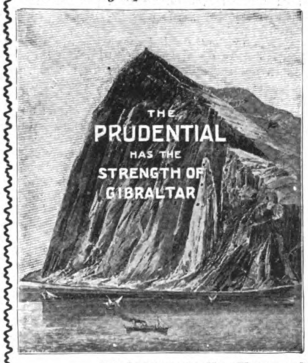


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HARPER'S WEEKLY

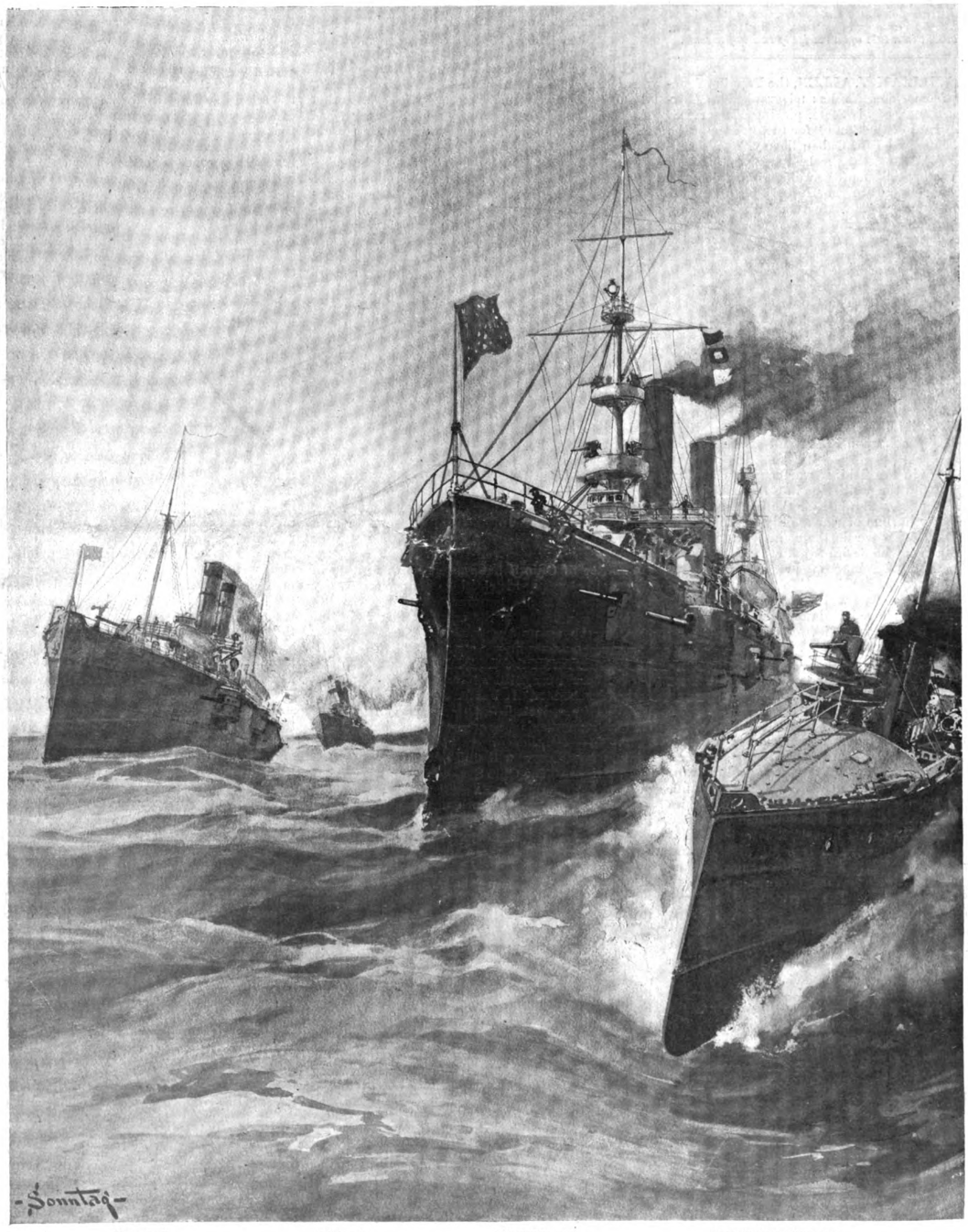
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IMPORTED CRUISERS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jr.—[See Page 366.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 16, 1898

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The four-page illustration (16×45 inches) entitled "Bird's-eye View of the United States Navy," which originally appeared as a Supplement in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *has been printed separately on heavy plate paper, with a "key" and a list of the ships arranged by classes, with armament, etc., and will be sent in a tube upon receipt of twenty-five cents.*

HON. WILLIAM V. ALLEN, the Populist Senator from Nebraska, has telegraphed to Governor HOLCOMB, of his State, placing his services at the disposal of the State "for the defence of the national honor and for Cuban liberty." We suggest to Mr. ALLEN that the best step that he can take for the promotion of the welfare of his country is to resign his seat in the United States Senate; and if he wants to fight for Cuban liberty, why does he not shoulder a musket and join GOMEZ?

WE should have said, perhaps, in speaking of the State Legislature of New York, that some of its proposed wickedness was prevented by the firmness of Governor BLACK. The Governor certainly appeared in a better light during the last session of the Legislature, and we hope that he has truly reformed, and intends to be henceforth a better man and a better politician. He prevented the passage of some scandalous measures; but before pronouncing the respect that he showed to decent popular sentiment an infallible sign of inward regeneration, we must wait until it is demonstrated that he has wholly turned his back upon PLATT and his methods.

THE forces in the field, if war comes, will have to contend with the politicians in Congress. These have already defeated a bill for the increase of the regular army in time of war mainly for socialistic reasons. In other words, the country is to be imperilled by men who desire to gain the votes of enemies of society. Once more the regular army is to be the victim of the politicians' folly and the country's ingratitude. We will not go so far as to say that the men who have killed the reorganization bill are traitors, because we believe that there is a lack of wicked motive, and this lack is due to the want of intelligent comprehension of the grave consequences that may follow their selfishness and their folly.

SINCE our last issue China has leased Wei-hai-wei to Great Britain, and that power occupies this important harbor on the same terms on which Russia occupies Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. Japan has, it is said, assented to this last lease, and, so far as European powers are concerned, affairs in China seem to be in a better condition than they were. But as to China herself, it is evident that she is falling to pieces and is being divided, and our own interests there are great enough to warrant us in taking every measure in our power to maintain and promote the ascendency of Great Britain. Her interests and ours are one, and if it be necessary to preserve those interests, the European powers should be made to understand that we regard the encroachments upon English rights as injuries to our interests.

IN order that timid souls may not be unduly perturbed by the stories that are printed in the daily papers concerning the very powerful ships of the Spanish navy, it is well perhaps to say that the Spanish navy is not more than one-third as powerful as our own, and is probably not more than one-tenth as effective. The power of navies cannot be judged accurately by comparing lists of ships and armaments. The condition of the ships and guns must be reckoned with; and while the American ships are always in first-class order, Spanish ships rarely are. There is the *Alfonso XII.*, for instance, counted among the Spanish fleet of effective vessels. As a matter of fact, her boilers are in such condition that she cannot move. The relative effectiveness of navies depends upon officers and crews—upon the human equation—and in that respect the American navy is as good as any in the world, and the Spanish navy is one of the weakest.

WE have no doubt that Colonel JOHN A. MCCALL was well within bounds in assuring the President that the bankers of New York would supply most of the money that the government may need for the conduct of the war, if war shall come; but we are much surprised by the conduct of the brewers of the country in protesting in advance against an increase of the tax on beer, which would greatly augment the government's revenue, and, to that extent, would be a valuable contribution to a war fund. This increase of tax is one that should be made, whether there be war or not, and while opposition to the increase might be expected from the brewers in time of peace, we had hoped that there were no people in the country who would not willingly do their part towards making the waging of war by the government successful, if war has to be waged, and it is to be hoped, for the credit of the nation, that the example of the brewers will have no imitators, and that the brewers themselves will think better of the matter.

WE are quite sure that the plans of campaign for the Flying Squadron and the North Atlantic Squadron which were published in the New York *Herald* the other day were not correct. We are sure that the New York *Herald* would not have published them if it had supposed them to be correct, because it would not consciously notify the enemy of the intentions of our naval commanders in their operations against them. But the publication of the plans presents an opportunity to warn the government again against the probable conduct of enterprising sensational journals in time of war. We are quite sure that these newspapers would not hesitate for a moment to print any campaign secret that might come to them. More than this, we are also sure that they will industriously seek to worm out the secrets of both army and navy commanders. Perhaps the *Herald*, in presenting what it jocosely asserted to be the plans of the two squadrons, meant to warn the government against what it may expect in case of actual war. There are some newspapers that must be taken possession of by the provost marshal at the outbreak of hostilities. If it is necessary to operate them in order that they may retain their franchises, an especially unenterprising and conscientious corporal might be selected in each case as editor-in-chief.

IT is perfectly well understood, probably, that the WEEKLY has not a very high opinion of Mr. HANNA as a Senator of the United States or as a political leader. Nevertheless, we are not very much impressed with the reported finding of the committee of Ohio Senators that he was guilty of bribery in securing his election; and we do not say this because we are convinced that he was not guilty. The action of the committee is valueless, because the committee itself was appointed for the purpose of finding just this verdict. This is an illustration of the deplorable extent to which partisan and boss politics have degraded American legislative bodies. It has now come to be recognized as the universal fact that a party legislative committee, either in a contested-election case or in an investigation of charges like those made against Mr. HANNA, will find in favor of their fellow-partisan. The Ohio Senate committee was appointed to find Mr. HANNA guilty, and therefore its verdict is of no consequence, and it will make no impression upon any one. It will not change a single opinion, and any action taken by the Senate or by the Legislature as a whole, on such a report, would be disgraceful. Mr. HANNA may be guilty of bribery—we should not be surprised if he were—but we would not commit a vagabond to ten days in the county jail on the verdict of such a committee as that of the Ohio Senate.

MR. HORATIO S. RUBENS, counsel for the Cuban Junta, has given an interview to the press as to the attitude of the insurgents toward intervention by this country. It may be that Mr. RUBENS is misquoted, but, even so, what he is reported to have said is of value, because so much of it is absolutely true. It is to be regretted that the statement was presented in a greatly condensed form in some of the Jingo papers. Mr. RUBENS, looking at the question from the point of view of the Junta, says that the insurgents do not wish intervention by the United States unless it is preceded by a recognition of the independence of Cuba. If the United States, he says, intervene with force, "we [the Cubans] shall treat that force as an enemy to be opposed and, if possible, expelled, so long as recognition of a free Cuban republic is withheld." This is undoubtedly a proper, although selfish, position for the insurgents to take. They have issued bonds, for example, the payment of which is conditioned upon the establishment of the Cuban government. These bonds will be worthless if the United States take Cuba away from both Cubans and the Spaniards. Moreover, it is true that if the United States intervene for the sake of humanity against the will both of Spain and Cuba, we will be responsible for any injuries that may result to the citizens of neutral powers. But what is especially interesting in this interview is the bearing of the insurgents revealed by it towards the victims of WEYLER'S concentration order. The officers of our navy, some of our Senators, and a large part of our people are horrified by the terrible conditions prevailing in Cuba on account of the enforcement of this order. It is true that BLANCO has revoked the order, and that Spain is taking steps to relieve the misery which she has caused, but nevertheless there are a good many people who think that the cause of humanity still demands the intervention of the United States in order that these evils may not recur. Not so the insurgents. They could have taken steps to stop this misery long ago by accepting the offer of an autonomic government. They can help put an end to it now by agreeing with Spain to stop the war, and accept what has been already won by the insurrection; but they decline to put an end to the misery so long as their extreme demand, that of independence, is not granted, and in expressing that demand their counsel is represented as saying that they have not much more faith in the United States as a governor of the island than they have in Spain. Mr. RUBENS expresses serious doubts as to the incorruptibility of our politics, and even goes so far as to say that an agreement has been made between Spain and the United States by which the latter shall intervene without the granting of independence, in order to maintain the authority of Spain. All of which is probably most interesting to the citizens of the United States who have been insisting on going to war in behalf of these insurgents.

THE WAR SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE.

THERE is a vast difference between the politicians, the Cuban bondholders, the sensational newspapers, the expectant sutlers, and all the disgraceful crew who have been clamoring for war, and the honest American people who have been willing to make sacrifices in a war which they think to be for a just cause. There has never been a democracy whose generous, if mistaken, instincts have not governed it in momentous crises. Democracies are instinctively the avengers of other people's wrongs. They are innately the missionaries of liberty, and the main check upon them, the strongest force that restrains them from the active prosecution of their strong desires, is their natural love of peace and their hatred of war. For the democracy does hate war, notwithstanding its sometimes noisy shoutings for the bloody conflict. It knows in its inmost mind that war is against its best interests—its physical and its moral interests. Moreover, it is impossible for the democracy to strike quickly, just as it is impossible for it to strike effectively, without a much greater expenditure of force than is demanded of the single-minded ruler who makes war or peace at his own will, and especially without consultation with the many-headed and many-purposed representatives of his people.

A restraint upon democracy when it is under great excitement is its government, its responsible men—the men who realize that they will be held responsible for whatever goes astray in the conduct of a war, and for whatever of evil may come to the nation in consequence of a war which the nation itself may have commanded. But the people themselves are generous in their sympathies for people who are oppressed, and bitter in their hatred of oppressors, and there is no politician who does not understand the sentimental force of an appeal to his constituents in behalf of those who profess to be struggling for their liberties. The people of this country have been enthusiastic for the French revolutionists, for the Greek patriots, for the colonists of Spain and Portugal, for the Armenians and the Cretans, and it is because the Cubans have been struggling for their freedom against oppression that the war spirit during many months has reached a pitch of excitement that has rarely been manifested before, and especially since the destruction of the *Maine* this excitement has grown. Even those of us who regret that there have not been more self restraint and calmer judgment, and that wiser counsels have not prevailed, would not change the nature of our people, would not kill the innate love of the American for human liberty—a passion which sometimes moves him to sustain unworthy causes, but which is nevertheless the passion that has done more than all methodical movements of politics for the advancement of the human race.

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Spain has won the enmity of the American people by the wretched despotism which has marked her rule in Cuba. It may be that the Cubans will not govern themselves better than the Spaniards have governed them, but the American answer to this is that the evils of self-government are the evils of the people themselves, and can be cured by the regeneration of the people, while the evils of kingcraft increase in severity and odiousness as the people grow better, and therefore more sensitive to immoral conditions. Whatever may be the future of Cuba, its past has been one of the blackest chapters in the history of our continent. The Spanish rule was bad enough in South America, but it is in Cuba that it has been permitted to develop its basest traits. For many years the island has been a quarry for Spanish politicians and military officers, who, having grown dangerous to the dynasty at home, have been sent to be Captain-Generals for the purpose of getting rich at the cost of the Cubans. In other words, it has been the policy of Spain to smother the ambitions of dangerous politicians and adventurers with the plunder of the Antilles. Misgovernment and corruption have worked their end, and for a generation the Cubans have been anxious to rid themselves of the rule which they have detested. With this struggle for freedom and against oppression many Americans have sympathized, and some have actively aided the military enterprises of the Cubans.

At the bottom of all the popular movement in this country for interference in the war in Cuba has been the belief that Spain ought to leave the continent, and this belief has finally so absorbed the popular imagination that there has been a wild frenzy of desire to drive her out if she would not go of her own will. Whatever may be the declared cause for this hostility, whether in the calm eyes of the world looking on it be a just or an unjust cause, the revolt in the United States against the wise restraints that usually impose peace has been due to a generous wish to help to free the Cuban people from the rule of a blunderer and oppressor. The awful deeds of Spanish soldiers and officers; the horrible tales of cruelty that have been told and verified; the miseries that resulted from WEYLER'S order of concentration; the starvation and the resulting deaths to which trusted Americans have borne testimony—all these have fired the imaginations of our people, and have made them ready to incur the miseries and horrors of war in behalf of a struggling people. They have not inquired as to the merits of the Cubans, and they have not listened to suggestions that sinister influences govern many of the most energetic disciples of bloodshed. They have wanted an end to the horrors that shocked them, to the rule that produced those horrors, and they have wanted it by the shortest cut. The people whose voices have been potent may have been deceived, and they may have insisted on an unjust war—upon that point we have spoken our views in sufficiently explicit terms—but they have had no ulterior or selfish motive. They are not seeking their own profit or aggrandizement. They own no Cuban bonds, and have no desire to annex the island to the United States. Indeed, we believe that they are opposed to annexation. The time was, not so many years ago, when the whole animus of our endeavor to free Cuba was selfish; but that movement did not receive popular support, and that day has passed. So far as the people of this country have declared for war, their declaration has originated in a noble and generous sentiment. It is a sentiment which is often played upon by designing men, but its existence, nevertheless, increases the pleasure of living.

The destruction of the *Maine* has been but an incident in the growth of the country's hostility to Spain. It was an important incident, it is true, and probably a controlling one. No calm and self-possessed man can say that we are justified in warring on Spain by reason of the destruction of our men and our ship, because no one has proved Spain's responsibility for that terrible disaster. But then, also, no one can give a single just reason for making war at all. There are very few Americans, probably, who do not believe that the *Maine* and her men were the victims of cruel treachery, but it was neither that belief, nor any reason that exists in the international law-books, that brought us to the threshold of war; it was the overwhelming frenzy of the feeling that Spain's barbarities and crimes must cease to be committed on the American continent, and that frenzy was enormously increased by the killing of American sailors who had been trusted to the hospitality of waters supposed to be friendly. We have had no desire for war. We have hoped that Spain's barbarities would be brought to an end by peaceable methods on our part. We have recognized certain malign influences working for war, but we can only be proud of the fact that the American people, whether striking blindly or intelligently, have all along been bent on delivering a blow for what they believe to be the cause of eternal justice.

ABOUT PATRIOTISM.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE dictionaries define "patriotism" as "love of one's country," and "patriot" as "one who loves and faithfully serves his country." These definitions are generally accepted as correct, and they should be well kept in mind, especially at a time of warlike excitement when the word "patriotism" is on every lip, and an appeal to "patriotism," from whomsoever it may come and by whatever motive it may be prompted, is sure to draw popular applause. It should be constantly remembered that to "serve one's country faithfully" means not only to profess love for it, or to have a sentimental attachment to it, but to consider with conscientious care what is best for its welfare and its honor, and then to do one's duty to it according to that understanding, honestly, with courageous devotion, and in a spirit of self-sacrifice.

We are apt to admire as the highest exhibition of patriotism the voluntary sacrifice of one's life in battle for one's country. Inasmuch as life may ordinarily be assumed the possession we should be least inclined to part with, and as the deliberate sacrifice of it is justly thought to require a high degree of devotion and courage, the popular appreciation of the spirit which prompts such an offering is certainly well merited. But the peculiar lustre in which this kind of patriotism appears, and which seizes upon the popular imagination, easily makes us depreciate another kind, which, although less brilliant, may be no less heroic, no less self-sacrificing, and sometimes even far more useful to the common good. The glory surrounding warlike achievement and the homage lavished upon the martial hero are apt to make especially the young and ardent forget that while sometimes the interests of a country may be furthered and its honor protected by means of war, of all the means by which such objects can be accomplished, war is the most cruel, barbarous, and abominable, and should be resorted to only in the last extremity, when there is no more hope of any other means succeeding. The man who in times of popular excitement boldly and unflinchingly resists hot-tempered clamor for an unnecessary war, and thus exposes himself to the opprobrious imputation of a lack of patriotism or of courage, to the end of saving his country from a great calamity, is, as to "loving and faithfully serving his country," at least as good a patriot as the hero of the most daring feat of arms, and a far better one than those who, with an ostentatious pretence of superior patriotism, cry for war before it is needed, especially if then they let others do the fighting.

As there is nothing more dangerous to the well-being of a monarchy than a prince incessantly thirsting for martial glory, so there is no delusion more dangerous to the peace, the prosperity, the honor, and the liberties of a free people than the one that a needless or wanton clamoring for war on every occasion of foreign embroilment is a sign of patriotic spirit. True patriotism in time of peace demands that we should vigilantly and actively endeavor to obtain the enactment of wise laws; the appointment of able and honest public servants; the redress of wrongs and the reform of abuses; the expulsion from public place of drones and rogues; the restraint of lawlessness and violence, the preservation of security and good order; and, finally, the maintenance of an honorable name among the nations of the world by dealing with them on principles of fairness and magnanimity, preferring at all times, in the adjustment of difficulties, peaceable means to the savage arbitrament of war, and resorting to this only when we can conscientiously affirm that no peaceable expedient has been left untried, and when we are sure that our reasons for war can, without fear of an adverse judgment, be submitted to the opinion of civilized mankind.

True patriotism is incompatible with any selfish motive that does not accord with the public interest. The journalist or the public agitator generally who, while knowing that just demands might still be satisfied by peaceable negotiation, clamors for war and stirs up popular passion to increase his popularity or profit, is not only not a patriot, but a public enemy—just as much as if he openly and persistently urged the lawless element among us to robbery, murder, and arson, to share in the spoil. We all respect our army and our navy—their character and their calling. They are to be the right arm of patriotism in times of conflict. Patriotism wishes them not only to be able to fight, but also to like fighting when fighting is necessary. But the same patriotism forbids them to clamor for a fight so long as fighting is not necessary. If officers of the army or the navy should ever use their influence to bring on a war while peace might honorably be maintained, to furnish them opportunities for showing how brave and skilful they are, and to increase their chances of promotion, they would be just as unpatriotic—aye, just as criminal—as the members of a fire department would be who tried to set a crowded tenement-house ablaze for the purpose of exhibiting their skill in handling an engine or their courage in scaling ladders, and of thus earning praise and advancement. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a wantonness of spirit more reckless, more wicked, more repugnant to true patriotism, than the use of whatever influence one may possess to bring on war, with all its horrors and miseries, so long as the possibility of preserving an honorable peace has not utterly vanished.

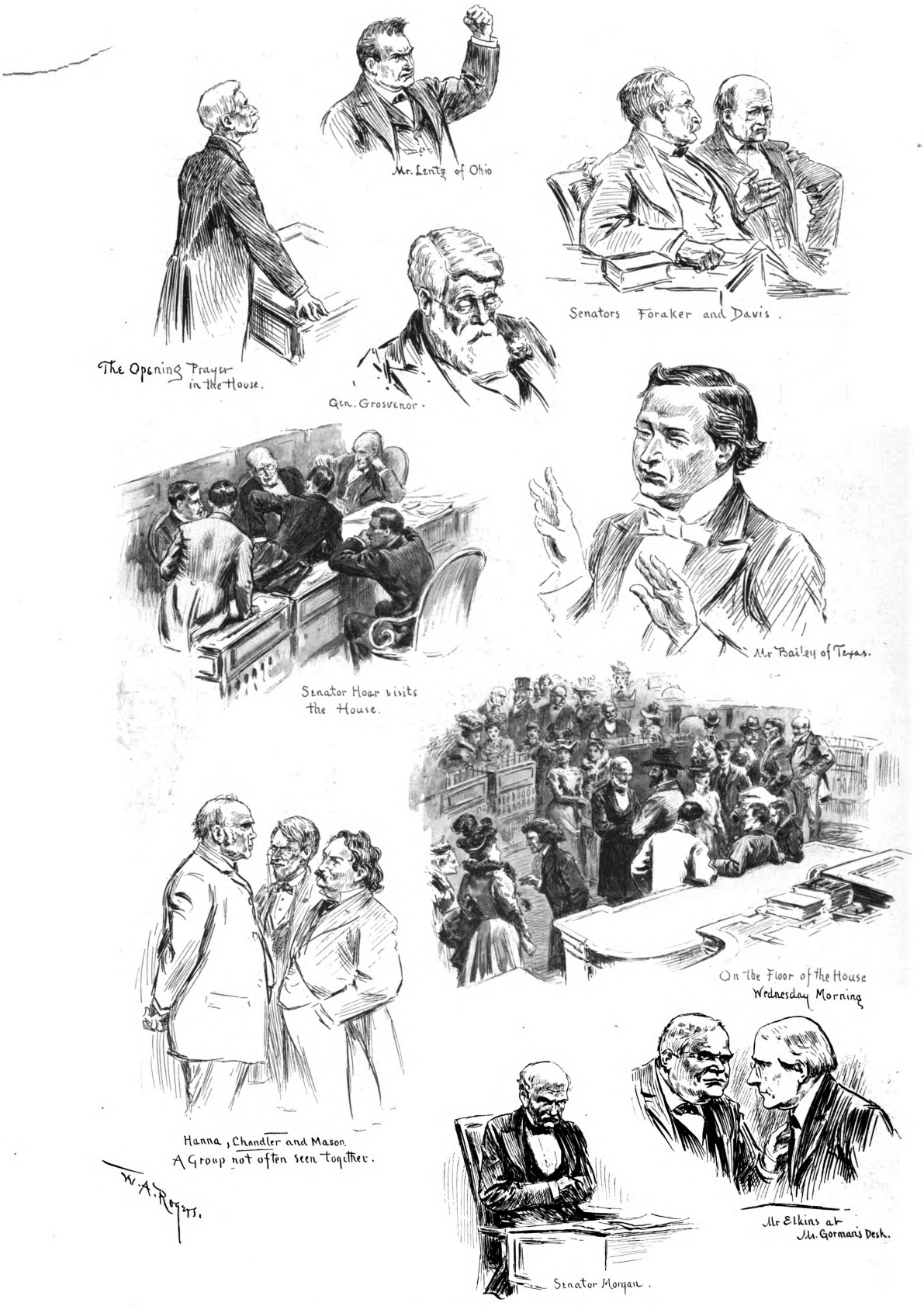
If, in spite of all efforts to avert it, war does come, the duties of patriotism are the same for all, of whatever shade of opinion—for those who did not approve of the cause of the quarrel, as much as for those who did. Patriotism then demands that we should all unite with the same faithful devotion in doing the best we can to make the shortest possible work of the struggle, and to secure a speedy issue honorable and advantageous to our country. It demands that we should carefully abstain from endangering the operations of our armies or navies by giving information to the enemy, and that, among other things, we should sternly curb that spirit of journalistic "enterprise" which, for instance, now is so busy advertising to the whole world the military and naval plans of our government. It demands that we should always be willing to deny ourselves any opportunity for private advantage that may injuriously interfere with the public policy.

It demands that, while vigorously pushing the war, we should neglect no chance for an honorable peace, and that in making such a peace we should never tarnish the good name of our country by an unnecessary humiliation of the defeated enemy. It demands that while the war is going on we should strive to the utmost of our power to mitigate its horrors, to alleviate its miseries, and, last but not least, to counteract those agencies of demoralization and corruption which, while the excited public mind is turned to one single object, are apt to grow and flourish in extraordinary measure. And here we touch a chapter the importance of which the patriot who has the working of free institutions at heart will certainly not fail to appreciate.

It is in time of war, when the rush of events frequently makes the needs of the government especially pressing, that the tribe of unscrupulous speculators bent upon cheating and robbing the public find most fruitful opportunities. They will always be seen and heard among the noisiest of "patriots," in whose opinion no preparation is large enough, no action too quick, and no measure too far-reaching. In the name of "patriotism" they will insist that all those safeguards in the government machinery which are to prevent fraud and theft be swept away as antiquated "red-tapeism" that obstructs the necessary vigor and promptness of action. In the name of "patriotism" they will seek to foist into places of trust and responsibility patriots of their own stripe to help them in their rascally game. In the name of "patriotism" they will strive to discredit and break down public men who have remained sufficiently cool to guard the public interest, as "not patriotic enough." And this tribe of sharks and harpies will be lustily aided by the disreputable politicians who discover in the general disturbance a new chance for themselves, and who expect the loudest kind of war patriotism to lift them into popular favor and public place, trusting that everything will be forgiven to the "patriot" who is most vociferous in denouncing the enemy and most fiercely proclaiming that the war must not cease until the last fighting foe has bitten the dust. This is the class of "patriots" well fitted by old Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S robust saying, that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." And those who "love their country and mean to serve it faithfully" must not forget that true patriotism; while in time of war it has to fight the foreign enemy abroad, has to fight with equal vigilance and vigor false patriotism at home. For unless it do so with effect, the range and power of corrupt and degrading influences in our political life will be fearfully enlarged, and the progress of honest, safe, and orderly methods of government may be set back for an indefinite period.

Can true patriotism possibly be eager to rush our country into war while there is a chance for honorable peace?
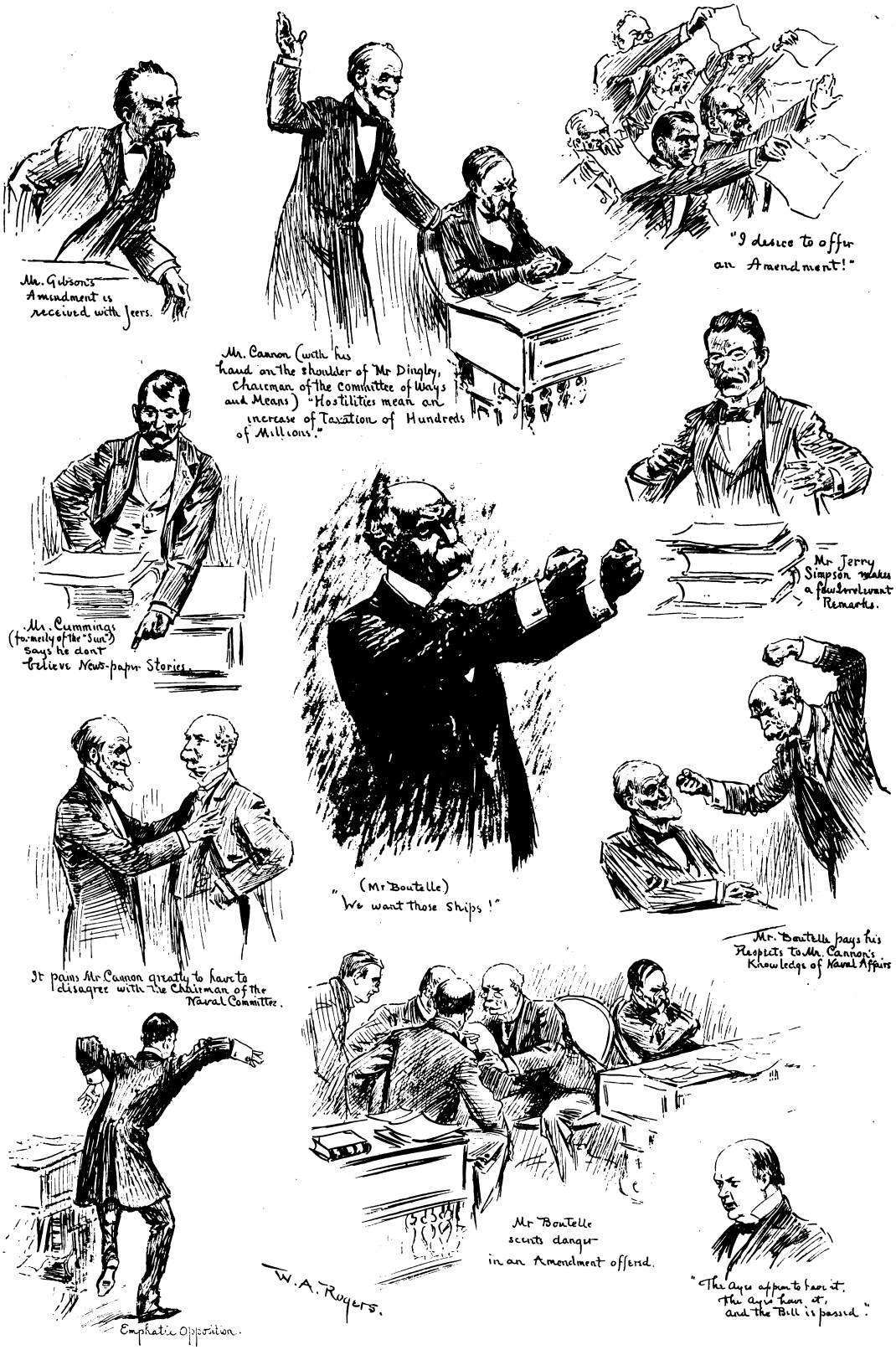
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WASHINGTON—SCENES IN AND AROUND THE CAPITOL.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

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WASHINGTON—SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Passing the Naval Appropriation Bill.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 378.]

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MUSIC.

The season still continues to pulsate with musical life. It is even reported that we are to have a new and ambulant opera company, materializing from Italy by way of South America and the far West, and singing Puccini's "La Bohème" as its novelty. The concluding concerts by the Philharmonic Society, the Boston Symphony, the Chickering Hall Series, the Symphony Society, and the Kneisel Quartet indicate, nevertheless, the ebbing of the tide. Young Mr. Hofmann still is in a state of recital; and there have been and will be many concerts of fluctuating import as a group, until May. The special festival of the Oratorio Society, now in course, is an incident of large form in progress as this reference is made to it, celebrating the society's twenty-fifth year of song. In addition to Dr. Leopold Damrosch's cantata "Sulamith," Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," there will be produced what may be expected to prove itself a new choral score of distinct national importance. This is "Saint Christopher," an oratorio by Mr. Horatio Parker, the composer of "Hora Novissima." Mr. Parker's work makes especially heavy demands on the male voices, even the choruses assigned to them being as difficult as they are effective. In the coming performance the part of *Satan* will be sung by Ffrangcon Davies, Ericsson Bushnell has the bass title rôle of *Offerus*, and Evan Williams takes the solos of *The King* and *The Hermit*. That every detail may be as perfect as possible, the few bars assigned to "A Child's Voice" will be rendered by Harry Smith, the noted boy soprano of Grace Church choir. Madame Juch is the only woman soloist—no other female voices for solo-work being needed.

To mention Mr. Seidl is to make the passing remark that for the next three months (perhaps for longer) it will be prudent to disbelieve at least half of the announcements as to arrangements between managers or societies here and conductors for taking up the work that Mr. Seidl's death has left leaderless. In fact, the more positively the statements are distributed, the less credence need be given them, unless they are under final and completely official guarantees. The air is full of such footless rumors. The news columns of the daily press solemnly print them. A half-dozen musical politicians are found laboriously exerting themselves for their candidate in this or that quarter, opposed by half a dozen more for the interests of a rival. The saddest and plainest testimonial to Mr. Seidl's value and individuality is the trouble that it will cost to fill his offices right and left. The most significant vacancy, next to the Metropolitan Opera House's Wagnerian repertory, is the Philharmonic Society's musical direction. Of that matter nothing whatever can at present be promulgated with authority. An election will occur in due course of time. It is to be hoped, by-the-bye, that the Philharmonic Society will arrange next year a more gracious and becoming occasion in memory of its dead leader, to whom its present prosperity is wholly due, than the hasty and mutilated observance closing its season. There are at least two works of Mr. Seidl available for such a future tribute—his striking arrangement of some short Bach compositions that he grouped together into a "Divertimento," and his gorgeous orchestral dress of Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody" for the piano-forte.

A considerable local interest has been taken during some weeks in the "tonograph," an American invention for the perfect preservation of improvised or other compositions on the piano-forte or organ. The patent-offices of various countries are by no means devoid of more or less elaborate contrivances by which a player may expect to find the music struck out by his wandering fingers duly set down, by one or another system; but this "tonograph" undoubtedly offers the most perfected as well as the simplest mechanism to such an end. The invention comes from Mr. Robert Gally, of Brooklyn, well known among the new school of American organ-builders. The music played is written down by a system of dashes and dots (transcribed at sight into ordinary notation), with instant automatism. Not only is every note in each figure, in each embellishment or chord registered, but the quality of the organist's or pianist's touch, his phrasing and technical equipment as to both hands, are all mercilessly or graciously perpetuated, along with the piece's formal movement; and as it is played first, so is it played automatically again by the instrument. At a recent exhibition, in this city, of Mr. Gally's admirable little device, improvisations or other pieces by Mr. Guilmant, Mr. Siloti, Mr. Pugno, Mr. William Mason, and a large group of other pianists and organists were reproduced with most interesting fidelity to their contents and to their original performance by their authors.

An announcement and invitation of importance to North American composers has been put forth by the Musical Art Society of this city. This society has a peculiar interest in the study and performance of the best *a capella* music, or such choral compositions as are written with no instrumental accompaniment, in the classic manner of Italian church song. The society therefore announces an annual contest for a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be awarded to the best original composition of a religious character for mixed voices, unaccompanied. The conditions on which the competition is to be allowed vary somewhat during three years, as will be seen from the following formal prospectus: 1. Any one may compete who has been for the past five years or longer a resident of the United States or Canada. 2. The work shall be set to sacred words, Latin or English, for a chorus of about fifty voices. 3. The time of performance shall not exceed fifteen minutes. 4. The composition should be addressed to the president of the society, Fred E. Hyde, 120 West Fifty-third Street, New York city, and will be submitted to the three following judges: George W. Chadwick, Asger Hamerik, and the conductor of the Musical Art Society. 5. The name of the composer is not to appear, and the composition must bear a suitable motto. A sealed envelope containing the composer's name and address, and bearing on the outside the same motto and a return address, must accompany the manuscript. Only the envelope bearing the motto of the successful composition will be opened. 6. The competition receiving the prize will be performed by the Musical Art Society during the season in which the award is made. 7. The composer is to retain all rights, of whatsoever description, in his work, except that the Musical Art Society reserves to itself the right of first production. 8. The strictest anonymity will be observed as regards all competitors, and only the name of the successful composer will be made public. 9. The jury reserves to itself the right to reject all compositions offered if none come up to the standard set by the aims of the society. 10. All competing compositions must be in the hands of the president before September 1, 1898. 11. All manuscripts will be held at the disposal of the composer after the award has been made. It is proposed to offer this prize, with the same restrictions as to residence, for a work set to secular words, English or German, in 1899, and to offer it without any restrictions as to nationality or language in 1900. This scheme is judicious and generous. The Musical Art Society, under Mr. Frank Damrosch's care, has been a pleasurable and valuable factor in its field; and while by no means as constant to its proposed special purpose as lovers of unity in its programmes would wish, it has set up standards of choral singing here that are high and influential.

Chicago has not yet learned to conceal what are its real interests and joys in patronizing musical performances. Here in New York we have learned that the truth is not to be spoken at all times. In fact, we have learned that when we go to the symphony-concert or the opera to see and not to hear, it is better not to speak the truth at all. The music-reviewer of a prominent journal of the Windy City began his record of the Auditorium's recent season with the gentle admission that the lyric drama in Chicago "continues to be a great social function, which fills its artistic mission." Therewith, after mentioning that "La Traviata" was "on the bill and a success," and that "Melba was in good voice, and received liberal applause," suddenly he exclaims, in a black head-line, "All Eyes On Mrs. W——" (naming a lady in the boxes), who was "the centre of attraction"—not the music. And why? Who could be cold to the answer? Let us quote it, syntax and all. "Her $50,000 gown, which she wore on the opening night of last season's grand opera, and left its impression, and the fact of her recent purchase of a $21,000 diamond was remembered in conjunction with this. Between acts hundreds of persons passed through the passageway back of the lower right-hand tier of boxes, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the magnificent gown they had read so much about, and the famous diamond. Many had their curiosity rewarded, for the gown and the diamond were both worn, to say nothing of the other gorgeous jewelry of this lover of rare gems. The $21,000 diamond, forming the centre of a star whose points were countless smaller diamonds, sparkled from a place in her coiffure, and vied in brilliancy with a combination opal and diamond tiara. Her gown was of heliotrope brocaded satin; over-dress of point-lace, blazing with diamonds of rarest quality."

Certainly the night was a great musical one for Chicago. But the writer of the account has not made as clear as we could wish that it was not the last year's gown.

Chicago gives out more valuable subject for our meditations than the above descriptive newspaper paragraph suggests. Mr. Theodore Thomas speaks gold to New York when he says what he did lately to a musical journalist of this city on the "permanent orchestra" topic:

"What is responsible for New York's tardiness in establishing a permanent orchestra?" asked the reporter. "Why should Boston and Chicago be in advance of us in this matter?"

"Too many distractions," Mr. Thomas replied, promptly, "and not enough concentration and unanimity of purpose. In Boston, you know, one man made it possible to have the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In Chicago there are fewer things to interfere with the success of the orchestra. But in New York you have the opera, which takes precedence. Opera is not music. It is antagonistic to it. The opera is realistic; music is ethereal. Wagner did not call operas music; he called them dramas, and there is where they belong. Then there is the distraction of fashion, the Waldorf-Astoria, and other things.

"How long before we shall tire of Beethoven and Wagner on our programmes? They will always be there. Beethoven is no more dead than Shakespeare. Yes, there are new composers coming up here and there all the time, and some of them have merit. We are glad to recognize them, but they do not displace their masters."

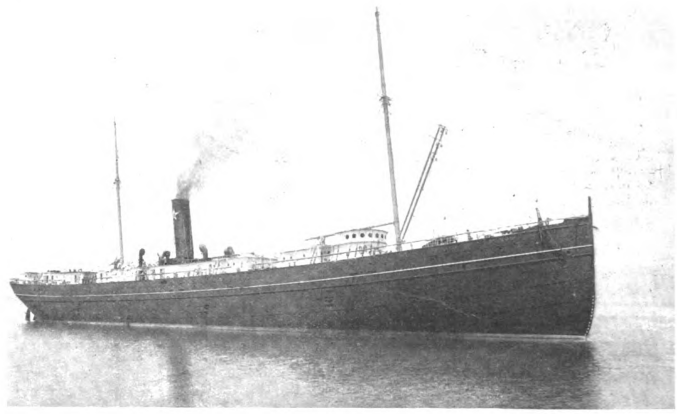
E. Ireneus Stevenson.

NEW VESSELS FOR THE NAVY.

In the hurry and rush of war preparations the Navy Department has found it necessary to buy an extensive auxiliary fleet of yachts, tugs, and colliers to assist in naval operations. These vessels are for use as scouts, despatch-boats, patrol and supply vessels. The most noted of these auxiliary boats is the *Mayflower*, recently described in Harper's Weekly. From time to time other yachts have been bought, and the total cost of the minor crafts to the navy is estimated at about $3,000,000. This money comes from the emergency appropriation of $50,000,000, made by Congress to be expended for war preparations at the discretion of the President.

Among the newer additions to this fleet are: (1.) The yacht *Columbia*, renamed the *Wasp*, formerly owned by J. H. Ladew. She was built in Philadelphia. She is of steel, is 180 feet 8 inches long, 22 feet beam, and draws 15 feet of water. Her tonnage is 380. She is four years old. (2.) The *Hornet*, formerly the *Alicia*, was built in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1890, for Henry M. Flagler. She is of steel, measures 302 tons, is 160 feet long, 13 feet 5 inches deep, and of 24 feet beam. (3.) The *Eagle*, formerly the *Almy*, was Frederic Gallatin's yacht. She too was built in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1890. She is of steel, is 170 feet 5 inches long, 24 feet 2 inches wide, and 12 feet 4 inches deep. Her tonnage is 365. (4.) The *Hawk*, formerly the *Hermione*, is also of steel, and belonged to Henry L. Pierce, of Boston. She was built in 1891 at Paisley, Scotland. She is 145 feet long, and measures 360 tons. (5.) The *Vixen*, formerly the *Josephine*, was built in 1896 for P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, at Nixon's ship-yard in Elizabeth, New Jersey. She measures 545 tons, is 191 feet 8 inches long, 28 feet 3 inches wide, and 15 feet 3 inches deep. (6.) The *Scorpion*, formerly the *Sorceress*, belonged to M. C. D. Borden. She is the largest of the six yachts, and approaches the *Mayflower* in size and speed. She measures 627 tons, is 228 feet 5 inches long, 27 feet 8 inches wide, and 16 feet 7 inches deep.

All these yachts will be armed with rapid-fire guns the largest size being 6-pounders. Some of the vessels will be available in time as torpedo-boats. At present their armament will be such as to cope with an attack by torpedo-boats. All are to have a thin strip of steel plating placed on their sides as an extra precaution against light-weight missiles. Their speed varies from 14 to 18 knots an hour. They will be commanded by officers of the Lieutenant and Lieutenant-Commander rank, and probably will be ready for service within ten days.



U. S. S. "YOSEMITE"; FORMERLY MORGAN LINE STEAMSHIP "EL SUD."
Recently purchased, with three Sister Ships, by the United States Government.

The purchases of war ships abroad for the navy have been four: the *New Orleans*, formerly the *Amazonas*, and her sister ship, the *Albany*, formerly the *Abrouall*, both of which were being finished in England for the Brazilian navy; the *Topeka*, formerly the *Diogenes*, built originally for Portugal, and the *Somers*, a small torpedo-boat secured in Germany. The *New Orleans* was finished when bought, and sailed promptly for this country in company with the *San Francisco*, our flagship on the European station. She was described recently in the Weekly.

The *Topeka*, formerly the *Diogenes*, is the latest addition to the foreign-bought war-ships. Portugal never took the ship after she was finished. She is a vessel of the *Detroit* class, measures 1800 tons, is of about 16 knots speed, carries six 4.7-inch guns in her main battery and ten rapid-fire guns of various sizes in her secondary battery. She has a protective deck. Little is known in this country of the torpedo-boat *Somers*, except that she was purchased in Pillau, Germany, and is about 75 feet long. She probably is slow, as torpedo-boats go, and will be able to show only 20-knots speed. The *Topeka* is to act as her consort in the difficult trip across the Atlantic.

One of the most important purchases of ships by the navy was that of the four Morgan liners *El Norte*, *El Sud*, *El Sol*, and *El Rio*. They are fast ships, capable, it is said, of making twenty knots an hour. They have been plying between New York and New Orleans. They are of about 4500 tons each, 380 feet long, 46 feet wide, and draw about 20 feet of water. They are fine specimens of marine architecture. They will be armed with 5-inch guns in their main batteries and 6-pounders and smaller rapid-fire guns in their secondary batteries. Each will have three magazines. They have a large steaming radius, and it is probable that in case our army invades Cuba they will be used as troop-ships. These appropriate names have been selected for them—*Yankee*, *Dixie*, *Prairie*, and *Yosemite*.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

FAME and notoriety are apt to be confused, especially just now by the yellow journalists, who seem to think that noise thoroughly made can accomplish anything, even to the making of small men great, and bad causes good. One of the most notorious men of the day is William Hearst, who doubtless looks upon himself as a man of might and a famous public character; but even his transient notoriety is inferior to that of some other men of our day, who have come in the Lord's good time to their punishment and to obscurity. One such person, who died in London on April 1, was Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant. In his day he was one of the best known men in the world. Twenty-five years ago "The Claimant" and his pretensions were a matter for almost daily report and discussion in most of the newspapers in the world that were printed in English. The story is still so familiar that it is hardly necessary to rehearse it.

Roger Charles Tichborne, heir to a great estate held by his uncle, being a wild youth, was sent to South America for the improvement of his morals. In 1854 he sailed from Rio Janeiro to New York. The ship he took passage in was lost, with all on board, and his brother succeeded to the estate. But his mother would not believe that he was dead, and continued to advertise for him in American and Australian papers, until in 1865 her perseverance was rewarded by a letter from Wagga-Wagga, Australia, which purported to be from her missing Roger. As the result of correspondence, "The Claimant" arrived in London, on Christmas day, 1866. A few months after, Lady Tichborne received him as her son, and treated him as such until she died, in 1868. After a while he brought suit for the Tichborne estates, money for legal expenses being provided by popular subscription. The trial began in May, 1871, and lasted 103 days. It was enormously expensive. Sergeant Ballantine appeared for the plaintiff; but the case went against the Claimant, and it was demonstrated that he was Arthur Orton, son of an East London butcher. Two years later the defeated Claimant was prosecuted for forgery and perjury, and, after a trial that lasted nine months, was sentenced to fourteen years of penal servitude.

After serving his term of imprisonment he came to New York, and for a ime was at barkeeper in a Chatham Square saloon, but returned eventually to England, where, three years ago, he published a confession, recounting his experiences, and admitting that he was Arthur Orton.

The remarkable feature of the Tichborne case was the extraordinary support and sympathy the Claimant found in his effort to make his pretensions good. He imposed upon persons of all classes, but especially upon the poor, as a man battling against wealth and position for his birthright. The British passion for justice was roused in his behalf, great sums of money were raised and spent for him, very eminent counsel conducted his cases, and long after he had gone to prison there were thousands of good Britishers who believed that justice had been denied him, and that might had triumphed over right.

His lie was wonderfully well stuck to, but, after all, it did not prove to be as good as the truth. A lie seldom does in the end. The yellow journals are slow to believe it, but time tells.

The James Russell Lowell Memorial Fund has got its second wind, and is moving along. In the week ending April 2 it gained $1200. The total amount to the credit of the fund at that date was $27,556, which left about $7500 still to be contributed.

The intention, lately disclosed, of Dr. Charles A. Briggs to apply for admission to the ministry of the Episcopal Church is an interesting piece of news, which will illustrate, to laymen unfamiliar with the fine points of doctrine, the superior accommodations afforded by the Episcopal fold to persons whose religious views are what we are used to call "modern." Dr. Briggs is an able man and an accomplished scholar, and should prove a valuable recruit to the ministry of any church with the doctrines of which he is in accord. His present status in the Presbyterian Church is that of a suspended minister.

W. C. Brann, of Waco, Texas, met an appropriate end on April 2, as the result of a meeting with Captain M. T. Davis. Both gentlemen used pistols, and Captain Davis was wounded, perhaps fatally. Brann was a remarkable character. He was born in Kentucky about thirty-five years ago, was educated for a preacher, and entered the Baptist ministry, where the boldness of his attacks on accepted ideas soon made him conspicuous. He was too progressive, however, for his ministerial brethren, and was expelled from the Baptist Church. Then he turned newspaper man, practising that profession first in Kansas, and later in Texas. After feeling the pulse of the public at Houston, he went to San Antonio, and there started the *Iconoclast*, but the vigor of his strictures on men and matters there presently caused him to be mobbed, and then he moved to Waco. There he followed the same methods, but with better success, and was able to enlist popular sentiment on his side. His death was a consequence of a series of attacks which he made on the faculty of the Baptist university at Waco. For this he was set upon and beaten last October by students of the university; but he continued to give offence, and was presently again assaulted and beaten by one of the trustees, assisted by two students. That led to a fight with pistols between Brann's friend, Judge Gerald of Waco, and W. A. Harris, editor of a Waco paper. Harris was killed, Gerald dangerously wounded. Brann went right on expressing his views with entire candor, until, as stated, Captain Davis intervened, and pacification has followed.

Brann was a very vigorous writer, with much humor, and was, as may be conjectured, thoroughly earnest in what he undertook. It is told to his credit that he was kind, brave, and sincere, loved his friends, hated his foes, and fought for the side he believed to be right. The trouble was that his discernment of right and wrong was not clear. Judging from the attractions that New York seems to have for successful journalists of San Francisco, St. Louis, and other Western cities, it does not seem unlikely that if Brann's usefulness had been protracted for another decade he would have used up all likely subjects of offence in Waco, and moved into this Klondike of Occidental editors. There are so many, many things and creatures here that are fit to engage the attention of such a person! It is too late now, but one sighs to think of what might have been if Brann had not dallied too long in Texas—of the yachts he might have sailed, the funds he might have started, and the delegations of Congressmen that he might have sent here and there to do his errands. But perhaps so much "success" as that is only possible to impulsiveness when it is heavily backed by capital.

It is a time to keep busy; a time when the mouth tends to get dry, and rival considerations to contend for the control of our minds; a time when apparent vacillation is almost inevitable because of the moral obligation on all serious-minded thinkers to give peace every possible chance before accepting war. Blessed is the man in such times who has enough to do and does it, and who need only spend his leisure, and not his whole time, in speculating about what is to be done and what will come of it. In the end the world's affairs can only be conducted by letting every man stick to his own job and bear its responsibilities. Each of us who is trying to settle for himself and by himself the question of our duty to Cuba, to ourselves, and to Spain will be obliged in the end to fall in with whatever determination the President and Congress reach. The state of anxious doubt is about the worst state possible. That, at this writing, we are experiencing in an acute form. It is not likely that there is anything worse in store for us. Let us avail ourselves of part of our fortitude for present use, go earnestly about our business, and have confidence that whatever stream we come to we shall find a way to cross. Our government is pretty accurately representative of our people, and that is all we can ask. Its mistakes, if it makes any, will be ours; its creditable achievements will be ours too. We are all going together. What more can we ask than that?

This is the London *Spectator's* judgment, published under date of March 26, of what President McKinley, as the spokesman and Executive of the American people, will find it necessary to do in the matter of Cuba:

> In the end he will, we feel convinced, fall back upon the profound American conviction that everything will always go right if there is only "liberty," will demand that Spain withdraw her hand from Cuba, and will leave the fate of the island to be settled after the war. After all, Mexico and Chile are fairly governed, life in the Brazils is endurable, though most Cuban conditions exist there, and if the worst comes to the worst, the States will not be ruined because Cuba has to be administered for a quarter of a century as three or four Territories of the great republic.

That is what a sympathetic and intelligent looker-on sees in the game that just now engrosses all our interests.

President Eliot, in a recent address before the Dorchester (Massachusetts) Woman's Club, discussed the happy marriage, and gave it what free and easy writers call a first-class notice. A very brief extract from his address credits him with saying that the idealizing devotion with which the happy marriage begins is the most admirable thing in human nature. He does not seem to favor the idea that the corner-stone of happiness in marriage is a sufficient income secured against the chances of fortune. On the contrary, he declares, as the *Transcript* quotes him, that the young woman who marries for money or position is sacrificing the best of life which marriage affords. The chief conditions of a happy marriage, as he finds them, are health, common intellectual interests, and a religious belief held in common between husband and wife. No doubt he enlarged upon these conditions, and qualified the idea of the superlative importance of the latter two by taking large views of them. We often see, for example, people very happily married whose minds are so differently constituted that it seems impossible that they should have more than a limited number of intellectual interests in common. But there are different kinds of good minds, and minds that supplement one another seem quite as well suited to harmonious associations as those that run in parallel grooves.

So as to a common religious belief. That must mean agreement in the great essentials, the roots of which lie deep in character, and which really determine standards and shape conduct. The existence of practical agreement of this sort is not necessarily inconsistent with much variation in details of belief which are important but not really vital. A marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic may be happy, though such alliances are highly inconvenient. The marriage which may be expected to fail is one between persons who are not likely to agree as to what is right and what is wrong.

The powers of Greater New York are to be congratulated on finding a good and sufficient reason for suppressing the Charter-day celebration which was planned for next month. The appropriation of $50,000 to pay for the show was defeated by representatives of the Borough of Brooklyn, and that left a large embarrassment on the committee's hands. It must have been a prodigious relief to the responsible committee-men to have the conclusion reached that the prospects of the country are so stormy as to make local glorifications untimely and inexpedient. So Charter day will receive only such emphasis this year as may be furnished by events not under Tammany's control.

Mr. William McLennan, the author of *Spanish John*, a story which lately ran as a serial in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, was the victim of an inadvertence which has made it necessary for him to rise and account to a correspondent of the *Bookman* for the similarity between certain passages in his story and passages in a certain rare memoir of one Colonel M. McDonnell. Mr. McLennan says the likeness is due to the fact that he used the McDonnell memoir in making his story, as also the chronicles of O'Callaghan, Père Labat, and other early Canadian writers. What makes it necessary now for him to make these explanations is the inadvertence noted, for when originally he completed his story he gave careful credit in a preface to all his forerunners and authorities, but this preface was not required or suitable for publication in a magazine, and when the story was made into a book its insertion was overlooked. In future editions of *Spanish John* the preface will appear.

The *Critic* prints a letter from Mr. St. Gaudens in which he denies that he has moved to Paris with the intention of remaining there. He says:

> I came to stay two or three months, but there is so much to do and see here that my stay has been prolonged; that is all. Now that I am on this side of the water, I want to see all I can, and after I have visited Spain and Greece I shall return. I have given up my studio in Thirty-sixth Street because I want something better when I return; and as to the things I had moved over here, they are the Shaw and the Puritan (with some of the medallions), of which I shall have reductions made; they do those things so well here in France.

The explanation is complete and most satisfactory. Mr. St. Gaudens is certainly entitled to choose for himself where he will work, but it is most agreeable to his brethren in art, and to his fellow-countrymen generally, to have him abide by New York.

A bill now before Congress authorizes the President to pay and issue rations to State troops gathered for instruction and drill. If the bill should be passed (and bills of that nature are likely to get graver consideration for some time to come than for some years past), the practical question will come up of how best to train the State militia for usefulness as a National Guard. A plan not unlikely to be adopted is that outlined in the current HARPER'S MAGAZINE by Captain James Parker, which proposes an American Aldershot—a training-camp; that is, where troops from any State may be sent to drill and manœuvre with regulars.

Captain Parker's plan contemplates the establishment of such a camp on Long Island, and the location there of at least three regiments of regular troops. That would be a convenient centre for the militia of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. Almost half of the National Guard, as at present organized, is within 250 miles of it. If the plan turned out to be advantageous, other camps would be located at other centres. "As to expense," says Captain Parker, "it will cost no more than a new battle-ship." There was a time when the cost of a new battle-ship staggered us, but that was long, long ago, when the *Maine* was still afloat. We buy battle-ships now by the cord and never wink, and we may presently show analogous hardihood in making provision for a few desirable camps.

The French Court of Appeal has decided that Zola shall go free, and neither serve his term of imprisonment nor pay his fine. The decision is based on the technicality that the charges on which he was tried should have been made by the president of the Esterhazy court martial, and not by the Minister of War. The fact seems to be that the French government has had enough of Zola, and being anxious to wash its hands of him, has seized the most convenient expedient to turn him loose. No doubt it would also be glad to be rid of Dreyfus, and would be relieved if the report of his death, which the newspapers printed on April 6, turned out to be true. Zola seems to be very much ahead on his recent transactions. He has provided a lot of very lively music, and won't have to pay the piper, after all.

We shall have to re-read *Vanity Fair*. The new edition of it—the first of the thirteen volumes of the Biographical Edition (Harper's) is out, and brings an introduction twenty-five pages long, which Mrs. Ritchie has filled with delightful glimpses and memories of her father. There is not enough of it; there never has been anything like enough available information about Thackeray, but there is enough to make one want a great deal more, and as each volume of the set is to have a similar introduction, that demand is to be in some degree supplied.

What Mrs. Ritchie seems to have wished to do in the present instalment of her precious wares is to consider her father in his relations with his first great novel, to let us look at him as he appeared while he was writing it, and to give us a glimpse of the experiences in his life which gave him some of the pictures that went to the making of this particular book. She tells a little about his return from India in his childhood, about his school days, about his visit to Germany in 1830, and his stay at Weimar, and how he saw the venerable Goethe. Then we see him sixteen years later, settled in his house in Kensington Square, writing an immortal book.

A great part of this introduction is made up of extracts from letters, several of them from Thackeray to his mother. There is one brief extract from a letter written to India by Thackeray's mother which tells of her meeting with her son in England when she and her husband got home from India. She went to fetch him from the school at Chiswick—the Chiswick of Miss Pinkerton's establishment—where he was. She writes:

> He had a perfect recollection of me; he could not speak, but kissed me, and looked at me again and again, and I could almost have said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He is the living image of his father, and God in Heaven send that he may resemble him in all but his too short life! He is tall, stout, and sturdy. His eyes are become darker, but there is still the same dear expression. His drawing is wonderful.

In those few lines and between them there is a deal of biography. They give a better notion of the qualities of Thackeray's father and mother than most readers have ever before gained.

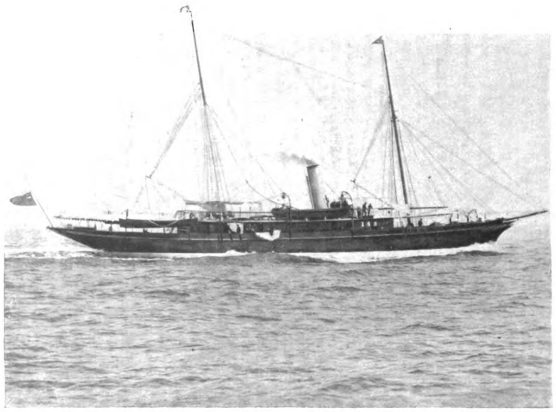
"Old Brooke" is dead—the "Brooke" of *Tom Brown's School Days*. He was the Rev. J. P. Gell, rector of Buxted, in Sussex, England. The *Saturday Review* speaks of him as probably the last survivor of Arnold's famous "Sixth." He began his career as an official of the Colonial Office, was sent to Tasmania, and there married a daughter of Sir John Franklin, the arctic explorer. Afterwards he took orders, became a preacher of note, and worked himself out in what was a country parish when he took it, but which London swept over and inundated with bricks. For twenty years he lived at Buxted, where he was sent on the failure of his health by Archbishop Tait. The *Saturday Review* calls him "almost an ideal country parson, the friend and fellow-worker of the nonconformists, a true father of the poor, and counsellor of all."

E. S. MARTIN.

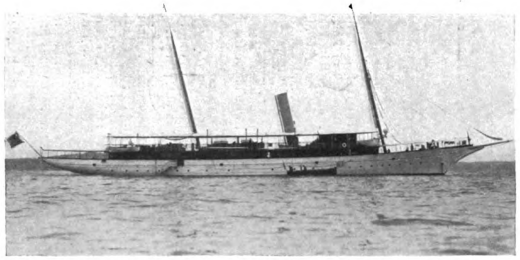
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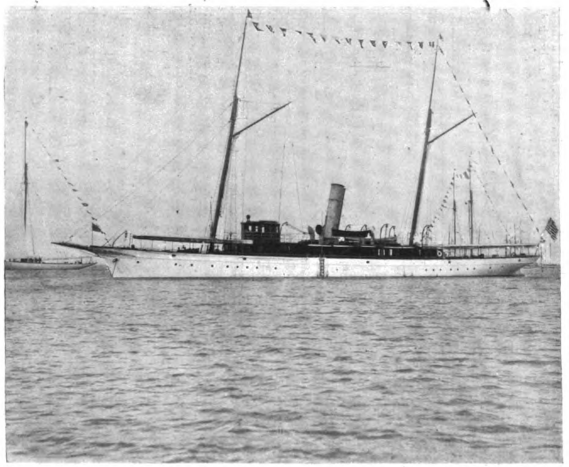
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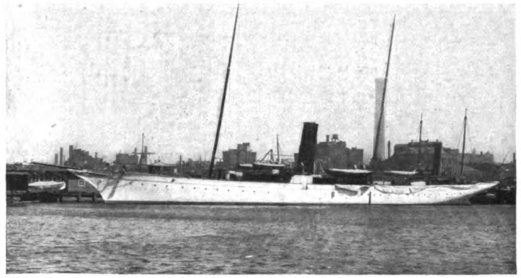
U. S. S. "HAWK."
Formerly H. L. Pierce's "Hermione."



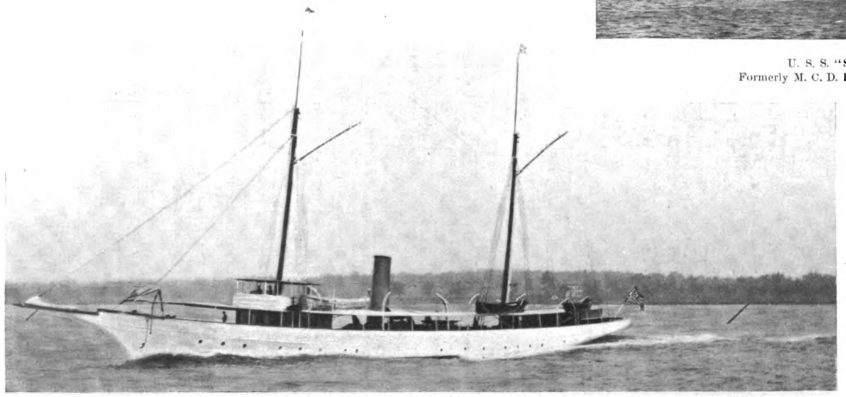
U. S. S. "VIXEN."
Formerly P. A. B. Widener's "Josephine."



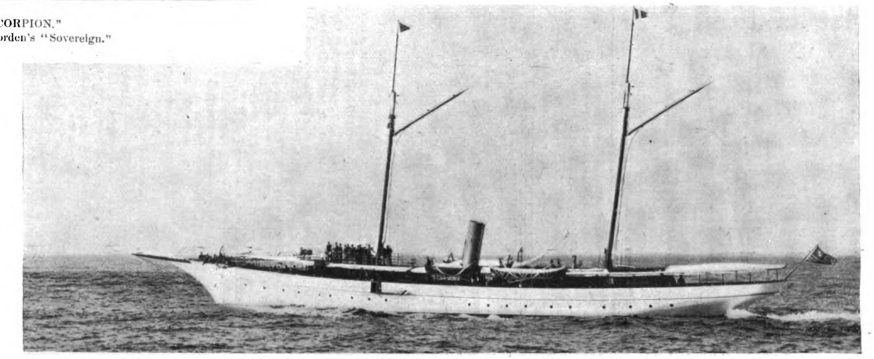
U. S. S. "WASP."
Formerly J. H. Ladew's "Columbia."



U. S. S. "SCORPION."
Formerly M. C. D. Borden's "Sovereign."



U. S. S. "HORNET."
Formerly H. M. Flagler's "Alicia."



U. S. S. "EAGLE."
Formerly Frederic Gallatin's "Almy."

YACHTS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY—RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE AUXILIARY FLEET.—From Photographs by N. L. Stebbins and E. Muller.—[See Page 366.]

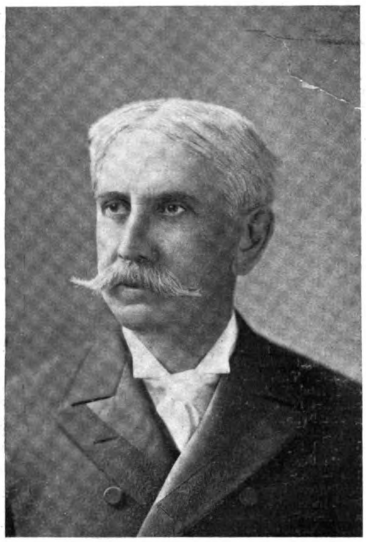
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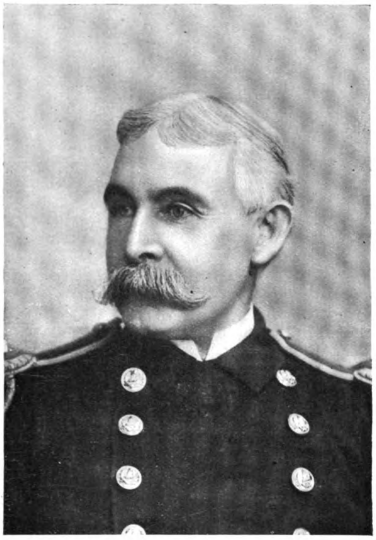
CAPTAIN PURNELL F. HARRINGTON, U.S.N.,
Double-Turret Monitor "Puritan."



CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP, U.S.N.,
2d Class Battle-Ship "Texas."
Photograph by Gutekunst.



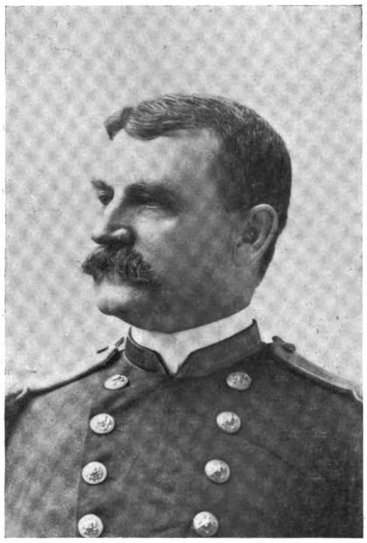
CAPTAIN NICOLL LUDLOW, U.S.N.,
Double Turret Monitor "Terror."



CAPTAIN COLBY M. CHESTER, U.S.N.,
Protected Cruiser "Cincinnati."



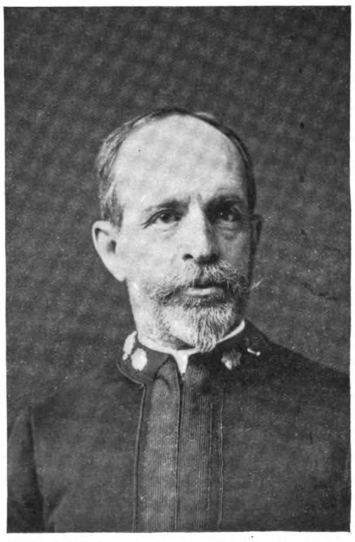
COMMANDER BOWMAN H. McCALLA, U.S.N.,
Cruiser "Marblehead."



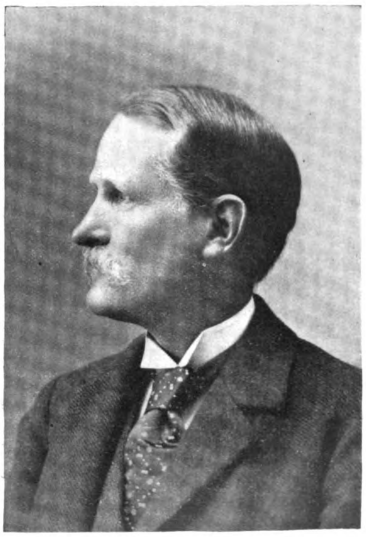
CAPTAIN THEODORE F. JEWELL, U.S.N.,
Protected Cruiser "Minneapolis."



COMMANDER JOHN F. MERRY, U.S.N.,
Gunboat "Machias."



COMMANDER GEORGE A. CONVERSE, U.S.N.,
Cruiser "Montgomery."
From a Photograph, Copyright, 1898, by Frank H. Child, Newport, R. I.



COMMANDER WASHBURN MAYNARD, U.S.N.,
Light-draught Gunboat "Nashville."

PROMINENT AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.

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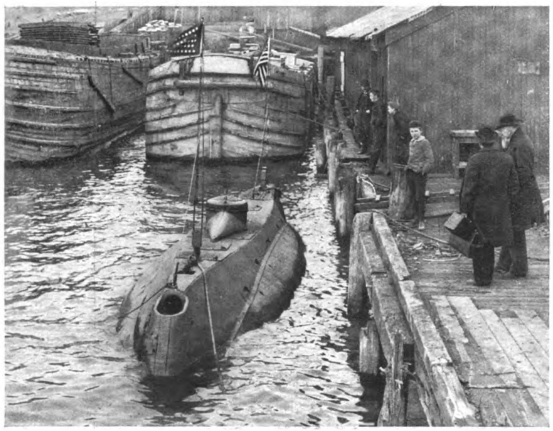
THE SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND."

Owing to the strained relations between Spain and the United States over the Cuban question, the recent tests which have been made of the submarine boat *Holland* at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, have attracted wide attention. Up to March 27 the little craft had made four successful dives, and had shown its ability to navigate under water. On one of the tests a dummy projectile was also shot from the aerial torpedo-gun in the bow. On the last of the four tests the craft was inspected by a naval officer, who sent a report to the government as to its availability in warfare.

The first attempt to show the value of the *Holland* occurred on March 18. The boat, after running a few feet on the surface, dipped its nose sharply and went down under water. After it had reached a depth of six feet it was brought to an even keel, and ran for about 400 yards under the surface, its two short steel masts, one at the bow and one at the stern, showing above the water, and indicating to observers not only its speed, but the fact that it was on an even keel. The test was pronounced a success so far as it went.

A few days later the *Holland* made another attempt. It sank while running at full speed, by simply filling its tanks and submerging itself as it proceeded. This time it went out of sight completely. After going for 100 yards completely submerged, it reappeared gradually, and it was declared a success.

The *Holland* is properly a diving-boat. While lying on the surface of the water it can fire an aerial torpedo, containing 100 pounds of gun-cotton, the distance of a mile. It carries three 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes, which it discharges from a tube in the bow under water. It has a submarine gun in the stern, intended to propel a projectile a distance of 500 yards under water. It is propelled on the surface by a gasoline-engine. Under water the motive force is supplied from electric storage batteries. Two horizontal rudders cause the boat to dip its nose when they are pressed down in the rear. Elevated, they bring the boat to the surface. The boat can also be sunk by allowing tanks to be filled, which nearly overcome its buoyancy. When the boat is to be brought to the surface this water is expelled by compressed air, several large tanks of which are carried to supply fresh air to the crew constantly, and to operate the aerial gun in the bow. An elaborate system of registers indicates the depth to which the boat has descended. To remain under water the boat must be kept moving. It is fifty-five feet long, and about eleven feet in diameter at the centre. Its crew will consist of six men. It is supposed to be capable of running fifty miles under the water.



SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND."
At the Dock before starting on her Official Trial Trip.

SPAIN'S NAVAL STRENGTH.

The information contained in this article is compiled mainly from a "List of the Battle-ships, Cruisers, and Torpedo-boats of the Spanish Navy," prepared in the Military Information Division of the Adjutant-General's Office at Washington.

Spain has but two war-vessels that are rated in the class of battle-ships, the *Vitoria* and the *Pelayo*, and the former is a "broadside" of antiquated model, used as a training-ship heretofore, but understood to be undergoing equipment with 5.5-inch rapid-fire guns for war service. She is an old iron vessel of 7250 tons displacement, 318 feet 3 inches long, 55 feet 10 inches beam, and a maximum draught of 25 feet 3 inches. She has a 5.5-inch armor belt, and her speed is 11 knots. Her normal coal-supply is 875 tons, and her complement of men 561.

The *Pelayo* is a rather powerful battle-ship of steel, of 9900 tons displacement, 330 feet long, 66 feet beam, 24 feet 11 inches draught. She carries an armor belt 17.75 inches thick, increasing to 19.25 about the barbette in which her guns are mounted, and has a 4-inch steel defensive deck. Her armament consists of two 12.5-inch and two 11-inch heavy ordnance, one 6.2-inch and twelve 4.7-inch guns, six smaller rapid-fire and twelve machine guns, and she has seven torpedo-tubes. Her speed is 16 knots, coal-supply 800 tons, complement 600 men. She has been at Toulon receiving new boilers and some more modern rapid-fire guns, and being fitted with barbette turrets and a ram bow. She has just been ordered to Cartagena, with the French workmen on board.

There is another old broadside iron ship, the *Numancia*, of about the same size and power as the *Vitoria*, which is reported to be receiving new machinery and new armament in 6.2-inch and 4.7-inch rapid-fire guns. She has been classed rather as a port-defence vessel than a battle-ship, and can make only 8 knots.

But Spain is pretty strong in first-class armored cruisers. The *Emperador Carlos V.* is a formidable vessel of 9235 tons displacement, 380 feet long with a ram bow, 67 feet beam, and 25 feet draught, and her speed is 20 knots. Her armor belt consists of only 2 inches of Harvey steel, except about the gun-turrets, which are placed one forward and one aft, and there the armor is 10 inches thick. Each turret carries a big 11-inch Hontoria gun, and the rest of the armament consists of eight 5.5-inch rapid-fire guns, four 3.9 inch, two 2.7 inch, four 2.2-inch, and six machine guns. There are six torpedo-tubes; the coal capacity of the vessel is 1200 tons, and the complement of men 535.

There are six other modern armored cruisers of 7000 and one of 6840 tons. To three of these, the *Cardenal Cisneros*, *Cataluña*, and *Princesa de Asturias*, precisely the same description applies. Each is 347 feet 10 inches long, 61 feet beam, and 21 feet 10 inches draught, has a 12-inch armor-belt, reduced to 10.5 at the gun position, which is "central battery," and a 2-inch steel protective deck. The speed is 20 knots, and the armament consists of two 11-inch guns (turrets fore and aft), ten 5.5-inch rapid-fire, two 2.7-inch, four 2.2-inch, four 1.4-inch, and two machine guns. Each has also eight torpedo-tubes, carries a coal-supply of 1200 tons, and has 500 officers and men. The other three, 7000 ton, are the *Almirante Oquendo*, the *Infanta María Teresa*, and the *Vizcaya*, and answer to the same description, except that the *Infanta María Teresa* has slightly exceeded the speed of 20 knots with which the others are credited. Each is 340 feet long, 65 feet beam, and 21 feet 6 inches draught. The armor belt is 12 inches, except around the gun position (central battery), where it is 10.5 inches, and the steel deck is 3 inches thick. The armament of the *Almirante Oquendo* consists of two 11-inch guns (turrets fore and aft), ten 5.5-inch Hontoria, eight 2.2-inch, and eight 1.4-inch rapid-fire, and two machine guns. That of the *Infanta María Teresa* differs from this only in having both the 11-inch and the 5.5-inch guns of the Hontoria type, and that of the *Vizcaya* only in having 5.5-inch guns as well as those of small calibre of the rapid-fire type. Practically the three are of equal power, and each carries a coal-supply of 1200 tons, and a complement of 500 men. In fact, the six cruisers are substantially alike. The *Cristóbal Colon*, 6840 tons, is slightly smaller and less heavily armed, but has the same speed. Her length is 328 feet, beam 59 feet 8 inches, draught 24. She has only 6 inches of armor plate, and a 1.5-inch protective deck. Her two large guns are 10 inch, and mounted in barbettes, one forward and one aft. The rest of her armament consists of ten 6-inch rapid-fire guns, six 4.7-inch, ten 2.2-inch, ten 1.4-inch, and two machine guns. She has four torpedo-tubes, coal-supply of 1000 tons, complement 450 men.

These include all of Spain's fighting-ships of the first class, but she has several second-class cruisers. The largest of these, the *Alfonso XIII.*, might fairly be rated first class, as she displaces 5000 tons, and has a speed of 20 knots. She is 318 feet 6 inches long, 50 feet 6 inches beam, 20 feet draught, and is protected with a 4.5-inch steel deck over engines and machinery. Her armament consists of four 7.8-inch Hontoria guns, six 4.7-inch, six 2.2-inch, six 1.4-inch rapid-fire, and three machine guns. She has five torpedo-tubes, can carry 1200 tons of coal, and is manned by 276 officers and seamen.

Next to her is the *Lepanto*, 4826 tons, 318 feet 6 inches long, 50 feet 6 inches beam, 20 feet draught, protected by 4.75-inch steel deck; speed, 20 knots. Her armament is four 7.8 inch Hontorias, six 4.7-inch rapid-fire, six 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, and five Maxims. She has five torpedo-tubes, carries 1100 tons of coal, and 276 men.

The unarmored and unprotected steel cruiser *Reina Christina* is of 3520 tons displacement, 282 feet 2 inches long, 42 feet 7 inches beam, 16 feet 5 inches draught, and has a speed of 17.5 knots. She is armed with six 6.2-inch Hontoria guns, two 2.7 inch, three 2.2-inch, two 1.5-inch rapid-fire, six 3-pounders, and two machine guns. She has five torpedo-tubes; coal capacity, 600 tons; complement of men, 375. Of a similar type, but of 3342 tons displacement, are the *Aragon*, *Castilla*, and *Navarra*. The last named differs slightly in model from the other two. The *Aragon* and *Castilla* are each 246 feet long, 45 feet 11 inches beam, and 20 feet 11 inches draught, have a speed of 14 knots, a coal-supply of 470 tons, and 300 men. The *Navarra* differs in these items only in being 13 feet 1 inch shorter, 3 feet 4 inches less beam, and 7 inches less draught. The armament of the *Aragon* is six 6.2-inch Hontoria, two 3.3-inch Krupp, four 2.9-inch, and two machine guns; that of the *Castilla*, four 5.9-inch Krupp, two 4.7-inch, two 3.3-inch, and four 2.9-inch, eight rapid-fire, and two machine guns; the *Navarra*, four 5.9-inch, two 4.7-inch, two 3.4-inch, four 2.9-inch, and four machine guns. Each vessel has two torpedo-tubes.

The next in size are the *Alfonso XII.* and the *Reina Mercedes*, each of 3090 tons. Length, 278 feet 10 inches; beam, 42 feet 7 inches; draught, 16 feet 5 inches; speed, 17.5 knots; coal-supply, 600 tons; complement, 300 men. Each has five torpedo-tubes, but their armaments differ. The *Alfonso XII.* carries six 6.2-inch Hontoria, two 2.7-inch, and six 6-pounder rapid-fire, four 3-pounder, and five machine guns. The *Reina Mercedes* has six 6.2-inch Hontoria, two 2.7 inch, three 2.2-inch rapid-fire, two 1.5-inch, six 1.4-inch, and two machine guns.

The other Spanish cruisers fall below the minimum size for second-class vessels—2000 tons. The largest is the *Velasco*, 1152 tons, 209 feet 11 inches long, 29 feet 3 inches beam, 12 feet 5 inches draught. Speed, 14.3 knots; coal-supply, 220 tons; complement, 173 men. She is armed with three 5.9-inch Armstrong guns, two 2.7-inch Hontorias, and two machine-guns. There are five cruisers of 1130 tons each—the *Conde de Venadito*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Infanta Isabel*, and *Isabel II.* The description answers precisely for all except in details of armament. Each is 210 feet long, 32 feet beam, and 12 feet 6 inches draught, has a speed of 14 knots, a coal-supply of 220 tons, and 130 men. The armament of the *Conde de Venadito* is four 4.7-inch Hontoria guns, two 2.7-inch, two rapid-fire, and five machine guns. The others are substantially the same in power. There are also three cruisers of 1030 tons each—the *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, and the *Marques de Ensenada*. Each is 185 feet long, 30 feet beam, and 11 feet 6 inches draught. The first two named have a speed of 16 knots, and the last 15; each can carry 160 tons of coal, and the *Isla de Cuba* and *Isla de Luzon* have 160 and the *Marques de Ensenada* 164 men. The armament of each of the first two is four 4.7-inch Hontoria, four 6-pounder rapid-fire, two 3-pounder, and two machine guns, and that of the latter four 4.7-inch Hontoria, five rapid-fire, and four machine guns. The former have three and the latter four torpedo-tubes.

This exhausts the list of cruisers proper, though there are two others so called, the *Quiros* and *Villabolos*, each 315 tons, for service in the Philippines. There is an old wooden sloop of war of 935 tons which carries three 4.7-inch Hontoria, two 2.8-inch Krupp, and two machine guns.

The *Don Alvaro de Bazan*, 830 tons and 235 feet long; *Dona María de Molina*, same size; *Destructor*, 458 tons, 192 feet 6 inches long; *Filipinas*, 750 tons, 213 feet; *Galicia*, 571 tons, 190 feet; *Marques de la Victoria*, 830 tons, 235 feet; *Marques de Molina*, 571 tons, 190 feet; *Martin Alonzo Pinzon*, same size; *Nueva España*, 630 tons, 190 feet; *Rapido*, 570 tons, 190 feet; *Temerario*, 590 tons, 190 feet, and the *Vincente Yañez Pinzon*, 571 tons, 190 feet, are classed as torpedo-gunboats. They carry from two to four torpedo-tubes, and have a speed of 19 or 20 knots. The armament of the largest consists of two 4.7-inch rapid-fire guns, four 1.5-inch, and two machine guns. The *General Concha*, 520 tons, is listed as a gunboat, and the *Elcano*, 524 tons, *General Lego*, 524 tons, *Magellanes*, 524 tons, as "gun-vessels." They are somewhat smaller, and lighter in armament, and considerably slower than the torpedo-gunboats. There



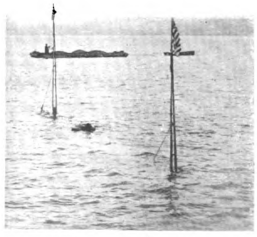
GOING DOWN.—1.



GOING DOWN.—2.



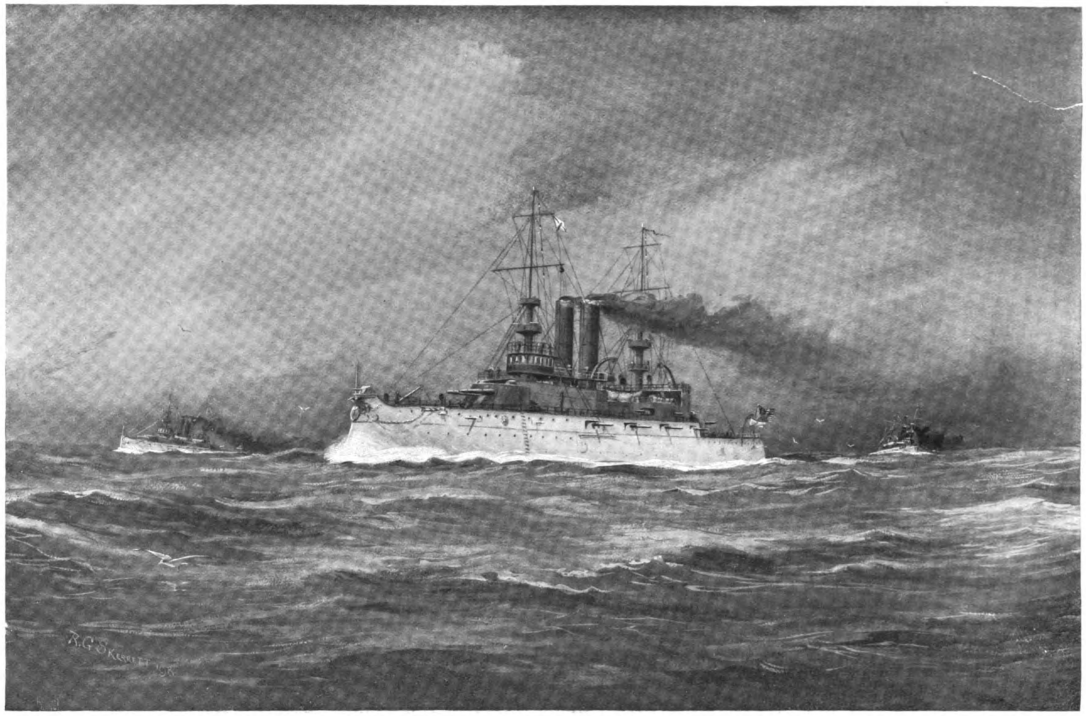
UNDER WATER—ONLY HER FLAGS SHOWING.



COMING UP.

SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND" ON HER OFFICIAL TRIAL TRIP.

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BATTLE-SHIPS "ILLINOIS," "ALABAMA," AND "WISCONSIN."—DRAWN BY R. G. SKERRETT.

are two despatch-vessels in the list, identical in description, the *Fernando el Catolico* (used as a torpedo training-ship), and the *Marques del Duero*, 500 tons displacement, 157 feet 5 inches long, and 25 feet 7 inches beam, with a speed of 10 knots.

There is a supplementary list of gunboats "for service in Cuban waters"—the *Hernán Cortés*, 300 tons, one 5.12-inch Parrott gun, 12 knots; *Pizarro*, 300 tons, two 2.95-inch rapid-fire Nordenfeldt guns, 12 knots; *Vasco Nuñez de Balboa*, 300 tons, one 2.95-inch Nordenfeldt gun, 12.5 knots; *Diego Velasquez*, 200 tons, two 2.24-inch rapid-fire Nordenfeldt guns, and one 1-pounder revolving cannon; *Ponce de Leon*, in all respects like the last; *Alvarado*, 100 tons, one 2.24-inch rapid-fire Nordenfeldt, and one revolving cannon; *Sandoval*, mate to the last. There are also eighteen small steel gunboats for service in Cuba, carrying each one 6-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt rapid-fire gun, and one 1-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt automatic.

The list of Spain's torpedo-boat-destroyers comprises six vessels—the *Audaz*, which is a formidable craft of 400 tons displacement, and a length of 225 feet, carrying two 12-pounders, two 6-pounders, and two 1-pounders, besides two torpedo-tubes, and capable of a speed of 30 knots; and the *Furor*, *Terror*, *Osado*, *Pluton*, and *Proserpina*, each of which is of 380 tons displacement, 229 feet long, capable of 28 knots, and carrying two 14-pounder and two 6-pounder rapid-fire and two 37-mm. automatic guns, all Maxim-Nordenfeldt. Each of these vessels carries 100 tons of coal, and has 67 men.

The rest of the torpedo fleet consists of boats ranging from 147 feet 5 inches to 43 feet 4 inches in length, and from 108 to 23 tons displacement. The names, with indication of length in feet and speed in knots, are *Ariete*, 147.5 feet, 26.1 knots; *Rayo*, 147.5 feet, 25.5 knots; *Azor*, 134.5 feet, 24 knots; *Halcon*, 134.5 feet, 24 knots; *Habana*, 127.5 feet, 21.3 knots; *Barcelo*, 126 feet, 19.5 knots; *Orion*, 125 feet, 21.5 knots; *Retamosa*, 118 feet, 20.5 knots; *Julia Ordoñez*, 117.7 feet, 20.1 knots; *Ejercito*, 111.5 feet, 25 knots; *Rigel*, 105 feet, 19 knots; *Pollux*, 80 feet, 19.5 knots; *Castor*, 76.2 feet, 19 knots; *Aire*, 43.4 feet, 8 knots; and four vidette-boats, 60 feet long, making 18.3 knots. These four boats have a light armament, besides their two (in two cases three) torpedo-tubes, and, with the exception of the smallest, carry from thirteen to twenty-five tons of coal, and require from eighteen to twenty-four men to manage them.

Spain has now in process of building one battle-ship of 10,000 tons, one armored cruiser of 10,500 tons, and one of 6840 tons (*Pedro d'Aragon*); two protected cruisers—*Reina Regente*, 5372 tons, and *Rio de la Plata*, 1775 tons—one torpedo-gunboat, 750 tons, and four torpedo-boats of the *Ariete* type. She can also command for arming as cruisers thirteen vessels of the Compañia Trasatlantica of Cadiz, as follows, in order of size, with tonnage and speed indicated: *Magellanes*, 6932 tons, 17 knots; *Buenos Aires*, 5195 tons, 14 knots; *Montevideo*, 5096 tons, 14.5 knots; *Alfonso XII.*, 5063 tons, 15 knots; *Leon XIII.*, 4687 tons, 15 knots; *P. de Satrustegui*, 4638 tons, 15 knots; *Alfonso XIII.*, 4381 tons, 16 knots; *Reina Maria Cristina*, 4381 tons, 16 knots; *Isla de Luzon*, 4252 tons, 13 knots; *Isla de Mindanao*, 4195 tons, 13.5 knots; *Isla de Panay*, 3636 tons, 13.5 knots; *Cataluña*, 3488 tons, 14 knots; *Ciudad de Cadiz*, 3084 tons, 13.5 knots.

Reports of Spain's acquisition of new war-vessels of importance by purchase remain unconfirmed. Efforts to purchase those just finished for Brazil and Chili failed, and negotiations for Italian cruisers remain thus far ineffectual. Those sought in Italy are the *Carlo Alberto*, a fine vessel of 6500 tons, with a speed of 20 knots, and the *Giuseppe Garibaldi* (sister to the *Varese*, sold to Argentina), 6840 tons, armored with six inches of Harvey steel.

The effective naval strength of Spain may be summed up from the foregoing detailed description. She has but one really effective battle-ship, the *Pelayo*, which cannot be ready to leave her coast for some time. She has one powerful cruiser in the *Carlos V.* (not immediately available), and seven others which stand high in the first class in all respects. These eight strong and fast cruisers embody her chief fighting forces on the water; but there are eight others, ranging in size from 3000 to 5000 tons, and most of them having a speed of 17 knots or more, which could render effective aid in harassing an enemy. There are nine of the smaller cruisers, of a little more than 1000 tons' displacement.

The torpedo-gunboats are strong and speedy craft, and they are twelve in number, in addition to which there are one other gunboat, three "gun-vessels," and two despatch-boats, besides the three 300-ton, two 200-ton, two 100-ton, and eighteen "small" gunboats especially "for service in Cuban waters."

Spain's torpedo fleet is a strong one, and may constitute a formidable part of her naval force. It contains six exceptionally powerful and swift torpedo-boat-destroyers, ten torpedo-boats rated as first class according to the English standard, two of the second class, and seven others—twenty-five in all. The vessels now under construction are none of them near enough to completion to be regarded in the present calculation, with the possible exception of the torpedo-boats.

A. K. FISKE.

THREE GREAT BATTLE-SHIPS.

THREE more of our battle-ships, the *Illinois*, *Alabama*, and *Wisconsin*, are rapidly advancing toward the time of launching, and by the fall they will be ready to be put in the water. These vessels were provided for by act of Congress approved June 10, 1896, the *Illinois* going to the Newport News Ship-building Company for $2,595,000, the *Alabama*, for $2,650,000, going to Cramps', and the *Wisconsin*, for $2,674,950, going to the Union Iron-Works of San Francisco.

The ships combine structurally the best features of the *Iowa* and the *Kearsarge*, having the high freeboard of the former and the moderate draught of the latter.

As the vessels are sister ships, a description of one applies equally to the others, and the principal dimensions and general features are—length on load water-line, 368 feet; beam, extreme, 72 feet 2.5 inches; freeboard forward, 19 feet 6 inches; freeboard aft, 13 feet 6 inches; normal displacement, 11,525 tons; draught at normal displacement, 23 feet 6 inches; load displacement, 12,150 tons; draught at load displacement, 24 feet 7.5 inches; maximum indicated horse-power (estimated), 10,000; speed (estimated), 16 knots; normal coal-supply, 800 tons; total bunker capacity, 1200 tons; complement, 490.

These ships are the most formidable battle-ships we have yet designed, and in the powers of offence and defence are the equal, if not the superior, of many European vessels of greater displacement.

The main battery will consist of four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, supplemented by fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns. The 13-inch guns are mounted in two balanced barbette turrets of 15-inch Harveyized steel—the defensive equivalent of twenty-two inches of ordinary steel—while the face plates about the gun-ports are two inches thicker. These turrets turn through arcs of 270 degrees, and all four guns can be concentrated upon a point about sixty feet off the ship's beam on either side. Each one of these guns fires a hardened-steel shot of 1100 pounds, with an impulse of 33,627 foot-tons. It takes a vivid imagination indeed to foresee the consequences of four such shot planted on a single point. Nothing could withstand that stroke within even the long range of modern warfare.

The barbettes, within which are located the vital mechanism for these guns, and also their ammunition hoists, are of hardened steel 15 inches thick, and rise solidly from the foundation of the heavy protective deck up to about four feet above the decks on which the turrets lie.

The battery of rapid-fire 6-inch guns is placed on the main and the upper decks. Four of them, in two heavily armored citadels amidships, hold commanding positions on the upper decks, while the remaining twelve, also behind six inches of armor, are divided into two batteries—four amidships and one well forward on each side. Splinter bulkheads of steel an inch and a half thick separate the gun stations one from another, and heavy shields prevent the admission of shot through the ports. These guns will have an individual rate of fire of five aimed shots a minute, each shot weighing 100 pounds, and capable of piercing, undeformed, through a trifle over eight inches of steel 1500 yards distant.

A secondary battery, consisting principally of sixteen 6-pounders, is disposed advantageously on the main-deck well forward, on the berth-deck well aft, and upon the superstructure and bridges where promising the most effective service against torpedo-craft and the exposed positions of an enemy's decks. These guns can be fired quite ten times a minute.

Protection to the hull is provided by a 7½-foot water-line belt—half under water at normal draught—reaching from abreast the after-turret forward to the stem. From a point abreast the after-turret to another abreast the forward one this armor has a maximum thickness of 16½ inches—thence it tapers gradually to 4 inches at the stem. At each end of the heavy belt athwartships bulkheads of hardened steel 12 inches thick reach from side to side and oppose raking fire. On top of these walls rests the main body of the protective deck, 2¾ inches thick. A continuation of this protective deck, 3 inches thick, runs slantingly to the bow and to the stern, to points below water.

Above the water-line belt, throughout the range of its heaviest part, the sides are re-enforced by 5½ inches of steel, reaching up to the upper deck, also running athwartships like the thicker belt; and it is through this armor that the amidship 6-inch guns and the two torpedo-tubes on each side are worked. A complete band of cornpith cellulose binds the ship from bow to stern just above the line of the water-line armor belt.

There are two armored fighting positions, the forward one being just below the pilot-house and abaft the bow turret, the after one just abaft the mainmast and up in the superstructure. The forward one will be 10 inches thick, and there the captain will control his ship in action, and the after one will be 6 inches thick, and a position for either the admiral or the signal-officer during conflict.

The ships will have twin screws, driven by two sets of powerful triple-expansion engines.

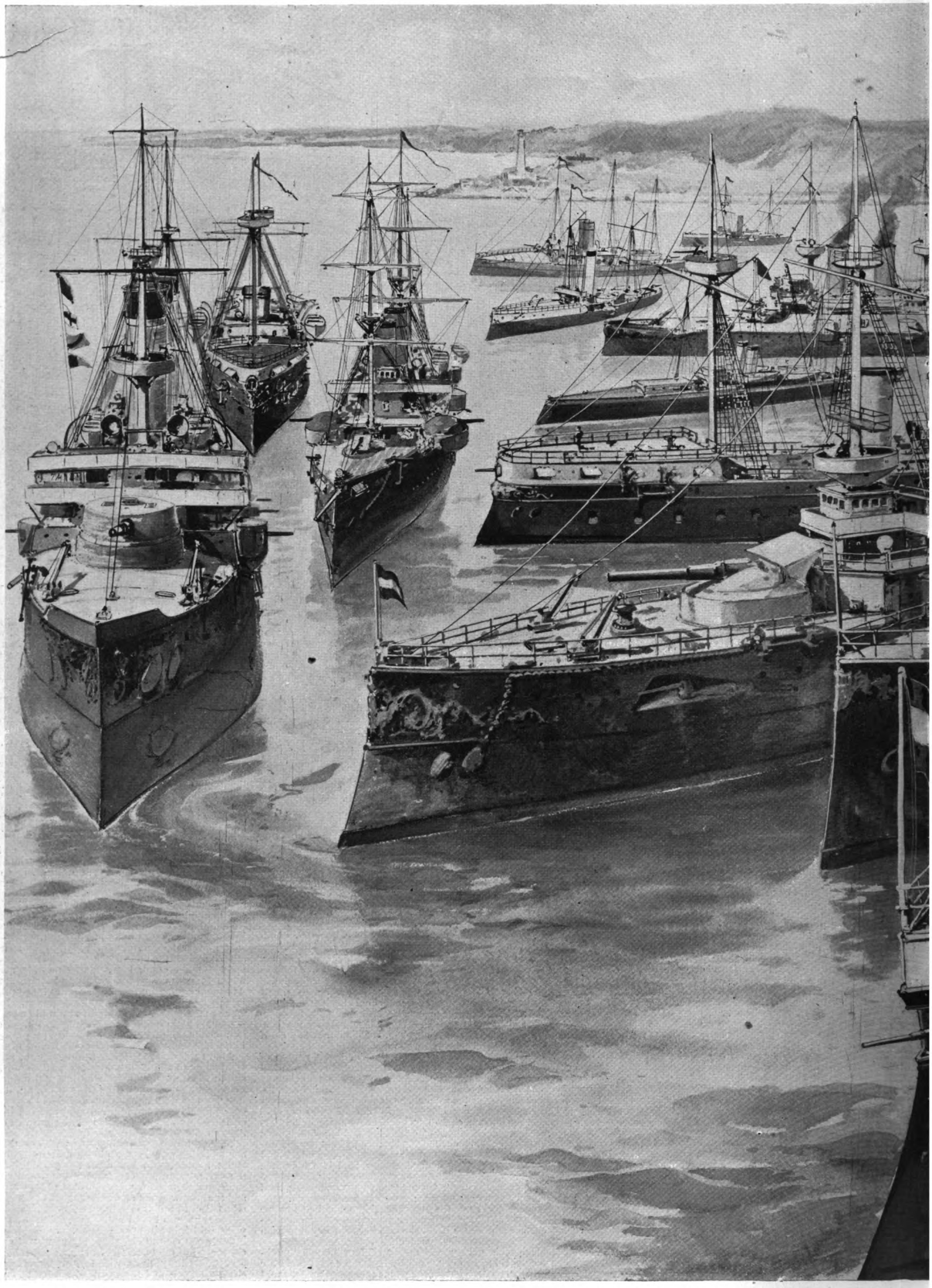
One great central electric-power plant will provide for the control of the turrets and all ammunition hoists, while a supplementary plant will furnish the energy for the electric signals and the great search-lights. Wood has been used sparingly, and all of it will be fire-proofed.

The ship that can live against that minute's broadside of 8440 pounds of hardened steel, hurtled by any one of these vessels and well aimed, must be stronger than any of those yet fashioned.

ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

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"Numancia." "Destructor." "Marques de la Ensenada." "Isla de Cuba."

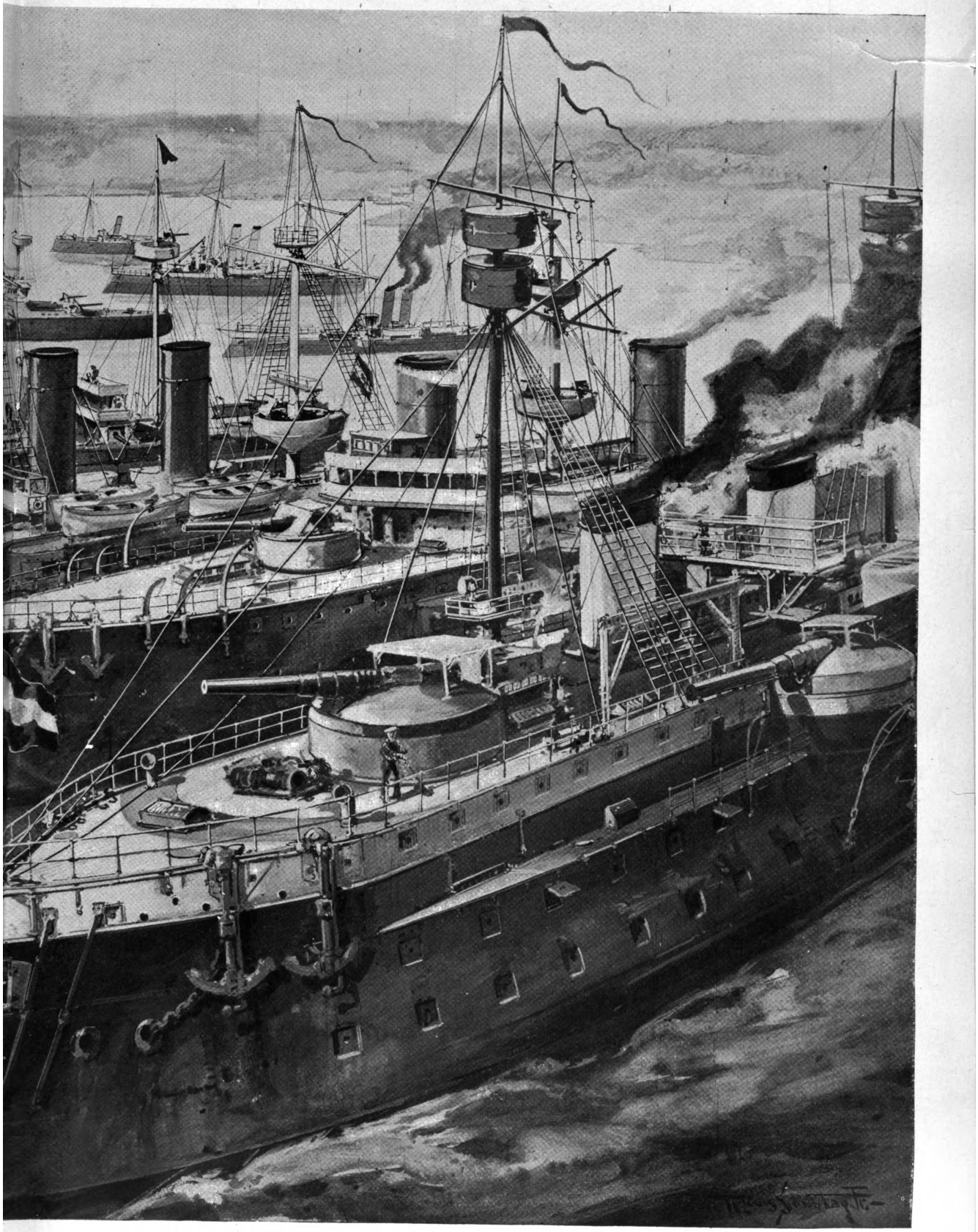


"Emperador Carlos V." "Alfonso XII." "Temerario." "Lepanto." "Vitoria." "Cardenal Cisneros."

SPAIN'S NAVAL STRENGTH.—DR

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"Pizarro." "María de Molina." "Marqués de Molina."



"Cristóbal Colon." "Pelayo."

N BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I FIND A SECOND.

I MEANT to go directly to the Prince, in his chamber, and tell him that Helene and I had resolved to battle out our lives together. But it chanced that I passed on my way through the higher terrace on my way to the lower—a bosky place of woods, where the Prince loved to linger in of a summer afternoon, drowsing there to the singing of birds and the falling of waters. For our Karl had tastes quite beyond sour, black Casimir with his church-yard glooms and rawbone terrors.

On the terrace I found von Reuss, lolling against the parapet with other blue flittermice, his peers—he himself no flittermouse, indeed, but of the true Casimir vampire breed, horrid of tooth, nocturnal, desirous of blood.

I went straight at mine enemy as if I had been leading a charge.

"Sir," said I, "you are a base rascal. You have insulted the Lady Helene, maid of honor to the Princess, the adopted child of my father. Her wrongs are mine. You will do me the honor of crossing weapons with me!"

"I have not learned the art of the axe," said he, turning about, listlessly. "You expect too much, Sir Executioner!"

I wasted no more words upon him, for I had not sought him to barter insults, but to force him to meet me where I could have my anger out upon him, and avenge the tears in the eyes of my Little Playmate.

Von Reuss was drawing a glove of yellow dressed kid through his hand as he spoke. This I plucked from his fingers ere he was aware, and struck him soundly on each cheek with it before flinging it crumpled in his face.

"Now will you fight, or must I strike you with my hand?"

Then I saw the look of his uncle stand hell-clear in his eyes. But he was not frightened, this one, only darkly and unscrupulously vengeful.

"Foul toad's spawn, I will have your blood!" he cried, tugging at his sword.

"We cannot fight here," said I, "within sight of the palace windows. But to-night at sundown, or to-morrow at dawn, I am at your service."

"Let it be to-night, on the common at the back of the Hirshgasse—one second, and the fighting only between principals."

Very readily I agreed, and then, with a wave of my hat, I went off, cudgelling my brain whom I should ask to be my second. Jorian, who was now an officer, I should have liked better than any other. But being of the people myself, it was necessary that I should have some one of weight and standing to meet the nephew of the Duke of the Wolfmark and his friend.

Moodily pacing down the glade, which led from the second terrace and the pleasaunce, I almost overran the Prince himself. He was seated under a tree; a parchment of troubadours' songs lay by him, illuminated, to judge by the pictures, by no decent monkish or clerkly hand. He had a bottle of Rhenish at hand, and looked the same hearty, hard-headed, ironic soldier he ever was, and yet, what is more strange, every inch of him a Prince.

"Whither away, young Sir Amorous?" he cried, pretending great indignation at my absent-mindedness. "Head among the clouds, or intent as ever on the damosels, conning madrigals for lovers' lutes, mayhap. And all the while taking no more heed of honest princes than if they existed only for trampling under your feet."

I asked his pardon—but indeed I had not come so nigh him as that.

"I am to fight," said I; "and, truth to tell, I want a second, and was pondering whom to ask."

The Prince sighed.

"Ah, lad," he said, "once I had wished no better than to stand at your side myself. I was not a Prince then, though; and then these laws—these too strict laws of mine! But what is the matter of your duel, and with whom?"

"Well," said I, "I have slapped Count von Reuss's chafts with his own glove in the midst of his friends on the upper terrace."

'Tis possible I may be mistaken, I suppose, but I did think then, and still do think, that I saw evident tokens of pleasure on the face of the Prince.

"And the cause—"

I hesitated, blushing temple-high, I dare say, in spite of the growth of my beard.

"A woman, then!" cried the Prince. Then, more low, "Not the—?"

He would have said the Princess, for he paused, in his turn, with a graver look on his face.

I hastened with my explanation.

"He insulted the young Lady Helene, maid of honor to the Princess, who is to me as a sister, having been brought up with me in our house. Her honor is my honor, both by this tie, and because, as you know, we have long loved one another. Therefore I will fight Count von Reuss to the death."

The Prince whistled—an unprincely habit, but millers' lads whistle at their work. So Prince Karl whistled as he meditated.

"I see farther into this matter than that—if indeed you love this maid. There will be other things to be thought upon than vengeance upon von Reuss. Does the Princess know of this?"

"Suspect she may," said I; "know she cannot. It was only half an hour ago that I knew myself."

"Ha," said he, "it hath gone no further than that. Were it not, if possible, better to conceal the cause yet awhile, that our compact may go on? It were easy enough to invent an excuse for the quarrel."

"Prince," answered I, earnestly, "this bargain of ours hath gone on too long already, in that it hath brought a true maid's honor and happiness in question. And a maid also whom I am bound to love. I will ask you this, have I been a good soldier and servant to you or not?"

"Aye to that!" quoth the Prince, heartily.

"Have I ever asked fee or reward for aught I have tried to do?"

"Nay," he said; "but you have gotten some without asking."

"Will you grant me the first boon I have asked of you since you became Prince and Master to Hugo Gottfried?"

"I will grant it, if it be not to separate us as friend and friend," said my master at once.

It was like the noble Prince thus to speak of our relation. I took his hand in mine to kiss it, but this he would not permit.

"Shake hands like a man," he said, "or else kiss me upon the cheek. My hand is for young blue-painted flittermice to kiss, for whose souls' good it is to put their lips to the hand that has shifted the meal-bags."

And with that Prince Karl embraced me heartily, and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Now for this request of yours!" said he, looking expectantly at me.

"It is this," I answered him directly: "Give me a district to govern, a tower to dwell in, and Helene to be my wife."

"Nay, but these are three things, and you stipulated but for one. Choose one!" he said.

"Then give me Helene to wife!" I cried, instantly.

"Spoken like a lover," said the good Prince. "You shall have her if I have the giving of her, which I beg leave to doubt. Something tells me that much water will run under the bridges ere that wedding comes to pass. But so far as it concerns me the thing is done. Yet remember, I have never been the one to marry, nor yet to give in marriage."

He smiled a dry, wise smile—the smile of a shrewd miller casting up his thirlage upon the mill door when he sees the fields of his parish ripe to the harvest.

"I wonder why, with her crystals and her ink-pools, the Princess hath not foreseen this. By the blue robe of Mary, there will be proceedings when she does know. I think I shall go a-hunting in the mountains."

He considered a moment longer, and took a deep draught of Rhenish.

"Then the matter of a second," continued the Prince. "He is to fight, of course?"

"No," said I; "principals only."

"I wonder," said the Prince, meditatively, "if there is anything in that? It is not our Plassenburg custom between two young men and surrounded with brisk lads. Three seconds, and three to meet them point to point, was more our ancient way."

"It was specially arranged at the request of Count von Reuss," I told the Prince.

"If there is to be no fighting of seconds, what do you say to old Dessauer? He was a pretty blade in my time, and has all the etiquette and chivalry of the business at his finger-ends. Also he likes you."

"At any rate, he is ever railing on me with that sharp tongue of his," said I.

"But did you ever hear him rail upon any of these young men that lean on rails under ladies' windows?" said the Prince. "Old Leopold Dessauer is even now no weakling. I warrant he could draw a good sword yet on occasion. Anything more lovely than his ripost I never saw."

The Prince got upon his feet with the difficulty of a man naturally heavy of body, who takes all his exercise upon horseback.

"Page!" he cried. "My compliments to High State's Councillor Dessauer, and ask him to come to me here. You will find him in the library."

So to the library sped the boy; and presently, walking stiffly, but with great dignity, came the old man down to us.

"How about the ancestors, the noble men my predecessors?" cried the Prince, when he saw him. "Have you found aught to link the miller of Chemnitz with the Princes of Plassenburg?"

The Councillor smiled, and shook his head gravely.

"Nothing beyond that bit of metal which hangs by your side, Prince Karl," said Dessauer, pointing to his Highness's sword.

The Prince looked down at the strong unadorned hilt thoughtfully and sighed.

"I would I had another to transmit this sword to, as well as the power to wield it, when I take my place as usurper in the histories of the Princes of Plassenburg."

"I trust your Highness may long be spared to us," replied Dessauer; "but, Prince Karl, in default of an heir to your body (of which there is yet no reason to despair), wherefore may not your Highness devise the realm back to the ancient line?"

"The line of Dietrich is extinct," said the Prince.

"So says Duke Casimir, hoping to succeed to your shoes, when he could not to your helmet and your sword. But I have my suspicions and my beliefs. There is more in the parchments of yonder library than has yet seen the light."

Suddenly the Prince recollected me, standing patiently by.

"But we waste time, Dessauer; we can speak of ancestors and successors anon. I and Hugo Gottfried want you to take up your ancient rôle. Do you mind how you snicked Axelstein, and clipped Duke Casimir of his little finger at the back of the barn, when we were all lads at the Kaiser's diet at Augsburg?"

Old Dessauer smiled, well pleased enough at the excellence of the Prince's memory.

"I have seen worse cuts," he said. "He has never rightly liked me since. And had the Black Riders caught me, over to his dogs I should have gone without so much as a belt upon me. He would have kept them without food for a week on purpose to make a clean job of my poor scarecrow pickings."

"And now this young spark," said the Prince, "for the sake of a lady's eyes, desires to do your Augsburg deed over again with Duke Casimir's nephew, and we must give him a man with quarterings on his shield to go along with him."

"I am too old and stiff," said Dessauer, shaking his head. "Let him seek out one of the brisk young kerls that are drumming at the blade-play all the time down there in the square by the guard-rooms."

"Nay, it is to be principals only; there is to be no fighting of seconds. The Count has specially desired that there shall be none," said the Prince, "therefore go with the lad, Dessauer."

"No fighting of seconds!" cried the Councillor, in astonishment, holding up his hands. And I think the old swordsman seemed a little disappointed. "Well, I will go and see the lad well through, and warrant that he gets fair play among these wolves of the Mark."

"Faith, when it comes to that, he is as much a wolf of the Mark as any of them," laughed the Prince.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WOLVES OF THE MARK.

THE Hirshgasse is a little inn across the river well known to the wilder blades of Plassenburg. There they go to be outside the authority of the city magistrates, to make rendezvous, to fight their duels, and generally to do those things without remark which otherwise bring them under the eye of the miller's son, as they one and all call (behind his back) the reigning Prince of Plassenburg.

It was on the stroke of seven, and as fine an evening as ever failed to touch the soul of man with a sense of its beauty, that I set out to fight the nephew of Duke Casimir. I had indeed ridden far and fast, and withal kept my head, since I left the Red Tower, a poor homeless wanderer; otherwise I had scarce found myself going out with High-Councillor Leopold Dessauer as my second to fight my late master's heir, the proximate Duke of the Wolfmark.

What was my surprise to find the old man attired in the appropriate costume for such an occasion—a close-fitting suit of dark gray, of ancient cut indeed, and without the fashionable slashes and scallops, but both correct and practicable, either for the sword-play or the proper ordering of it in others!

Von Dessauer laughed a little dry laugh when I congratulated him on the youthfulness of his appearance. Indeed, he seemed little grateful for my felicitations. If it had not been for the rheumatism which he had inherited from his father's campaigns on the tented field, and the weakness which came from his own in other fields, he would yet be as fit for the play of fence as any youngster of them all. So, at least, he averred. And to-night the wind was southerly, and his old hurts irked him not. Faith, he was almost minded to try a ruffle with the cocks of the Mark on his own account.

"Mind you," he said, "guard low. The attack of the Mark ever comes from the right leg half-way to the knee. But I forgot—what use is it to tell you, that are born of the Mark, and have learned in their schools."

As we left the Castle I looked about and secretly kissed a hand to that high window where was the chamber of my Little Playmate, whose cause I was going out right gladly to champion.

Dessauer and I went quickly down through the lanes which led to the river edge where the ferry was, and more than once I seemed to see a man in a cloak and sword stealing after us. But as the sight of a man going so attired in the direction of the Hirshgasse was no uncommon one, I did not pay any particular attention.

We crossed over in the large flat boat which plied constantly between the banks before our fine new bridge was built. We found our enemies on the ground before us, and they seemed more than a little surprised when they perceived who my second was. As we came up the bank I saw them go close and whisper together, like men who hastily alter their plans at the last moment.

I presented my second in form.

"The High-Councillor Leopold von Dessauer, Knight of the Empire!" said I, proudly.

Then the Count presented his, as the custom then was among us of the North:

"Friedrich, Count of Cannstadt, Hereditary Cup-bearer of the Wolfmark."

Count Cannstadt was an impecunious old-young man, who, chiefly owing to accumulated gaming-debts and a disagreement with Duke Casimir concerning the payment of rents and duties, had sought the shelter of the Castle of Plassenburg—a refuge which the generous Prince Karl extended to all exiles who were not proven criminals.

The seconds bowed first to each other, and then to their opposing principals. In those days duels were mostly fought with the combatants' own swords. And now von Dessauer took my blade, and going forward, courteously handed the hilt to Count Cannstadt, receiving that of von Reuss in return. The seconds then compared the lengths, and found almost half an inch in favor of my opponent. Which being declared, and I offering no objection, the discrepancy was allowed, and the swords returned to us to fall to.

And this without further parley we did.

I was no ways afraid of my opponent. For, though a pretty enough tricky fighter, he had little practical experience. Also, he had quite failed to strengthen himself by daily custom, and especially by practice at outrance, with an enemy keen to run you through in front, and the necessity of keeping a wary eye on half a dozen other conflicts on either hand, as has constantly to be done in war.

The place where we fought was on a level green platform a little way above the roofs of the inn of the Hirshgasse, where many a similar conflict has been fought, and on which many a good fellow has lain with the gasps

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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"TREACHERY!" CRIED VON DESSAUER AND I TOGETHER. "YOU ARE VILLAINS BOTH. HE IS WEARING A SHIRT OF MAIL!"

growing slower and deadlier, while his opponent wiped his blade on the trampled grass, and the seconds looked on with folded arms. There were many bushes and rocks about, and the place was very secluded to be so near a great city.

At first I did not trouble myself much, nor attempt to force the fighting. I was content to hold von Reuss in play, and defend myself till the edge of his attack was dulled. For I saw on his face a look of vicious confidence which surprised me, considering his inexperience, and he lunged with a venom and resolution which, to my mind, betokened a determination to kill at all hazards.

I knew, however, that presently he must overreach himself, so of set purpose I kept my blade short, and let him approach nearer. Immediately he began to press, thinking that he had me at his mercy. We had fought our way round to a spot on the upper side of the plateau, where for a moment von Reuss had a momentary benefit from the ground. Here I felt that he gathered himself together, and presently, as I had supposed he would, he centred his energy in a determined thrust at my left breast. This was well enough timed, for my guard had been short and a little high on purpose to lead him on, and now it took me all my time to turn his point aside. I saw it shoot past, grazing my left arm. Then, with so long a recovery, and the loss of balance from lunging down hill, he was at my mercy.

As I did not wish to kill him, I chose my spot almost at my leisure, and pinked him two inches below the spring of the neck and close to the collar-bone, which was running the thing as fine as I could allow myself.

What was my surprise to see my sword-blade arch itself as if it had stricken a stone wall, and to hear the unmistakable ring of steel meeting steel!

"Treachery!" cried von Dessauer and I together; "you are villains both. He is wearing a shirt of mail!"

And the old man rushed forward with his sword bare in his hand.

I heard the shrill "purl" of a silver call, and turning me about, there was the gambler Cannstadt with a whistle at his lips. I had still to guard myself against the traitor von Reuss's attack, but with the tail of my eye I could see two or three men rise from behind bushes and rocks, and come running as fast as they could toward us. Then I knew that von Dessauer and I were doomed men, unless something turned up that we knew not of. For with an old man, and one so stiff as the High Councillor, as my only ally, it was impossible for me to hold my own against more than double our numbers.

Nevertheless, von Dessauer attacked Cannstadt with surprising fury and determination, anger glittering in his eye, and resolution to punish treachery lending vigor to his thrust. I had not time to observe his method, save unconsciously, for I had to change my position momentarily, that I might take the points of the two men who came down the hill at speed, sword in hand.

But all this foul play among high-born folk gave me a kind of mortal sickness. To die in battle is one thing, but, over against the roofs of your home, to find yourself brought to death's door by murderous treachery, is quite another.

At this moment there came news of a diversion. From below was heard the crying of a stormy voice:

"Halt! I command you! Halt!"

And wheeling sufficiently to see, I observed the figure of a stout man, who came leaping heavily up the hill towards us, waving a sword as he came. Well, thought I, the more there are of them the quicker it will be over, and the more credit for us in keeping up our end so long. Better die in a good fight than live with a bad conscience!

With which reflection I sent my sword through von Reuss's sword-arm in the fleshy part, severing the muscle, and causing him to drop his blade. I had him then at my mercy, and I had a great desire to push my blade down his throat, for a treacherous, cowardly hound as he had proved himself to me. But instead of this I had to turn towards the other two, who ran down the hill and were now close upon us.

I had just time to leap aside from the first and let him overrun himself, so that he shot almost upon the sword of the thick-set man, who came up the hill shouting to us to stop. The second man I engaged, and a stanch blade I found him, though fighting for as dirty a cause as ever man crossed swords in.

"Halt!" came the voice of command again—the voice I knew so well—"in the name of the State I bid you cease!"

It was the voice of Karl, Prince of Plassenburg.

"We must take the rough with the smooth now. We must kill them all," cried von Reuss. "There is no safety for any of us else." And in a moment we were at it, the Prince furiously assaulting the first of the bravoes who came down the hill. More coolly than I had given him credit for, von Reuss stuffed a silken kerchief into the hole in his shoulder, and repossessed himself of his weapon in his other hand.

It was the briskest kind of a bicker for a little while, there on the bosky, broomy hill-side in the evening light. Ah! Dessauer was down at last and Cannstadt at his throat. I went about with a whirl, leaving my own man for the moment, and rushed upon the Count's false second. He turned to receive me, but not quite quick enough, for I got him two inches below where I had pinked his principal's ring-mail, and that made all the difference. Cannstadt did not immediately drop his sword. But his limbs weakened, and he fell forward without a sound.

Then, as I looked about, there was the Prince manfully crossing swords with two, and the cowardly von Reuss creeping up, with his sword shortened in his left hand, with intent to slay him from behind.

Whereat I gave a furious cry of anguish, that I should have been the means of bringing my noble master into such peril. The Prince Karl had at the moment some intuition of the foe behind him, for he leaped aside with more agility than I had ever seen him display before on foot, and von Reuss was too sorely wounded to follow.

Presently I was at my first bravo again, and the Prince being left with but one, von Reuss took the opportunity to slip away over the hill.

The rest of the conflict was not long a-settling. There were loud voices from the stream beneath. The combat had been observed, and half a score of the Prince's guard were already swimming, wading, and leaping into small boats in their haste to be first to our assistance.

But we did not need their aid. I passed my blade through and through my assailant, almost at the same moment that the Prince spiked his man so directly in the throat that the red point stood out in the hollow of his neck behind.

Both went down simultaneously, and there was von Reuss on horseback, just disappearing over the ridge. Prince Karl wiped his brow.

"What devil's traitors!" he cried. "Poor Dessauer, I wonder what he has gotten? Let us go to him."

We went across the plateau together, and knelt by the side of the old man. At first I could not find the wound, though there was blood enough upon his face and fencing-habit. But presently I discovered that his scalp had been cut from above the eye backward to the crown of his head—a hollow ploughing scratch, no more, though it had effectually stunned the old man.

Even as I held him in my arms he came to and looked about him.

"Are they dead?" he said, feeling for his sword.

"You were nearly dead, dearest of friends," said my master. "But be content. You have done very well for so young a fighter. An you behave yourself and keep from such brawling in the future I will give you a company."

Dessauer smiled.

"All dead?" he asked, trying to look about him.

"Your man is dead, or the next thing to it, two rascals grievously wounded, and the scoundrel von Reuss fled, as well he might. But my archers are already on his track."

Up the hill came Jorian and Boris, leading the rout.

"Is the Prince safe?" cried Jorian.

"The Prince is safe," said Karl, answering for himself.

"Good!" chorussed Jorian, Boris, and all the archers together.

"Catch me that man on horseback there," cried the Prince. "Take him or kill him, but if you can help it do not let him escape. He is Count von Reuss, and a double traitor."

"Good!" cried the pair, and set off after him, all dripping as they were from their abrupt passage of the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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JIM'S CREW.



JIM.



RECRUITS IN TRAINING.

SEATTLE'S MENAGERIES.

"THEY grin like a dog, and run about the city." That is literally what occurs in Seattle at the present time. Perhaps one of the most interesting features of all the rush to the Klondike is the utilizing of animals for the journey. One sees in Seattle, every day, dogs, goats, sheep, oxen, mules, burros, Shetland ponies, and cayuses destined for the Yukon gold-fields.

Car-loads of dogs have been imported from every part of the Union, and have been in training for some weeks. The harness-makers have reaped a goodly harvest from the manufacture and sale of small round collars and broad straps for harness. Every Seattle man who owns a dog keeps him chained, for any dog wandering unattended from his kennel stands a poor chance of ever sleeping there again.

The leader of a dog team has as much responsibility as the stroke of an eight oar, and is just as proud of his position. If he be an experienced leader he never turns aside from his path, for he directs the way; but he trots along steadily, putting all his weight to the work, and setting his crew a good example.

Jim is the leader of a team of four that travelled two hundred miles in two days, and he knows it, too. He is dignified and steady, and permits no fooling, but keeps "all eyes in the boat." He is an Alaskan dog of much experience, and knows his business, and, it is said, he owns a claim on Bonanza Creek.

Jim knows his crew, and they have implicit confidence in his sagacity, and follow him over difficult paths and along the edge of treacherous and hazardous precipices, living on half-rations with their owners. They will soon return to the diggings, but before leaving were brought from their kennels to be photographed.

Raw recruits from the city slums and "hayseeds" from the farms are taken out to the training-grounds and disciplined and accustomed to the harness, and they are very readily transformed from obstreperous curs to good useful dogs. Usually they object very forcibly for a time, but when they find they are well cared for and kindly treated, and learn what is wanted of them, they regard it as a huge joke, and are quite willing to put their heads into their collars.

These creatures are first harnessed to small four-wheeled carts, into which a boy is placed in order to add weight, and under the instruction of a trainer they readily learn to follow their experienced leader. It is merely necessary for them to put their individual inclinations into subjection; but this is *absolutely* necessary. Sometimes a dog will scent a dead rat or other enticing morsel, and will quickly demoralize the whole team. This tendency, of course, must be entirely cured, otherwise fatal accidents would occur on the trail if any disturbing element should arise, such as scenting game or vermin.

Having completed their cart course, and being sufficiently under control, they are next taken into the city, where are other dogs and other causes of disturbance. They are hitched to a sled, which they haul through the streets, around sharp corners, over difficult inclines and rough places. Provisions are placed on the sleds to accustom them to the heavy hauls. One meets a dog-sled at almost every corner.



A FREE RIDE.

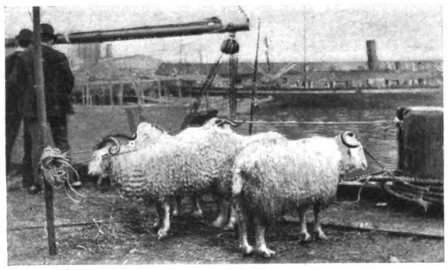
Even the goat, "the giddy goat" of the silky-haired Angora breed, is pressed into service, and to some extent successfully. It has the advantage of being edible, which of course is a decided advantage when one considers the possibility of starvation or shortness of provisions, and his skin can be used *à la* Robinson Crusoe. The accompanying illustration shows four goats, which have been trained to haul a sled, about to be placed on board ship for Alaskan points. They will be used for hauling, and then sold at a tremendous profit for food. From personal observation of the cuffs and kicks these poor beasts received, it is fairly safe to say that they will be "pretty tough mutton."

Trained oxen are being exported for packing. These also, of course, possess the additional advantage of being edible and toothsome.

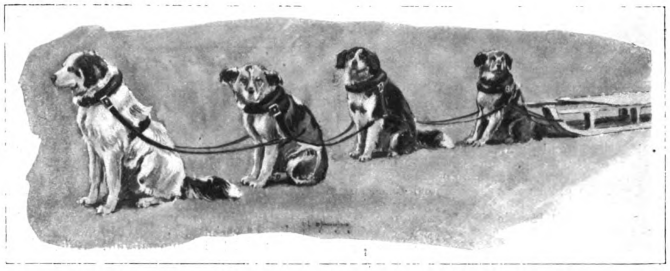
Horses are constantly arriving from Montana, burros from Mexico, and mules from Colorado. One suddenly finds that he must quickly seek a place of safety in order to escape being run down and trampled to death by herds of mules being driven to the corral by muleteers on horseback.

In addition to the animals already mentioned are the reindeer and Washington elk. These reindeer have had their horns amputated, and are being brought here by the ship-load. The Washington elk is a comparatively new recruit. One recently brought in sold for $175, and subsequently brought $250. What the ultimate destiny of these animals may be is difficult to conjecture, but it is hoped that they will live through their dangerous journey and see their masters become rich and prosperous at the gold-fields.

The experience of last year, however, renders it likely that very few of these faithful animals, except, perhaps, some of the stronger dogs, will survive the journey. The trails will kill the horses, and the miners will kill such of the other beasts as are convertible into food as soon as they have served the purpose of packing the rest of the outfit to where navigation begins.



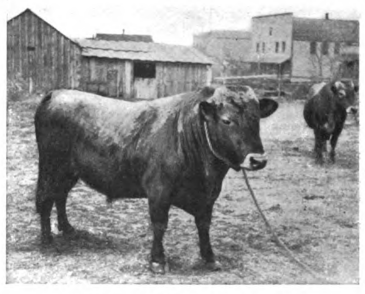
PRETTY TOUGH MUTTON.



READY FOR THE KLONDIKE.

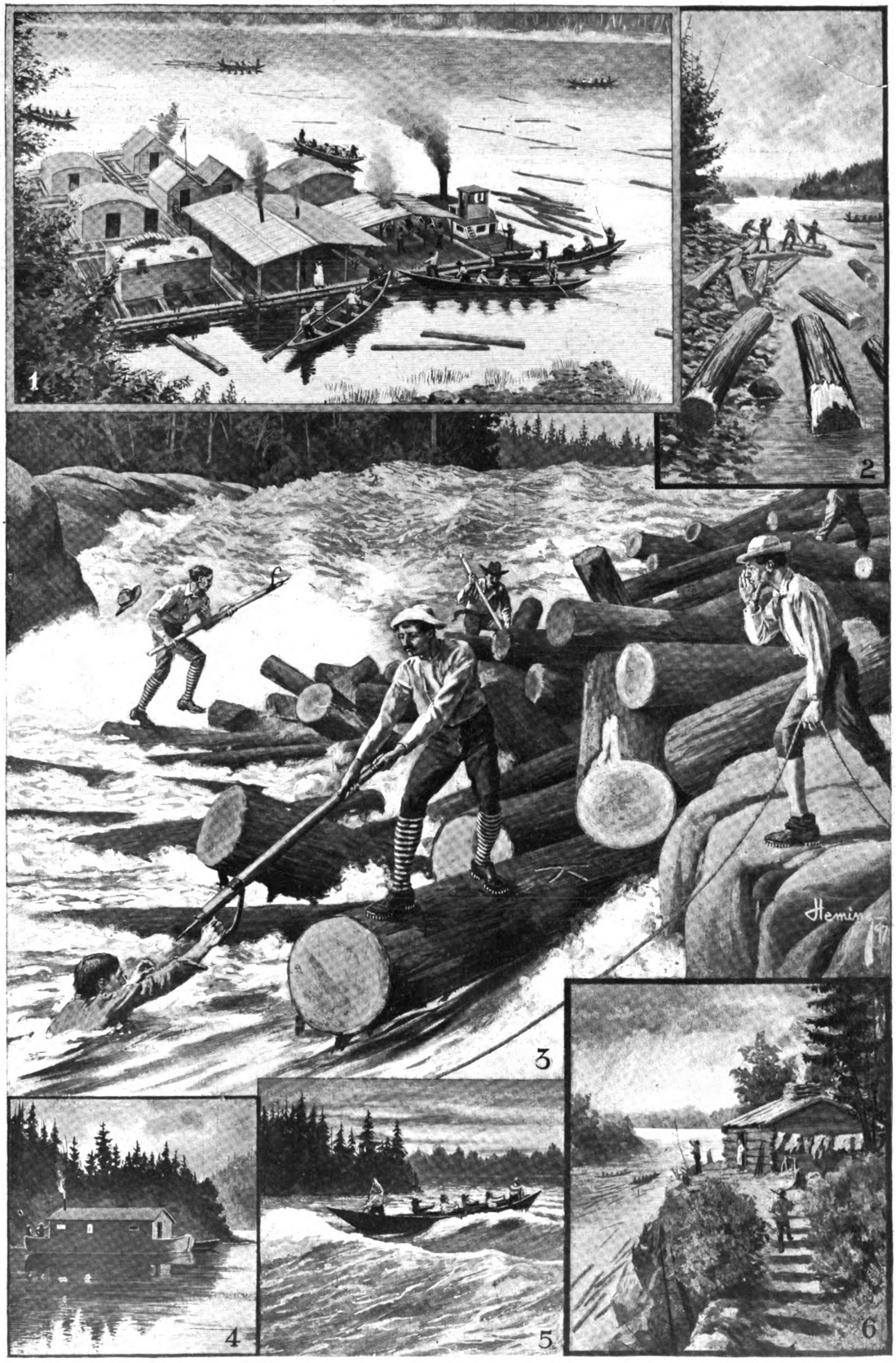


MULES AND BURROS AT THE WHARF.



TO BE EATEN AFTER USING.

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RIVER-DRIVERS SWEEPING THE OTTAWA.—Drawn by Arthur Heming.—[See Page 379.]

1. The Sweeper's Raft. 2. Driving on the Upper Ottawa. 3. Breaking a Jam at the Calumet Rapids. 4. River-Drivers' Scow. 5. Drivers Shooting the Swell below the Rocher Capitaine. 6. River-Drivers' Cabin on the River des Quinze.

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THE LOG-DRIVE.

When the log-boom's on the drive
The woods, snow-fresh, start up alive;
There's swell of brook and bursting bud,
There's spruce log leaping down the flood.

Captain of the log-boom's crew,
Tall Antoine—feeling spring-time too—
Lets his love thoughts hurry back
To the river's northmost track,
To a hut in sprucelands set,
To the home of white Jeannette:

Lets his love-song cleave the air,
Bidding all things love and pair;
Till the mating fish-hawks cry,
Till the moose bull snorts reply—
Till every wild thing does its part,
And cries a welcome to his heart.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

A BOOK FOR KLONDIKERS.

If in due sequence of events our minds should presently get back from Cuba and revert to Alaska, where we expected so confidently to fix them this spring, a book in which they will find entertainment is Harry De Windt's *Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska to Bering Strait* (Harper's).

Mr. De Windt is a traveller, a Fellow of the Royal (British) Geographical Society, and the author of *A Ride to India*. He went through the gold-fields—not in search of gold at all, for he started before the gold finds on the Klondike were made. His errand was to go by land from New York to Paris, crossing Bering Strait on the ice if possible, and if not, on the revenue-cutter *Bear*, on which he got leave from Washington to be ferried across.

He started in May, 1896, from New York, and though he did not cross Siberia as he had planned, but came back on the *Bear* to San Francisco instead, he did go overland through Alaska, and over the very ground which recent discoveries have made so familiar. He took many photographs, which make interesting illustrations for his story, and became intimately acquainted with several varieties of Alaska Indians, and also with the climate, the mosquitoes, and the other permanent characteristics of that interesting region.

On the whole, Mr. De Windt, though he failed in his original purpose, was a lucky traveller, in that he found himself in the right place just before the right time, and is able to tell an inquisitive world how it seemed to him.

PASSING THE NAVAL APPROPRIATION BILL IN THE HOUSE.

To a citizen who is the father of a family, and compelled to practise the economies of domestic life, there is a joy in watching a number of not extraordinary-looking gentlemen spending thirty-nine millions of dollars in the course of an afternoon.

These gentlemen, the members of the House of Representatives, look so much like the rest of us that when they call a man parsimonious who wishes to save a couple of millions for a month or so, until he sees whether we need to spend it or not, that one has to readjust his mind a little, yet is convinced that to be a Congressman is a joyous lot.

Mr. Boutelle, on behalf of the Committee on Naval Affairs, of which he is chairman, presented this bill, and during the afternoon made many little speeches defending it. The bill provided, originally, for three battle-ships, one of them to take the place of the *Maine*, six torpedo-boats, and six torpedo-boat-destroyers.

Mr. Cannon of Illinois favored an increase to twenty-four small craft, and a reduction to one in the number of battle ships.

The deprecatory manner and the aggressive matter of Mr. Cannon's speeches are in a delightful contrast. Constantly stirring up the wrath of his colleagues and as surely mollifying them, he would make a fascinating character for the stage. Mr. Boutelle, amidst a storm of amendments that were harassing, to say the least, exhibited a well-bred good-humor that carried him over many difficulties.

One amusing incident, as viewed from the press gallery, was Mr. Amos Cummings (who had sat up there for many years) declaring against the trustworthiness of newspaper stories. His near neighbor, Mr. Jerry Simpson, seemed for a time to be on the verge of saying something worth while, but refrained from it.

Mr. Gibson of Tennessee showed that he was not keyed up to the proper pitch by talking about the price of a few rosewood yachts the government had bought. His fellow-Congressmen were in no mood for trifles, and promptly howled him down.

The one prominent man who said never a word nor made a sign all through the discussion was Mr. Dingley, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. Perhaps he had in mind the difficulty of gathering up three or four dozen millions off-hand.

Behind the few prominent figures in the House that are known to all the land lies a great background of unknown statesmen, sitting day after day doubled up behind their desks, their only privilege being occasionally to rise to a point of order, pick out a parliamentary flaw in the measure under consideration, be promptly sat down upon by the Speaker, and lapse again into obscurity.

With some members the physical disturbance while making a speech is great. When they get to the point where it is necessary to mention "the nations of the earth," neck-ties are disarranged, cuffs hang out over their hands, and something like a war-dance is indulged in by the Congressional legs. Amendments in showers descend on the clerk's desk, but only those adding to the expenditure for ships are considered; minor differences are adjusted, and at the end of the day comes the final vote. Then the voice of the Speaker—which resembles nothing so much as the crackling of dry pease in a pod—announces that "the ayes appear to have it; the ayes have it, and the bill is passed."

W. A. R.

WASHINGTON.

April 11, 1898.

The President's message was to have been sent to Congress last Tuesday, but was held over a day to await further information from Havana. On Wednesday, within an hour of the time set for its transmittal, the President summoned a few of the leading members of each House, and laid before them the latest despatches from Consul-General Lee, saying that it would be impossible for all the Americans who wished to leave Cuba to do so before Saturday. As there was danger of riotous outbreaks in the fortified towns whenever news should arrive of any action by Congress hostile to Spain, it was decided to postpone the message till to-day.

General Lee staid at his post till the last American refugee had embarked, and then, on Saturday evening, sailed on the *Fern* for Key West. He is expected in Washington about the middle of the present week, to appear as a witness before one or more of the committees of Congress.

On Thursday morning the President received, by previous arrangement, a visit from the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, the Russian chargé d'affaires, and the Austrian minister. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, as dean of the diplomatic corps, presented to him a note signed by the six visitors in their representative capacity, appealing "to the feelings of humanity and moderation of the President and of the American people in their existing differences with Spain," and expressing a "hope that further negotiations will lead to an agreement which, while securing the maintenance of peace, will afford all necessary guarantees of the re-establishment of order in Cuba." The President's response echoed the hope of a peace secured by "the necessary guarantees for the re-establishment of order in the island, so terminating the chronic condition of disturbance there, which so deeply injures the interests and menaces the tranquillity of the American nation by the character and consequences of the struggle thus kept up at our doors, besides shocking its sentiment of humanity." It concluded by asserting the unselfishness of our government's purpose in fulfilling its "duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable." The President's words made a profound impression upon the minds of his visitors. A similar note is said to have been presented to the Queen Regent by the representatives of the six powers in Madrid, and to its influence is traced her offer of an armistice to the insurgents, which has just been made public. As an armistice implies the consent of the insurgents, and as they have persistently scouted the notion of ceasing warfare just at the approach of the rainy season, when all the natural conditions most favor their method of campaigning, little hope is entertained in Washington of a settlement on that basis. The action of the Queen Regent, however, coupled with the report that preparations have been made for her departure from Madrid, at least for a time, is interpreted here to mean that the present concession is only the first of a series of steps by which Spain may retreat from her present position, the theory being that the Queen Regent will feel it necessary to seek a temporary refuge in Austria from the storm which her policy will arouse among the hot-headed subjects of the boy King.

Congress having shown a disposition to yield to the President's judgment and prepare for armed intervention without first recognizing the independence of the Cuban republic, so called, an interview with Horatio S. Rubens, counsel for the Junta in New York, appeared in several newspapers on Wednesday afternoon, denouncing this programme in pretty vigorous terms. Mr. Rubens was quoted as saying that, rather than permit our intervention without a preliminary recognition of their republic, the insurgents would fight the United States as well as Spain. This declaration created a good deal of a stir in Washington, and many members of Congress who had formerly leaned strongly toward the policy of recognition began to change their tone, resenting what appeared to them an attempt to dictate terms to our government. Mr. Rubens came out the next day with another interview, in which he said that his remarks had been misinterpreted, and that the only idea he meant to convey was that the insurgents would resist intervention obviously undertaken for the purpose of annexing Cuba to the United States. It was impossible for even this modification to check the adverse current which the original publication had loosed, and it is plain that the policy of recognition has received a serious backset, if not a fatal one, with Congress.

The Hull bill for "the better organization of the line of the army," though favorably reported to the House by its Committee on Military Affairs, has been recommitted by a vote of 150 to 61, a very damaging rebuff. The design of the bill was to give greater elasticity to the regular army organization, by authorizing its expansion in time of war to 104,000 men. The National Guard in the several States affected to see in this a reflection on the effectiveness of the citizen soldiery, and brought all their influence to bear for its defeat. Mr. Hull endeavored at the last moment to stay the storm by withdrawing all the latter sections of his bill, providing for additional regular officers, a war pay system, etc.; but the House would accept no half-measures.

Preparations are making by the War Department for a great military demonstration to follow immediately the President's first call for troops. The site which will probably be chosen for the massing of the men is the Chickamauga National Park, in Tennessee. Atlanta, which is but a few hours distant to the southward, may be used as another point for mobilization. Facilities for transportation from both places to the coast are considered ample, while the land lies high, there is an abundance of water, and they afford in every respect ideal sites for military encampments on a large scale. Meanwhile all army officers who have been detailed as instructors in schools and colleges have been ordered to rejoin their regiments, and similar orders are expected in the case of those who are in charge of Indian agencies.

The President's message on the state of affairs in Cuba was sent to Congress at noon to-day. Almost every seat on the floor of both Houses was filled, and the galleries were crowded to the doors and beyond. The message began by rehearsing the history of the Spanish misgovernment in Cuba, and the recent efforts of our government, by diplomatic negotiations, and by appeals to the American people for charitable contributions to alleviate the distress of the non-combatants, and to reduce the horrors of warfare generally. This review was brought down to the latest hour, including an offer made yesterday by the Queen Regent of Spain of an armistice in Cuba, with the purpose of turning over to the autonomist government there the arrangement of terms for permanent peace.

The President recalled also the action of the United States government in the cases of the South American republics, of Mexico, and of Texas, in order to show that, in refusing to recommend the recognition of the independence of the Cuban republic, or even the belligerency of the insurgents, he was merely following uniform precedent. To commit the United States now to the recognition of any particular government in Cuba would be, he thought, fraught with responsibilities which we are not seeking, and which we should have reason to deplore. Our intervention as a neutral, however, to impose reasonable terms of peace upon both combatants, and to enforce them by a resort to arms if necessary, would be justified, he said, by several considerations:

First.—Humanity—the prevention of further bloodshed and starvation.

Second.—Our obligations to our own citizens residing or doing business in Cuba to protect them against injury to life and property, or compel indemnity for their losses.

Third.—The serious damage inflicted upon American commerce and trade by the existing local condition of lawlessness and chaos.

Fourth, and last.—The fact that the present situation in Cuba is a constant menace to our national peace, and involves us in an enormous expense to preserve the laws of neutrality.

Under the last of these heads the message referred to the destruction of the *Maine* as evidence that Spain was incapable of protecting friendly visitors to its own ports. It added that Spain had proposed to submit to arbitration the question of her responsibility for the disaster, but our government had returned no answer to this.

In conclusion the President asked Congress to give him authority to take measures for bringing the hostilities in Cuba to an end, with a view to the establishment there of a stable government capable of insuring peace and protection to the Cuban people and to our own citizens residing on the island, and that he be empowered to use the military and naval forces of the United States for this purpose. Meanwhile he recommended that the work of alleviating the distress of non-combatants in Cuba be continued, and that private benevolence be supplemented by an appropriation from the Treasury. Referring to the proposed armistice, he urged Congress to take it into consideration, in view of the possibility that it might lead up to the much-desired consummation of a permanent peace. With these recommendations and suggestions he placed the responsibility for further action upon Congress, holding himself ready to execute any instructions it might impose upon him.

The reading occupied about three-quarters of an hour, and though hurt in its effect by the poor elocution of the clerks, was listened to with respectful attention throughout. In the Senate there was absolute silence. In the House there were the usual attempts at applause. In both Houses motions were promptly carried to refer the message to the committees on Foreign Relations. The committees are expected to report to-morrow, after which a debate of some length is looked for.

The long-delayed consular correspondence accompanied the message.

Francis E. Leupp.

SIGNIFICANT INCIDENTS IN MATANZAS.

I had some very interesting walks with a certain man in Matanzas. He was allotted to me by the Alcalde to serve me as a guide. This was only done, however, when my protracted stay in the city had excited suspicion as to my object there. His untiring faithfulness prompted him to guide me to the Consulate on the next block—but he was useful. By his aid I passed the Spanish lines surrounding Matanzas, for he was a soldier. He was owed eight months' pay, and had just sold his machete for three dollars to a curio-hunter. He explained at some length upon the advantages of Matanzas as a landing-place for an American army of invasion, with Havana as an objective point. The country from Matanzas is clear and flat, and the distance about sixty-six miles. The bay of Matanzas is large, but shallow; steamships anchor some miles from the wharves.

One little incident in Matanzas brought a ray of brightness among days necessarily sad.

When the *Fern* was anchored in the bay with the thirty-five tons of American relief, her captain came ashore. The crew of the gig awaited him at the wharf. The jackies had heard tales of the suffering and misery on shore, and they had brought two baskets of food to give to the women and children. It was from their own mess, and they had bought some of it from the ship's commissary. They also had some Spanish silver pieces to distribute. But the women were not on the wharf, and the jackies could not leave the gig to find them.

I stopped the first group of reconcentrados that I met on my way up the street to tell them the blue clothed sailors in the white boat at the dock had some little food for them. Hurriedly they passed the word among themselves, and started for the place. The sailors' supply was soon given out, and it fell to a little half-starved girl with big mournful eyes to get twenty cents from a brawny sailor-man. She started eagerly up the wharf. A stevedore had noticed the gift, and while she was still within sight of the sailors he wrenched it from the child's thin hand. But not for long. The sailor ran lightly down the wharf, and a heavy blow rolled the stevedore in the dust. The peseta was restored to its frightened and rightful owner, and the bully was driven seaward down the wharf by a good sturdy American sailor, in order to give the child ample time to escape.

Harold Martin.

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THE RIVER-DRIVERS OF THE OTTAWA.

FOREMOST among Canadian industries is the lumber trade, of which the principal outlet is the Ottawa River. Every fall armies of men enter the great forests of white pine along the tributaries of that mighty stream. Every spring hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of square timber and saw logs float down its wild waters. The square timber is rafted down to Quebec city to be shipped to England.

The saw log, left to the mercy of the currents, finds its way to Ottawa city. There it is sawn into "lumber," "deals," and planks, which find a ready market all over the world.

It is April. The snows are fast melting; the ice is breaking up. Great heaps of logs, piled last winter at the "rollways," are plunging into the turbulent spring freshet. Now begins the perilous work of "river-driving." Along the rushing stream the men "drive" the logs continually "stranded" by the currents or jammed at the rapids. Often the drivers must work waist-deep in the icy water. The "bateau," or lumberman's boat, follows the drive when the water is navigable, and the drivers tent out wherever night overtakes them. In shallow streams and at the outlet of lakes dams are built to accumulate water sufficient to float the logs and carry them forward with a rush when the gates are opened. These dams are made of strong timbers deep set in the river-bed. They are furnished with gates for regulating the depth of the water, and with a sluice-way. Towards this the logs are guided by a boom.

The dams have done their work. The logs are out on the main river. A new danger arises. Here in midstream is a rapid. Above it the logs are "jammed." They will stay jammed till next spring unless the "key-piece" is removed. This is no easy task. It demands courage and skill. Not infrequently it demands a driver's life. Usually, on either side of the rapids, precipitous banks of solid rock rise to a dizzy height. Here only the surest-footed and most dexterous drivers—the "jam-crackers" or "white-water men"—venture out to "break the jam"—pick out the key-log causing the blockade. Hardly is it half chopped through when it cracks under the pressure of the vast bulk behind. In a second the whole mass is seething, twisting, upending, and turning in every direction, and going at a terrific speed. The men frequently get caught between logs and are badly injured, or they are thrown into the foaming rapids, where a desperate battle for life ensues, their comrades witnessing the terrible struggle, often utterly unable to render assistance. The foreman is the first to inspect the jam. He calls upon the best drivers as they are wanted, too many men being dangerous. It needs a hero's daring, added to the precision of an expert and the surefootedness of an acrobat, to disentangle the pile and keep one's footing upon the rapidly revolving logs. When the jam breaks, the men have not always time to reach the boat or the shore. They must trust their lives then to a single stick, and keep their balance while it plunges through the foaming water. The log may be swept down stream hundreds of yards before a chance offers of jumping from one log to another, and thus gaining the bank.

One evening last summer, while sitting at my tent door upon the west bank of the River des Quinze, near the head of Lake Temiscamingue, I heard a young Frenchman calling for a boat to cross the river. None being in sight, no one went over to ferry him across. It happened that a great many logs were floating down the stream. The current was carrying them against the opposite shore a couple of hundred yards above him, then sweeping them across to a point immediately in front of my camp and washing them to within a few feet of the shore. The fellow waited a moment, then strolling up to where the logs were nearing the shore, he jumped upon one of them, and, with his hands in his pockets, calmly waited for the current to take him over. In mid-stream there was a rapid, through which the log must run. Owing to the swiftness of the current the log began rapidly to revolve, but he checked its motion by forcing it to revolve in the opposite direction. Even when shooting the rapids he never for a moment lost his balance. Nor was he in the least concerned; all the while he was whistling some French ditty. When his ferry neared the bank he lightly sprang ashore. The river here was fully two hundred yards wide. He could not swim. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that nearly one-half of the river-drivers cannot swim.

To each drive fifty men are usually allotted. At the confluence of the neighboring streams these are joined by other gangs. The combined force—often numbering five hundred—press on the drive until the Ottawa is reached. Then the task is handed over to the "sweepers."

These do the work of the river-driver, but on a larger scale—many hundreds of men being employed. On the upper reaches of the Ottawa and Quinze rivers the sweepers live in log cabins as stationary crews. Further down the river great rafts—capable of housing a crew of over a hundred men—following shorter stretches, behouse-boats are used for the men's accommodation. Tug-boats haul the logs in booms across the many lakes, both large and small. Just above Ottawa city the logs are sorted, according to their owners' brands, into separate booms, and floated down to the mills as required.

The river-driver's wages average thirty dollars a month, including good board and fair lodgings. His costume consists of a soft felt or straw hat, flannel shirt, colored sash, knee-breeches, striped stockings, and low shoes—the soles and heels studded with steel spikes an inch in length. His most useful tool is the "cant-hook," shown in the illustration of "Breaking a Jam."

While "tripping" down the Ottawa by canoe and raft for nearly five hundred miles, frequently eating, sleeping, and working by the river-drivers, I was impressed with their stalwart, graceful figures, their activity, and their courage. Though theirs is an occupation full of hardship and of hazard, the river-drivers are the heartiest of men. From them General Wolseley selected the men to pilot his soldiers to the Canadian Northwest during the first Riel rebellion. From them, too, the contingent known as the "Canadian Voyageurs" was chosen to row the British troops up the Nile for the relief—too long delayed—of General Gordon.

ARTHUR HEMING.

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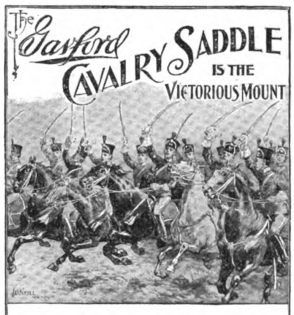
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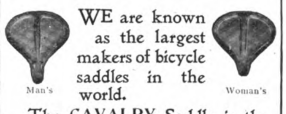
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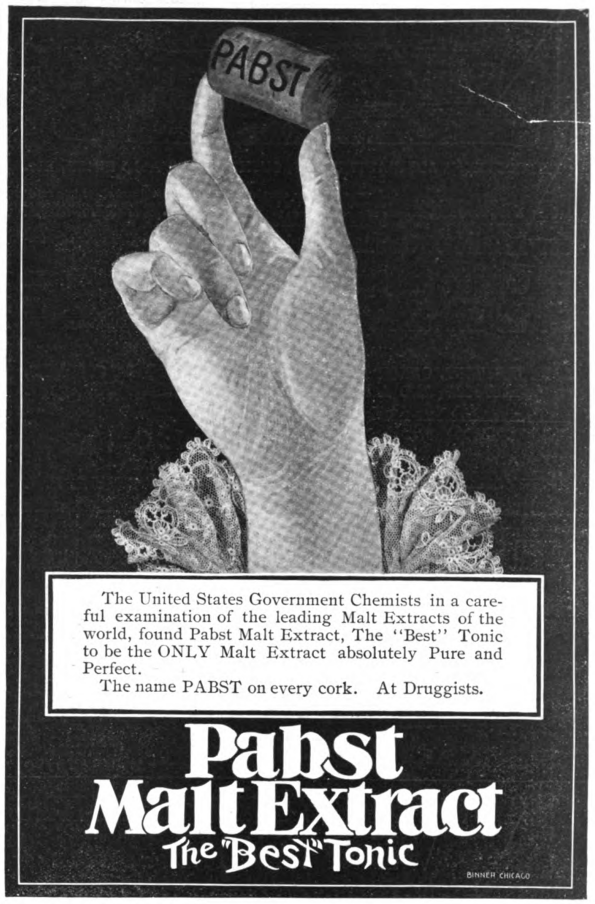
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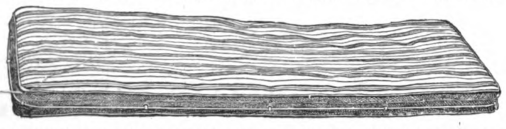
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This edition will be printed from new type, and will contain numerous illustrations by the Author, Richard Doyle, George du Maurier, Frederick Walker, George Cruikshank, Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., Luke Fildes, R.A., Charles Keene, Frank Dicksee, R.A., and F. Barnard. These illustrations are reproductions of steel engravings and wood engravings, together with NEW DRAWINGS and SKETCHES by the Author, and several FACSIMILIES of his Manuscript, as well as PORTRAITS of the Author hitherto unpublished. The new portraits of Thackeray include that by Maclise in the possession of the Garrick Club, the Committee of which has kindly consented to its reproduction.

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A LADY'S GLANCE AT THE AUTHOR

SUBSEQUENT VOLUMES WILL BE ISSUED IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER:

2. Pendennis. (To be published about May 15.) **6. Contributions to Punch.** **10. Virginians.**
3. Yellowplush Papers, etc. **7. Esmond, etc.** **11. Philip, etc.**
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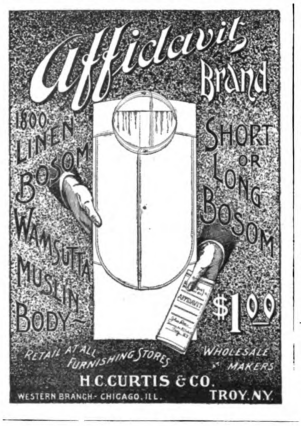
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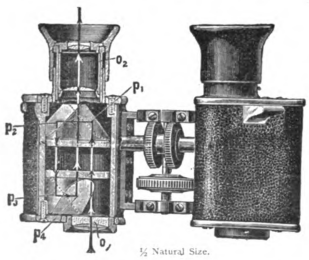
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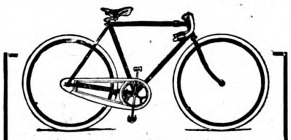
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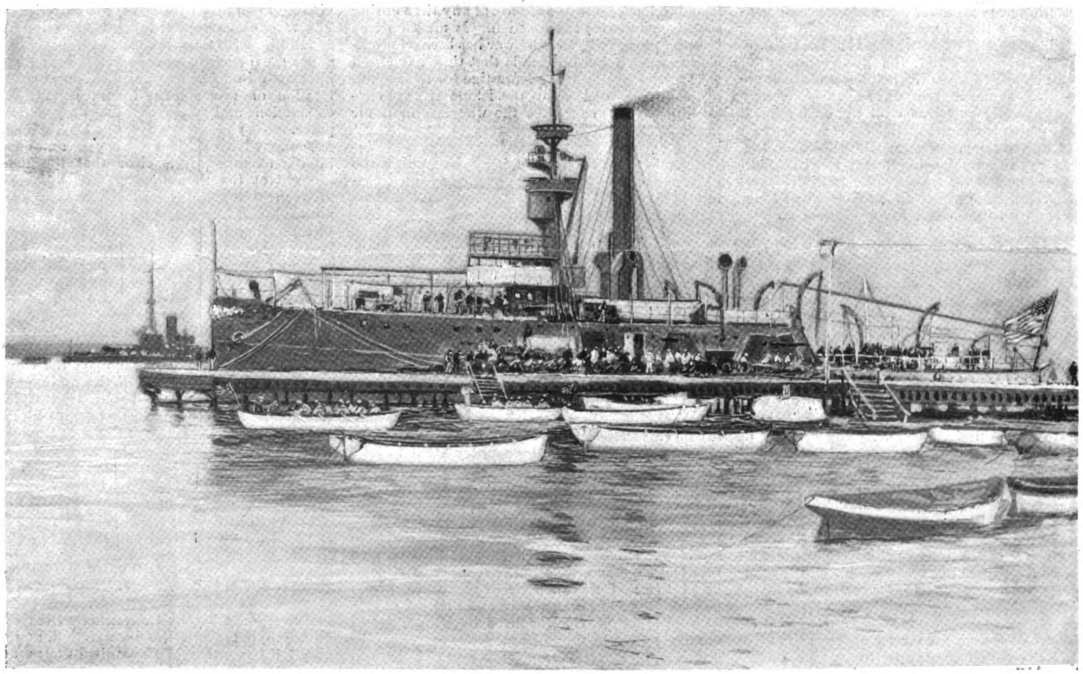
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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 23, 1898

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THE war that may be upon us when these lines are read will steady the nation, and bring a calm that will be most refreshing after the excited screaming from which we have all suffered during the last few weeks. There will rest a duty then on all men who are capable of thinking and of realizing the stern conditions of war, and the imminent dangers to the morale of the people that are invariably the accompaniments of modern warfare. The question of the material and physical sacrifices that must be endured and suffered will be settled forever the moment war is declared. The lives that will be lost, the treasure that will be poured out, the misery and grief that will be visited upon the helpless and the innocent—all these are certain, unavoidable, and they will undoubtedly be borne with the even-minded courage which is characteristic of our countrymen and countrywomen. There will be shown, too, the heroism in actual conflict, and, we trust, skill in military leadership, which will give to the country the victory for which all patriots must long. But beyond all the material and physical circumstances that attend and follow war, beyond the battles and the glory, beyond the joy of the fighting-man and the savage pleasure of the human chase, beyond the tears of the widows and orphans and the desolation of broken homes, there is something else to think of. The joy of battle ought not to feed the lust of conquest. The glory of victory ought not to be sullied by the corruption of commercialism. The savage pleasure of the human chase, our inherited barbarism, ought not to be made to cover the greed of the self-seeking politicians. There are noble sentiments animating the American people. Their hatred of Spain is based on hatred of tyranny, of cruelty, of bigotry. Their motive for the conflict is also an inheritance, but not an inheritance of barbarism. It is the descended virtue of the fathers who battled for human liberty and for self-government, and this noble virtue should be kept the animating spirit of the war. Let us make the conflict, if conflict there must be, as noble and as stimulating as we can. Let us insist on lifting it above the ignoble passions and ambitions of men who have seen money, or "good politics," or promotion in the cruelties and savageries of war. Let the spirit of the actual conflict be that which should animate a real struggle for human rights and against human barbarism and treachery. Let the sun that goes down on the battle, and on the victory of the American people, go down also forever on the futures of the vile harpies who have cried for war, and who have vulgarized the sacred beliefs and aspirations of a people who, if fighting is to come, must stride into it with the strong stepping of an indignant and outraged giant, and not, after the manner of the House of Representatives, like a screaming and vituperative fishwife.

THE experience of the country for the last few weeks ought to have demonstrated to Congress the value of preparation for war. We believe firmly that it was the strength of the North Atlantic squadron that prevented Spain from declaring war against the United States when CANOVAS was Prime Minister; and it ought to have occurred to Congress two years ago that there was danger of just such a crisis as this through which we have been passing, and that the country ought to be ready to meet it. Not only, however, has Congress taken no thought of the condition of the country, but even while it has itself been storming for war, it has deliberately refused to pass measures that are absolutely essential for making the army and navy effective. The country came up to the verge of war so unprepared that fifty millions of dollars had to be placed at the disposal of the Executive, and, as in all cases where expenditures are made in a hurry, and when the purchaser is at the mercy of the seller, much of this has been wasted. We trust that the lesson will not have been in vain, and that the country will insist on a sufficient force hereafter, both of the army and the navy, to deter attacks from foreign powers, and to protect it from the consequences of the mouthings of its own Jingoes.

IT is our duty again to call attention to the fact that the newspapers are publishing plans of battle. A rather elaborate one appeared one day last week in a New York newspaper. If these plans were true, they must have been obtained from some disloyal person in the employment of the government. Their publication was notification to the enemy, and therefore treachery, and the government ought to make it understood that hereafter measures will be taken for the suppression of a newspaper that reveals the military plans of the army, and Congress should at once give the Executive the necessary power to act. This proposition will probably be said to be un-American and undemocratic, but successful war can only be made when the power at the head of the armed forces is arbitrary.

ONE fact about this conflict in Cuba is a puzzling one. Why have the Spaniards not defeated the Cubans? There is not a cavalry officer in the world, including General LEE, who is familiar with Cuba, who does not believe that well-disciplined and intelligently led forces of cavalry could have cleared the island of insurgents in a month, at any time during the history of this insurrection. It must be true that the prolongation of the war has been so profitable to high Spanish officials that they have been willing to face any loss of prestige for their country, including the loss of the island itself, in return for the plunder that the war has in it for them.

ZOLA is to be tried again, it appears, unless the government can prevent the generals from exerting their rights as individuals to bring civil actions for libel. It has come to pass that the high character of the chiefs of the army has been made doubtful by their persecution of ZOLA, and that, although a judgment given by them against an offending officer before the revelations of the DREYFUS case might have gone unquestioned, no important conviction by secret court martial hereafter will escape taint.

IT is greatly to be regretted, whether there is to be war or not, that on the eve of an expected war Congress should have struck a blow at the regular army. No matter what Congressmen may say on this subject, they know—if they know anything of the history of the country—that in case of war we must depend upon the officers of the regular army—that is, upon the professional soldier. In refusing to pass a bill providing for an increase of the army from 25,000 to 104,000 men, the House of Representatives deliberately voted to sacrifice the lives of the troops who must be sent into Cuba if war breaks out. It must be remembered, too, that this increase of the army was to take place only in time of war, and that the defeated bill did not provide for the material increase of our little force in time of peace. If there is to be a war, an invading army must be sent to Cuba, and it ought to consist of at least 75,000 men. A hundred thousand men would be better. The present regular army could spare perhaps 15,000 men, and that would be the only effective force that could be sent into Cuba at the beginning of hostilities, for at the outbreak of the war militia and volunteers would not be of great value. This would mean that the small force sent to the island, accompanied or unaccompanied by citizen soldiers, would be slaughtered, and mainly because Congress has refused to pass what is known as the Reorganization bill.

THE politicians were governed in their action, it is said, by the demands of some of the militia. We are sorry to hear this, and we know that the regular army is sorry to believe that militia have thus expressed an enmity against the professional soldier. The character of the opposition and of the men who made it is writ large on the photograph of JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, which will be found on another page. This man is a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and is a Lieutenant-Colonel of militia in the State of Washington. The high and patriotic purpose by which he is governed is indicated by the confession with which he opened his recent speech against the regular-army reorganization bill. "I am interested in this bill," said this noble creature, and he continued: "If this bill goes into effect as now provided, it legislates me out of office. I am at present an officer of the National Guard of the State in which I live." And so to save JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS'S commission the regular army is to be sacrificed. We advise our readers to study LEWIS in his uniform, and to note the air with which he will protect our coast from the remote fastnesses of the State of Washington. We know, however, that this opposition to the regular army is not felt by all the militia, and that many of the National Guard are governed by quite another spirit, and that they think the incident mentioned below disgraceful. We refer to the action of the Forty-seventh Regiment of Brooklyn, if it is reported correctly. This organization, it is said, will decline to go into service of the United States unless it can be commanded by officers of its own selection. In other words, this organization, if the report be true, decides to be disloyal and mutinous if the commander-in-chief of the army of the United States orders it to serve under officers of his choosing. It is not by men who lack discipline and patriotic devotion to duty that battles are to be won or the country defended.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE AND CONGRESS.

THE President's message was the calm and dispassionate argument of a man realizing his responsibilities, desiring to put an end to the horrible state of affairs existing in Cuba, but determined to accomplish his object, if he were permitted, without visiting upon his own country the miseries of war. The resolutions reported by the Foreign Affairs committees of the two Houses of Congress did not adopt the President's recommendation; they bade immediate interference, and were, in effect, a declaration of war against Spain, leaving Spain's exhaustion and weakness the only chance of peace.

To one who read the message with an open and intelligent mind, it is clear that the President thought at the time that no just cause of war between this country and Spain could be formulated, and, therefore, no reason to sustain the threatened declaration of war could be stated. The message began with an accurate statement of the facts concerning the conditions that exist in Cuba as results of the present insurrection. The President did not spare the Spaniards in describing the miseries that have resulted from the barbarous policy which characterized WEYLER'S conduct of the war, and he gave due weight both to the losses that had fallen upon the commerce of this country by reason of the prolongation of the struggle, and to the severe trial which the war has been to the temper and sympathies of the American people. He then spoke chronologically of the relations to the struggle of this country. Only two years ago—in April, 1896—Mr. CLEVELAND offered to attempt to bring about peace through the mediation of this country, and the offer was refused, almost indignantly, Spain declaring that no suggestion of mediation or peace would be entertained unless the plan of settlement began "with the actual submission of the insurgents to the mother-country." And now, in two years—not through any signal victory gained by the insurgents, but by the failure of the Spanish forces to put down the insurrection, and by the moral intervention of the United States, and by expressions of popular indignation on the part of our people—Spain had not only receded from her haughty attitude, but had promised liberal reforms of government, was at least pretending to try to carry them out, had revoked the order of concentration, and was suing for peace from the insurgents.

Within these two years, as the President showed, hundreds of thousands of people had died from the cruelties of the war as it had been waged by the Spaniards, and the island had become a waste place. Mr. CLEVELAND and he had both notified Spain that the hard and savage conditions existing in Cuba could not be tolerated indefinitely by this country. Nevertheless, no reform was attempted so long as the Conservatives remained in power in Spain; but when the assassination of CÁNOVAS was followed by the appointment of the Liberal SAGASTA to the Premiership, a more liberal policy was promised, and had since been declared. The pressure from the United States had begun to be felt; and well-informed European statesmen are familiar with facts—especially with expressions of the Queen-Regent in private letters to her Austrian relatives—which indicate that the Spanish government would have been glad at any time

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during several months, and would now be glad, to abandon the effort to subdue the insurgents, were it not for the fact that the dynasty would be imperilled by a surrender that would appear base to the Spanish populace, and that would therefore excite either a Carlist or a republican revolt. As it is, CARLOS has declared that while he will support the dynasty in a war against the United States, if the dynasty yield without war he will himself vindicate the honor of the country as its king.

During the year 1897 the Spanish authorities permitted the intervention of this country by way of charity, and relief committees were organized. The President informed Congress that this work of charity had been very considerable, and that the distribution of nearly $200,000 in money and supplies had been greatly aided by the local authorities—that is, by the Spanish authorities in Cuba. He said, "Thousands of lives have already been saved." And yet the cause of the misery and suffering continued. WEYLER'S concentration order, although somewhat modified, remained in force, and it was not until the expressions of sympathy, of horror, and of sadness reached a still further and more advanced stage of acuteness that Captain-General BLANCO revoked the order entirely, directed that the reconcentrados be permitted to return to their farms, that they be aided to renew their industrial pursuits, and that public works be established to give them employment. And to carry out all this a sum of $600,000 was appropriated.

Spain had promised and granted relief because of pressure from the United States, and because, after Mr. PROCTOR'S speech revealing the tragedy as it presented itself to his honest eyes, there was danger that the people of this country could no longer be prevented from insisting that the nation whose cruelties had caused such misery should be driven from the continent. We had gained this much by peaceful methods, by insisting that we should no longer be tormented by the terrible tale of starvation almost at our doors. But the contention of the Foreign Affairs committees of the two Houses is that, notwithstanding this gain, Spain must give a guarantee that the evils of which we complain shall be ended forever, so far as she is concerned, by her retirement from Cuba, and to effect that object the President should be ordered to employ the armed forces of the country.

But the President himself did not rest with compassing the revocation of the concentration order and the relief of immediate suffering; he insisted that the war in Cuba shall come to an end. On the 27th of March he proposed to Spain an armistice until the 1st of October next, for the negotiation of peace with the good offices of the President. To this the reply of the Spanish government, on the 31st of March, was unsatisfactory, involving the demand that the armistice should be requested by the insurgents. Negotiation stopped here, and war seemed inevitable, until the Spanish government, moved again by the firm attitude of the President, and probably by our preparation for war and by clamor inside and out of Congress, and partly also by the mediation of the Pope, declared an armistice on the 10th of April, an armistice without limitations, and for the purpose of facilitating peace. In this last surrender of the Spanish government for the purpose of avoiding war with the United States, Mr. MCKINLEY saw a hope that our "aspirations as a Christian, peace-loving people will be realized." But the Congressional committees did not agree with him, but insisted that Spain must bring the war to a close at once. The President's arguments against the proposal to recognize either belligerency or independence were unanswerable, and in this the majority party in Congress agreed with him, General LEE himself, whose friendship for the Cubans is known, having said that no insurgent government worthy of recognition existed in Cuba. As to the *Maine*, it was clear that no cause of war yet existed on account of her destruction, because our own board was not satisfied that Spain was criminally responsible, and had so reported. That it might yet become a cause of war was true, for Spain might refuse to listen to our case, or to make the reparation which is clearly our due on account of her negligence. But until that time came, and until something happened that had not yet happened to show that Spain's present efforts to bring the war to a conclusion must be unsuccessful, it seemed wise to the President that we should wait, the precaution having been taken to intrust to him the power to use the armed forces of the country to bring lasting peace and a stable government to the distracted island of Cuba. With that conclusion Congressmen again did not agree. They demanded immediate intervention, even if that meant war. This, indeed, was the effect of both resolutions, but that of the House authorizing and directing intervention left the President some latitude, and the country some slight hope of peace, while the Senate resolution, declaring also for independence, was a demand that Spain immediately evacuate Cuba. To this the reply of Spain was that she could not yield to such a demand and maintain her present government.

A CASE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

IF we go to war with Spain it is of high interest to the American people that their motives should be correctly understood by the civilized world. To what harsh and unjust imputations we are exposed appeared recently from an utterance of one of Prince BISMARCK'S press organs in Germany, which, among other very ill-natured flings, attributed the popular desire in the United States to put an end to Spanish misrule in Cuba to an "ignoble greed for territorial aggrandizement" on our part. Nothing could be more unfair. True, we have among us a number of noisy Jingoes who have long been "spoiling for a fight," who desire a war for war's sake, and to whom a pacific composition of the Spanish quarrel would therefore be most unwelcome. There are also unscrupulous speculators who clamor for war because they see in it promising opportunities for enriching themselves at the expense of the public; politicians who think that an exhibition of warlike patriotism will further their interests; and journals eager to inflame warlike excitement for the purpose of spreading their circulation. There are also a few persons in the United States who would annex to this republic Cuba, or any other island in any quarter of the globe. But it may with perfect assurance be affirmed that all these classes combined form only a very small minority of the American people, and that an overwhelming majority of them are inspired by motives absolutely generous and unselfish. Their sympathy has been warmed by the spectacle of the Cubans fighting for independence and liberty. Their indignation has been aroused by the atrocities of the WEYLER régime and by the destruction of the *Maine;* and all they wish to do is to aid the struggling, to succor the suffering, and to put down the power of the oppressor. It is not too much to say that if the government of the United States manifested any design to annex Cuba as a result of the conflict, such a declaration would very seriously chill the popular feeling for the "liberation" of that island. How completely foreign to that feeling any motive of self-interest must be will at once be understood when we soberly consider the question, who will profit and who will lose by that war for Cuban independence?

It may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the most certain gainer will be Spain herself, because she will lose Cuba. What is Cuba to her? Years ago the colony was a source of revenue, a valuable financial asset. But it has long ceased to be that. It is now an utterly ruined province, wasted and desolate. Instead of yielding revenue, it causes incalculable expense. For years past it has cost Spain annually millions upon millions of money. It has cost, moreover, a hundred thousand soldiers. As one of our contemporaries recently expressed it, "Spanish mothers know of Cuba as a place to which their conscript children go, and from which they do not return." Nor is there the slightest prospect that to Spain the colony of Cuba will ever become a valuable asset again. Even under the most favorable circumstances it would require years to lift Cuba from her present desolation into a moderate state of prosperity. And it is vain to hope that if, under Spanish rule, another attempt were ever tried to make Cuba again a source of large revenue to the mother-country, it could possibly succeed. For a long period Cuba has been the theatre of chronic insurrection and turmoil, and there is not the least doubt that so long as Spain seeks to draw any income worth counting from Cuba, it will remain so. This is probably well understood by sensible statesmen in Spain, who would be glad to get rid of the incubus if they only could "let go" without irritating the national pride to their own disadvantage. To lose Cuba in consequence of a war with the United States, which would spare that national pride, would actually mean to Spain a "good riddance." Neither would it involve any loss of prestige, for Cuba has long ceased to be an element of prestige to Spain, having rather brought disgrace upon her. And to be defeated in a war by the immensely superior resources of this republic is a thing which Spain will never have to be ashamed of. Thus, in losing Cuba, Spain will lose nothing of real value, but gain much, by being delivered, in a manner saving her national pride, of a dreadfully burdensome incumbrance.

The next beneficiary of that war will be Cuba. How much Cuba will be benefited by its results will depend upon the ability of the Cubans, when set free, to maintain an independent, stable, and orderly government, or to find a paternal power or person that will maintain such a government among and for them. While we may not be very sanguine in this respect, it is reasonable to assume that the Cubans will at least no longer be exposed to any dictatorships like that of WEYLER, and their government, good or bad, will, at any rate, be their own.

What, then, are the advantages the American people may expect to derive from this war with Spain? If they were really instigated by anything like a selfish impulse, they would, of course, carefully calculate beforehand whether the possible profit would be in proportion to the certain sacrifice to be made for it. Of this sacrifice the blood item cannot be easily computed in advance. Even if our sea power is greatly superior to that of Spain, we cannot hope to disable the Spanish fleet without the loss of many lives. And we cannot put a land force on the soil of Cuba to drive out the Spaniards and to establish an independent and a "stable" government there, without dooming many more young Americans to die, not only on the battle-field, but, worse than that, in the hospitals of that unwholesome country. American mothers, too, may know Cuba as the place to which their valiant sons go, never to return. As to the money item of the sacrifice, we have already made a beginning. The grant by Congress of the $50,000,000 for war preparations is, no doubt, wellnigh exhausted. A war loan is now contemplated of $500,000,000, and war taxes on bank checks, tea, coffee, beer, and tobacco are expected to yield about $100,000,000 annually. But as the war may last longer than we now anticipate, and as our ways of making war are rather expensive, the present figures fixed for loans and taxes may soon be found sadly inadequate. This, however, is not all. The pension roll will be largely increased, and thus an additional load be put upon the people, to burden them for generations. Furthermore, the loss we suffer through the business disturbances, and the interruption of the revival of prosperity, and the retardation of the necessary monetary reform, which are caused by the war and its uncertainties, can hardly be estimated. Nor should it be overlooked that inasmuch as Spain, through her cruisers and privateers, may sweep our commercial flag from the seas, partly by actual capture or destruction, partly by means of greatly increased rates of insurance, we substantially make a present of the larger part of our carrying trade on the ocean to other maritime nations, such as Great Britain, Germany, Norway, and others.

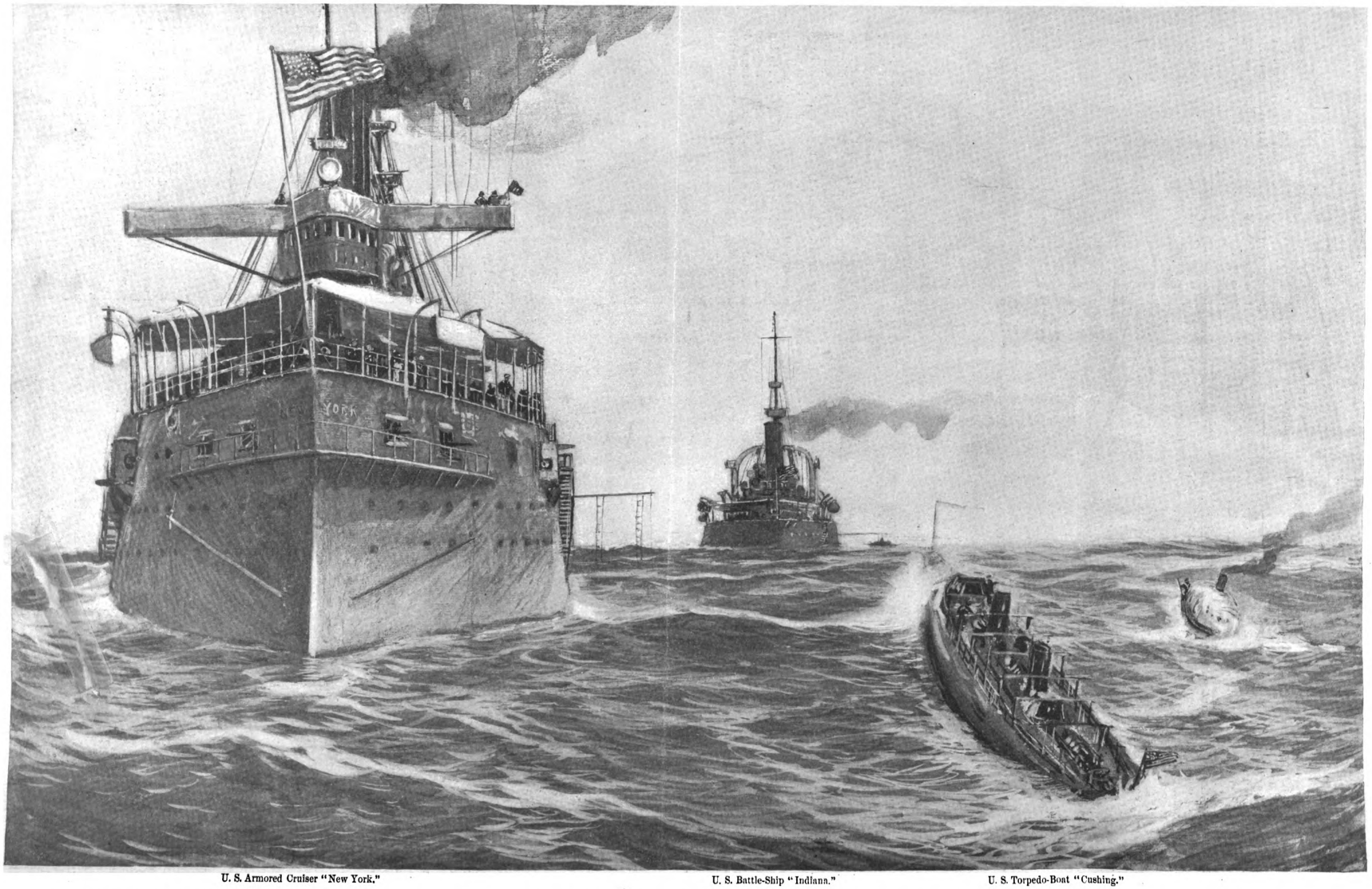
But even here the list of our probable sacrifices is not closed. For, in what moral and financial responsibilities, in what political complications, in what international embroilments, a war undertaken to give Cuba independence and a "stable government" will involve us, nobody can foresee. Historic experience as to the establishment and maintenance of stable republican governments in tropical regions is certainly most discouraging; and if we undertake the task, we may, after much sore tribulation, find ourselves exposed to very costly disappointments.

What, then, may we expect to gain as a compensation for our sacrifices and risks? Certainly not glory; for there is no glory to a robust young giant in kicking a poor old cripple. The annexation of Cuba must be considered out of the question, for, as the President said in his message, it would, "by our code of morality, be criminal aggression." Nor could it be called an advantage, for it would be like the annexation of a house infected with an inexterminable contagious disease. The only business benefit we could realize would be the restoration of our trade with Cuba. But that trade would necessarily be limited, and if its net annual profits became as large as ever before, they would not amount to as much as the increase of our pension roll and of the army and navy budget in consequence of the war, not to speak of the cost in blood and treasure of the war itself. Thus all our real compensation for our sacrifices and risks in that war will consist in our moral consciousness of having delivered Cuba of Spanish misrule, of having given the Cubans an opportunity for showing how fit they are for free institutions. Now, in view of all this, the world may indeed say that we would have been much wiser had we patiently tried to secure to the Cubans the best possible government, and an honorable adjustment of the *Maine* affair, without a war. But it can certainly not be said that we have made that war from any selfish motive, or even with a careful consideration of our own welfare. There can be no clearer case of self-sacrifice.

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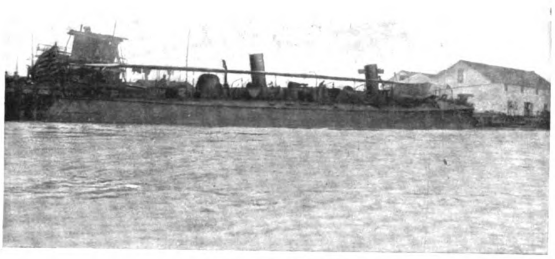
WITH OUR FLEET AT KEY WEST—TORPEDO-BOAT "CUSHING" CARRYING DESPATCHES TO THE FLAG-SHIP.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

The "New York," "Indiana," and "Iowa" are lying ten Miles out in the Gulf, where the Sea runs high in the strong Trade-Wind.

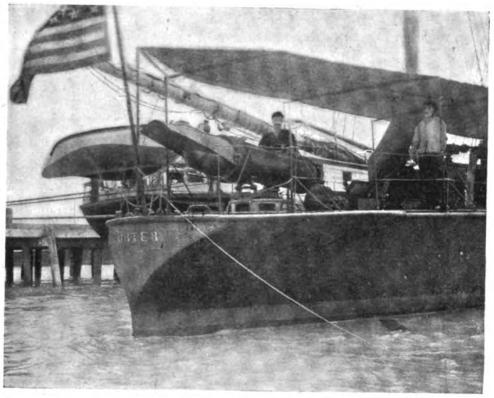
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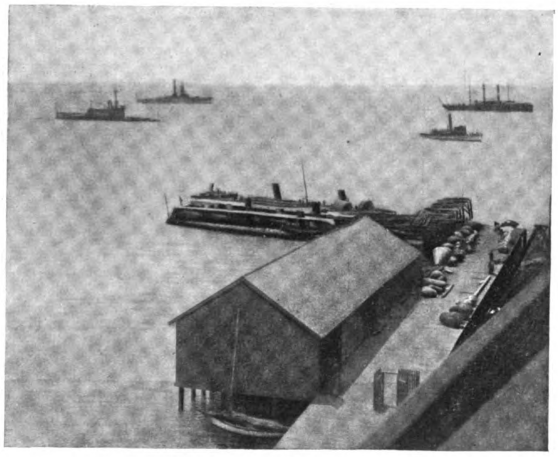
U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "DUPONT."



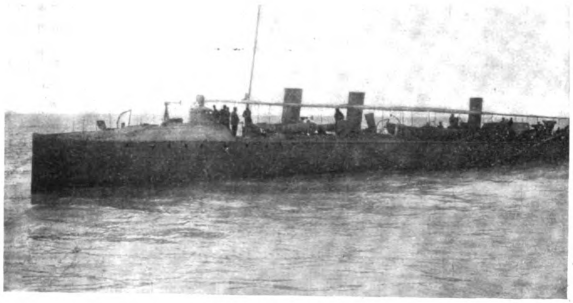
U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "FOOTE."



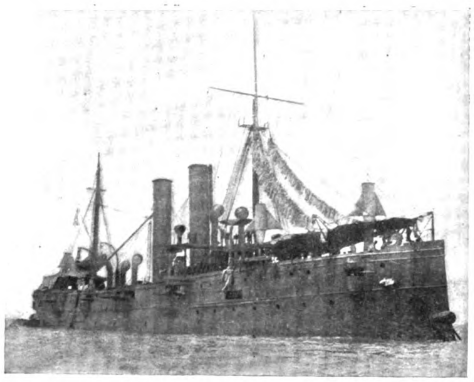
STERN TORPEDO ON THE "PORTER" READY FOR ACTION.



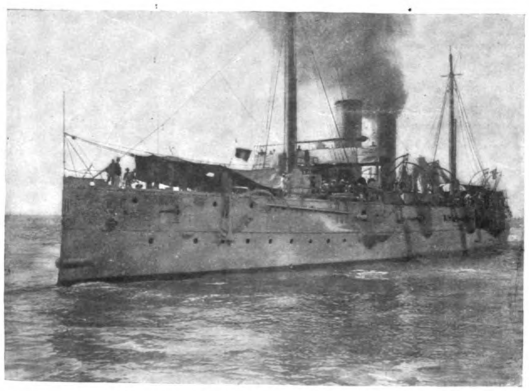
GENERAL VIEW OF HARBOR.
Torpedo-Boats "Porter," "Cushing," and "Winslow" at the Dock; Monitor "Terror" and Gunboats "Nashville" and "Helena" at Anchor.



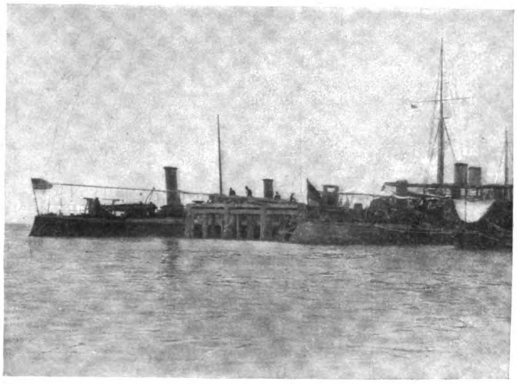
U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER."



U. S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD."



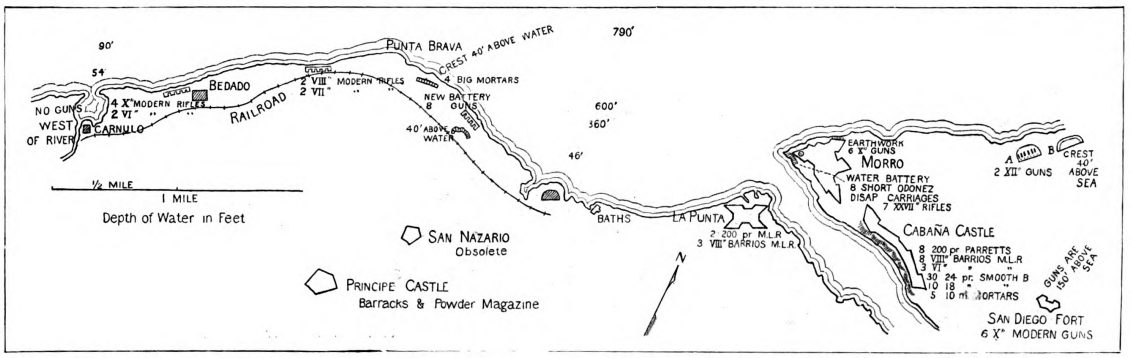
U. S. CRUISER "CINCINNATI" LEAVING DOCK FOR PICKET DUTY.



TORPEDO-BOATS "PORTER," "CUSHING," AND "WINSLOW" WAITING ORDERS.

WITH OUR FLEET AT KEY WEST.—Views by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."

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THE DEFENCES OF HAVANA.—From the Official Chart issued to the Vessels of the United States Navy.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE Lowell Memorial Fund continues to grow at the rate of about a thousand dollars a week. The total amount reported on April 10 was $28,610, which left $7390 still to be raised. The lists of subscribers published from week to week in the Boston papers contain from thirty to fifty names, and include some second subscriptions, indicating that though the movement has not stirred a very wide-spread popular response, the support it has is ardent and determined. It seems no longer doubtful that the project will be carried out.

Mr. Lehmann, Harvard's British coach, is back from England, and at work again on the meandering Charles, oblivious apparently to the possibility of war, and the chance that his trained men may tumble out of their shells and into gunboats. During the civil war, from 1860 to 1864, there were no Yale-Harvard races. There is no present reason to apprehend a suspension of them this year, for our big universities are able nowadays to do many things at once, and doubtless have able-bodied men enough to man their own navies after furnishing their quota, and more, to Uncle Sam's. But we shall see what we shall see. At this writing a high degree of martial ardor is reported from our various seats of learning. A despatch from Cambridge, dated April 8, told of 400 Harvard students at drill in the gymnasium, and recorded a degree of military enthusiasm that has had no parallel since 1861. Corresponding reports come from other colleges. Yale is stirred, and the faculty there was credited some time since with an intention to issue degrees ahead of time to Seniors who left college to perform military service. Such action is customary in colleges in time of war.

The crews of the war-ships which have been lying at Key West and Hampton Roads are proper objects of the sympathy of their countrymen. They have been kept, unavoidably, on a continuous strain since the sinking of the *Maine*. It is like keeping a pack of hounds in leash after their noses have caught the scent, and when the trail is before them. No wonder the men have been restless. It is not in human nature any more than in canine nature to halt on the beginning of a trail when the energies are still fresh and the blood has been heated to the hunting-point.

April 12, the day that General Fitzhugh Lee passed through Richmond on his way to Washington, seems to have been the liveliest and most emotional day the town has seen in thirty years. The emotion was condensed into the few moments in which the train halted, but it was deeply felt and vigorously expressed, and must have done the Richmond folks a lot of good. One does not need to be a Jingo to have his blood stirred somewhat by the brief recital which the newspapers gave of that reception. It is comforting to remember that if present complications prove not to be adjustable except by explosives, we shall not suffer the evils of that method of arrangement without such compensations as will come from having men of many minds brought near to one another by zeal for the accomplishment of a common purpose.

A Rochester newspaper tells of a spring development which is of more than local interest. A Rochester man, Mr. Little, has a rustic table, newly made of willow and poplar branches, which stood bronzed and varnished in his house. But the wood in it was cut in winter, and when the spring came the sap in those branches woke up, and the branches began to grow knobby, and presently threw out a lot of green leaves, which plainly appear in the picture which the newspaper gives. That is the sort of determined and persevering wood that would seem to be adapted to the uses of the Tree-Planting Association of New York. Cuttings which when bent, varnished, and brought into the house still persist in carrying out the intentions of nature might thrive even in holes in the sidewalk along the streets of New York. The Rochester nursery-men, who are quick to recognize special merit in vegetation, will do well to cultivate cuttings of this sort and list them in their next year's catalogues.

Mr. Thomas Sargeant Perry, of Boston, more recently of Paris, is going to Japan for three years to be Professor of English Literature in the College Keiogijuku at Tokio. Mr. Perry, who is a grandson of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, is one of the most learned and accomplished of modern Americans, and has been called "the best-read man in America." He has been at various times an instructor in German, in English, and in Sanscrit at Harvard, and a lecturer in English literature. For a time he edited the *North American Review*, while it still clung to Boston, and he was long the critic of foreign books for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a literary reviewer for the *Nation*. A knowledge of Japanese literature, attested by several published discourses, is part of his equipment. Recently he has lectured in Boston on Greek literature, and it was expected that he would lecture next winter in the Lowell Institute course. Japan is lucky in getting a three years' lease of the powers of a gentleman of such exceptional equipment.

If only there were a few of Jan Szczepanik's telelectroscopes working between Cuba and New York, what superlatively interesting pictures we might see! The abilities of this machine (which is to be exhibited at the World's Fair in Paris) are such that one might sit in a room in New York and see instantaneous pictures of what might happen to be going on in Havana Harbor. These pictures would be shimmering affairs like the vitascope pictures, except that they would reproduce the objects seen in something like their natural colors. How it is done is too long and intricate a story to tell here, but the drift of it is that the view is caught by a combination of mirrors, which resolve it into its elements of light, shade, and color, which are transmitted by electricity, and combined into a moving picture again at the point where they are received.

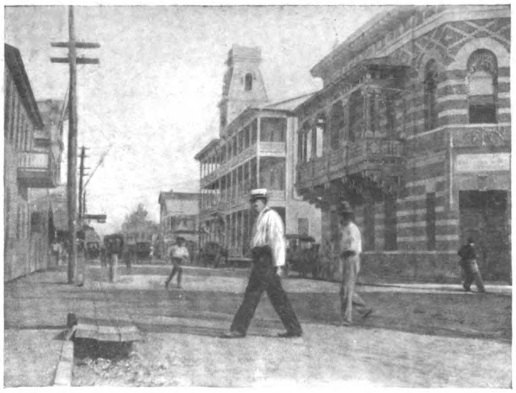
When we get so that we can draw easy breaths again, we shall be interested to learn of the recent completion of the Congo River Railway, which runs for 250 miles around the thirty-two cataracts which separate the ninety miles of navigation on the lower Congo from 8000 miles of navigable waters in the great interior beyond. The cataracts were the great obstacle to the development of the upper Congo country. Mr. Stanley was a powerful advocate of the railway around them as an indispensable preliminary to the opening of the great Congo basin to civilization. The Belgian government has been the most important backer of the railroad, the construction of which, now completed, has been accomplished in the face of great natural obstacles. It makes a journey into inner Africa a comparatively simple thing.

The President's message seems to contain just what the reader chooses to find in it. Some of the congratulatory telegrams which it called out have been published, and make interesting reading. Henry R. Reed, of Boston, likes it because it is "temperate yet firm"; Abram S. Hewitt finds it "unanswerable, unassailable, and a guarantee of peace"; President Schurman of Cornell welcomes it as "a splendid embodiment of the brightest ideals of the republic"; Sherman S. Rogers, of Buffalo, finds in it an occasion to say to the President that the country, while it earnestly desires peace, will stand by him, whether the issue is peace or war; to the mind of Wager Swayne it "truly represents a Christian and peace-loving country"; and Bishop Newman finds it "superb, severe in rebuke, patriotic in dignity, humane and Christian in sentiment." It is hard to conceive how a single document on a single subject could come nearer being all things to all men than that.

LITERATURE for March 26 (New York date April 6) brings with it the first "American Letter" by Mr. Henry James, in which he considers in meditative periods the prospects and possibilities of the American literature of the future. He takes thought of our enormous army of readers — *monstrum horrendum ingens*, though he does not call it that—and although the size of it by no means carries him off his mental legs, he does find in it opportunities, and feels that "it is impossible not to entertain with patience and curiosity the presumption that life so colossal must break into expression at points of proportionate frequency." One passage in his letter demands to be transferred where the readers of this page of the WEEKLY will be sure to see it. He wants to see a more adequate treatment in the American novel of "the typical American figure, the 'business man,'" as to whom he says:

> He is often an obscure, but not less often an epic, hero, seamed all over with the wounds of the market and the dangers of the field, launched into action and passion by the immensity and complexity of the general struggle, a boundless ferocity of battle—driven above all by the extraordinary, the unique relation in which he for the most part stands to the life of his lawful, his immitigable womankind, the wives and daughters who float, who splash on the surface and ride the waves, his terrific link with civilization, his social substitutes and representatives, while, like a diver for shipwrecked treasure, he gasps in the depths and breathes through an air-tube.

Any reader who, a prey to dumb forgetfulness or other causes of misapprehension, has allowed himself to doubt that Mr. James, once his steam is up, can say things, is



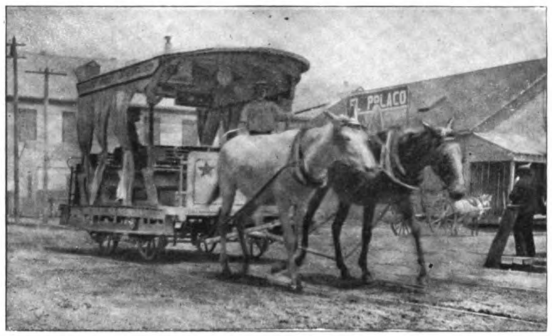
DUVAL STREET, PRINCIPAL STREET OF KEY WEST.



TYPICAL VIEW IN KEY WEST.

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invited to find the evidence of his mistake in the passage quoted. Any reader who wonders that Mr. James, who elects to live in England, should find American literature a congenial and convenient topic for observation and discourse, is invited to regard an explanation offered by Mr. G. W. Smalley, who points out, in the New York *Herald*, that the American in London sees probably a greater variety of Americans than if he lived in New York, and has his Americanism strengthened by being constantly called upon to explain and defend true American ideas. "The true magnitude of Mont Blanc," says Mr. Smalley, "is only seen from a distance. The true glory of America is visible from across the Atlantic more clearly than in the slums of New York."



RAPID TRANSIT AT KEY WEST.

The evidences of a new growth of sympathy and friendliness between the Americans and the British keep cropping out in the newspapers, and are as pleasant as they are novel. They take the form of little tokens of good will, like salutes to the Flying Squadron at Fort Monroe by passing British merchantmen, and like the incident reported in a story which comes by way of Vancouver, B.C., of a ruction in the streets of Hongkong, where American and British sailors joined to play a sort of football game, without any football, against a combination of man-of-war's men of other nations. But the most conspicuous and important sign of more cordial relations appears in the comments of the English papers. One important reason for British sympathy with our attitude towards Cuba doubtless is that British newspapers—the *Times* for one—have had correspondents in Cuba, who have reported what they have seen, so that British readers have been able to judge from their own sources of information whether Cuba needs attention from the outside or not.

A large crop of peace poetry, some of it meritorious and timely, has been coming to market for the last fortnight, and finds response in the hearts of plenty of readers.

> "Let me be blessed for the peace I make!"
> God grant that old Shakespearian praise may glow,
> McKinley, on thy brows....

cries Katharine Lee Bates, in the Boston *Transcript*, and another poet in the same paper prays:

> Thou, who our sires' prayers answered, answer ours,
> And give us Peace! Jehovah! give Thou Peace!

To the same intent is Bishop Satterlee's prayer for peace, to be used in the Episcopal churches of the diocese of Washington. "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" is the burden of it, while its collect looks beyond the needs of the moment and asks that our government may be so guided "that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

These prayers find earnest response, and yet the air that runs through the subdued and solemn accompaniment which the national orchestra is playing to them is no other than our old familiar "Johnny, Get Your Gun." The soberest and most conscientious and representative spirit in the country wants peace in and all about this continent, and it expects to have it presently.

It is rather uphill work just now to promote any very widespread dissatisfaction with Consul-General Lee, but a contemporary journal attempted it last week, with grievous words about his indiscretion, his "complacent acceptance of brainless and self-advertising laudation," and his "reckless fanning of the war flame" by "incendiary speeches." It is not the general opinion, even among persons who are most anxious that peace should be preserved, that General Lee has laid himself open to criticisms so severe as these. The only effective way to prevent any American who has been in Cuba from "fanning the war flame" when he gets home seems to be to bring him home in a box, and even that method is not always effectual. All things considered, General Lee seems to have said very little except to persons officially authorized to hear. He came north on the fastest train obtainable, made the fewest possible stops, and even at Richmond, where words were almost put in his mouth, he was exceedingly chary of uttering them. It is true, though, that he has neglected to say some things which might have qualified the martial ardor of his admirers. If he could have assured his friends at Richmond that General Weyler was really a humane gentleman, but sadly misunderstood, the effect might have been pacificatory, but the chance for that, alas! was lost. The New York *Times* has said the next most pacific thing about Weyler in pointing out that he is "not a typical but a conventional Spaniard, no more like his average fellow-countrymen than the acanthus leaf on a pillar is like a leaf that grows." It is somehow the misfortune of Spain that the conventional Spaniard, like the conventional acanthus leaf, manages to get into the most conspicuous places, while the typical growth unfolds and withers unremarked.

While we have all for two months past been living on from day to day, our militiamen have taken even shorter breaths and shorter views than the rest of us, and have lived from hour to hour and from minute to minute. Only persons who have come in contact with members of the National Guard can realize in what a state of expectation they have been kept. Traces of it come to notice incidentally. A gentleman says: "Smith, who was to have dined with us on Tuesday, cannot come. He is a —th Regiment man, and is under orders to be within immediate call." When you meet a man on Fifth Avenue and ask him (as the present writer did) if he has enlisted yet, and he answers, "I am colonel of the —th Regiment," his preoccupied demeanor brings it home to you that there is something out of common in the wind. The double-page picture in this number of the WEEKLY, of an inspection of the Seventh Regiment in its armory, illustrates the sort of exercise that all the militiamen are getting. And besides the regiments already organized and equipped, companies of volunteers are forming and drilling all over the country.

Princeton University, lying back a safe and convenient distance from the coast of New Jersey, and being further protected by the presence of Mr. Grover Cleveland, whom the present administration is in courtesy especially bound to safeguard and defend, is not likely to be blown off the earth by Spanish shells or burned out by Spanish invaders, and may therefore reasonably hope to profit by its recent gift of $100,000 from Mr. Henry S. Little, of Trenton, New Jersey. The money is to be spent for a new dormitory, like the new Blair dormitory now being finished.

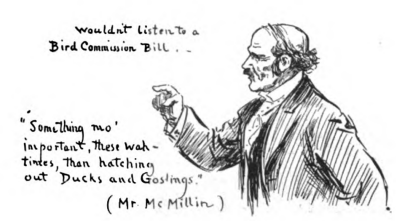
Mr. Little is described as a Princeton graduate of the class of '44, a bachelor of large fortune, seventy-three years old, an active Democrat, and a very ardent sportsman. It is related that two years ago he was caught in the crush at a Yale-Princeton baseball match and badly hurt, but since then, as before, he has been invariably present at Princeton games.

E. S. MARTIN.

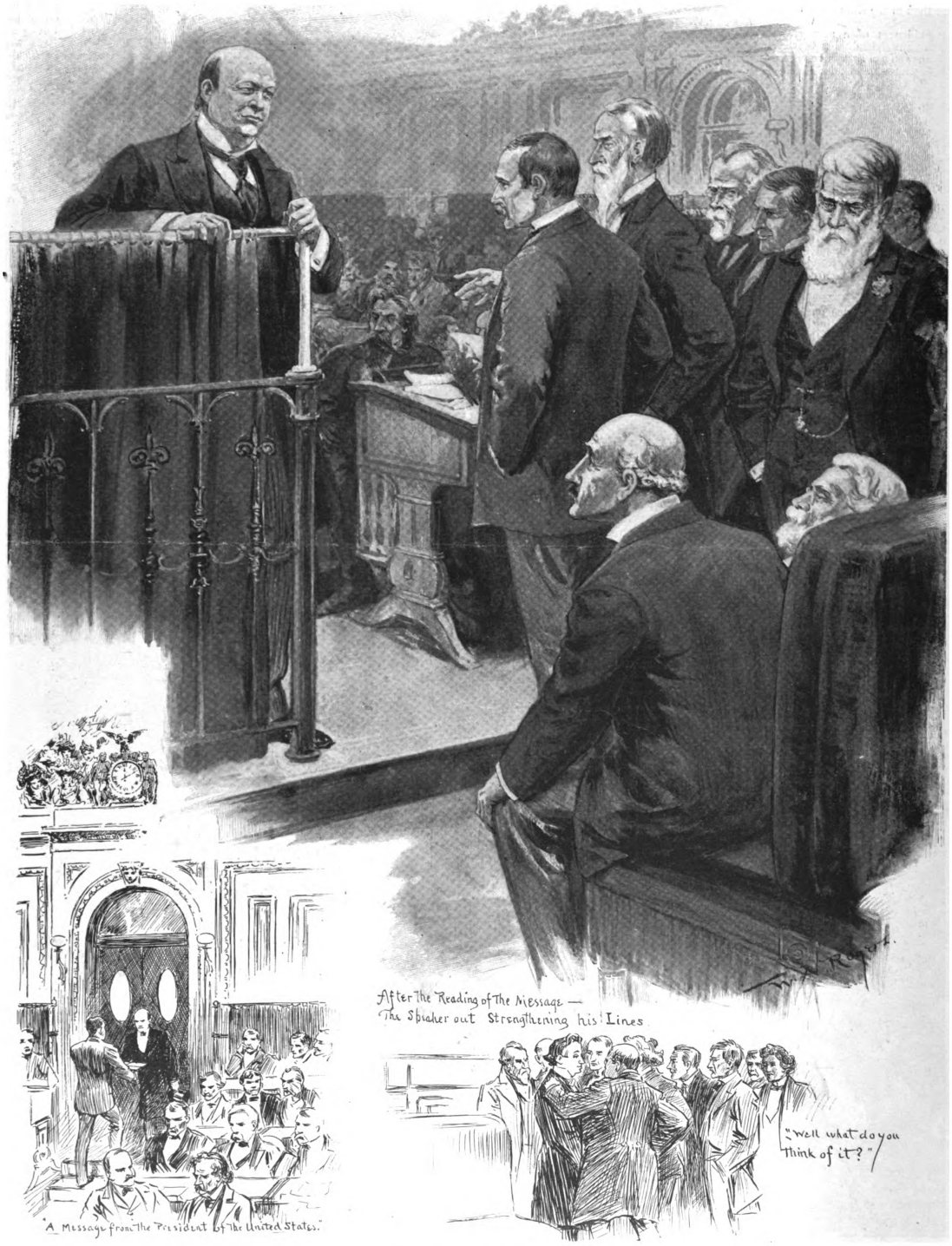


GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE ARRIVES IN WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

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APOLIMA—ONE OF THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.—THE NATURAL FORTRESS TO WHICH MATA'AFA WAS FLEEING WHEN CAPTURED.

MATA'AFA IN EXILE.

NINE years ago Mata'afa helped the United States in one of its small hours of bitterest need.

Now, in the lapse of troubled years, Mata'afa, no longer a king, in hours whose bitter need weighs down his soul, begs the United States to give him help. When he helped our perishing sailors struggling in the deadly seas at Apia on that fateful March 16, 1889, he did not stop to calculate that by his humanity he was throwing away the certainty of victory which should crown his ambition and confirm him on the throne of Samoa, to which he had been chosen by his race. Now that he is wearing out his declining years in lonely exile, cooped on Jaluit, a dismal speck of sand under the equator, and when he begs the United States to help him, he is far too proud to tell of what he and his have done to warrant the extension of such assistance.

Mata'afa, whose Christian name is Josefa, and who has held all the royal titles which Samoa can confer, is the head of that family which Samoan tradition deduces from the great gods of old; the family which gave Samoa its kings before the Malietoa family even had a name—and that is not an affair of yesterday, for the Malietoas number nine-and-twenty generations. He has been the king of Samoa with the unanimous voice of Samoa in his favor, and took the office in obedience to the earnest pleading of his rival, Malietoa Laupepa. When the three great powers undertook to bring peace to vexed Samoa, and ordained that Malietoa should be the king, even though it was against his will and also against the Samoan will, Mata'afa hastened to obey the confounding order of the United States, Great Britain, and Germany. Malietoa became the king by order of the consuls, and his first exercise of such sovereignty as he could wield under the Berlin Treaty was to insist upon Mata'afa sharing his power as vice-king. Such an arrangement carries failure in its essence. Dissensions were fomented between king and vice-king; self-seeking white men encouraged the native Samoan talent for double dealing; Malietoa and Mata'afa were forced apart, and Mata'afa was thrust out into rebellion.

Remember that this person had been king by the unanimous choice of all Samoa. Remember that he was of the blood royal whose deeds were the theme of every tradition of every age of Samoa, back through all the generations, to the time when the great god Tangaloa sat alone in heaven and created the earth out of coral slabs, and created, first of mortal men, the Tupua family to rule mankind—and Mata'afa is the head of the Tupuas.

Remember that all the interests which find gain in disorder were slyly put to work to produce the rebellion.

It was shortly settled—one battle did it. Defeated in the affray at Malie, Mata'afa escaped to the island of Manono, intending to seek refuge in the almost impregnable fortress which the might of nature made of the islet of Apolima when it let the sea into a living volcano and blew out one side of the crater, where a narrow and tortuous pass in quiet weather affords the only chance by which man may set foot upon the land. The war-vessels of Great Britain and Germany appeared in hostile force before Manono, and Mata'afa, with his chiefs and tribesmen, surrendered. In punishment for this rebellion, Mata'afa and ten chiefs of his party were sentenced to exile. The government of the United States, through its Secretary of State, approved the sentence, and regularly pays its third share of the maintenance of the prisoners. Mata'afa was taken first to Fakaofo, in the Tokelau group, a British protectorate, and later removed to Jaluit, in the German colony of the Marshall Islands. From the middle of 1893 to the present day the chiefs have borne the torment of exile.

Exile is indeed a torment to the islander of the South Seas. Listen to the old songs of the Maori and the Hawaiian, of the man of the Marquesas and Tahiti; their one and only theme is the memory of the dear lands from which they came many generations ago, that westward land which bears the name of Savaiki, Hawaiki, Hawaii, and which now may be proved to be Savaii of the Samoans. Alone of all Polynesians, the Samoans have no ancestral tales of dear lands left behind and long adventurous voyages across the wild Pacific. Hard as banishment from his own land is to any Polynesian, it is hardest of all to the Samoan, who has no consolation in the thought of the exile of his race. This in itself would serve to make banishment the worst of punishments to Mata'afa. But there are other considerations. Jaluit is no such fair land as Samoa. It has no mountains rising forest-clad from the verge of the sea; there are no deep bays and sparkling cascades. Sand alone it is, a flat patch of glistening sand thrown up by the sea. There the cocoanut does not grow, that marvel of trees, which can supply in itself every need of the Samoan life. The baked sand will not produce the taro, which is the staff of Samoan life. Dull monotony instead of scenic grandeur, strange foods as unpalatable as they are new, small wonder the little band of exiles is slowly but surely fading under the weight of broken hearts.

For four years Malietoa was content to leave his generous rival in exile. The three great powers forgot that a king, the son of kings, was suffering in his banishment. The kin of Mata'afa feared to ask any mitigation of the heavy punishment of their chief; but last year Samoan hearts were moved with a spontaneous wave of petition for the exiles.

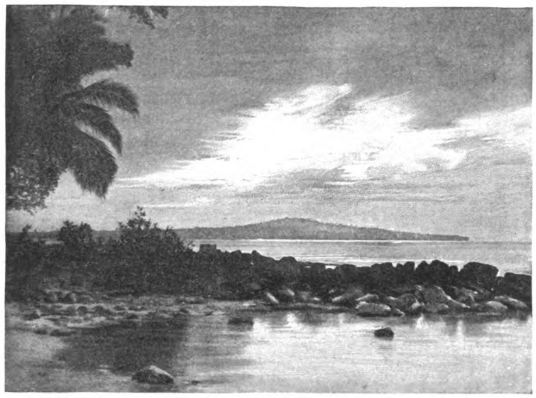
Word was brought down that one of the little band had died in distant Jaluit. To live in exile is bad, but to die away from friends is a thing every Samoan shudders to contemplate. Death is a ceremony in Samoa; it has its rigid etiquette, not one point of which may be omitted. Yet he who dies away from home cannot properly die. He cannot make the long speeches with which he should set forth his dying wishes. For him there can be baked no funeral feast; no songs can be sung in his honor; no games bring his family forward as the envy of all the beholders. He dies in Samoan eyes the death of a dog.

The word came down that Mulipola, of Mata'afa's party of exiles, had thus died, and he was a high chief. At once every thought of party and faction in the tiny kingdom was swallowed up in the sense of the deep disgrace that the unhonored death of the chief had brought upon all Samoa. To every Samoan mind there sprang the thought that it might have been Mata'afa; that if he did not soon return, the great chief himself would be claimed by the same death which disgraces. It was felt that Samoa would be forever disgraced if Mata'afa died the unhonored death. This is a real feeling with Pacific islanders: the Hawaiian knows his land doomed by the death abroad of two of its kings. At once the return of Ma-



MATA'AFA, THE EXILED KING OF SAMOA, AND HIS SUITE.

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MANONO, THE ISLAND WHERE MATA'AFA WAS CAPTURED.

ta'afa became the universal demand of all parties in the Samoan state. Malietoa Laupepa told the consuls that he should be forever dishonored if his great rival should die in distant Jaluit. Two-thirds of the rebels gave in their submission to Malietoa in order that they might be in a position to ask the return of Mata'afa. The government of Samoa has formally asked of the three great powers the restoration of all the exiles.

Dissolved in tears, the son of Mata'afa and the family of Mata'afa and his holy land beg that their father and their chief may be brought back to them to end his broken days. They promise that never again will they spur him to ambitious purposes, content that he shall live but as the chief of his own town, the father of his own people. That is the wish of all Samoa.

The United States, Great Britain, and Germany have the granting of this request. Germany is believed to be willing; the United States has always taken the stand that the exile should not be interminable, and is now willing to agree to the return if the other powers so decide. Great Britain alone remains to be heard from; but there is reason to believe that British foreign policy will prove now, as ever, averse to letting go of any person or place on which it has once seized.

William Churchill.

POLITICS AT OTTAWA.

Within the last twelve months Canada has awakened to the fact that there is a Senate at Ottawa, and the outstanding feature of the present session of the Dominion Parliament, as of the session of 1897, is the dominant position occupied by the Conservative and opposition majority in the Senate. At the general election in 1896 the Liberals secured a majority in the House of Commons. When the Laurier administration was formed, the majority was about twenty-five. At the by-elections since 1896 it has mounted upwards, until now the government is supported in the Lower House by a majority of forty.

In the Senate the situation is entirely different. Senators are appointed by the party in power. Prior to 1896 the Conservatives had been in power for eighteen years, and during the long régime of the late Sir John Macdonald, and of the four Conservative Premiers who succeeded him, none but Conservatives were appointed to the Senate. Consequently when Sir Wilfrid Laurier met Parliament as Premier in the autumn of 1896 he was confronted with a Senate in which, out of seventy-eight members, not more than twelve were adherents of the Liberal party. All the vacancies which have occurred since August, 1896, have been filled by the appointment of Liberals. But Senators hold office for life; they never retire; and after being in office for nearly two years, the Laurier government has not been able to bring up its numerical strength in the Senate to twenty. The Senate possesses similar powers to those of the House of Lords. It can reject a money bill, but neither amend nor originate one. In all other legislative matters its powers are equal with those of the House of Commons.

Only on extremely rare occasions in the period from 1878 to 1896 did the Senate oppose any of the Conservative governments. In those days a bill which had originated with the cabinet, and had been approved by the House of Commons, was certain to pass the Senate. It so regularly accepted every measure that people ceased to take any interest in its proceedings, and for years it was neglected by the press. The newspaper references to the Senate were confined to proposals for its abolition. These proposals for reform or abolition had the support of the Liberals when they were in opposition; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into office on a programme, drawn up at the Ottawa Liberal Convention of 1893, in which a reform of the Senate was one of the foremost demands.

No legislation with which the Senate could interfere was submitted to Parliament by the Laurier government until 1897. Then the Senate asserted itself, and threw out three bills which had passed the House of Commons. The most important was a government measure for extending the Intercolonial Railway from Levis to Montreal.

The Intercolonial is a government-owned railway. It begins at St. John, in New Brunswick, and connects that city with Halifax and Quebec. The line was built as a condition of confederation, in order to connect the maritime provinces with those of Quebec and Ontario. It cost over $55,000,000, and so far has never earned even its working expenses. When the Laurier government came into power it was conceived that the line might be made to pay at least working expenses if it were continued from Levis to Montreal, and the bill which was rejected by the Senate provided for ninety-nine-year leases with the Drummond County and the Grand Trunk railway companies, whose lines were to be used in reaching Montreal.

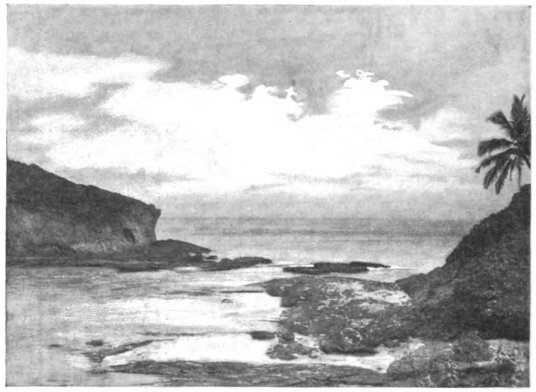
The Senate took the ground that the bargains with the two railway companies were improvident, and it was insisted, in connection with the Drummond County bargain, that that line was being taken over by the government chiefly in order that the Liberals in the province of Quebec might unburden themselves of campaign debts incurred in 1896. The partisan Liberal newspapers denounced the Senate for its interference. On the other hand, independent newspapers indorsed the action of the Senate, and there is now no doubt that public opinion was on its side, and that by its action on the Intercolonial the Senate did much to demonstrate the utility of a second chamber in the Dominion Parliament. Evidence forthcoming in the session of 1898 has shown that the rejection of the bill will save a million dollars to the Dominion Treasury if the complete plan of extending the Intercolonial is carried out according to the government's amended scheme.

The stand taken by the Senate in 1897 gave unusual interest to its proceedings in the present session. Railway measures occupied much attention last session, and the same is the case this session, at which the Dominion Parliament will have to sanction some scheme for establishing railway connection with the Canadian Yukon country.

One scheme has already been submitted to Parliament, and has failed in the Senate for the same reason that the Intercolonial scheme of 1897 came to grief. The plan put forward by the Laurier government was for a railway from Telegraph Creek on the Stickeen River to the head of Teslin Lake, from which place Dawson City can be reached in steamers by way of the Hootalinqua, the Lewes, and the Yukon rivers. Ten days before Parliament met, the Laurier government came to an agreement with Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann, well-known railway contractors and street-car magnates, to construct a line from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake. According to the plan, it was to be a narrow-gauge railway 150 miles long. The contractors, before approaching the Dominion government, had secured a subsidy of $325,000 from the province of British Columbia. They were to receive from the Ottawa government land grants at the rate of 25,000 acres for each mile of railway constructed. They were also to be allowed to charge special rates for passengers and freight for ten years, and a monopoly of railway communication between the Canadian Yukon country and the coast was given to them, as the Dominion government agreed not to give any aid to any railway having a terminus in the United States Territory of Alaska.

No bids were called for by the government for the construction of the railway. No preliminary correspondence passed between the government and the contractors. The contractors had been associated with the Dominion Minister of the Interior in a Manitoba railway undertaking, when the Minister of the Interior was of the Manitoba provincial government, and apparently on his introduction the Laurier government made its bargain with the contractors. Before Parliament met, the government announced the Stickeen-Teslin line as an all-Canadian route; and through its principal organ in the press it blazoned the scheme forth after the fashion of a town-lot boom. The government evidently expected to obtain the immediate sanction of Parliament to the scheme on the ground that it established an all-Canadian route, and on the further ground that the railway was urgently needed to prevent friction with the United States over the outfitting and transport trade, and also as a means of getting supplies into the Yukon country in time to prevent panic and disaster in the winter of 1898.

These arguments carried the bill through the House of Commons, but when it reached the Senate they had no weight. The government newspapers now insist that the bill was not dealt with on its merits; that the action of the Senate was dictated solely by blind partisanship. However that may be, the Senators who opposed the bill, and ultimately rejected it, soon discovered the obviously weak parts in the government case, and in particular they laid great stress on the enormous land grant. They contended that a grant of nearly 4,000,000 acres of land in the gold-bearing country of the Yukon was an excessive compensation for the construction of 150 miles of narrow-gauge railway. The only defence of the government to this part of the scheme was that the contractors would not accept less—a singularly feeble defence in view of the fact that an opportunity of undertaking the work was given to only one firm of contractors. Another argument urged by the government was that the lands might not be worth much, and that both for the government and the contractors the land grant was very much of a gamble. These defences were unavailing with the Senate majority. Nor was much more heed given to mysterious hints thrown out by government speakers that if there were no railway there might be danger of something like a Jameson raid in the Yukon country which the Canadian government might not be able to quell. The bill went the way of the Intercolonial bill of last session, and it is apparently no more regretted by the people of Canada than the break-down of the proposed ninety-nine-year leases with the Drummond County and the Grand Trunk railway companies. On the other hand, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the leader of the Senate majority, and the leaders of the opposition in the Lower House, emphatically claim that the Senate to-day stands higher in the estimation of the people of Canada than at any time in its history, and except in government newspapers there does not seem much disposition to dispute this claim.



ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF APOLIMA.



MALIETOA LAUPEPA, REIGNING KING OF SAMOA.

One fact in connection with the Canadian Yukon country has been made unmistakably plain by the government's exposition of its railway policy and its insistence that it involved no subsidies from the Dominion Treasury. The Yukon country is to be made self-sustaining. It is not the intention of the Dominion government that the cost of making it more accessible, or the cost of maintaining civil government there, shall throw any burdens on the people of Canada. From free-miners' licenses, from customs duties, from the sale of liquor permits, from the sale of leases for dredging the rivers, from claim-registration fees, and from mining royalties, it is expected that the revenue obtained in the Yukon country will be sufficient to pay the heavy charges of maintaining an adequate number of police and military posts, and to meet the expenses of the administrator's office, and the cost of establishing civil and criminal courts at Dawson.

There has been some objection from the opposition in the House of Commons to the ten-per-cent. gold-mining royalty. It has been urged that the United States does not exact any royalty from miners, and that the costs and difficulties attending placer mining in the Canadian Yukon are so considerable that the miner to whom success comes is entitled to all the gold he finds. But the royalty has already been reduced from twenty per cent., at which it was fixed in the early days of the mining excitement of the summer of 1897, and it is not likely to be further reduced. As mining claims can be taken up by all-comers without question as to nationality, the government holds that the overwhelming majority of the miners will be other than Canadians, and that it is only equitable that these new-comers to Canada should make some return for the opportunities offered them and for the good order and good government which the Dominion government guar-

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antees to them in the pursuit of fortune in the far-away gold-bearing regions of the Yukon territory.

While questions affecting the Yukon territory occupied the attention of Parliament, during the early weeks of the session, almost to the exclusion of every other subject, opportunity was found in both the House and the Senate for some discussion of the trade relations between Canada and Great Britain. So far last year's tariff preferences in favor of England have had no very appreciable effect on British trade. The official returns for 1896–7 show that imports from the United States are still mounting upwards, while imports from Great Britain are declining, and for the last fiscal year were smaller than in any year since confederation. The answer of the government to these figures is that the full effect of the Canadian preferences for England will not be felt until after July, 1898, when the duties on British goods will be reduced one-fourth. At the present time the reduction is one-eighth. Sir Wilfrid Laurier now holds that there is no hope for preferential terms for Canadian exports in Great Britain. Forty-six countries have been admitted to the preferential schedules of the Fielding tariff, many of them in consequence of treaties existing between the countries so admitted and Great Britain. When, however, at the beginning of April, Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, made his annual financial statement, and the House of Commons passed the budget resolutions, a rearrangement was brought about, and the tariff of 1898 was so constructed as to establish a system of preferences exclusively for Great Britain and British colonies, to come into operation in July. There were no other important alterations in the tariff, under which duties on imports from non-British countries now average thirty-three per cent. The Liberals, when in opposition, were tariff reformers. They now hold that these duties are too high, and Mr. Fielding gave an emphatic warning to Canadian manufacturers that they must not regard them as permanent, and that future changes in the tariff must be in the direction of greater freedom of trade.

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA.

LUNDI KOTAL, KHYBER PASS,
February 14, 1898.

No one who has not crossed the north-western frontier of India and personally combated the difficulties of travel that have to be encountered there can well conceive how a few semi-savage tribes have been able to hold in check for nearly half a year a well-equipped British army of a strength of over five brigades.

The accompanying photograph of a section of the Bori, or Boree, Pass, which leads from the Khyber at a point only an hour's march from Lundi Kotal (at the Afghan end of the Khyber) into the Bazar Valley, which was and is an Afridi stronghold, affords a fair sample of the places that troops and their baggage-trains must penetrate in order to get into touch with the enemy.

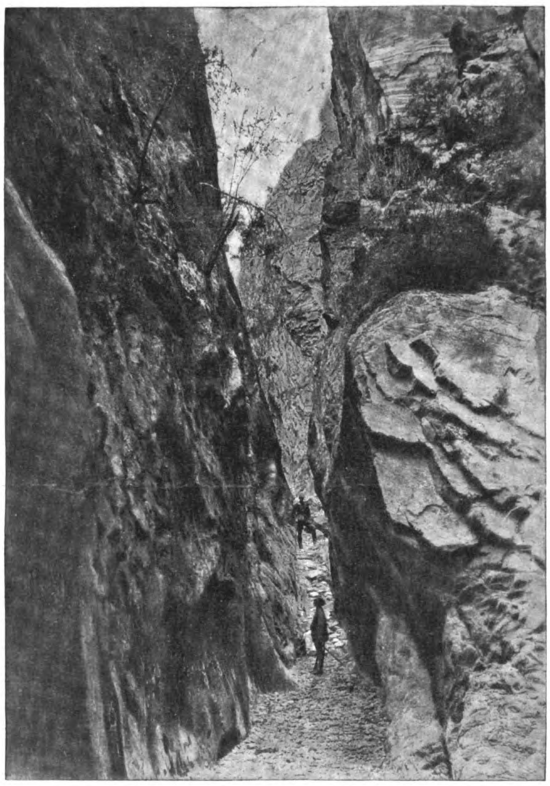
In December a brigade was sent up the Bazar Valley to scour it and then cross into the Khyber through this pass. On maturer consideration, however, it was decided not to risk so dangerous an experiment as this was likely to prove, even with lightly equipped troops, and accordingly, after devastating the valley, the brigade doubled back on its tracks and entered the Khyber at Fort Ali Musjid, a day's march nearer India. A few days ago a reconnoissance of the dangerous pass was made from Lundi Kotal by General Hammond, and photographs of the nearer defiles of the route were taken by Surgeon-Lieutenant E. E. Waters, of the Indian Medical Service. From the general's report of this reconnoissance, and the photographs, it was decided by the authorities that, for the time being, at any rate, the Bori Pass would best be left alone.

Why even a strong British column should shirk attempting to penetrate such a gorge as that shown in the Surgeon-Lieutenant's photograph is a question that can be readily answered by any one acquainted with the methods of warfare employed by the tribesmen in these parts.

To begin with, it must be understood that when a column advances through the country hereabouts the most elaborate precautions have to be taken. The Afridis, who know every inch of the hills through which the troops have to pass, generally make no opposition whatever to an advancing party. When the main column has gone by, however, they emerge from their caves or other hiding-places and harass the comparatively unprotected rear-guard. On account of the narrowness of the defiles through which it has to drag itself, the British column is often six or even eight miles in length, and it would be impossible to halt the entire force so as to give any effective assistance to the rear-guard, which, for its part, can ill afford to delay its retirement. Therefore the enemy feels comparatively safe in attacking it, inasmuch as he is aware that he cannot be pursued, and may be decimated, as would assuredly happen did he make his demonstration on the advance party, or main-guard, at an early hour of the day. In order to minimize the danger accruing from such attacks, it is necessary to throw out flanking parties on either side of an advancing column, to crown all the adjacent heights and ridges whence it might be fired upon by the excellent sharp-shooters of the enemy. The troops composing these flanking parties stretch out fan like, and picket the crests of the ridges, whence they can command the pass itself and the sky-line of the next outside ridge of hills, as well as the intervening hollows. They remain in these positions until the entire column has passed, when they are gradually withdrawn. Those in the farthest rear are first to curl in, as it were, on the end of the marching column; then, picket by picket, the rest follow suit—no picket deserting its post until all those that were behind it have fallen into the line of march.

At this juncture it is that the Afridis, who have been in hiding all day, come flocking over the ridge relinquished by the flanking parties, and engage the retiring troops in what is known as a rear-guard action. Being confident of immunity from pursuit, they can afford to be bold in their tactics; but, though intrepid fighters, they are generally conservative in the matter of self-protection, and use wonderful discretion in the matter of finding cover. They are unhampered by baggage, and can skip about the sheer sides of the hills like chamois, and have every advantage over the regular troops, who have to hang together, and dare not either desert the trailing transport or lose their main column.

Now the canyonlike walls of the Bori Pass are surmounted by the same sort of rugged hills that hem in the Khyber. They are honeycombed with the burrowed caves of the shepherds, and cut up by nullahs or gorges. Many of the Afridis, who can stalk into the Khyber and cut the field telegraph wires every night they choose, and who can even shoot British troops within three miles of the camp at Lundi Kotal in broad daylight, reside in and about the Bori Pass, and could have high old times with the rear-guard of any force sent to penetrate it.



THE BORI PASS—LEADING FROM THE KHYBER PASS, ABOUT TWO MILES SOUTH OF LUNDI KOTAL.

Photograph by Surgeon-Lieutenant E. E. Waters, Indian Medical Service, during the Reconnoissance by General Hammond's Brigade, February 9, 1898.

As likely as not they would let the main-body through, and wait for the unfortunate flanking parties. Then, when the men composing these sought to follow through the five-foot cleft in the mountain-side, they would quietly peep out from their lairs among the rocks and exterminate the retreating soldiers with Lee-Metford magazine-rifles or other serviceable weapons captured or stolen from the British invaders.

No doubt the pass would be ultimately forced, but, so far as the British are concerned, it would very probably be a bloodsome job, and the game would scarcely be worth the candle.

As an illustration of the wonderful audacity of the tribesmen who inhabit this particular spot, one may mention an episode that occurred a couple of days ago. At about five o'clock on the morning of February 11 a private of the 4th Gurkhas went out to the lines, not a hundred yards from the walls of Lundi Kotal, where the brigade is encamped. There he was pounced upon by four Afridis, three of whom were armed with rifles and one with a sword. He had not time to give a squeak before he was carried away by the sinewy tribesmen. They took him down the Khyber to the Bori Pass, and through it to Karumna, in the Bazar Valley, where they held a discussion anent the advisability of killing him there and then. Possibly they were only trying to terrify the little chap; anyhow, he contrived to beg a respite, and, according to his own story, promised to lead his captors to a hidden store of rifles if his neck was spared. His proposition was agreed to, and he was sent off with three armed men to secure the coveted weapons. As these existed purely in his imagination, he started out on his search in a most unenviable state of mind. When passing a deep nullah, in which there were many caves and considerable long grass, he jumped over and escaped. A few shots were fired in his direction, but missed him, and he contrived to find his way to a night picket of his own regiment, stationed in a village a couple of miles from camp, at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th inst., just thirty-six hours after his capture. It requires genuine pluck to induce four ill-clad Afridis to approach within whispering distance of a hostile brigade's encampment and carry off a soldier therefrom; but then at Bara, within an easy march of Peshawar, they have crept up to the breastworks under cover of night and pelted stones at the sentries, so as to force them to call out the guard. When the guard turned out, they poured a volley into it and disappeared.

Since the trouble commenced on the frontier last summer there have been over 2000 casualties (killed, wounded, and missing) among the British troops, white and native. This large figure does not include camp-followers—muledrivers, carriers, and the like—hundreds of whom have been lost, but no count been kept of them. The most noticeable item in the list of casualties is the prodigious percentage of white officers who have been picked off; and the next consideration is the equally prodigious percentage of fatalities. The British (white) casualties numbered 668 killed and wounded. Of these 133, or a fraction under 20 per cent., were commissioned officers, 43 of whom were killed and 90 wounded. Some of the latter have since died in hospital. In other words, every second hit was fatal. Among the non-commissioned officers and men the death-rate from war casualties was not so great—only 120 killed to 415 wounded, or, roughly estimated, two hits out of every nine were fatal. Among the native troops, 321 were killed and 907 wounded, which means, in effect, that over 26 per cent. of the hits were immediately fatal. These figures show that what looked like a "little" war some months ago has eventuated more seriously than any person who has kept but casually informed regarding its happenings might be inclined to imagine.

E. A. M.

THE DANISH WEST INDIES, OR THE VIRGIN ISLANDS.

RECENT events have drawn attention anew to the Danish West Indies. Many articles have appeared in the press abroad, as well as in the newspapers of the United States, anent them. In an able editorial, *The Colonies and India*, in its issue of January 15 last, discussed the question *in extenso*. Foreign rumors said that Germany, England, and the United States wanted the islands. That Germany wanted a foothold in the west, and the like. Be that as it may, the fate of Denmark's West Indian possessions has no Chinese features "of a consecrated type."

The Danish islands in the Virgin group are three in number. They are separated from one another by a distance of six miles between St. Thomas and St. John, and of forty miles between Santa Cruz, or St. Croix, and St. John.

Their combined area is one hundred and forty-two square miles. Population about 34,000, the bulk of it being of African descent, with about 5000 whites. St. John and Santa Cruz are the productive islands, their chief exports being sugar and rum. Fruits and vegetables proper to the tropics grow luxuriantly. St. Thomas in the old slave days produced large quantities of sugar and rum.

The island having attractions for any intending purchaser is St. Thomas. Its importance is due wholly to its excellent geographical and strategic position, its great natural advantages on the Atlantic highway, and its large and wholly safe deep-water harbor; the latter practically landlocked. The entrance is divided by a rocky islet, used as a light-house station.

It makes a very pleasant and effective picture when seen from the deck of an incoming steamer. Passing to the right of the rocky islet the steamer describes a half-circle and then anchors, or goes alongside a pier.

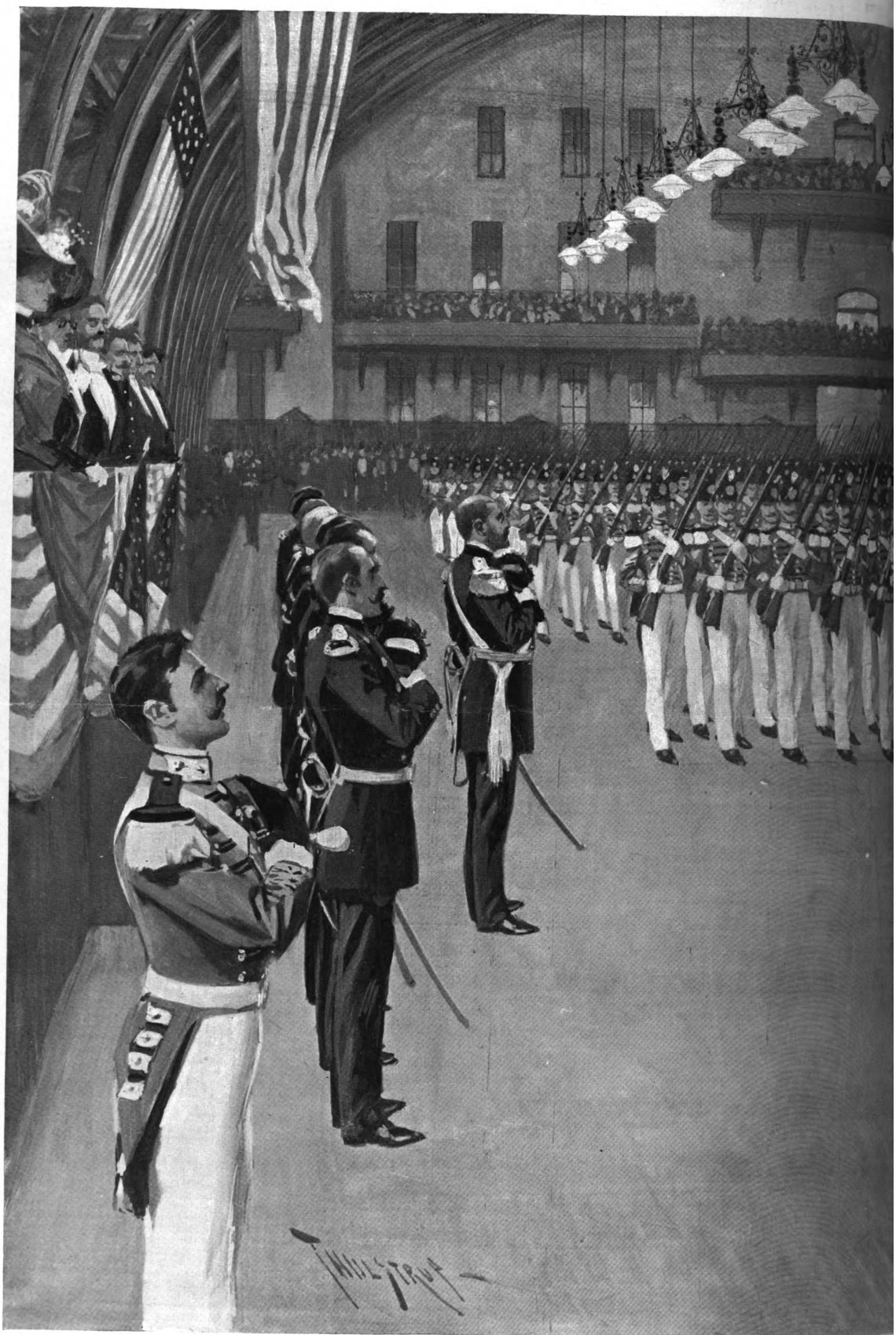
The capital is Charlotte Amalie, but it is generally known to the world as St. Thomas. The harbor is somewhat oval in shape; along its curving shores lies that picturesque West Indian city. The streets nearest the water are occupied by public buildings, warehouses, and shops; the city is built upon the sides of three hills. As the houses, amid trees and tropical vegetation, rise above one another in terraces, a very pretty effect is produced, the hills near and distant making an effective background.

When at anchor the capital all but encircles one, save on the side where the narrow entrance is the portal to the vast blue Atlantic. At night the effect of the many lights on the hill-sides gives an added charm, making an old-time but novel scene to strangers.

The view by daylight from the upper part of the city is very pleasing. Below the city, beyond the pretty harbor dotted with shipping, on one of the outer crescents to the right as one looks down on the harbor, are the coal-docks. There steamers of the heaviest draught can lie alongside and coal. The large dry dock and the ocean cable system must not be forgotten; they are owned by British companies. Away to the extreme left, on a distant elevation, there is an old-time tower, whose history blends with the shadowy past when France placed the island in the hands of the Knights of Malta. Whether built as an early-day tower, or owing to its location commanding the sea, near and distant, it was admirably adapted for either purpose. There are many fantastic traditions regarding it. The masses say it is haunted.

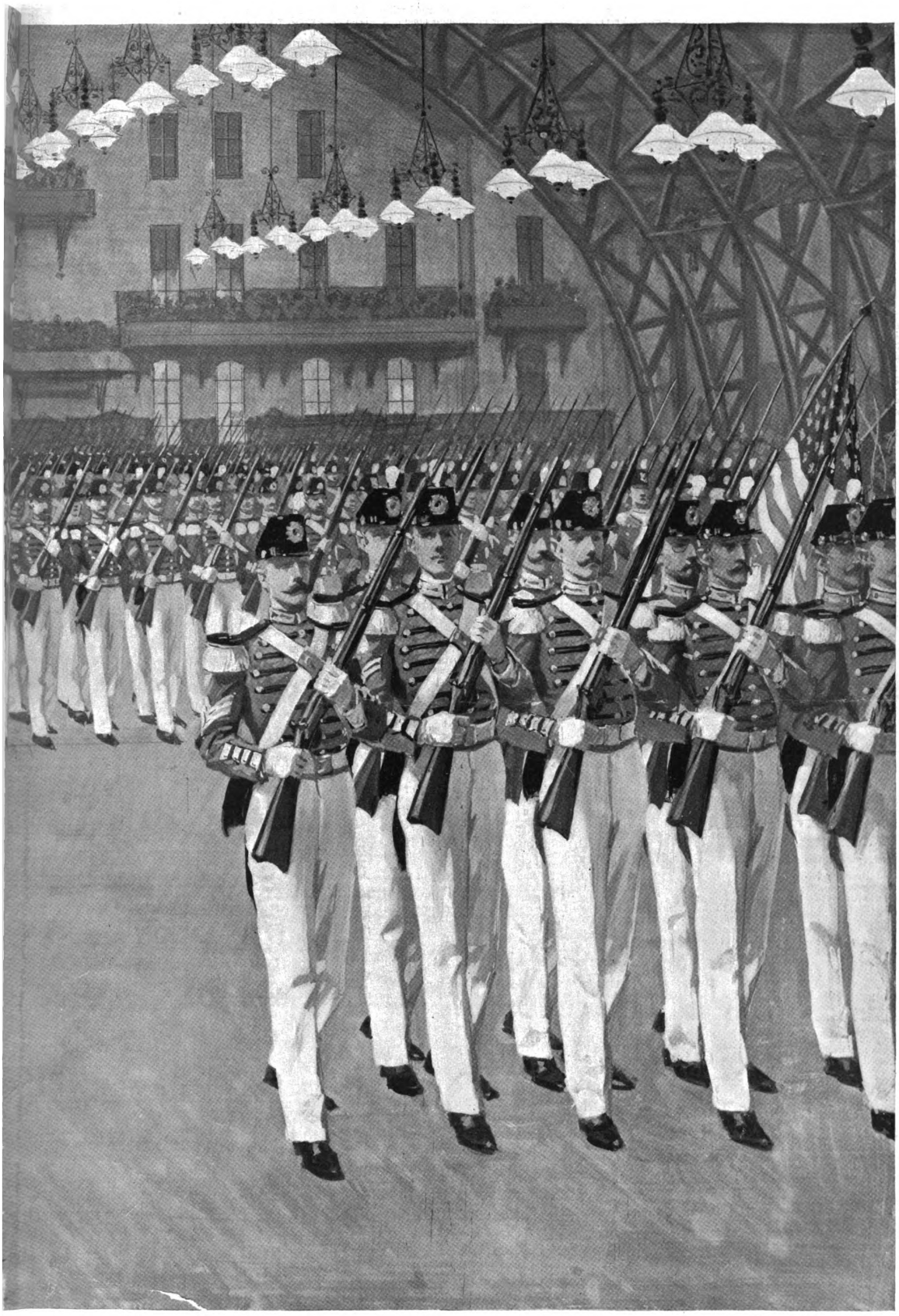
In the near past St. Thomas was the great trading

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OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS—REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N.G.N.Y

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AJOR-GENERAL ROE, APRIL 6, 1898.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 391.]

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centre of the West Indies. There merchants from all parts of the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, met to make their purchases. It was a hive of industry and a money-making place. Vessels from England and the Continent there discharged their transatlantic cargoes, and secured return cargoes and passengers from the inter-colonial boats, as they were called. St. Thomas had reached its zenith. Later the others islands —English, Spanish, French, and Dutch—sent their merchants and buyers direct to the Continent and England, buying in the home markets and having the goods shipped direct. From that time its commerce commenced to decline. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company of Southampton transferred its workshops to British islands — Barbadoes and Jamaica. From being a source of income to Denmark it became an expense, despite rigid and faithful economy.

The city of Charlotte Amalie is clean and healthy. At one time it had an unenviable history as a pest-hole, but all of that is of the past. Modern sanitary science has changed it. From November to May it has a fine, equable, tropical climate, and is a delightful place in which to live. The summers at sea-level are hot, but, like Jamaica, the nights are cool, and slumber is refreshing.

The people of the West Indies, one and all, be they Danish, English, French, or Spanish, are noted for their genial hospitality. It is a "condition, and not a theory." Once partaken of, it will ever remain a pleasant memory.

A well-known Danish writer, Mr. G. O. Gyllich, for many years a resident of St. Thomas, now of Copenhagen, has rightly written that St. Thomas may be made a marine stronghold of the first order. Fortifications added to its rocky coast would make it an impregnable naval station—a key to the West Indies.

To-day, when coal is as essential to the modern fighting-machine as breath is to man, coal must be had, and that at short intervals, particularly when we know that the steam radius of many war-vessels is so small, owing to the small space devoted to bunker room. Nations having navies and commerce to protect must have coaling and supply stations.

Without any official knowledge, it seems wholly fair to assume that the Danish islands may be had for a "consideration." They have ceased to be useful to Denmark. Their value to any power with an extensive littoral and rapidly developing foreign commerce will be inestimable. A navy of modern fighting-machines, without coaling stations, in peace or war, will mean maritime paralysis when war occurs. The lanes of commerce must be kept open and protected. Nations, like individuals, to-day are measured by their power to maintain honor with dignity, and peace with prosperity.

St. Thomas is rocky. It has an area of twenty-three square miles; population estimated at 15,000. St. John also is rocky. It has an area of twenty-one square miles, and a population estimated at 1000. It has many tracts that are productive. St. Croix, or Santa Cruz (Holy Cross), is the largest and most productive. Its area is ninety-eight square miles; population about 18,000. Its capital is Christiansted. Denmark sends a governor, who represents imperial interests. Slavery was abolished in 1848. Coolie labor was introduced in 1863. Islands purchased by Denmark in 1733.

Wolfred Nelson, F.R.G.S.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "Lochinvar," "The Gray Man," "The Stickit Minister," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FLIGHT OF THE LITTLE PLAYMATE.

We carried Dessauer back to the boat with the utmost tenderness, the Prince walking by his side, and oftimes taking his hand. I followed behind them, more than a little sad to think that my troubles should have caused so good and true a man so dangerous a wound. For though in a young man the scalp wound would have healed in a week, in a man of the High Councillor's age and delicacy of constitution it might have the most serious effects.

But he himself made light of it.

"I needed a leech to bleed me!" he said. "I was coward enough to put off the kindly surgery, and here our young friend has provided me one without cost. His last operation, too, and so no fee to pay. I am a fortunate man."

We came to the gate of the Palace of Plassenburg.

My Lady Princess met us, pale and obviously anxious, with lips compressed, and a strange cold glitter in her emerald eyes.

"So strange a thing hath happened," she began.

"No stranger than hath happened to us!" cried the Prince.

"Why, what hath happened to you?" she demanded, quickly.

"Your fine von Reuss hath proved himself a traitor. He fought a duel with Hugo here all in chain armor, and when found out he whistled his rascals from the covert to slay us all. But we bested him, and he is over the hill, with Jorian and Boris hot after him!"

"And he hath not gone alone!" said the Princess, and her eyes were brilliant with excitement.

"Not gone alone?" said the Prince. "What do you know about this black work?"

"Because Helene, my maid of honor, hath fled to join him!" she said, looking anxious, like one who perils much upon a throw of the dice.

I laughed aloud. So certain was I of the utter impossibility of the thing that I laughed a laugh of scorn. I saw the sound of my voice jar the Lady Ysolinde like a blow on the face.

"You do not believe!" she said, standing straight before me.

"I do not believe—I know!" answered I, curtly enough.

"Nevertheless, the thing is true," she said, with a curious pleading expression, as if she had been charged with wrong-doing and were clearing herself, though none had accused her by word or look.

"It is true," the Princess went on; "she fled from the Palace an hour before sundown. She was seen mounting a horse belonging to von Reuss at the Wolfmark gate, with two of his men in attendance upon her. She is known to have received a note by the hand of an unknown messenger an hour before."

I did not wait for the permission of the Princess, but tore up the women's staircase to Helene's room, where I found nothing out of place—not so much as a fold of lace. After a hurried look around, I was about to leave the room, when a crumpled scrap of paper, half hidden by a curtain, caught my eye.

I stooped and picked it up. It was written in an unknown and probably disguised hand—a hand cumbersome and unclerkly:

"Come to me. Meet me at the Wolfsberg. I need you."

There was no more; the signature was torn away, and if the letter were genuine it was more than enough. But no thought of its truth or of the falseness of Helene so much as crossed my mind.

To tell the truth, it struck me from the first that the Lady Ysolinde might have placed the letter there herself. So I said nothing about it when I descended.

The Prince met me half-way up the stairs.

"Well?" he questioned.

"She is gone, certainly," said I; "where or how, I do not yet know. But with your permission I will pursue and find out."

"Or, I presume, without my permission?" said the Prince.

I nodded; for it was vain to pretend otherwise—foolish, too, with such a master.

"Go, then, and God be with you!" he said. "It is a fine thing to believe in love!"

And in ten minutes I was riding towards the Wolfsberg.

As I went past the great gibbet which had made an end of Ritterdom in Plassenburg, I noted that there was a gathering of the hooded folk—the carrion-crows. And, lo! there before me, already aswing, were our late foes, the two bravoes; and in the middle the dead Cannstadt tucked up beside them, for all his five hundred years of ancestry, stamped traitor and coward by the miller's son, who minded none of these things, but understood a true man when he met him.

I pounded along my way, and for the first ten miles did well, but there my horse stumbled and broke a leg in a wretched mole-run widened by the winter rains. In mercy I had to kill the poor beast, and there I was left without other means of conveyance than my own feet.

It was a long night as I pushed onward through the mire. For presently it had come on to rain—a thick dank rain, which wetted through all covering, yet fell soft as caressing on the skin.

I staid in a farm-house with honest folk, who right willingly sat up all night about the fire, snoring on chairs and hard settles that I might have their single sleeping-chamber, where, under strings of onions and odorous dried herbs, I rested well enough. For I was dead tired with the excitement and anxiety of the day—and at such times one often sleeps best.

On the morrow I got another horse; but the brute, heavy-footed from the plough, was so slow that, save for the look of the thing, I might just as well have been afoot.

Nevertheless, I pushed towards the town of Thorn, hearing and seeing naught of my dear Playmate, though, as you may well imagine, I asked at every way-side place.

It was at the entering in of the strange country of the brick-dust that I met Jorian and Boris. They were riding excellent horses, unblown and in good condition, the which, when I asked how they came by them, they said that a man gave them to them.

"Jorian," said I, sharply, "where have you been?"

"To the city of Thorn," said he, more briskly than was his wont, so that I knew he had tidings to communicate.

"Saw you the Lady Helene?" I asked eagerly of them. He shook his head, yet pleasantly.

"Nay," said he, "I saw her not. The Red Tower is not a healthy place for men of Plassenburg, nor yet the White Gate and the house of Master Gerard von Sturm. But Mistress Helene is in safety, so much Boris and I are assured of."

"Not with von Reuss?" cried I, sudden fear thrilling in my voice that he had stolen her and now held her in captivity.

Boris held up his hand as a signal that I must not hurry his companion, who was clearly doing his best.

"She is with Gottfried Gottfried, the old man, your father, and is safe."

"Did she go to them of her own free will, or did my father send for her?" I went on, for much depended upon that question.

"Nay," answered Jorian, "that I know not. But certainly she is with him and safe. The Count is with his uncle, and, they say, also safe—under lock and key."

"Good!" quoth Boris.

"Let us all three go back to Plassenburg forthwith!" cried I.

"Good!" chorussed both of them together, unanimously slapping their thighs. "Choose one of our horses. He was a good man who gave us them. We wish we had known. We should have asked him for another when we were about it."

So I rode back to Plassenburg on the farmer's beast, sadly enough, yet somewhat contented. For Helene was with my father, and far safer, as I judged, than in the Palace chambers of Plassenburg, and within striking distance of the Lady Ysolinde. And in that I judged not wrong, though the future seemed for a while to belie my confidence.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GOLDEN NECKLACE.

The Chancellor Leopold von Dessauer, High Councillor of the Prince, with his head still bound up, was pacing the sparred gallery outside the private apartments of his master. It was in the heats of the late summer, before the ripening of the orchard fruits had had time to culminate, or the russet to come out slowly upon the apples like a blush upon a woman's soft dusky cheek.

The High Councillor was in a bad humor. For he had been kept waiting, and that by a man of no account. At last a forester in a uniform of dark green, with the Prince's bugle and sparrow-hawk on silver everywhere about him, made his appearance at the foot of the gallery, and stood waiting Dessauer's summons with his plumed hat of soft cloth in his hand.

"Hither, man!" cried the High Councillor, sharply. "What hath kept you? Why were you not here half an hour ago? If this be the way you keep the Prince's forests, no wonder there are many deer taken by rieving rascals and the forest laws daily broken."

"High Mightiness," said the man, humbly, looking down, "it was my daughter; she would not give up the necklace. She hath had it for her own since she was a child, and she would not deliver it, though I threatened her with your well-born anger."

"And have you got it with you? Surely you and she have not dared to keep it?" began the Chancellor.

"Yea, truly, truly, an you will have patience, my Lord; I have it here," said the man, drawing a necklace of golden bars curiously arranged from his leathern wallet; and kneeling on his knee, he presented it to the Chancellor.

"How did you prevail with the maid?" he asked, as soon as he had it in hand. "You used no constraint or force, I hope?"

"Nay, sir," said the man; "but, my wife being dead and my daughter marriageable, she keeps house for me; and having a sweetheart betrothed a year ago, she hath been laying aside plenishing gear and women's dainty gewgaws. So these I took one by one, beginning with a mirror of polished brass, and made as if I would dash them in pieces if she discovered not where the chain of gold was hid."

"And she revealed it?" said Dessauer.

"Aye," said the man; "but none so willingly. I had Saint Peter's own trouble to get it from her. Indeed, I prayed to the Holy Apostle to aid me."

"What had Saint Peter to do with it?" said the Councillor, pausing and looking humorsomely at the man, like an ascetic sparrow with his head at the side.

"Because Saint Peter is the only saint who understands the trouble men have with the contrariness of women!"

"Why so?" cried the Chancellor, rubbing his hand with pleasure at the colloquy.

"Because he only among the Apostles was a married man and had experience of a mother-in-law."

"Art a wise forester! Where gat you that wisdom?"

"Why," said the man, modestly, "partly by nature and partly because I also have been married, so have graduated in the wars."

"It is the same thing," said the Chancellor, "according to your own telling."

"Aye, sir," quoth the man; "but yet the young fellows will take no warning. 'It is better to marry than to burn,' said the other Apostle. But methinks he knew nothing about it, being no better than a bachelor, or he would have amended it: 'It is better to burn than to marry and burn.'"

"Ha! art also a theologue, Sir Woodman?" cried Dessauer; "but this touches on the Inquisition and the Holy Office. Let us despatch!"

All this time the High Councillor had been gazing by fits and starts at the links of the necklace, turning it about and viewing it from every angle. It was composed of short bars of gold laid horizontally three and three together, and bound together with stout chains of gold. And on each of the bars there was engraven a crest. Letters also were on the bars, cut in plain deep script.

"Now tell your tale and tell it briefly—if brevity be in you, which I doubt!" said Dessauer.

"As I said before," quoth the forester, "I was in the wars; I mean not only in the wars with womenkind, but also with mankind. And among other things I remember the night of the Duke Casimir's famous ride when he took Plassenburg because there was scarce a sober man within the walls."

"And his Highness the Prince Karl away on Baltic side with his men, else had Casimir never set foot within the city," cried the High Councillor.

"Ah, like enow," said the woodman; "I ken naught of that. But this I do know, Plassenburg was taken, with much slaughter and grievous loss of goodly gear. They took many noble prisoners also, and, because I slept in the stables, they took me to help lead the horses. And I was not ill-treated, save that I had to keep pace with the horsemen upon my feet. But I saw the Prince—"

"Which Prince? Speak plainly," said the High Councillor, gruffly.

"Why the Prince Dietrich Honhenfriedberg, of Plassenburg," said the man; "he, as your well-born Wisdom remembers, was the only Prince in these parts—a good man, and born of the noblest, though not of the capacity of his present Highness the Prince Karl."

"Proceed somewhat faster. You move as slowly as one of your own forest oxen at the wood-hauling," cried the well-born Councillor, in a testy tone.

"We were long in riding over to Thorn—two days and nights upon the way. It was a terrible time, and those condemned beasts of the Wolfmark, Casimir's Black Riders, driving us with their spears like prick-goads, till our backs were all bleeding, gentle and simple alike. So at midnight of the third day we came to the city of Thorn, and up through the streets to the Wolfsberg. There was no gladness in the town, such as there would have been in our city had there been news of a victory, or even of some hundreds of the enemy's horses well driven. For the town hated its Duke. And so they were all silent.

"Then in the darkness we came to the castle, and the word was, 'Dismount, and to the shambles!' Me and my like they meddled not with, but only the great ones. And it was then, as I told you, that I saw Prince Dietrich with the little maid in his arms. I had carried her part of the way for him, and faithfully delivered her up again, feeding her with the choicest meats I could obtain, when she could eat. But she was tired mostly, and would not look at food. So for this he gave me her necklace from her pretty neck. But the rest of her robe, golden gear, the belt and the clasps, were upon the maid when the man of Thorn delivered her to the one that stood near by. So, being almost asleep with weariness, and exhausted with terror, they carried her away, and I saw the maid no more.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2141.

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"LO! THERE BEFORE ME, ALREADY ASWING, WERE OUR THREE FOES."

"But the Prince Dietrich Hohenfriedberg was beheaded within the hour, and his body thrown to the Duke's blood-hounds, that were clamoring all the time behind their fence.

"God help us—such a disaster that night was for Plassenburg! Will the Prince never set about wiping away the disgrace?"

"Aye, that he will!" cried the High Councillor, suddenly bursting into a fury, strangely unlike him. "He will wash it away in the blood of Duke Casimir and all his evil brood—the Wolves of the Mark truly are they named. And the Wolfsberg shall go up in flaming fire to heaven, so that the ashes of it shall be cast abroad to make the Mark yet grayer and more desolate—like the fell of the beasts that dwelt within it."

"Amen! Let it come quick, say I—that I may see it before I die!" cried the herdsman, bowing low before the Chancellor.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DECENT SERVITOR.

"THIS grows past all bearing," cried the Prince one morning, when he had summoned into his hall the Chancellor Dessauer and myself. For though the Prince was still wont to command in person in any important action, and in the general policy of his realm took counsel with none, yet it had come about that we—the old man and the young—had been constituted an informal council of two which was liable to be summoned at any moment, whenever the Prince was weary or troubled.

He struck one clinched hand into the palm of the other before he spoke again.

"Duke Casimir is either in his dotage, or his young riders have gotten out of hand since Hugo and you drove the young wolf over to help the old. Both are likely enough, with a people praying for deliverance and yearning for the Duke's death. A bare board and an empty treasury may render a new course of plunder necessary abroad, in order to keep his Dukedom from toppling about his ears at home. After all, 'tis natural enough. But I had thought that he would have had enough of sense to let the borders of Plassenburg alone so long as the Prince lived."

"And what, my lord, has befallen?" asked the High Councillor.

"Why," cried the Prince, "the Black Riders of the Wolfmark are out again, and have left their trail behind them in slain men and frantic women—and on our borders, too, among our kindly husbandmen, our honest, sunburnt peasants. Bitterly shall Casimir Iron-teeth rue the day that he meddled with Karl Miller's Son!"

"Your Highness," I said, "this is indeed madness. We who have but to collect our forces, choose a time, and, lo! we are within the town of Thorn. Once there, we would be welcomed by man, woman, and child. We could besiege the Wolfsberg, and in three days make an end."

"Aye, that is it," said the Prince, grimly. "You have hit it, Hugo. We *will* make an end."

"Alas! my Prince," I went on, boldly, "so ye give me leave and approve of my design, I will go alone to the town of Thorn, and bring you back word of their power and dispositions. Save the Count von Reuss, there is none who could now recognize me within the city walls."

"What think ye, Dessauer?" said the Prince, looking over at the High Councillor.

"I think well," said he, a little doubtfully. "But would it not be better that two should go than that one should adventure alone into the wolf's den?"

"Surely it were better to keep the matter between our three selves," the Prince made answer. "Not even the Princess must know of our attempt. Keep a candle flame within the hollow of your palm, and the sparks will not fly far."

"I will go with the lad, Prince Karl," said the Chancellor. "In my youth I had some practice as a leech. I am acquainted with the art of healing. I could travel either as a doctor of healing, as a travelling philosopher seeking disputation with the scholars of each country, or, perhaps best of all, in mine own quality of a doctor of law. And in any case this young man might with all safety be my pupil or servant, whichever best liketh him."

"Servant, then," said I, "for the art of disputation I have hitherto chiefly undertaken with my fists and sideirons. And as to surgery, I am more practised in the giving of wounds than in the healing of them."

The Prince leaned his head upon his hand. He thought carefully over our proposal, taking up point after point, resolving difficulty after difficulty in his mind, as was his wont.

"How long would you be away?" he asked, looking up at us.

"Ten days, Prince," said I; "give us but ten days and we will return."

"I will give you eight, and if ye are not home again on the eve of the last, as sure as I am Karl Miller's-Son the army of Plassenburg will be thundering on the walls of Thorn, seeking for a wandering Chancellor and a lost Hugo Gottfried."

And so it was arranged. We were, indeed, in great need of such a mission, for we had heard nothing from Thorn or the Wolfmark during many months; no tidings, at all events, that could be relied upon. For the cutting up of our frontiers by new raids, and the severance of all relations between us and the dwellers in the Wolfmark, through fear of reprisals, caused us to hear little news but such as were manifest lies.

As thus: Duke Casimir was collecting a great army, magnificent with cannon and munitions of war. He was shut up tight in the Wolfberg, not daring to show his face to his own citizens. He would appear some fine day before the Palace of Plassenburg and slay every man of us. He was in a madman's cell, and Otho von Reuss was Duke of the Mark in his place.

These were only a few of the stories which were brought to regale us daily. And since there was no certainty anywhere, and we were all in the dark concerning the military matters which it behooved us greatly to be acquainted with, I was honestly eager, for my master's sake, to undertake the perilous journey. But, to tell the whole truth, the fact that I had not had a word from the Little Playmate, not a line of script nor a message, since her disappearance, made me more eager to go than the high politics of a dozen provinces.

Since the duel and the final declaring of my love for Helene, I had seen but little of the Princess. Indeed, I kept out of her way, so far at least as I could. And the Lady Ysolinde remained mostly in her own domains, to which, of late, I had been less and less invited. Nevertheless, when we met she was more than kind to me—gentle, forbearing, pathetic almost in bearing and demeanor, like as a woman wronged, slighted, misconstrued.

Yet there was sent to my quarters a new banner for my following, broidered and blazoned in yellow and blue; a saddle-cloth for my horse, of silk, fine as a woman's robe, with a crowned Y, faint and small, in the corner, lettered in straw-colored gold. No man could help being touched by such kindly thought, which, after all, is more than mere liberality.

Yet I saw that upon her stairs one night which awoke me with a sudden start to the fact that we had one to reckon with in our journeying to the city of Thorn whom we had not as yet taken into our consideration.

For it chanced that I was passing up to the Prince's apartments by the quicker way, through corridors and stairs to which he had given me private access. And there upon the steps leading to the Lady Ysolinde's rooms I saw the decent servitor of Master Gerard stand waiting. He stared as hard at me as I did at him. But whereas his smooth, silent, secret face remained with me, and I knew him at a glance, it was, I judged, clean impossible that he could know the beardless stripling in the bearded leader of soldiers, walking well-accustomed and unafraid through palaces.

The man had a letter in his hand, and I saw him deliver it to a maid who came to the dividing curtain to take it.

So there was later news from the city of Thorn within the Palace of Plassenburg than we of the Prince's council of three possessed. Should I tell our Karl of this encounter? I thought it might be safer not. Because the Prince was the last man to attempt to obtain aught from his wife by compulsion; and any question, direct or indirect, might only put her upon her guard.

If I let him into the secret, the Prince would be likely to stride straight into the Princess's rooms with the brusque words, "Gottfried has seen a letter come to you from your father—what were its contents?"

And that would not suit us at all.

So, rightly or wrongly, I kept the matter from my master, speaking of it only to Dessauer. And if aught befell from my reticence, it was at least myself who bore the burden and paid the penalty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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COMMANDER JAMES H. DAYTON, U.S.N.,
U. S. Cruiser "Detroit."



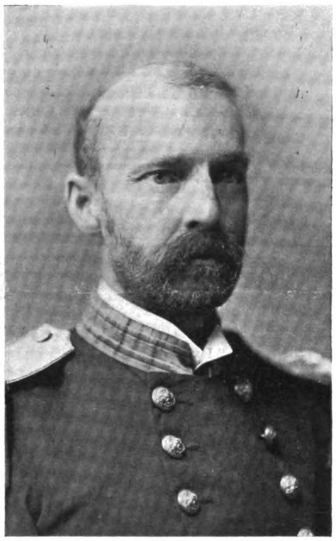
CAPTAIN RICHARD P. LEARY, U.S.N.,
U. S. Protected Cruiser "San Francisco."



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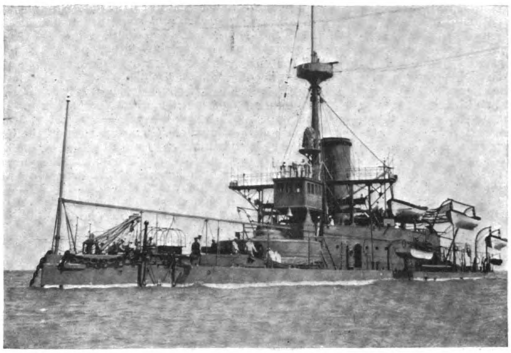
LIEUT.-COMMANDER WILLIAM S. COWLES, U.S.N.,
U. S. Transport-Steamer "Fern."



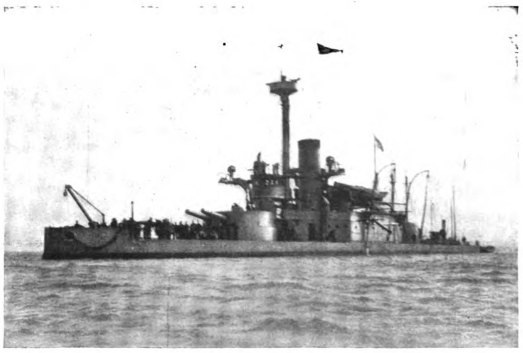
COMMANDER WILLIAM H. EMORY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Yosemite."

PROMINENT AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.

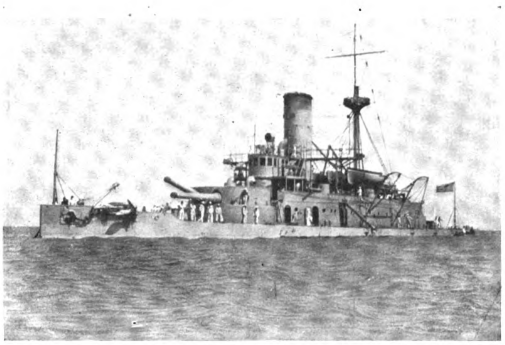
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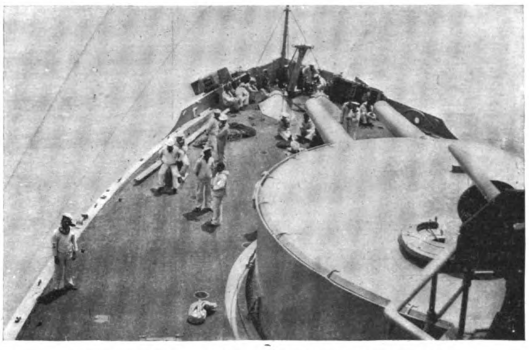
"TERROR."



"AMPHITRITE."



"PURITAN."



FORWARD DECK OF "PURITAN," CLEARED FOR ACTION.

OUR DOUBLE-TURRET MONITORS AT KEY WEST.—VIEWS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

AMATEUR SPORT

HUNTING BIG GAME IN THE FAR EAST.

ALSO SOME REMARKS ON LARGE AND SMALL CALIBRE RIFLES.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

In the course of that part of my life which has been devoted to the hunting of big game it has been my fortune—my good fortune, I add—to have chosen comparatively unknown districts and entirely unfamiliar conditions and environments for the greater number of my sporting ventures. And that tendency to seek new and untried fields will explain why on this occasion I determined to try my luck in Siam, the Malay Peninsula, and Sumatra. Now that the hunt is finished, and I am on my way to study the amateur sport of France and Germany, perhaps a brief résumé at this time and before I tell the complete story later may not be without interest to the department's readers.

Altogether I gave eleven consecutive weeks to hunting, divided about equally, in the jungles of Siam, Malay Peninsula, and Sumatra, with one trip into Burmah. My bag at the close of the hunt consisted of—1 elephant, 9 feet 10½ inches at shoulder, tusks 2 feet circumference, fore-feet 57 inches, width at bottom front to back 17½ inches. 1 rhinoceros, 4 feet 10 inches at shoulder, anterior horn 5½ inches, posterior 3 inches. 1 peacock. 1 crocodile, 9 feet long from nose tip to tail's end. 1 python, 16 feet long. 1 leopard, 7 feet 4 inches long from nose tip to tail's end. 1 tapir, 3½ feet at shoulder. 1 bison, 6 feet 1 inch at shoulder. 1 barking-deer. 1 sambur. 1 "honey" (black) bear. 3 boars. 1 fish-tiger.

I regret to add that I wounded one other elephant which I did not get, in the interest of the discussion concerning the comparative killing powers of small and large calibre rifles.

I could easily have killed many deer, among others a tiny specimen not larger than a fox-terrier, without antlers, but I wished only for one of each variety, and provisions were never so short, I am thankful to say, that at any time was unusual killing for mere meat needful. I shot so many boar to secure a good head, but was unsuccessful. I had not a single shot at tiger throughout my trip, although once I caught a glimpse of one in the jungle, a somewhat unusual piece of luck, and many times I heard them at night, on several occasions so near camp as to petrify with fright my bullocks and coolies. Those American sportsmen who have hunted the cougar can no doubt recall the fright of camp dogs at the scream of the Rocky Mountain lion, but that in only a very mild degree suggests the positive paralysis of bullocks on hearing the heavy, coughing, choking roar of the tiger. And I must say his is truly a nerve-shaking voice.

Wherever the tiger abounds in the Far East, the natives hold him in deadly fear, and at night really tremble at the mention of his name. Truth to tell, in a few localities they have good cause for trembling, but, generally speaking, the audacity, courage, and man-eating propensity of the tiger are most extravagantly over-colored. The "fish-story" and the "bear-story," as we know them in America, are the rudiments of unvarnished tales compared with the average tiger-yarn of the Far East.

As a matter of fact, except where the country permits of beating, tiger-shooting is poor sport, and would hardly attract the genuine sportsman after he had secured one trophy, unless, of course, he followed the chase in the spirit of extermination. Beating out a tiger with elephants is interesting, but beating him out on foot is an infinitely better quality of sport, and truly exhilarating. I had two experiences of beating on foot, but on each occasion the tiger broke through to one side of the beating-line without my getting even a glimpse of him. To make a successful beat requires several hundred men or upwards of one hundred elephants, according to the character of the country. Many times large numbers of both men and elephants are used. The equipment is simply a question of purse.

In respect to tiger-beating, I write more especially of India, for elsewhere in the Far East there is not enough of it to name. The jungles of Siam, the Malay Peninsula, or Sumatra are too dense to permit of beating with elephants, and only very rarely is there a beat on foot. India, like Africa, has great open stretches on which not only tiger-beating with elephants becomes easy, but the hunting of buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros is boys' play compared with hunting the same animals through the fever-laden swamps and all but impenetrable jungles of Siam and Malaya.

With rare exceptions, tiger-shooting outside of India becomes tiger-baiting. You sit upon a platform erected over a kill, and when the tiger returns for a meal you score on him if you are a moderately good marksman. It is simply a pot-shot. But sitting up over a kill is not invariably rewarded. Sometimes the night is too dark to see to shoot; sometimes, indeed, the tiger does not come.

They are very wary and cunning. On three different occasions I sat up all night on a platform ten feet above-ground, over a bullock tied up as sacrifice to his royal striped highness. Usually one does not sit up until the kill has been made, but I wished to study the tiger making his kill. On none of these times, however, did he come, although on two of them there were fresh prints of his pads near by in the morning. Another time the tiger came, and although I could hear him, the night was too dark to see even his outline. As an experience, perhaps it is interesting to sit up all night on platforms awaiting a chance of a pot-shot, but in my judgment it provides little sport.

It is impossible to hunt tiger after the manner of elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, or, indeed, any other kind of game—*i.e.*, by tracking. One might with equal chances of success attempt to track a rat through a hay-rick. Therefore tiger-shooting becomes a matter of time and opportunity—or I should speak more correctly if I said of much time and many opportunities. Unless a visiting sportsman go to the expense of a hundred elephants or so and several hundred beaters in India, he must depend on a tiger first advertising his whereabouts by either a kill of deer or of a tied-up bullock. The sportsman may go out half a dozen times, he may go twenty, before he finally succeeds in catching the wily beast unawares. I confess to a fascination in this persistent following of a tiger to his death—a fascination, I make sure, which would lose its charm once you had got home with a good bit of lead.

However, I am dwelling on the tiger too long—especially considering I did not get one.

I went first to Siam, and to one particular section of it where there are wild buffalo—the only wild buffalo in the Far East, in fact. For two weeks I followed tracks, sometimes very fresh ones, and yet I never got a glimpse of a buffalo, although a number of times I started them. I was greatly disappointed, for I believe I wished more for the head of one of these than for the tusks of an elephant or horn of a rhino.

The particular jungle in which I tracked buffalo was the densest I saw on my trip. At all times progress was most arduous and slow, but frequently I had actually to cut my way with jungle-knife through the interlacing creepers, rotans, thorny bushes, etc., that, overhead, underfoot, and on all sides, made as impassable and intricate a barrier as even the ingenuity of man could have builded. Exercising the utmost caution, and employing the sharpest of knives, it was yet impossible to move through such cover without making some noise.

Of course when tracks had once been found, there was no other way of coming up with game in such country than by keeping on the tracks. I had the very hard luck of a wind blowing from me to the game every time I got near. Four times in one day I started up a lone bull, whose tracks I followed from daylight to dark, and each time the wind was against me, and the bull went off not over twenty yards ahead of me. He might as well have been half a mile away, for all the chances of a shot. In the Siam jungle you rarely get a clear view of twenty feet, much less of twenty yards. Most of the time you cannot see twelve feet beyond you. And always the game has you at a disadvantage. You never, by any chance, have the game at a disadvantage. That is one of the differences between hunting in the dense jungles of the Far East and in those open, lighter ones of India and Africa, or in the mountainous, timber-covered regions of our own hunting districts.

The weather in Siam was very good—no rain, and the heat a little more trying than I had experienced in New Mexico. But the water was very bad, and the jungles full of decaying vegetation and fever. In the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra it rained constantly, and in the dense primeval forests, where the sun never penetrates, it was wet, cheerless travelling. The first few days in these great thick forests seem cool and pleasant, but after a week or so, particularly in the rainy season, they become so dismal that you would gladly exchange them for the scorching tropical sun. You are always wet. The clothes you hang up at night are as wet in the morning as when you took them off. And the pests of the Malayan jungle are the leeches that make their way to your flesh, despite "putties" and utmost and ceaseless guarding. What impressed me greatly was the stillness and the absence of bird life in the heavy primeval jungles of Malay and Sumatra. Some text-book of my earliest school-days pictured Eastern jungles filled with snakes and monkeys and the song and dazzling plumage of tropical birds. The real jungle has only the monkeys of this picture, and even they are absent in the very dense water-soaked section. In Siam and in Burmah the jungle is thicker and more difficult to hunt, but drier, and with more bird and general animal life, because of the absence of those great primeval dank and dark forests of the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra into which the sun never penetrates, and where the trees, as a rule, are without branches except at the top—umbrella-shape, in other words. The undergrowth in such forests is not so thick as in Siam, and not so difficult to get through, though to the eye of the Western sportsman it would seem impassable.

At all times and everywhere I experienced great diffi-

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culty in securing trustworthy guides and trackers, or in getting dependable information of any character concerning the country to which I proposed going. The natives of Siam, of the Malay Peninsula, and of Sumatra are not hunters, or at least not expert enough to be so called. They can follow tracks if they find them, but have little, if any, knowledge of the habits of the animals. Indeed, killing deer for meat is about the only hunting the native does successfully, and he much prefers to wait for his quarry in a tree at its drinking-pool. In fact, he rarely follows any other method from choice. In my travels in this part of the East I met but three natives whom I thought good hunters. This does not apply to India proper, where the English have trained a class of excellent native *shikaris*. But in Siam there are very few white men, and none of them hunts; in Sumatra there are but a handful of Dutch, and they dare not venture inland, for fear of falling into the hands of some of the unconquered tribes that keep the poor little local army of Holland busy (besides which the Dutchman is no sportsman), while in the Malay Peninsula and in Burmah there are too few English sportsmen to have as yet made much of an impression upon the native.

The Siamese do indeed have, every year or so, what they are pleased to call an elephant-hunt, which consists in driving a couple of hundred half-wild elephants into a huge corral, and there, before and for the especial delectation of the King, catching some of the best ones for his future service.

In the Malay Peninsula, and again in Sumatra, I penetrated to the section where dwell the Sakais, the aborigines of that part of the East. I came upon them first one afternoon in the Malay jungle, when, following hot on the tracks of a rhinoceros, my attention was attracted by figures dodging behind trees. On stopping to investigate, I discovered several men, entirely naked except for loin-cloth, dodging hither and yon, while from several trees woolly heads stuck out and remained steadfastly observant of my movements. Thinking I had fallen in with hostiles, I also stepped behind a tree, and taking a handful of cartridges out of my belt that I might handle them the more quickly if need be, stood prepared for whatever might come. In ten minutes my two trackers, whom I had distanced in my keenness on the rhino tracks, came upon the scene, and forthwith dissipated my suspicion of hostility by entering into conversation with the half-concealed men. Farther on I saw more of them, as well as some of their absurd houses, which are built up in trees. I could not take a photograph, because of the rain, but I succeeded in getting one of some half-civilized Sakai that had come into one of the settlements. In the jungle the Sakai men and women wear only a breech-cloth made from tree bark. They are very shy, avoiding strangers, and hunt with blow-guns shooting poisonous darts. I made some study of them, and a collection of their ornaments, weapons, etc.—but of these more anon.

From first to last I took many photographs, but the rain and the tropical heat, and frequent upsettings of my dug-outs, combined to spoil the films, and I have comparatively few successes.

In Siam my immediate party consisted of seven bullock-carts and sixteen men; in the Malay Peninsula, two elephants carried my outfit as far as the character of the country permitted, and seven men packed it on their backs during the hunting in the jungle. In some parts of the Malay Peninsula I used dug-outs and men carriers. In Sumatra I employed two dug-outs to the head-waters, and then six Malay carriers. In Siam I had an interpreter, but elsewhere I relied on signs and the few native words I had picked up.



GROUP OF SEMI-WILD SAKAIS, ABORIGINES OF THE MALAY PENINSULA.

Nothing throughout the trip interested me more intensely than the study of the relative effectiveness on dangerous game of small and large calibre rifles.

When I left New York my armory consisted of one .50-100-450 and two of the .30-40 pattern. I had considered the question of heavy *vs.* light rifles very long, and seriously, reading everything on the subject I could find, and listening patiently to all who claimed knowledge. But opinion was so divided that I was, after all, eventually left to follow my own judgment. I argued that a small bullet in a vital place was as good as a large one, and so, with only the knowledge and experience of an open country, I chose my armory as above.

By the time I had lost an elephant and a rhinoceros, and narrowly escaped being gored by a wounded and infuriated wild-ox, I discovered the error of my conclusion, and re-enforced my original armory with a double-barrel 12-bore, using 120 grains of powder, and an 8-bore burning 240 grains.

In a comparatively open country, where there is a chance to view your game at a hundred yards or two, where you may be certain of a clear shot at fifty yards, and where you can sometimes have your quarry at a disadvantage, then the .50-100-450 is satisfactory—at least to me—though you would find no English sportsman in the Far East looking upon so light a gun with favor. It would be dangerous shooting, of course, but dangerous shooting has its attractions. I should be satisfied with the .50-calibre in any country open enough to permit picking my shot, as may be done in practically all of the shooting-ground in America, and in most all of it in India and Africa. But in such dense jungle as prevails in Siam, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Java the sportsman who ventures after elephant, rhino, buffalo, or wild cattle, not only stands a very poor chance of scoring, but a very good chance of losing his life. The reasons are not many, but potent—to wit, in such dense jungle (1) you can rarely pick your shot; (2) you are always at a disadvantage, hence you must be prepared for sudden onslaughts, for a charging beast that you cannot see, nor tell precisely from what direction it is coming, until it bursts upon you thirty or twenty or even many less feet away. In the case of elephants or rhino, you are in the very thickest jungle, and, like as not, sunk half-way to your knees in mire. Every sportsman of heart wants the spice of danger in his sport, but none wishes to be caught like a rat in a hole by a charging beast.

In such jungle, and for the reasons I have given, you must have a rifle that will check the charge at least long enough to give you a chance to get in a killing shot. For it should be remembered that a charging elephant (Asiatic) presents an instantly vulnerable spot no larger than a saucer, a rhino none but the eye; the buffalo holds his nose so high it is almost impossible, if you are standing on an equal level with him, to send a bullet into his brain, while the wild cattle are most determined in their efforts to reach you, and die hard. To score on any one of these vulnerable spots, under the conditions of the beast charging you in thick jungle, is very fine shooting, and entirely beyond the average sportsman, or indeed the average rifle. Therefore, if you want an equal chance in the game—and there is no sport in any game if you have not at least a fighting chance—you must have a gun shooting sufficient lead with such force that the impact of the ball will bring the charging beast to his knees, and give you an instant's time to put in another ball where it will do the most harm.

It is well enough at the annual club dinner to talk of the shock and the penetration of the small bore, but under the conditions I have cited you want extraordinary smashing quality. You must get the beast down, and at once. In fact, at all times, and in whatever position you find yourself, when the opportunity comes for shooting, unless you can put your small bullet into the brain of the elephant you will not bring him down, and not invariably either the rhino or buffalo or wild-ox by a well-placed shoulder shot.

The .50-100-450 is undoubtedly the strongest shooting of the comparatively small calibres (comparatively when discussed by the side of such heavy bores as the 4, 8, 10, and 12), and yet I put three .50-100-450 metal-patch, solid, lead-pointed bullets into an elephant, two directly back of his fore-leg, a trifle below where it joins the body, and he carried them off swiftly. He left some blood, which I followed for two days, and he may have died eventually, but if so that is the more argument against the smaller calibres. I put two full-metal .50-calibre bullets and three full-metal from the high velocity .30-40 smokeless into and also directly behind the shoulder of a rhino swimming across a river, and yet he kept on and disappeared into the jungle on the other side, although he got out of the water, it seemed to me, with some difficulty; and perhaps if I could have crossed the stream, which was about thirty-five yards wide and a raging, swollen torrent, I might have secured him. I put one full-metal .50 ball into the shoulder, and one half-metal patch, solid, lead-point immediately behind the shoulder of a bison, and it rushed me so close I thought my days of big-game shooting numbered.

I was curious about the .30-40 high-velocity gun, and made many experiments; and though its execution with the half-metal patch, solid lead-point was all that could be desired on such game as deer and small bear, it was useless for elephant, rhino, buffalo, wild cattle, unless, of course, a head shot offered. It has been claimed by some of the advocates of this .30-40, and indeed all high-velocity small-calibre rifles, that the motion set up in the molecules of tissue of the animal shot was so great that it continued to other tissue contiguous, and so an enormous shock was given, due to the greatly increased velocity of the small bullet. But it is yet to be proven—certainly my experiments do not establish it—that there is any mysterious or deadly shocking power due to vibration set up by the small bullet on its way through the animal.

It is apparent, if shock is proportionate to the amount of tissue moved, that a small bullet passing through a body does not move as much tissue as a large one passing along the same line. So far as mere bullet is concerned, that one which uses up all of its velocity inside of the skin of an animal gives the greatest shock and has the deadliest effect, the velocities being the same or nearly so.

If the brain could always be reached, the .30-40 would be as deadly as the largest bore; but although lucky shots sometimes give unwarranted confidence in a gun, the fact is that for the dangerous game of the East the only dependable weapon is one of the large bores that run from 12 to 4, and may be chosen according to one's fancy and judgment based on experience, for practical experience is the only trustworthy guide in the matter. For my part, were I to make another hunt in the dense jungles of the Far East, my armory should consist of a double-barrel 8-bore (8-240-1150), rifled for about six inches at the end of the barrels, and bearing rifle-sights, and a 12-bore "paradox" for close jungle work with tiger and leopard, and because it is equally good shooting shot, but I do not care for the 12-bore rifle. My experience with it was not pleasing, and rather convinced me that the ball is too heavy for the amount of powder burned.

I should always have both guns with me in the jungle, using the 12-bore if luck gave me a head shot, the 8-bore if only a body or shoulder shot presented, and relying upon the latter gun to stop charging elephants, rhino, buffalo, and wild cattle. I should take also a .50-100-450—one of the strongest and smoothest shooting rifles I have ever used—but I should not take it into such dense jungle as I visited.

Nothing could induce me to use express bullets or bullets hollowed to any degree.

Had I needed convincing evidence (which I did not) of the untrustworthiness of so-called express-bullets, my trip to the Far East has provided it. Among other proofs, I handled the skull of a tiger which had killed one of two men who went on foot to wait for him at a drinking-pool. The man who paid for his sport with his life used a double-barrel .577 express. He missed with his first barrel, and the second struck the tiger on the ridge of the eye, exploding, and blowing the eye out, but not even stunning the tiger, which was on top of the man before the latter could reload and before the second sportsman could use his two shots to advantage. A solid lead bullet would have penetrated to the brain. The express-bullet hardly left its mark on the tiger's skull.

The .577 is well thought of in the East by English sportsmen, but I consider the .50-100-450 better adapted for the purposes for which I should use it, because it is much more accurately sighted, and could outshoot the .577 at all distances beyond 100 yards; it is, for all practical purposes, as killing as the .577, is less bulky, and you have four shots without reloading, for two in the .577. None the less, I like the .577 very much, and it would be well to have one in your armory as a substitute in case the .50 got out of order. I am bound to say that the simple shot-gun mechanism of the .577-168-590 wins many a sportsman setting out for the jungle who is not qualified to repair the .50 in case of accident.

To illustrate how in the hunting-field all preconceived theories and notions are at times severely twisted, it just so happens that the gun which dealt the final killing shot to both the elephant and the rhino of my bag was the .50-100-450 full metal-patch bullet. But on each occasion I had already put two 12-bore bullets into the animals; in one instance because I could not get a head shot, and therefore did not use the .50, and in the other because I had the 12-bore in hand on sighting the rhino, and had no time to change guns, and was too uncertain of my aim with a strange and indifferently sighted gun to try for his head. On both occasions I fell back on the .50 because the shells jammed in the 12-bore (an old one and out of repair) and I could not get them out. The elephant was charging one of my trackers, and gave me a fine view of his head for an instant, my ball going in at his ear and out at the opposite temple, and he dropped instantly, much to the relief of my tracker—not to mention myself.

There was even more of a personal element in the conflict with the rhino, for he was charging me after receiving two 12-bore balls as near as I could put them into the fold which is just back of the shoulder, and is the part most vulnerable next to the eyes and around the ears. I was standing on a little knoll composed of earth, decaying undergrowth, and fallen timber. As the rhino charged at me over this he scattered the timber and rolled me over one side down the knoll. Fortunately for me, I tumbled off to the leeward side, and the rhino, losing my wind as well as sight of me, held his course. Meantime I had clung to my rifle, and regained my feet in much less time than it takes me to tell it. The rhino was not over fifteen to twenty feet away, and going from me, when I put in a .50 bullet directly behind his ear, and he collapsed without even the customary and very ridiculous little squeal with which he usually announces a mortal hurt.

With the exception of the crocodile, into the side of whose ugly head I made a great hole with the 12-bore—and the peacock, to get which I sat up under his roosting-tree all night, and brought down with the .30-40 at day-break—and the wild ox, called bison, which I dropped with an 8-bore in Burmah, and the python, I scored the balance of my bag with the .50. The peacock, by-the-way, was a surprise to me. He is a very wary bird, and most difficult to get. He spends the day on the ground, though never seen, and at dusk roosts in the top of the highest tree he can find. Your only way of killing him is to find his roosting-tree at night and sit up under it until daylight. Often even then he discovers you and is off, and he flies fast and far.

Despite it being the most unhealthful time of the year to venture into the jungle, I was not, from first to last, so affected by fever or dysentery as seriously to interfere with my hunting, although I acknowledge attacks of both kept me decidedly seedy a great deal of the time. I attribute my immunity from the prostration that befalls so many who enter the jungle at this season to extreme watchfulness over my diet, unrelaxing precaution—such as sleeping off the ground and with the smoke of a fire blowing over me, boiling all water and filtering it before using, and drinking blackest and strongest coffee before stirring about in the morning—and to temperance in eating and drinking and in medicine-taking. I did not keep myself stuffed with quinine, as I was advised to do, and thus deaden my system to its influence. I took quinine when I needed it, and not otherwise.

On Shipboard, Red Sea, *March 3, 1898.*

"TRACK ATHLETICS IN DETAIL."—Illustrated from Instantaneous Photographs.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

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WASHINGTON.

April 18, 1898.

THE House of Representatives on Wednesday adopted a joint resolution directing the President to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba, for the purpose of securing permanent peace there, and establishing by the free action of the people thereof a stable and independent government of their own, and authorizing him "to use the land and naval forces of the United States" to these ends. On Saturday night the Senate voted to substitute for this a series of resolutions declaring the people of Cuba free and independent, recognizing the Republic of Cuba as the lawful government, demanding that Spain withdraw her army and navy from Cuba, directing the President to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect, disclaiming any disposition on the part of our government to exercise sovereignty over the island, and asserting its intention to leave the control of the island to its people. When this substitute came back to the House, the House voted to strike out the declaration of the independence of the Cuban people and the recognition of the Cuban republic. The probability is that the Senate will concede the amendments made by the House and send the resolutions to the President, who will sign, although their phraseology is not in all respects what he has desired.

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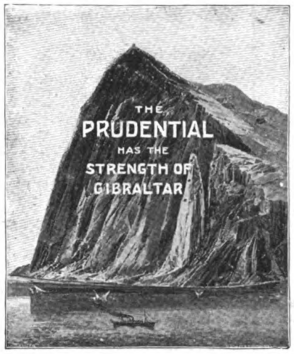
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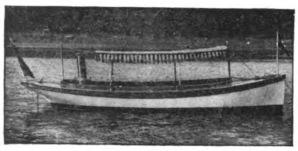
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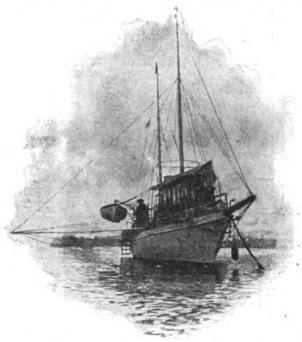
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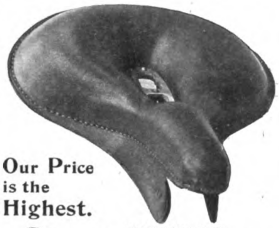
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A Chapter of Values

From the Dress-Goods Counters

This small-type detail is rather a hard thing to read, but there's much of interest and profit in it to the readers who understand goods and who know regular figures. Look over that which follows, and prove this to your own satisfaction.

Of course, there is a good deal more than merely less prices to be inquired into. Style counts for much—we think it counts for most. Originality and novelty are important, and the element of exclusiveness, which prevents your being duplicated at every corner, is a strong feature with us. You will note that it is a diverse assortment, in which prices run from pennies to dollars. But all those elements are considered in *each*, whatever the price. The mail-order people are ready with samples for you, of all or anything.

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- 46-inch Plain Black Mohair, at $1.
- 46-inch Plain Black Mohair, at $1.25.
- 52-inch Plain Black Mohair Sicilian, at 75c.
- 50 inch Plain Black Mohair Sicilian, at 90c.
- 46-inch Plain Black Mohair Sicilian, at $1.10.
- 56-inch Plain Black Mohair Sicilian, at $1.50.
- 36-inch Figured Black Mohairs, at 37½c.
- 38-inch Figured Black Mohairs, at 50c.
- 44-inch Figured Black Mohairs, at 65c.
- 44-inch Figured Black Mohairs, at 75c.
- 48 inch Figured Black Mohairs, at $1.

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- Silk ribbon taffeta bayadère plaid grenadine Epingline, at $4.50.
- Silk-and-wool gauze Crepon, with bayadère cords, at $4.
- Silk-and-wool crocodile Crepon, at $4.
- Silk-and-wool escurial lace Crepon, with bayadère cords, at $4.
- Silk-figured iron-frame Grenadine, at $3.
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- Fancy corded plaid Ginghams, 25c.
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- Fancy stripe-plaid Ginghams, 20c.
- Plaid and Check Ginghams (light and dark), 22c.
- Fancy corded check and stripe Madras, 25c.
- Bright plaid Cheviots, 35c.
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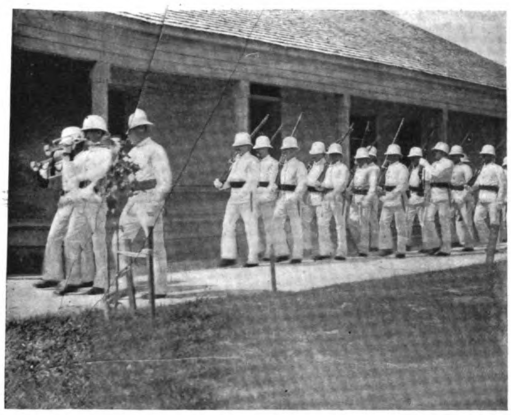
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Among our special correspondents will be JOHN R. SPEARS, with the North Atlantic fleet, now stationed at Key West; O. K. DAVIS, with the Flying Squadron; and HAROLD MARTIN, who, from headquarters at St. Thomas, will follow the progress of events in the West Indies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will have with the fleets and armies all the facilities that are permitted by the Government.

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LONDON.

April 2, 1898.

BEFORE this letter reaches you so much will have happened that comments on the politics of the situation would be of no interest to the readers of the WEEKLY. I have gathered, however, some facts which may not be known in America as to the state of feeling in Europe. Of English sympathy there is no doubt. Here is an example. The reported sale to Spain by Mr. McCalmont of his magnificent yacht excites grave disapproval, especially among the working-classes. Although the United States have probably an easy task before them, so far as the defeat of Spain is concerned, the feeling is general, if not universal, in England that both publicly and privately the citizens of the United States should not be allowed to rest under any misconception as to the reality of British sympathy. This is why the sale of Mr. McCalmont's yacht is resented. In France, notwithstanding the historical friendship between the two great republics, the Russian alliance, no less than community of race, impels the French people to side with Spain rather than with America. Austria and Russia are of course philo-Spaniards; while the Kaiser and his countrymen regard the fall of another dynasty in Europe as hostile to their interests. It may therefore be said that the United States have but one sincere, convinced friend in Europe. It is true, of course, that the American Union stands in no need of help or friendship. Dim echoes of long centuries of strife with Spain are now faintly heard in the unanimous chorus of sympathy felt by the vast majority of the Queen's subjects for the government and people of the United States.

Conversation with naval experts on the subject of the maritime branch of the conflict reveals the enormous importance of the coal factor in the struggle. It is quite improbable that Spain has any large supply of coal in the Caribbean Sea, and it is to be hoped that the gallantry and dash of American commanders will destroy any stores of coal that Spain may happen to possess. If this be done, the Spanish fleet will be equally effective whether at the top or the bottom of the ocean.

There is, unhappily, no further doubt as to the mortal nature of Mr. Gladstone's illness. He is suffering from necrosis of the nasal bone. Pain, which has been almost incessant, refuses to yield to the remedies administered. That the evening of Mr. Gladstone's life should be thus clouded with physical pain touches the hearts of his most inveterate political opponents—indeed, of the whole world of English-speaking men—with a personal sense of sorrow. Needless to say Mr. Gladstone is bearing his burden with dignity and composure. Unable to read, he finds his principal solace in music. One of his family plays to him for an hour or two every day. During his recent visit to Bournemouth in search of the relief that did not come, his chief delight was in listening first to Lady Hallé and then to Mlle. Janotha, who came on different evenings and played to him at the villa. It is said that the ministrations of these kindly ladies soothed his pain as no medicament could have done. During the rumors of war and the rumbling of earthquake in every part of the world, it is touching to note the sympathy with which the English people are unanimously inspired at the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone sinking into the grave while afflicted with acute physical pain. He is fully aware of his condition, as he insisted on the doctors telling him the truth, and the whole truth. Dr. Habershon, who has replaced the late Sir Andrew Clarke as his physician in chief, once informed me that Mr. Gladstone is the best patient he has ever had, but that the right honorable gentleman always insists on knowing the reason of everything that was done. When his intelligence is convinced, his docility in complying with doctors' orders is exemplary.

Lord Salisbury, who left London for the Riviera this week, is, I understand, in worse health than is publicly believed. Repeated attacks of influenza, overwork, and the abiding sorrow of Lady Salisbury's ill health have undermined a constitution never strong at the best of times. He is sixty-eight years old. Lord Salisbury takes little or no exercise. He drives everywhere; and I remember the late Lord Granville's cheery warning to the Prime Minister that if he continued to use his brougham as much as he was in the habit of doing, not only his health, but the interests of the state would suffer. The departure of Lord Salisbury has produced outspoken criticism on the subject of his retention of the Premiership and the Foreign-Secretaryship. It is, indeed, extraordinary to the ordinary man that in the vast circle of the British Empire there is no spot to which the sovereign, the Prime Minister, the heir-apparent, and the chairman of the cabinet Committee on Defence could repair, in order to recruit their health, without resorting to the territory of the one power with whom England might be at war to-morrow. Much feeling was expressed on the occasion of the Queen's recent departure for Nice. The newspapers were too discreet to say anything in the matter. The opinion in society, however, was widespread that it would have been far better, in the present state of our relations with France, had her Majesty gone to Italy or Malta in search of the sun. Serious negotiations, involving the issues of peace and war, could scarcely be conducted with the sovereign on French soil. If war were to break out, her Majesty would receive at the hands of the chivalrous French nation every courtesy, and no doubt her special train homewards would be attended by the President himself, who, with his most courtly bow, would assure the Queen, as he handed her out of the carriage at Cherbourg, that the French republic does not make war upon a lady. Still, that is not the point. France has defiantly broken treaties, occupied British territory, excluded our trade, and committed unpardonable aggressions. Is it consonant with the dignity of a great nation, thus flouted, that its sovereign, its Premier, Foreign Secretary, Lord President, and the heir to the throne should all be guests of France? There is, however, a rumor that our troubles with France are on the eve of adjustment. Late last night, or rather early this morning, I was informed by one of the responsible authorities that France would reluctantly evacuate Boussa, but asked for time, in order to save her "face," until after the elections.

Lord Salisbury's tenure of both his offices is near its end. He may return for a little while, or he may not, but the feeling of the nation is roused at the visible disabilities under which England is suffering by the Prime Minister's incapacity to do forty-eight hours' work in the course of a single day. The results of his Foreign-Secretaryship have not been altogether satisfactory to English pride. On acceding to office Lord Salisbury declared that we were to "open new markets for ourselves among the half-civilized or the civilized nations of the globe." We have not secured new markets. In Tunis and in Madagascar old markets have been lost. Our diplomacy has been generally at fault. An arrangement with Russia at an earlier stage of her advance in the Far East would have been as statesmanlike as it was feasible. At an earlier stage moderate concessions would have contented her. Nothing was done. She has now acquired a Cronstadt in the Pacific, and by virtually annexing Manchuria, has slammed the open door in our face.

Six problems of the first importance have occupied the Foreign Office since Lord Salisbury acceded to power. He transferred to France, without consideration, the British portion of Siam across the Mekong. He permitted France to annex Madagascar, to close the market to Great Britain and the United States, and to destroy much of the result of sixty years of Protestant missionary labors. In Tunis, he surrendered the commercial treaty with the Bey without compensation, and thus allowed the one effective weapon for use against France in the Egyptian question to slip out of his hands. On the upper Nile, he has ceded to Abyssinia a large slice of southern Somaliland, while the French are being allowed to make "effective occupation" of our sphere of influence on the upper Nile, notwithstanding the declarations of the late and present governments that the interference of the French in that



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. HAMILTON LEWIS, STATE OF WASHINGTON.

Member of the House of Representatives from Washington.

"I shall, as heretofore, fight any organization composed of gilded military satraps, on the one hand, and tasselled society sapheads on the other."

—From his Speech against the Regular Army.—[See Page 386.]

region would be regarded as an unfriendly act. In China, the doctrine of the "open door" has been proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets, and the territorial integrity of China was declared to be the policy of her Majesty's government. The seizure of Kiao-chau by Germany, the Russification of Manchuria, and the hoisting of the Russian flag at Port Arthur last Sunday are a reflection upon the prescience and the statesmanship of the government. The sixth problem dealt with by the Foreign Office is that of West Africa, where France has occupied the whole of the hinterland of Sierra Leone and most of the territory back of Lagos and the Gold Coast. A review of these facts shows that the machinery of English diplomacy not only requires, but will shortly receive, a thorough overhauling. More democratic vigor is indispensable.

Whether or not England is gradually drifting into a conflict with Russia and France as she drifted into the Crimean war is an open question. What is certain is that, owing to the reticence of the government and the patriotic reserve of the House of Commons, the public are completely in the dark as to whether the country is being wisely steered, or whether the illness of the helmsman has abandoned the ship of state to the winds and currents of chance. Perplexity is widespread, and it is not confined to her Majesty's Opposition. Official utterances are in conspicuous contrast with the determined language indulged in by ministers a few weeks ago. The Chancellor of the Exchequer pledged England to go to war in order to maintain the "open door" in China. The leading members of the cabinet adopted the same line, and were unanimously supported by the responsible leaders of the Opposition. The resolution of the House of Commons altogether confirmed the position adopted by the Parliamentary chiefs, and stated that the maintenance of the independence of Chinese territory is of vital importance to the commerce and influence of the British Empire." England unlocked the door of China to foreign trade, surveyed her coasts, and drove away pirates from her seas. The English were the first to open Chinese ports for the whole world; they were the first to send steamers up the waterways, to build railways, and to develop her mines. England was the first power to give to China the nucleus of a pure administration, and, by instituting an imperial customs service, to add a princely revenue to her treasury. So that, apart from possessing four-fifths of the annual trade, Great Britain has a hereditary right to maintain the "open door."

Under these circumstances, the news that China concedes the fortified naval base of Port Arthur, as well as Ta-lien-wan as the terminus of the Trans-Manchurian Railway, compels Britain either to take immediate action or to reverse the drift of our policy in the Far East. Port Arthur dominates Peking. The possession of Port Arthur by Russia, with the command of the coal-fields of the Liao-tung Peninsula and of the great grain-growing area of Shing-king, would destroy the balance of naval power in the western Pacific, undermine British influence, and menace the existence of British and American commerce in that region. Port Arthur is not a commercial outlet. Its threatened occupation by Japan two years ago was denounced by Russia as "a permanent danger to the independence of the Chinese Empire and the peace of the Far East." It is difficult to see why its occupation by Russia is less a danger to the peace of the Far East than if it were in the hands of the Japanese. Next week, however, Mr. Balfour is to make a statement, from which we shall doubtless learn that, rather than blow open the shut door with gunpowder, Britain will occupy a port or an island so as to command the Yang-tse Valley. If Russia, established at Port Arthur, places her masterful hands on the throat of the empire at Peking, one of the first objects of Russia's policy will be to secure for France the territorial concessions in the south to which, as Russia's henchwoman, she may consider herself entitled to lay claim. Moltke, rightly or wrongly, held every war, even when successful, to be a national misfortune; but if war was inevitable, he was for striking the first blow.

At the time of writing it is not known whither the China squadron under Admiral Seymour has gone. Whether Shanghai, Chusan, or Wei-hai-wei is to become British or not will be decided during the next few days. It is unlikely that there will be war. Russia has obtained what she wanted to obtain without war. Knowing what she wants, her policy is clear, her actions prompt, definite, and successful. No statement made by Mr. Balfour will remove the taint of paralysis that has enfeebled British policy in the Far East. We are now in the position of improvising a new policy, and relegating the policy of the "open door" to the scrap heap. It is no use having a magnificent navy unless its masters know how to use it; and when national policy vibrates from month to month, not because national interests have changed, but because ministers do not know their own minds, the nation squirms.

There is reason to believe that the power of Russia is enormously overrated. The army of bureaucrats by which she is governed are ill paid, ill educated, and generally corrupt. Russia has no large middle class whose sons can fill her civil service with men whose integrity may be trusted, who are too proud to steal, and who are not to be bought by rajahs, princes, khans, emirs, mandarins, or contractors. The English and American nations possess an almost inexhaustible supply of young men who, on a pittance of three or four thousand dollars a year, may be set in authority, isolated from their kind, and who may be trusted to administer their district or province with diligence, honesty, and virtue. Not so Russia. The drinking habits rife in that country are practically the same as existed in England a hundred years ago, when drunkenness at a dinner party was the rule rather than the exception. Drunkenness and corruption are the two curses of the Russian administrative service; and although Muscovite diplomacy has been signally successful, a good many of the executive departments by land and sea may be trusted to break down when next Russia is engaged in a struggle for life. It is true that the drunken nations of the earth are the most virile, and have writ their names more deeply on the marble of history than the nations eschewing wine. But Russia, the greatest of the drinking nations, has rarely succeeded in war. With the exception of Pultawa, it is difficult to point to a campaign in which Russia has been effectively successful. The Turkish campaign was a failure, as no equivalent for the immense loss in blood and treasure was received. The Crimean war brought Russia to her knees; and believing that the moral fibre of a nation is not only its chief, but original source of strength, I am firmly convinced that in the next great struggle with despotic Russia her feet of clay will be revealed.

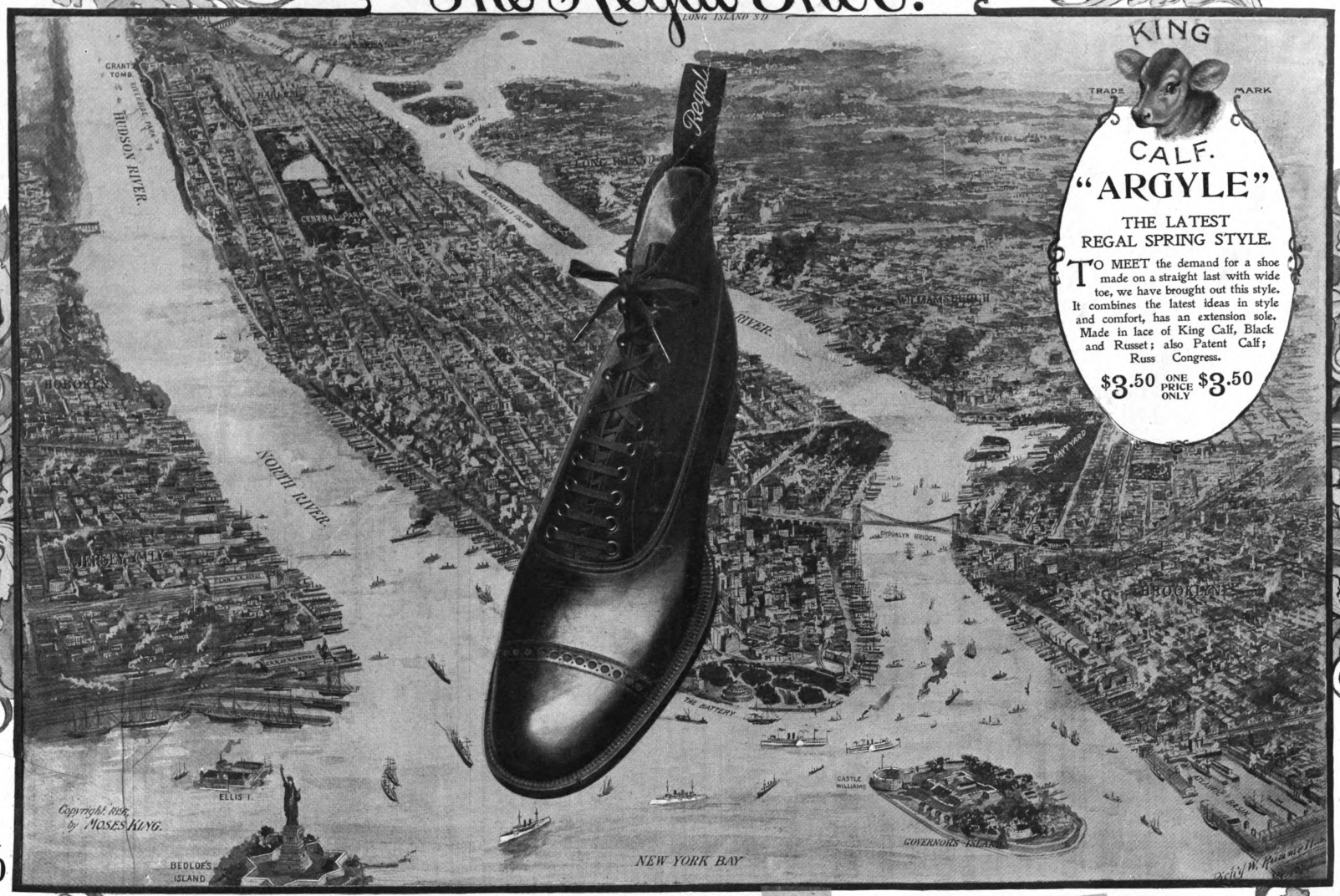
ARNOLD WHITE.

THE "CARMAGNOLE."

A CURIOUS and pathetic conclusion seems to have been reached in regard to the disputed authorship of the tune of the famous Revolutionary song named—which, by-the-way, was heard about the streets significantly during the Zola trial. Two women composed that flippant waltz-melody, which the mobs howled in the ears of the doomed during the Reign of Terror. Those two women were—oh, tragic irony!—Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe—Marie Antoinette called in the vulgar words fitted to the air "Madame Véto." It was jotted down by the Queen and her faithful friend, the Princess, as a new rigadoon for a ball at the Trianon. With what emotions must the illustrious and widowed prisoner in the cell of the Conciergérie have heard her furious enemies enjoying her own melody, under such altered uses and to a foul text!

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PROPOSED SERVICE UNIFORM FOR THE U. S. ARMY.

THE accompanying sketch shows the proposed new uniform for the United States army and volunteers suggested by General Nelson A. Miles for use in active service in the field. The material is a grayish-brown duck, the facings to be according to the arm of the service: red for artillery, yellow for cavalry, and blue for infantry. The hat is of gray felt, with band, cockade, and pompon of the same color as the facings. The boots of artillery and cavalry will be russet color, while it is yet undecided whether the infantry will wear shortish breeches and leggings, or breeches broad in the main and buttoned tight at the ankles. The chevrons of the non-commissioned officers will be the same color as their facings, and will be surmounted with the arms of the United States—a spread eagle over the shield. All the details of the uniform have not been absolutely settled. The general idea appears to have been borrowed from the fatigue uniform worn by the British troops in India, substituting the slouch hat of the Daniel Boone period for the helmet of the British troops.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2158.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 30, 1898

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The four-page illustration (16 × 45 inches) entitled "Bird's-eye View of the United States Navy," which originally appeared as a Supplement in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *has been printed separately on heavy plate-paper, with a "key," and a list of the ships arranged by classes, with armament, etc., and will be sent in a tube upon receipt of twenty-five cents.*

WE are glad to see from the proclamation from the State Department that the United States is not to be guilty of one barbarism of war, which we have the legal right to commit, however, by reason of the fact that we are not parties to the Treaty of Paris under which privateering was abolished by European nations except Spain. Our government has proclaimed that we will not disturb neutral goods in enemies' ships, or enemies' goods in neutral ships, except contraband of war; although we are not bound to do this by any treaty obligations, we are by the laws of civilization, and if Spain does not meet us on this ground, Europe may probably interpose, to this extent at least, on behalf of its trade.

THERE are many reasons why Continental Europe should sympathize with Spain in the present difficulty, and not with the United States. This country has outraged European traditions and has threatened European colonial holdings on this side of the water; but there need be no fear that Europe will intervene against any of our demands or pretensions. No European country wants our enmity, and all want our markets. When the time for intervention comes it will be Spain that must yield to the demands of Continental Europe, and not the United States. So far as moral sympathy is concerned, however, whatever that may mean, the United States must rely on England. If we are to trust newspaper reports at all, even the South American republics, including Argentina, prefer Spain to us, mainly, we fancy, because we have made commercial war upon them, as upon the rest of the world.

WE presume that the statement of the Queen-Regent, in her address from the throne to the Cortes on Wednesday last, not only expresses the feeling of the Spanish government and people, but also the belief of most of the Continental powers of Europe. We have given evidence that annexation is not popular in this country by the pressure that was brought to bear upon the Senate, resulting in the defeat of the resolution annexing Hawaii. We have also stated in the resolution of Congress which declares war upon Spain that we disclaim "any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof." We owe it to ourselves to fulfil this promise in letter and in spirit. The republic cannot afford to go to war for greed. It is going to war for the sake of humanity. This is the thought and the passion of the people, and whatever may be the ultimate designs of certain scheming politicians, the people's purpose must be carried out now and after the war shall come to an end.

THERE is no doubt that the war will have a tendency to retard, and perhaps prevent, sound action on the currency question. Since the international situation became acute, very little has been heard from the House Banking and Currency Committee on the bill to which the Republican members of the committee, or a majority of them, have agreed. We trust, however, that now that the business of declaring war and making the first and most important preparations for it has been accomplished, and that the question of ways and means comes to the front, it will not be forgotten that more than usual vigilance is essential on the part of the friends of sound money. The existing disorganized condition of our finances is a legacy from our last war, and if matters drift, if, indeed, they are not taken in hand firmly and in a manner which will arouse popular attention and command popular support, we shall again have the evils of irredeemable paper, and what will then be the lesser evil, that of a silver standard.

It is of the first importance that the House should at once pass a currency bill as good as that of the Banking and Currency Committee, in order that the Senate may have the aid of popular opinion on that subject before the war has advanced very far.

IT is very clear, from the military reorganization that is suggested by the new volunteer army bill, that after the trouble with Spain we will probably be a stronger military power than we have been, and that the influence and strength of the central government at Washington will be greatly increased. If the country is to engage in foreign wars, it must of course have a stronger military arm than it has yet possessed. Jealousy of the regular army, when carried to an excess, was, at the best, a foolish survival of a remote time when the republic was first established, and when regular armies and monarchical institutions were essential to each other; but it is clear now that the Federal government cannot depend upon State militia; not because members of the militia of the various States are not good and loyal citizens, but because they really belong to the States and not to the nation, and are naturally jealous of their independence and anxious to maintain their own organizations. When they volunteer in large numbers they will prove again, if proof were necessary, the firm devotion of the American citizen to his government. This was to have been expected. Perhaps there would have been no difficulty encountered if the President had tried to send the National Guard, as a National Guard, out of the country. But there was a question of law in the way, and questions of law that can be avoided must not exist to encumber military operations. Therefore it is clear that the strength of the military arm of the central government must be strengthened permanently, because now that we have entered upon war there is danger that we will get in the way of war. We have begun to change our national policy, and with that change we must face its inevitable consequences. We must be prepared for emergencies, and must consent to pay the cost of such preparation.

THERE is a good deal being said on both sides of the ocean in favor of an Anglo-American alliance. Baron POLLOCK, the Corpus Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, favors it, as does Mr. E. J. PHELPS, ex-minister to England and Professor of Law at Yale University. Such an alliance is doubtless very remote, but the argument in favor of it is a strong one. We do not, of course, wish to entangle ourselves in existing European complications, in which Great Britain finds herself involved, therefore it would be out of the question to consider an alliance offensive and defensive. We could not, for instance, consent to follow the English Jingoes in their strong desire to make war for the maintenance of free trade in China. But there is another side to the question, and one which it is well to consider. Baron POLLOCK and other advocates of it believe that an alliance of the English-speaking people of the world would make for peace. And if an alliance could be made in pursuance of which all English-speaking peoples would agree that an assault by a foreign power upon one of them would be an assault upon all, we doubt not but war would become a very remote possibility, and that the efforts of Continental powers to limit the expansion or to take away the territory of Great Britain in Asia and Africa would come to an end. There is a good deal of sentimentality in the expression that blood is thicker than water, but we think we know English-speaking people, and we believe that if an alliance shall ever be made of the kind suggested it will not be based wholly upon sentimental considerations, but largely upon strictly business principles, although there is really much truth in what Ambassador HAY said at the Easter banquet at the Mansion House in London: "The good understanding between us is based on something deeper than mere expediency. All who think cannot but see there is a sanction like that of religion which binds us in partnership in the serious work of the world."

NOT many American newspapers have criticised the findings of the Board of Inquiry on the disaster to the *Maine*. But there has been criticism, and that of a very venomous character, its unfairness being accompanied by very clever treatment. We are convinced, from intimate knowledge, that the investigation was conducted by our officers in a most dispassionate manner, and that from as thorough an examination of the ship as was possible the evidence of an outside explosion was convincing. The sketch of the projection of the keel, for instance, showed that it was blown upward, and how it was blown upward; and the sketch of the broken keel, which was made by diver OLSEN, is of overshadowing importance. The presumption that this board of officers was moved by a desire to shield brother-officers from a charge of negligence is very mean, and is based apparently on utter ignorance of the character of American naval officers. The *Maine* board set out to find the exact truth, and searched for it from the evidence which they were permitted to have before them. They investigated the wreck inside and out. One critic has objected that they did not find electric wires which would prove the presence of a mine. It was impossible, of course, for the board to dredge the harbor for wires, because its jurisdiction was confined to the ship. Another critic has objected because the board did not invite the Spanish authorities to be present at its investigation. This accusation is misleading. The board called on the Captain-General, and it was expressly arranged that Spanish officers should be allowed to be present and hear all the reports from the divers; but they got tired the second day, and came no more. There is no doubt in any intelligent and unprejudiced mind that the report of the board is the honest conclusions of able men intent only on doing their duty, and to American minds the report is conclusive.

OUR WAY AND EUROPE'S.

CONGRESS did not heed the request of the President, but, on the contrary, it refused to give him another opportunity to secure by peaceful methods the practical or eventual evacuation of Cuba by Spain. It insisted that Spain should go at once, and that Cuba should no longer remain even under her nominal authority. This meant war. It was in effect an act of war.

The time has gone by for criticising or questioning the forces which brought us to the verge of war. They were active, persistent, raging forces that took advantage, for their own ends, of a latent cause of war which need not have been aroused, which, indeed, might have been destroyed peacefully, and by the eventual accomplishment of what, let us hope, will be the speedy end of war. For the moment we dismiss the politicians who sought for party advantage at the cost of the lives of their fellow-countrymen, as we dismiss also the meaner creatures who were for war for the sake of the gains which war will bring to their coffers. We are content to stand with the people, without whose aroused and righteous indignation, and hatred of brutal tyranny, and love of human liberty, all the follies of Jingoism, all the knaveries of politics, and all the greed of commercial vultures could have accomplished nothing. The people who must fight the battles of the war, who must die for the country, who must pour out their treasure, who must bear the burdens, command our love and admiration, even when they are mistaken.

The American people are at war because Spain deserves to be driven from the continent. Europe can tolerate this relic of mediævalism, this inventor of the Inquisition, this lover of bull-fights, because Europe is tolerant of bigotry, ignorance, and cruelty—not only tolerant of it, but helpful to it. Nations that sustain the Sultan on his throne, and that are robbing China, and pilfering land wherever the opportunity for grabbing presents itself, cannot find Spain a disagreeable neighbor, and perhaps no European power except England would have found Cuba an unpleasant neighbor—would not have been disturbed by the stories of the starving victims of WEYLER'S order, or by the knowledge that murder of the most atrocious kind was perpetrated there in the name of civilized warfare—if there be such a thing. But the people of the United States could not stand it. Whether they were wise in incurring the awful material and moral cost of war to put an end to the evil was once a question. It may again become a question when the time shall return for dealing once more with some of the abhorrent forces which have hastened war. For the moment it is not a question. The people have decided that, cost what it may, an end must be put to the evils of Spanish rule in America, and not one American of all those who hoped that Spain might be driven out of Cuba without the exercise of force by this country will deny that Spain has richly earned the hate which is felt and manifested for her by the people of the United States. The story of her rule in Cuba, in peace, has been the story of robbery; war, it has been the story of murder. The p of the United States have had enough of it. will have no more of it.

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Europe—England excepted—criticises both the occasion for the war and our manners in entering upon it. The occasion for the war is indignation excited by atrocities committed by Spanish rulers upon the people of a neighboring island. Continental Europe says that we have an ulterior and selfish purpose, and that in the end we will annex Cuba to the United States. In this we believe that Europe will eventually admit that it is mistaken. The country has recently shown its opinion of annexation of foreign territory in its treatment of the scheme of adding the Hawaiian Islands to our territory. If ever a war promised nothing but loss to the country that began it, it is this which the United States has begun against Spain—in which we have everything to lose and nothing whatever to gain—and this is true, no matter what may be the result of the conflict. Whatever material thing the war may cost, this country will completely lose. There is nothing to gain except the ending of the misery and the misrule in Cuba, and of its cause, by the expulsion of the guilty government. It may be true that we may have entered the conflict with a directness, bluntness, and vigor of speech that is not pleasant to the ears of the trained and circuitous diplomats of Europe. We are a straightforward people when we are aroused, and doubtless we are not pleasant, often not to ourselves, when we come to the conclusion that the time for action has arrived, and that every effort to delay us is merely trickery. But it is fair to ourselves, even fair to our screaming Congressmen, to call the attention of our critics to the fact that we have endured much; that we have shown much patience; that our executive power and our navy did their full duty in endeavoring to prevent filibustering; and that at the last President McKINLEY upheld both the honor and dignity of the nation with a power and firmness that have not recently been displayed in Europe. We have our faults, and we are willing to admit them. We are not proud of Congress, but we are proud of the President, and though we have tried to persuade the people to take a different course, we deeply admire their sincerity, and we know the honesty of purpose with which they are entering into a war for humanity's sake, out of which can come nothing to them, besides their sufferings and their sacrifices and the after evils of a war, except the satisfaction of having rid the continent of the most cruel barbarians who exist outside of Turkey.

We are not averse, either, to drawing a parallel between the conduct of our own country and that of Europe. Our own House of Representatives is not yet so bad as the Chamber of Deputies at Paris or the Reichsrath at Vienna. But there is a wider difference still when we come to contrast the manner in which Europe has met the problem presented by the Turk, the barbarian of southeastern Europe, and that in which we are meeting the problem presented by the Spaniard, the barbarian of southwestern Europe. The six great powers were in a better position to deal with the murderers of the Armenians than we are for dealing with the murderers of the Cubans. They constituted the regular and recognized police force for the suppression or punishment of Turkish barbarities. They did not have to intervene against the rules of international law in the interests of humanity. They were called upon to intervene by the provisions of a treaty to which they had all agreed. Moreover, the Armenians were the victims of pure assassination. They were not in insurrection against their government. They were being killed in cold blood by the emissaries of the government. No act of theirs could stop the murdering. But the Cubans had invited the killing by an insurrection. They were killing, in their turn, Spanish troops, and they could have put a stop to the murdering at any moment by yielding to the Spanish Captain-General. It was infinitely more incumbent upon the European powers to intervene in behalf of the slaughtered Armenians than it was for the United States to intervene in behalf of the suffering Cubans. The people of Europe were horrified by the wickedness of the Turks, as the people of America were by the crimes of the Spaniards. The newspapers and pulpits of England thundered against the iniquities for which they held the Sultan accountable. The eloquence of Mr. GLADSTONE aroused his people to angry denunciations of the SALISBURY government. But all this was in vain. The European powers would not interfere in behalf of the Armenians, because they knew that the moment they did they would fall to cutting one another's throats over the spoil; and also, to prevent a general war over plunder, they refused to permit the Cretans to free themselves from the rule of the Turk, while they assented to the humiliation of Greece. Europe could not do its duty for the cause of humanity, because the greedy jealousy of its powers rendered it impossible for them to be moved by high designs and lofty and disinterested purposes. But the United States, on the other hand, undertakes a task to which it is not bound, from which it can reap no material gain, and sends its forces out to put an end to cruelty and wrong. European diplomacy may be polite in its cold-blooded selfishness, while the American Congress screams like a crazy woman. But the people go into our war for what they believe to be the right, and, whether they are right or not, the atmosphere of their passion and their hate is much more wholesome and stimulating than is that of Europe looking coldly on while Armenians perish.

THE POLICY OF THE CARLISTS.

SINCE 1833 five revolts in Cuba, two in the Philippine Islands, two in Porto Rico, two devastating Carlist wars and eight or nine minor rebellions in the same cause, a war with Morocco, and the deposition and restoration of a monarch have been the chief events of Spain's history. And it is indisputable that, apart from a natural inability to colonize in accordance with the feelings of the nineteenth century, much of her misery has been due to the shameless tampering with the right of succession which FERDINAND was betrayed into sixty-five years ago.

One or two features are common to all Carlist risings. They occur only when Spain is in difficulties, and they gather round them the active support of the men of the northern provinces and the sympathy of the mass of the peasantry. The army and upper classes have generally stood by the throne; the Church has remained fairly neutral, though there is reason to believe that the accession of the present pretender would greatly strengthen its temporal power. Even against these odds the cause of the exiled kings has twice triumphed over its adversaries in Spain, and had it not been for the interference of European countries, the Spanish throne would long ago have been in the hands of its proper possessors. Monarchies have a common interest and sympathy in seeing that pretenders, once ousted, should remain so, and the Carlists have never been able to enlist the good wishes of Europe. It is not likely that this isolation will prevent them from putting their fortunes to the hazard once again. The time is wofully ripe. With the flower of her army dead on the shores of Cuba, involved in a struggle with a power infinitely her superior in material resources, harassed by an overburdened and disaffected peasantry who are pandered to by a knot of Tammanyized military adventurers, bankrupt, distracted, and deserted, Spain's condition is one of fast-approaching dissolution. The present dynasty has exhausted its mandate. A war with America means an inevitable and disastrous defeat. A yielding to America is a betrayal Spanish pride could never permit itself. It would precipitate at once the rebellion that firm defiance to the United States may yet postpone for a few months.

In either case the occasion gives to the Carlists an opening of which they are publicly willing to avail themselves. Towards the end of last year an article appeared in one of the English magazines, signed by two of the most prominent Carlists, the purpose of which was to win over English sympathy in the coming struggle. Don CARLOS has himself issued various manifestoes of late, undertaking to remain quiescent only so long as Spanish honor is preserved untarnished. As the alternatives before Spain are submission or defeat, and as either will involve a severe shock to Spanish honor, it may be taken as certain that Don CARLOS is simply biding his time, and is prepared to strike at the first favorable moment.

What are the chances of his success? The great obstacle that has confronted the Carlists in the past has been the Spanish army. To-day the Spanish army, so far as concerns its efficiency in repelling a domestic invasion, is practically non-existent. There remain two difficulties—the temper of the Spanish people, and the possibility of foreign interference. Under the first head, it may fairly be said that a monarchy is the only form of government that Spaniards can live under. They have tried a republic, and it broke hopelessly over the incapacity of the people to understand it. They have tried a military despotism, and it led to anarchy. After every experiment they return to the monarchical system as the one best suited to their instincts and temperament. At the present moment Spain is split up into a score of parties, each following its own leader. There is the Queen Regent's party, the SAGASTA party, the WEYLER party, the BLANCO party, the CAMPOS party, the Republican party, and many others. From this mass of conflicting factions there may easily arise an agreement on a new and untried man like Don CARLOS. Moreover, the Church is predisposed towards him. Don CARLOS is a Catholic of the Catholics, with the strongest belief in the efficacy of the Church as a governing agency, and a marked intolerance towards Protestantism. The internal conditions of Spain are therefore favorable to his success.

On the actions of the powers in the event of a Carlist invasion it is difficult to speculate. That the Emperor JOSEPH will do what he can by diplomacy to maintain his relatives on the Spanish throne seems assured from his recent proceedings; and England's possession of Gibraltar, and her interest in the preservation of Portugal as a separate nation, may possibly, as they have done in the past, make her averse to any violent upheaval. But the policy of the powers will undoubtedly depend on the attitude of the Spaniards themselves towards the pretender. It would be a serious matter to attempt to expel him from Madrid if the Spaniards welcomed his advent as their one chance of escaping a long internecine struggle. The issue remains in doubt; but that the Carlists will not let the opportunity slip by without a bold effort to regain what they consider their rights is as certain as anything can be.

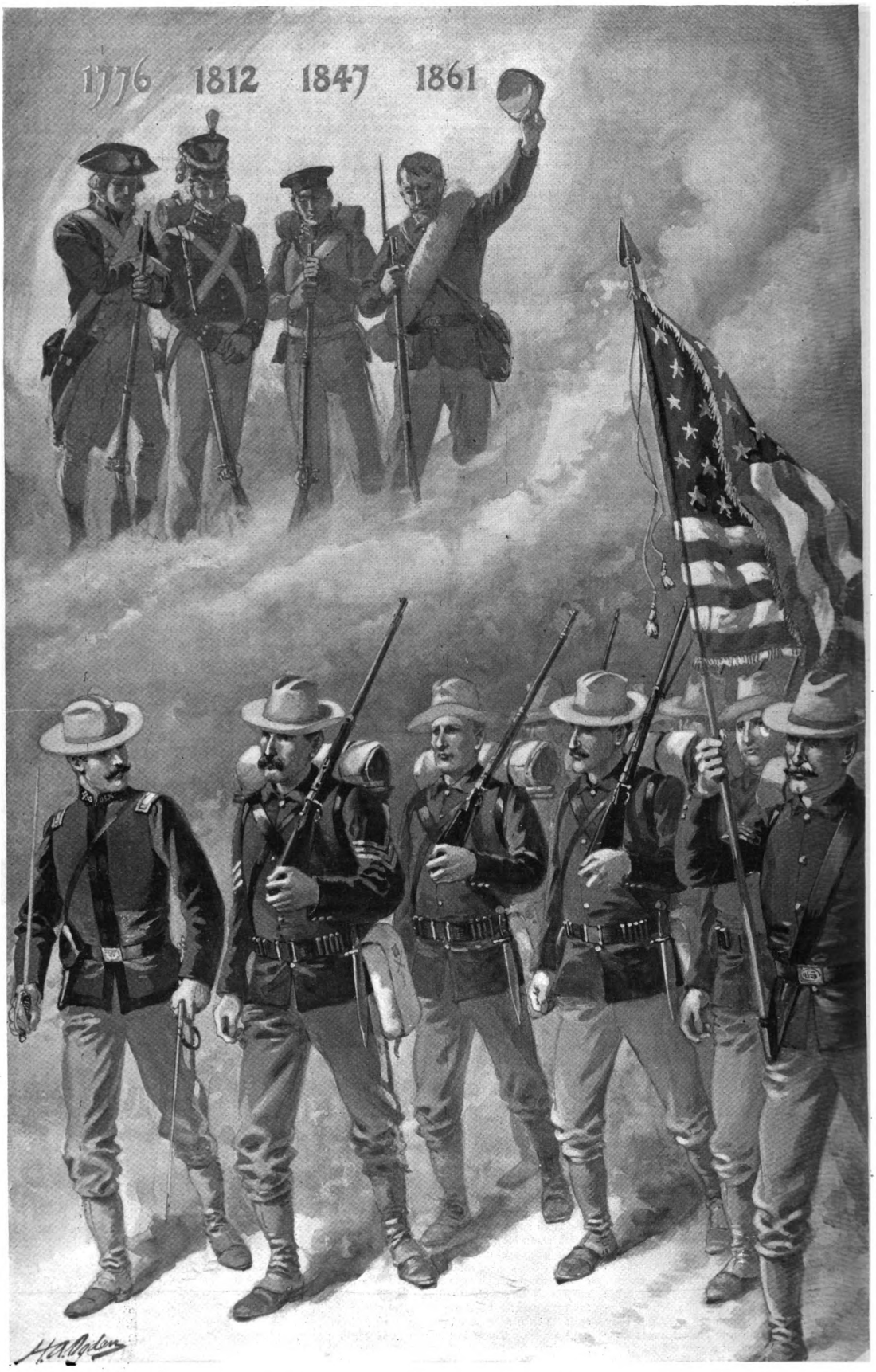
A TEST OF PATRIOTISM.

THERE has been a great deal of noisy talk about "patriotism" in Congress and in the press for the past two months. It must be owned that much of it, both by the sources from which it has proceeded and by its inherent quality, has illustrated Dr. JOHNSON'S cynical definition of the sentiment in question. We have from time to time endeavored to apply the test of reason to some of the more violent ebullitions of what represented itself to be the only genuine article. But there is one test which can be applied with a degree of certainty approaching infallibility. A man who shows himself willing to make personal or party sacrifices in the cause of his country is a true patriot, according to his lights. The cheap variety of patriotism which refuses any sacrifice is a sham.

There will shortly come up a question which will give an opportunity to a large number of members of Congress, who have been talking about their patriotism, a chance to prove that they possess it. The special appropriation is nearly exhausted, and it will be necessary to negotiate a "war loan." The question is whether that loan shall or shall not be negotiated upon the most favorable terms. There is no sort of doubt about the facts. An obligation expressly payable in gold will be a much less burdensome obligation than one ambiguously payable in coin, and meant to reserve the option of repaying gold or silver. It is the same question which came up three years ago, when the President was forced to buy gold to maintain the reserve in the Treasury. Mr. CLEVELAND at that time laid before Congress: In order to put the Treasury in possession of $65,000,000 in gold, a four-per-cent. "coin" bond could be disposed of at a price which would make the rate of interest three and three-quarters per cent., or a three-per-cent. gold bond could be disposed of at par. The saving of interest by the issue of the latter, during the twenty years the bonds had to run, he showed, would amount, upon the proposed issue, to $16,000,000. He gave Congress the opportunity to save that amount to the nation, impressively reminding it that "the sentiments or prejudices of those with whom we must negotiate in disposing of our bonds are not subject to our dictation."

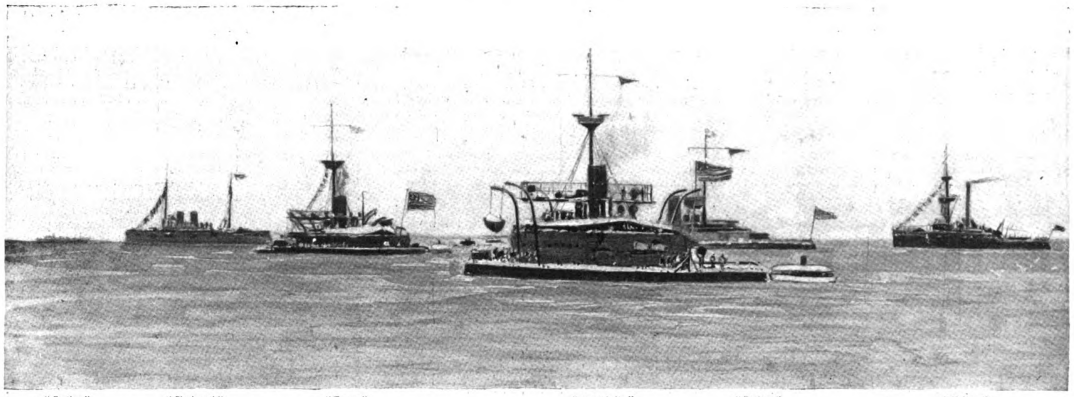
Now the same question recurs, and those who were the "silver Senators" of 1895 are asked whether they will again, as they did then, prefer their own "sentiments or prejudices" to the demonstrable and demonstrated saving to the nation of a great amount of money. The situation has entirely changed. The proposal to enact bimetallism by the United States "without the aid or consent of any other nation" was then a political issue. It has been removed by the votes of the people of the United States. "Bimetallism by international agreement" was then a dream which to many persons had the illusion of reality. It has since been utterly dispelled, so that nobody any longer pretends to believe in it. A vote now that "coin bonds" instead of "gold bonds" shall be issued to meet the expenses of the war will be a vote to reaffirm what an inflationist of a past generation called "a barren ideality" at a cost of many millions of the money of the people. A Senator who votes thus to cripple the resources of the nation will be so plainly a public enemy that his pretension to be regarded as a patriot will become merely impudent. Can it be possible, after all that has come and gone since February, 1895, that there can be found in the Senate enough public enemies to defeat the negotiation of a loan on the most favorable terms to the nation?

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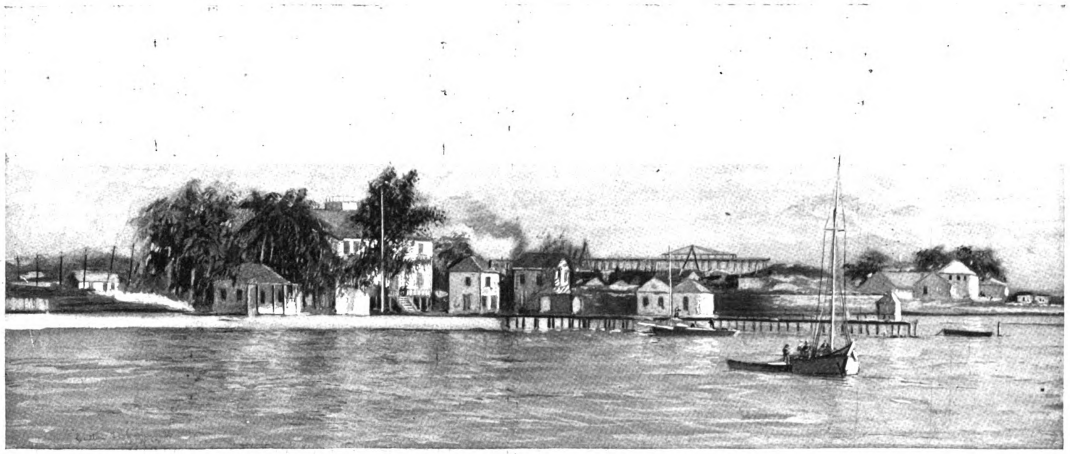
THE UNITED STATES REGULAR INFANTRY, PAST AND PRESENT.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.

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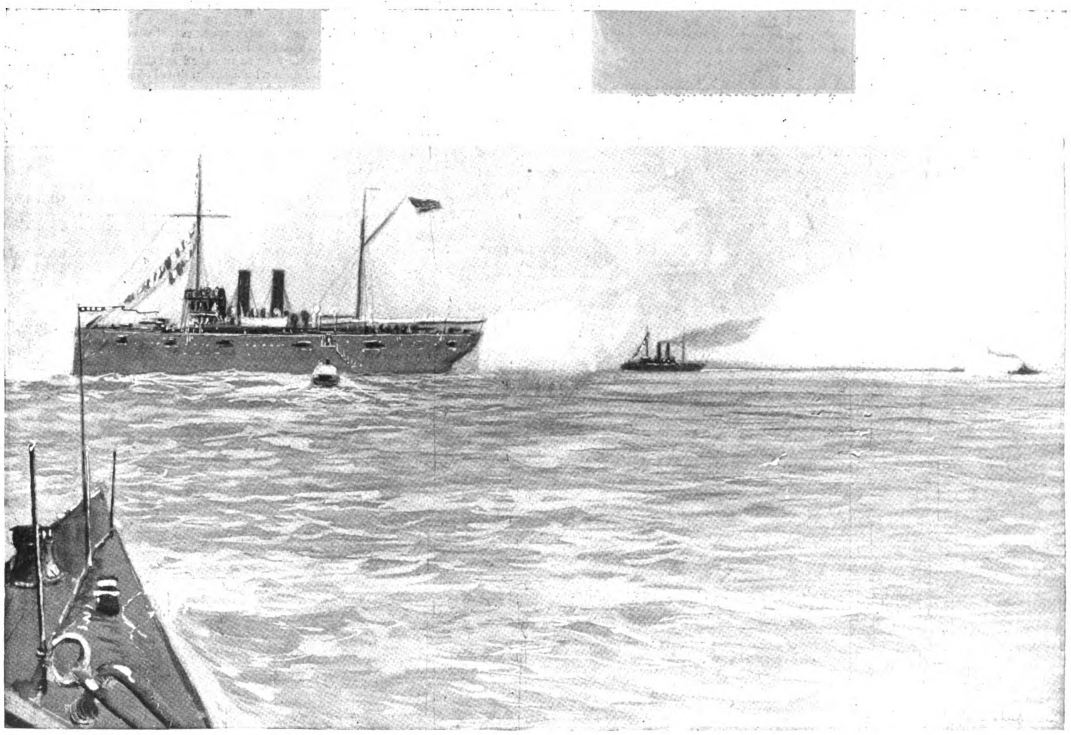
"Castine." "Cincinnati." "Terror." "Amphitrite." "Puritan." "Helena."

THE THREE GREAT COAST-DEFENCE SHIPS READY FOR ACTION.



QUARANTINE STATION.

NEW FORTIFICATIONS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



THE "MARBLEHEAD" AT SECONDARY-BATTERY GUN-PRACTICE—SHOWING THE EFFECT OF A SIX-POUNDER SHOT ON A SAND KEY TWO MILES DISTANT.

WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT KEY WEST.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

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THIS BUSY WORLD

THE mind of the average human being does not hold many impressions at once. When one idea or thought is prominent, other considerations for the time being become faint. No doubt that accounts for the recent variations of sentiment which many readers of the WEEKLY must have noticed both in themselves and others anent the consuming question of war with Spain. Is it not a pretty common experience among those of us who have had no personal share in shaping the course of events that we have wobbled very much in our feelings, and that what we have felt pretty sure of one day we have been apt to feel less sure of the next day, and that whenever a particular uncertainty culminated in decision the drawbacks and inexpediencies of that particular decision have presented themselves to our minds in squadrons and platoons, and have made all other possible decisions or indecisions seem preferable by comparison?

If any of us feels dejected because matters have fallen out as they have, let him seek solace in self-questionings as to what his feelings would have been if they had fallen out otherwise. When the choice is a choice of evils we must not be surprised if the outcome does not wholly please us. Most of us have felt the shiver and the sinking of the heart which come naturally enough in the presence of war, and we have heard Congress upbraided for its action and the Jingoes denounced for goading Congress on. In contrast with the ills we know other ills dwindle. Let us remember that what has been done has been done in the interest of a purpose with which most of us were strongly in sympathy, and let us ask ourselves how we would have liked it if our government, instead of going forward, had fallen back. We have heard the moans of the lovers of peace over the impulsiveness of Congress; we have not heard what would have been said if Congress had shown a lack of zeal for Cuban freedom. Neither do we realize what our own feelings might have been if the hand once put to the plough had been withdrawn. It may be that we would have felt worse in that case than we do in this.

We have felt the horrors of an uncertain peace acutely enough during the past month to make the horrors of war, if not actually welcome, at least highly interesting as a change. We shall not immediately get over the feeling that our war with Spain is a scene from an *opera-bouffe*. It still seems unreal. The civil war was an "irrepressible conflict" long before it broke, and people's minds must have been somewhat prepared for it, however sudden may have been the boom of the gun that opened on Fort Sumter. But this affair with Spain, though some of us have long thought it inevitable, to the majority of tranquil people has come like a thunder-storm on a summer day, and though for a month or two we have foreseen it with our minds, we haven't with our hearts.

Well, it is a very bad condition that is worse than uncertainty. We have had uncertainty for weeks, and, after the situation became critical, it was exceedingly depressing. There is no fun in uncertainty, no sport, no comfort. War will at least be tremendously interesting. We will be quit of the immense trouble of trying to make up our minds, and instead of dreading the beginning, we will be able to hope for a speedy end.

There is a painful interest in the news that Edward Bellamy, the author of *Looking Backward*, is dying of consumption in Colorado. Whatever may be the political or social value of the ideas he put into his books, he put them forth in such dress and order that they made many thousands of readers his obliged and appreciative friends. If every prophet had been as good a story-teller as he is, that tradition about a prophet's standing in his own country would never have won its vogue.

Lieutenant Totten's recent astrological forecast of disturbances immediately in prospect warned us to look for lively times between March 29 and April 1, and between April 15 and 18. The President sent the report on the *Maine* to Congress on March 28, and the following days were full of emotion, as were those including April 15 to 18, when the two Houses of Congress were trying to agree on action in response to the President's message. It would seem therefore that the stars Lieutenant Totten consulted gave him pretty reliable information, though it is proper to remember that the times for the last two months have been remarkably prolific of periods adapted to buttress a prophet's professional reputation, provided he seasoned his forecasts with sufficient ginger.

It is probably true, as is suggested in a current periodical by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, that if the American colony in Paris were less numerous the Parisians would have fewer false ideas about the United States. "I am afraid," he adds, "that the majority of the Frenchmen who reside in America have contributed a great deal toward giving the people there a bad idea of France." This apprehension seems hardly to be well founded. Most Americans get their impressions of the French either from travelling or living in France, or from French books and periodicals. They don't form impressions, either favorable or adverse, about the French in France from the French in America. French people and France are very closely associated in the minds of their observers. There are many French people, many good and useful ones, in this country, but there is no group of them which is so conspicuously representative—or misrepresentative—as the permanent American colony at Paris. It is composed of people who may choose where they will live, and who choose Paris because they like better to live there than at home. In that preference they differ from the great majority of the Americans, and the bases of the difference are personal peculiarities, or unusual tastes or circumstances, which expressly disqualify them from giving a trustworthy impression of the tastes and sentiments of the rest of their countrymen. It is not necessarily that they are either better or worse than the rest of us, but they are different. Baron Coubertin speaks of them as "ladies and gentlemen who are very agreeable to meet, and whose elegance and grace are greatly appreciated." Very good. Still, he is right in his conclusion that the impression they give of American character is not one that it is safe to accept.

At Miss Anne Brown's school in New York (715 Fifth Avenue) there is to be held on April 29 a fair in aid of the Ella Weed Scholarship at Barnard College. Miss Weed, a graduate of Vassar, and most widely known perhaps as a teacher at Miss Brown's, found her special work in the preparation of girls for college, and when Barnard was established labored zealously and most usefully to give practical form and substance to the idea that inspired its institution. In memory of her work of organization, and in recognition of what the college owes to her, it was determined to raise three thousand dollars for a scholarship to bear her name. Six hundred dollars of that sum is still lacking, and the want of it gives this fair its special motive.

Miss Weed had a decided gift of literary expression, which her devotion to her calling as a teacher left her so little chance to cultivate that fugitive verses and letters are almost the only records of a talent that was worth a fuller development. The one bit of her literary work which was ready to be printed was a year-book of quotations (including a few verses of her own), which she put together and gave as a birthday gift to Miss Brown. This little book, interesting and charming in itself, has a special value to Miss Weed's acquaintances, because in so many ways it reflects her mind. It will be first brought out at this fair, and will be sold for the benefit of the scholarship fund.

The joint commission appointed by the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in 1892, to revise the constitutions and canons of the Church, has submitted a report which recommends, among other changes, one that forbids any Episcopal minister to "solemnize the marriage of either party to a divorce during the lifetime of the other party." Of the twenty members of the commission five dissented from this recommendation. Among these five were Bishop Potter and Dr. Huntington of Grace Church in New York. The present rule of the Episcopal Church grants the sanction of the Church to the marriage of the innocent party to a divorce on the ground of adultery. But even if the rule is changed as recommended, it will not necessarily be so very serious a matter, even to persons whom it is designed to concern. The Roman Catholic Church considers that a member of its Church who is not married by a priest of the Church is not married at all. That attitude makes further connection with the Roman Catholic Church inconvenient for a Catholic who has been married by a Protestant clergyman or by a civil magistrate. The Episcopal Church seems not to purpose to go so far as that, and even if it forbids its priests to marry divorced persons, it is hardly likely to regard its members who, being divorced, have married without its sanction, as so inadequately married as not to be still welcome in the Episcopal fold. Divorced Episcopalians, therefore, who had been married in the lifetime of their former spouses by a justice of the peace might apparently still continue, without loss of self-respect, to be members of the Episcopal Church.

Unless the number of students in residence at Harvard College should be very materially reduced between this and June by causes not yet operative, that feature of the class-day exercises which includes the rush around the old elm back of Hollis Hall, and the scramble for flowers, will be materially changed. The change, which was foreshadowed last year, is necessitated by the increased size of the classes. Of late years there have been too many students in the ring and too many spectators on the benches, and the whole performance had been so overweighted with humanity that it had become dangerous to life. What can be saved from what were the tree exercises will be moved out of the yard into the delta, where there is more available room. Then on class-day afternoon there will be an assemblage, cheering, an address, maybe, and perhaps a not too disorderly distribution of flowers.

The Presbyteries are not yet quite together in their attitude towards the Princeton liquor interests. At the meeting of the Cleveland (Ohio) Presbytery on April 13 the Committee on Temperance brought in a report which declared that—

> Our Church and the world have been shocked by the prevalence of drunkenness at Princeton College, through the indifference and connivance of its management, the mere mention of which causes the hot, indignant blood to mantle our cheeks.

This went farther than the majority of the brethren cared to follow, and the report had to be modified before it was accepted.

The report of the Committee on Temperance of the New York Presbytery, which met on the same day, also touched on the relation between alcohol and colleges, and urged the need of taking measures against the perversion of youth by liquor. But there was no "hot, indignant blood" in that report, for it said:

> While every one deplores the existence of drinking resorts in the vicinity of these seats of learning, it is a well-attested fact that the moral and religious tone of all our higher institutions was never more healthy, positive, and elevating than at the present time.
>
> Saloons will have little attraction for men fortified by Christian principle; and indiscriminate charges of prevailing drunkenness among students wantonly defame the high character of those upon whom the future of the Church and the community must largely depend; create unwarranted fears in many homes; diminish confidence in the professed friends of temperance, and weaken their hold of this great reform upon the entire community.

That is a vigorous rebuke, well earned and opportunely conveyed. The vagaries, as shown at Cleveland, of persons who are supposed to help take charge of the much-regarded "conscience of the nation" bring grief to watchers who are anxious to believe—and especially just now—that what the conscience of the nation believes is true, and that what it demands is right.

The report of the University Settlement Society of New York for 1897 is full of lively, interesting reading, and is recommended as a wholesome object of attention for persons who are over-full of war news, misgivings, and anxieties, and feel the need of a momentary change of thought. It includes the report of the head worker, the record of an investigation of dispossessed tenants, the story of the experiences of a member of the Street-Cleaning Department whose work was in the Settlement's district, a discussion of the good and bad points of old-style and new-style tenements, and much other information which is authoritative and reliable about the people of the lower East Side, and the work of the Settlement among them.

The University Settlement is now completing the tenth year of its work. It has lived for five years in its present house, and thinks the time has come to build a new one. Its present quarters are in an old building covering a lot 25×76, between two higher buildings. The work has far outgrown these quarters, and the Settlement has bought for $58,000 a lot 67×80 at the corner of Eldridge and Rivington streets. This lot is paid for, except $1600 still owed on it. The building which has been planned for it will cost about $90,000, of which over $30,000 has already been subscribed, and with that sum the work can be begun. The remaining $60,000 is very much wanted, and contributors to it are invited to communicate with Mr. James Speyer, 30 Broad Street, New York.

No one needs to be told that there are reconcentrados here in New York as well as in Cuba. No wiser or more efficient work is being done for the relief of our reconcentrados than that carried on by the organizations which cluster about the Settlement at 26 Delancey Street.

Just now, while everything that concerns the navy is matter of breathless interest, it seems proper to record that the River and Harbor Committee of the House of Representatives recommended on April 12 the expurgation of the ledge at Pull-and-be-damned Point in Portsmouth Harbor, New Hampshire. The navy-yard at Kittery is behind this objectionable point, and the ledge is in the way of naval vessels which have occasion to use the dry dock in the yard. The House committee merely recommends the removal of the ledge, but it seems obvious that the whole point had better go, since the moral effect of a point with such a name cannot but be deleterious, both to neighboring residents and to the crews of warships that put in there.

The failure, on April 11, of Alfred Dolge, of Dolgeville, in central New York, is greatly regretted, because it cripples a manufacturer who was widely known for his efforts to bring capital and labor into satisfactory relations. Mr. Dolge's scheme of sharing profits with his employees has been much written about and studied. It worked well, apparently, so long as there were profits to share. How far his failure affects the practicability of the methods of dealing with labor with which his name was associated does not appear. He is quoted as saying, "I see now that, in view of present conditions, I have been more liberal in aiding others than was wise or prudent"; but he attributes his present embarrassments not to his profit-sharing experiments, but to denial of credit due to the disturbed state of the money market.

The gift by Colonel Oliver H. Payne of $500,000 to endow in New York a new medical college for Cornell University is a sequel to events and discussions which during the period of their occurrence must have been lively enough to occupy the minds of the persons concerned in them to the exclusion of even the claims of war and Cuba Libre. Colonel Payne's benefaction is a consequence of a difference between the New York University, represented by Chancellor McCracken, and its medical committee and the faculty of its medical college. As a result of that difference the medical committee and faculty resigned. The reasons for withdrawal given by these gentlemen, as published at length in the *Evening Post* of April 16, are that they were bunooed by Chancellor McCracken. The details on which this painful charge is based may not here be given in full, but the gist of them is that early last year Chancellor McCracken induced the officers of the Medical College Laboratory, which constituted the medical department of the New York University, to transfer to the university the property which stood in their name, on condition, verbally expressed, that the management of the property, and of the college connected with it, should be left in their charge. They hold that since the transfer was made the Chancellor has fallen out with them, and has violated his agreement in many particulars, and that the university ought not to continue to hold the property.

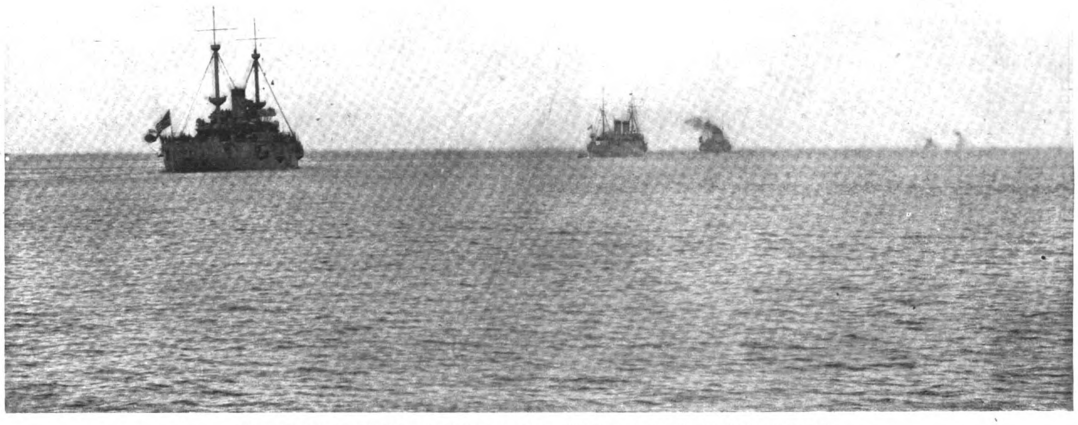
The reply of the Chancellor to these statements has not yet come to public notice. Meanwhile Colonel Payne, who was one of the four members of the medical committee who resigned, has endowed a new medical school, to which the gentlemen who lately constituted the faculty of the school connected with New York University will migrate in a body.

The death of former President Joachim Crespo of Venezuela, who was killed in battle on April 16, recalls, inopportunely, the vicissitudes of government in most of the Spanish-American republics. When a revolution under General Hernandez broke out in Venezuela on March 2 General Crespo took the field with the government forces, but report says he lost ground steadily, and his death seems not unlikely to be followed by the triumph of the revolutionists. He was fifty-two years old, a native of Venezuela, a man of large wealth, and a soldier of distinction. He grew rich in ranching, land speculations, and other business. At thirty he went into the army, and eventually became its commander. In 1855 he was appointed President to fill the unexpired term of President Guzman Blanco, and kept the office, with one or two intermissions, until last February.

Mr. W. L. Alden, in a London letter to the New York *Times*, speaks of a new memorial window in honor of Jane Austen, and inquires if any one ever reads her novels. Judging from the number of recent reprints of Miss Austen's novels the answer is not far to seek. Folks do read them and like them. Some persons—in Boston and elsewhere—read them habitually. They are very good reading, and are especially useful to take the contemporary American out of his own time and away from all current considerations and give his mind a rest and his thoughts a complete change. No novels are better suited to be read just now as a change from newspapers.

E. S. MARTIN.

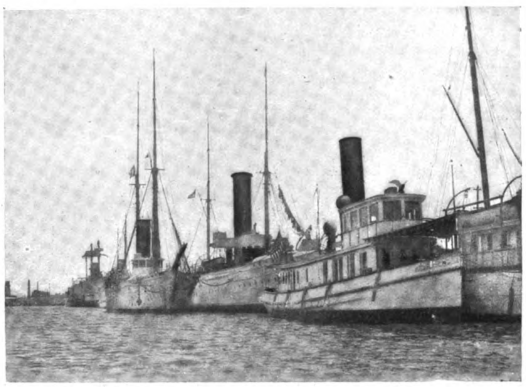
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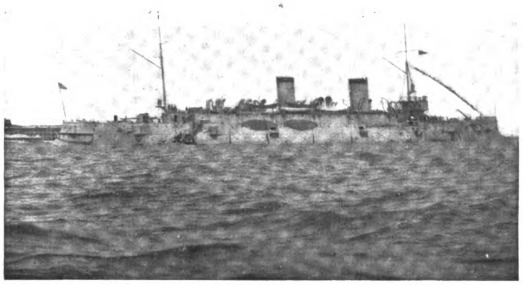
THE FLYING SQUADRON LEAVING HAMPTON ROADS, APRIL 13, FOR A PRACTICE CRUISE.



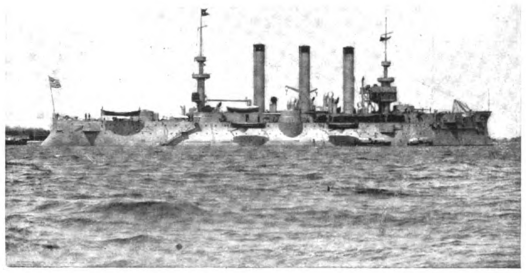
CROWDS ON OLD POINT WHARF WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF THE SQUADRON.



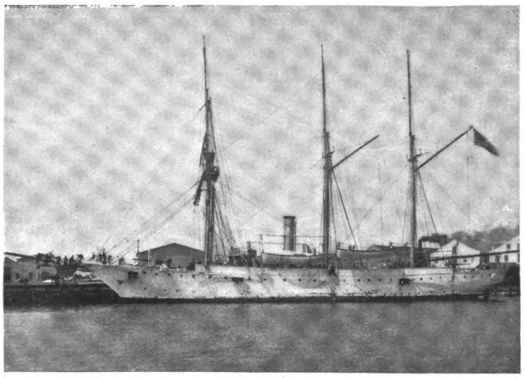
REVENUE-CUTTERS AT THE NORFOLK NAVY YARD BEING FITTED WITH RAPID-FIRE GUNS FOR THE AUXILIARY NAVY.



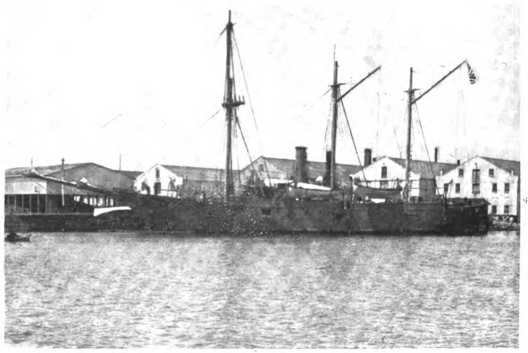
U. S. CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS" IN HER INCONSPICUOUS WAR-PAINT.



U. S. ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN," COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLAG-SHIP.



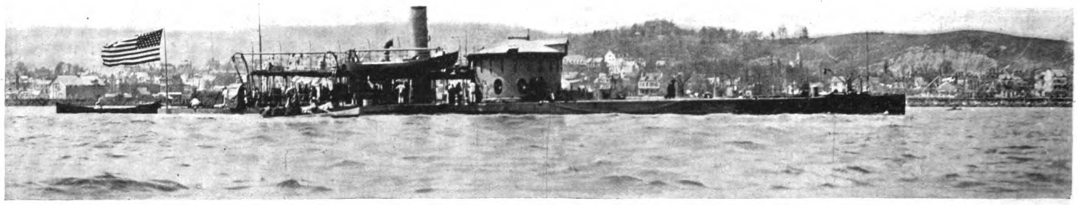
U. S. GUNBOAT "VICKSBURG" IN CRUISING TRIM.



THE "VICKSBURG" IN FIGHTING TRIM.

WITH THE FLYING SQUADRON AT HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

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U. S. SINGLE-TURRET MONITOR "NAHANT," WITH NEW YORK NAVAL MILITIA ABOARD, OFF TOMPKINSVILLE, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

ST. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIES.

April 12, 1898.

FROM the Klondike café, near the docks, up to the highest house on the hills that surround the landlocked harbor of Charlotte Amalie, from one end of the island of St. Thomas to the other, two questions are in the minds and on the lips of the people, and these are—will we be bought by the Americans, and will there be war with Spain? These queries are followed by a thought born of the two possibilities—if we are bought by the Americans, and if there is war between that country and Spain, will the Spaniards bombard and destroy our only seaport town, Charlotte Amalie, before the United States can give us the protection that is our due?

The arguments and statements anent these three all-absorbing questions, that are made in the curious and almost incomprehensible English of the boatmen on the wharves and the black street boys in tattered coats and trousers, are about as intelligent and acceptable as the opinions of merchants, officials, and men of position generally, and this with all due respect to the latter, for neither the one nor the other know aught of the matter, and the town is so small that the same words are in the mouths of all of its people. The name of Senator Lodge is almost as familiar as the name of their own Governor, and each step that he and the American Senate have taken in the matter of the buying of these Danish islands by the United States, has been observed with intense interest, discussed and commented upon, favorably and joyfully when it appeared the sale would be consummated, sorrowfully when it was learned that the Senate had temporarily postponed action in this matter that is so earnestly desired by the people of this island. That they do desire to belong to the United States there is no manner of doubt. When Danish officials are questioned upon this point, they, feeling a certain obligation not to talk too freely with a correspondent on the matter, give a true answer and avert any suspicion of disloyalty, by simply referring to 1867. This means that when in that year Mr. Seward attempted to bring about the acquisition of these islands by the United States, a vote was taken among the people to determine if they wanted to be sold to America or not. Some 2000 voted in favor, and less than 30 against the measure. This was thirty years ago; but assurance is given that the people feel now as they did then.

On Monday, April 4, the following petition was circulated in Charlotte Amalie; I quote from the St. Thomas *Bulletin:*

> As a result of the news cabled from New York on Saturday, it has been deemed expedient to at once petition the King not to sanction the sale of the Islands. This would have been done yesterday, but being Sunday it was not practicable.
>
> The Petition was drawn up, circulated for signatures this morning, and will be despatched to-day
>
> This is a prudent step, and one that is almost certain to enlist the sympathy of his Majesty. To be sold is one thing, but to change owners in these perilous times would be awful.
>
> Subjoined is the petition:
>
> "*Telegram to our Most Gracious King, his Majesty Christian IX., Copenhagen.*
>
> "Undersigned Burghers and Inhabitants of St. Thomas pray most submissively your Majesty not to sanction the transfer of the island to America, at least not under the present circumstances."

There follow the names of thirty-three merchants of this port, and among them, strangely enough, the names of four foreign consuls. There are merchants here who have monopolies in certain lines of selling. This is to their profit, and they fear competition. The monopolists were the most energetic in the circulation of this petition.

But the petition was never sent to the King. Probably because it did not receive sufficient support. If it had been sent, his Most Gracious Majesty the King of Denmark might have been well puzzled to discover what his good burghers in St. Thomas were driving at, anyway.

It being an accepted fact that the island of St. Thomas is anxious to come under the stars and stripes, a few inquiries were made as to the cause of their enthusiasm in the premises, and these questions brought forth such descriptions of the past glories of the little island that one was sorry indeed not to have lived here in the good old times, when the ships in the bay were counted by the hundreds, when schooners from all the Indies were crowded into the sheltering harbor, when business boomed, when the big black steamships entered and cleared from all the world in such numbers that a man could not keep track of them, when money was plenty, and sailors from all nations crowded the streets, as ready for an international carouse as for an international fight.

Be the causes what they may—and it is a little difficult to find satisfactory and convincing explanations for the loss of the trade that is gone—St. Thomas is not what it used to be, and it is with a hope for the return of the good old times that the people of the island are willing to be transferred to a country whom they consider their geographical protector, whose commerce and business activity will bring them what they desire, whose capital will come with its tourists. It is a question of dollars and cents—American dollars and cents—to St. Thomas.

They cannot and they do not expect a more equable, free, kindly, and thorough government than that which they have enjoyed under Denmark.

The principal criticism that is made of Danish rule is that Denmark does not always protect, in a foreign land, the colonial subject born in the Indies as she does the man born in Denmark. The true native and the islander are, apparently, not on the same footing, and the native-born man is favored.

With a police force of thirty men, and of soldiers less than one hundred, Denmark has maintained her gentle sway over this island of the Virgin group. There exist various institutions for the benefit of the people, which all speak of the fostering care and wise direction of the mother-country. The inhabitants of St. Thomas are happy, well fed, clean, and lazy. On holidays they laugh up and down the clean and well-paved streets of Charlotte Amalie, and their condition, appearance, and peace of mind are in strong contrast with those of their less fortunate brothers who live under Spanish rule on the two islands still belonging to Spain in these Indies. They would be still more fortunate as citizens of the United States.

Denmark has never forced her language on the people of her islands. As a result, English is universally spoken. All officials talk that language in addition to their own, and the services in the churches and the instruction in the schools are in that tongue. Nevertheless, Charlotte Amalie, whose clean streets, white houses, and sedate dignity remind one of Philadelphia, is very cosmopolitan. The English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch steamers all bring tourists from their respective countries, and the three tongues of the West Indies—Spanish, French, and English—are heard on all sides.

Last week the American consul in St. Thomas, Mr. Mahlon Van Horn—against whom some men are prejudiced because of his color, but even these will all join in commending Mr. Van Horn's honesty, energy, and intelligence—received orders from the government of his country to procure and hold subject to orders 1000 tons of coal. This Mr. Van Horn promptly did, notwithstanding the efforts of the Spanish consul to prevent the sale. The schooner *Ida C. Southard* was chartered, and loaded with the coal in question; she is now anchored in the harbor, awaiting orders from the United States.

After this matter of the coal had been adjusted and Charlotte Amalie settled down from the excitement caused thereby, conjecture was rife as to where the war-ships would receive the fuel. Some expected the immediate arrival of the Flying Squadron, even going so far as the hill-tops in their vain endeavors to catch sight of our war-ships; others averred that the coal could not be delivered in this a neutral port if war were declared. Then a telegram from the outside world was responsible for the rumor that the coal was to be sent to Samana Bay, in Santo Domingo, and St. Thomas at once became downcast.

The harbor of St. Thomas, the island's strong attraction to vessels, can be best described in the words of Mr. F. A. Ober.

"As daylight comes, it is seen what a beautiful harbor is this of St. Thomas, worthy of all the adjectives one can heap upon it, magnificent, gemlike, glorious. Hills on all sides surround it, save towards the southern sea, where the entrance lies between two high promontories, guarded by ancient forts. Hills behind it, sunburnt and bare, look down upon a charming town."

The floating dry dock is anchored on the western side of this harbor. It can lift a ship of 3000 tons, and although it has been out here many years, it is in excellent repair and working order, and does much work. The dock was built in England, and brought out to the island in sections, and assembled here.

Three steamship lines have their coaling-stations in this harbor, and none of these concerns supply coal to other than their own vessels. Steamers not owned by these lines and desiring coal are supplied by Brousted & Co. The companies mentioned are the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, with an annual consumption of about 20,000 tons; the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, using from 40,000 to 50,000 tons a year; the Hamburg-American Packet Company, with an equal consumption; while Brousted & Co. also handle from 40,000 to 50,000 tons annually.

Defences of this harbor there are none; a few saluting-guns at the barracks on shore cannot be so considered. The hills behind the town rise to some 1500 feet, and there is high ground, from 300 to 500 feet, immediately surrounding the harbor.

St. Thomas is to-day a very healthy port. Many men consider it the most fortunate place in this respect in the West Indies. The opening of a passage some years ago from the harbor westerly to the sea did much to bring about this condition. The town, being built on the sides of three hills abutting from the main range, is thoroughly cleaned out, day after day, by the heavy rains, in the wet season.

From the entrance of the port, and right up to the King's Dock, a distance of about a mile, there is a broad channel of deep water, broken only by a ledge of rock near the mouth, which serves as a breakwater when hurricanes blow in from the south.

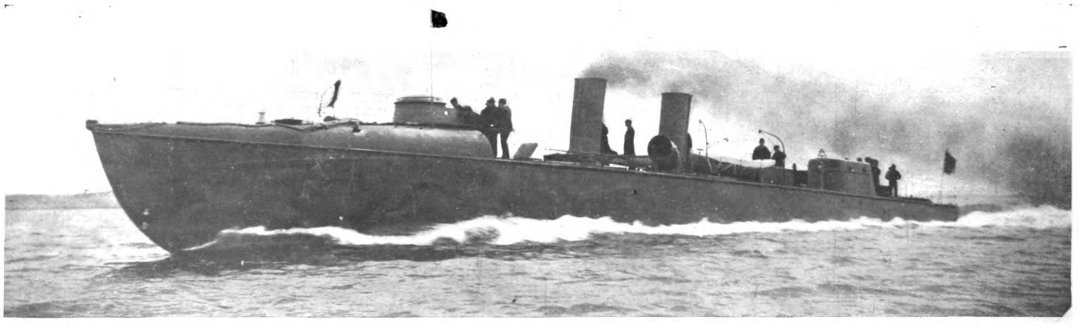
Seamen say the bottom of St. Thomas Harbor is an excellent anchorage. To the east and west of the main channel, already referred to, are stretches of shoaler water, sufficiently deep for schooners and small steamers.

The other islands of this Danish group are St. Croix and St. John. The former, the largest of the group, is nineteen miles long, and from one to five miles broad. Here is raised considerable sugar-cane; about fifteen thousand tons of sugar are exported annually. The population of the island is a little under twenty thousand.

It is stated that, owing to former French possession of St. Croix, and an agreement entered into between France and Denmark, the latter country cannot dispose of St. Croix without the assent of France in the matter.

The island of St. John belongs to the municipality at St. Thomas, contains forty-two square miles, and less than one thousand inhabitants. It is said that St. John has an excellent harbor.

HAROLD MARTIN.



U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "MORRIS" ON HER RECENT SPEED TRIAL IN NARRAGANSETT BAY.—PHOTOGRAPHED AND COPYRIGHT BY FRANK H. CHILD, NEWPORT, R. I.

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OUR CITIZEN SAILORS ON DUTY—NAVAL MILITIA GOING ABOARD AN OLD WAR-TIME SINGLE-TURRET MONITOR AT THE LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY YARD.

NAVAL MILITIA IN SERVICE.

For more than thirty years the old Monitors which were used in the war of the rebellion have been laid up at navy-yards out of commission. Once we had a war scare in which Chile figured as the prospective party of the second part, and some of these old fighters were hauled out of their comfortable berths and made partly ready for service. But the scare faded away. The rosy bloom of peace settled upon the cheeks of the Goddess of Liberty, and the dust and dirt of a navy-yard settled upon the Monitors. Rust sank into the indentations made by Confederate shells, and black paint turned a dingy brown.

When the present crisis confronted the country the officials of the Navy Department bethought themselves of these old Monitors. Would they be of any service in the face of Hontoria guns, modern powder, and sharp-pointed cylindrical projectiles? The navy experts thought they might do something. They certainly were not to be dreamed of as battle-craft, but inside a bay or harbor they might perhaps offer some obstacle to light-armed and swift vessels which slipped past a fort. The armor of the old Monitors is only eleven inches of wrought iron, and that of course will not resist heavy modern guns, but it will do very well against light ones. The old-fashioned 15-inch smooth-bores will not hurl armor-piercing shells, such as the present guns use, but they would do a lot of smashing of light plates for all that.

The Navy Department, finding itself very short of ships in the face of an emergency, determined to bring out the old Monitors to help fight Spain. But then came the question of men to man them. Men were scarce, and so were officers; yet it was absolutely necessary that these old vessels should be distributed among the ports to which they were assigned. How to do it, that was the problem. Suddenly Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt remembered that he had a naval militia in his pocket. He snapped his fingers and said, "That militia must get those Monitors." Telegrams were sent to Governors of States asking them if they could furnish men to man Monitors. Legal questions were ignored, and the Governors of New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey said they could send men to man anything and go anywhere. The Monitors *Jason* and *Nahant* were assigned to New York, and the commanding officers of the New York and Brooklyn battalions were ordered to make details to man them. The *Jason* unfortunately broke her turret-spindle, and deferred the expedition of the Brooklyn men, but the *Nahant* was ready to be put into commission on Tuesday, April 12.

Officers and men, engineers and machinists, signal-boys and berth-deck cooks, poured aboard the naval-militia-ship *New Hampshire* in answer to a hurry call on Monday night. They slept aboard, and at 7.50 Tuesday morning started for Philadelphia on a special train. Several officers and men had been there for some days helping to prepare the *Nahant* for use. Lieutenant Clayton S. Richman, U.S.N., had been ordered to command her. At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, with the assistance of the naval-militia officers already attached to his vessel, he proceeded to put her in commission.

The ceremony was simple enough. While the ship's crew was bowling along the Pennsylvania Railroad at fifty miles an hour Captain Richman—a commanding officer in the navy is always "captain"—on board the *Nahant* read the order of the Navy Department directing him to take command. The ensign was run up to the ensign staff by Quartermaster Zerega of the New York naval militia, and the commander's pennant was hoisted on the signal-mast. It was indeed a simple ceremony, but it was full of significance, for it meant that the naval-militia officers aboard the Monitor had, for the time being, entered the service of the United States, thus beginning a mission which was to be theirs only in the face of danger.

An hour after the ship had gone into commission the steady tramp of men was heard, and under the command of Commander W. Butler Duncan, Jr., of the First Naval Battalion, New York, the ship's crew marched down the wharf, and was sent aboard. There was a large crowd of people at the head of the wharf, and the apprentices on the receiving-ship *Richmond* looked on with expectant amusement. If the spectators hoped to have an opportunity to laugh at the naval militia, or thought they might witness a display of civilian enthusiasm on the part of the New York boys, they were disappointed. Not a word was uttered by the well-trained militiamen. The coldest, sternest naval discipline prevailed. It is an old story to

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MOBILIZING THE ARMY—25TH U. S. INFANTRY (COLORED) IN LINE ON CAMP-GROUND, CHICKAMAUGA PARK, TENNESSEE, IMMEDIATELY AFTER ARRIVAL.

the citizen sailors, that silent discipline, but the spectators do not always know that.

"Jump below, stow those hammocks, shift into working-clothes, and get on deck," said Commander Duncan, who is now executive officer of the *Nahant*.

The order was obeyed with celerity. In fifteen minutes the crew was on deck, and some of the men were set to work. Regular watches had begun the moment the ship went into commission, and in twenty minutes after the crew was aboard the routine was in smooth-working order. Every man received his billet giving him his station and duties. He had already learned in drills on the *New Hampshire* and cruises on men-of-war what that billet meant. Boatswain's mate, gunner's mate, quartermasters, and other petty officers all knew their business, and the ship's work went along as if it had been going for a month. Captain Richman took a look around him, drew a long breath, and left the vessel for several hours. The naval militia had furnished him with a complete crew, from officers down to firemen, oilers, and coal-passers. Old sailor-men in the yard scratched their heads and said they guessed they were dreaming.

As for the citizen jackies, when the relaxation of the second dog-watch came around, they sang songs and joked with one another, but underneath everything was the proud consciousness that the First Naval Battalion of New York had been the first militia organization called into the service of the national government since the civil war, and the first that had ever in the history of this country, or any other, completely manned a man-of-war. As for the old *Nahant* herself, she looked rather primitive in her leaden paint and with her antiquated lines, but the naval militiamen were as proud of her as if she had been a ten-thousand-ton battle-ship with a battery of 13-inch guns.

The *Nahant* sailed for New York on Friday, the start being made from League Island at 1.15 P.M. She arrived at the Tompkinsville anchorage, Staten Island, at 3 A. M. on Sunday, her engines having been stopped for half an hour only, to drop the pilot at the Delaware Breakwater. She made the trip not only under her own steam, but also in tow of the tug *Pioneer*, the average rate of speed being about eight knots an hour, of which the tug was responsible for three knots. Although the *Nahant* had not made a voyage in thirty years, her engines worked perfectly, even if they were antiquated.

The trip was not only a test of the Monitor, but of her crew. The sea was comparatively smooth. Not a drop of water came through the hatches. The men behaved so admirably in adapting themselves to their work as to draw a hearty compliment from Lieut. Richman, U. S. N., in command. Commander Duncan of the battalion had no compliments for them; he said they had simply done what they were expected to do. The crew not only performed the rough work, such as stoking and passing the coal, but they practised in firing the guns, which the men nicknamed "Brandy" and "Soda."

It took nearly twelve hours to go from League Island to the Delaware Breakwater. The conditions were so favorable that it was decided not to anchor, as had been planned, and the trip to New York was continued. All the way down the Delaware there had been many salutes for the old Monitor and crew. The *Nahant* has no steam steering-gear, and the green hands at the wheel had some difficulty in keeping her on the course, but after a time all this was straightened out.

In the morning the men were piped to breakfast, like all Jack Tars, and afterward had their first experience at sea with "salt soap," which they used in scrubbing their clothes. Routine went on all day, and at five o'clock in the afternoon came the chief diversion and probably the most important work of the day. The turret crews were called to man the guns. Drill in firing went on for three-quarters of an hour, and then real shot and real powder were used. Each shot consumed thirty-five pounds of powder. The first gun fired was loaded with an explosive shell. It struck the water about 2500 yards away, and made an interesting sight as it exploded. The next shot was solid. Two of each kind were fired, and the time consumed was sixteen minutes. When the gun "Brandy" recoiled at the second shot, it became unshipped, but was soon adjusted in place.

The *Nahant* passed the Scotland Light Ship at 11.20 o'clock on Saturday night. The tide was against her, and she steered very hard coming up the harbor to Tompkinsville. She reached her berth in safety, however, and anchored close to the cruiser *San Francisco*, where she remained for several days, preparatory to being taken to the New York Navy Yard for further overhauling, and the mounting of some light guns on her superstructure.

RENDEZVOUS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

The first active movement by the regular army looking toward hostilities with Spain was the result of an order to mobilize the troops at three centres—at the Chickamauga National Park in northern Georgia, close to Chattanooga, and the scene of the great battle of that name in the civil war; at New Orleans; and at Mobile. The first of the regulars to arrive at any of these places of rendezvous was the Twenty-fifth Infantry regiment, one of the negro regiments in the service. They reached Chattanooga on April 14, and the next day went into camp in the park, on the "Widow Glenn" field.

The Twenty-fifth Infantry is called the "black war-cloud." Its men are famous as Indian-fighters. They have been stationed in recent years at these four posts in Montana: Fort Assiniboine, Fort Harrison, Fort Missoula, and Fort Custer. There are eight companies in the regiment, and the roster numbers nearly 600 men. Two companies, A and G, were detached from the regiment at Chattanooga and hurried to Key West, where they will remain temporarily. Colonel Burt is in command of the regiment. He and his men were very proud of the fact that they were the first to be ordered South with the prospect of war facing them.

The preparations involved in making Chickamauga Park ready for the six [illegible]iments of cavalry, the light artillery, and the Twenty-fifth Infantry, which were ordered to mobilize there, were largely in the hands of Colonel H. V. Boynton, through whose efforts chiefly the scene of the great Southern battle-field was set aside as a natural park.



MOBILIZING THE ARMY—ARRIVAL OF 25TH U. S. INFANTRY AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK, APRIL 15, 1898.

CUBAN NOTES.

The rebels in Cuba have lately called attention to themselves by certain methods that never fail to bring them to public notice. I refer to attacks on railroad trains and the blowing up of railroad bridges. A case of the latter came to my notice one day last month, when the insurgents fired into and attempted to wreck the afternoon passenger-train from Matanzas to Havana. The assault took place at San Miguel, some twenty miles outside of Havana. As a result of the attack, three men were slightly wounded. One was a travelling Englishman, who made light of his wound, and the others were Spaniards. On the following day the railroad track from Jaruco to Havana was patrolled by Spanish infantry and cavalry, and the trains carried extra forces of men in the armored cars.

While these methods serve well their purpose—that of bringing to public ears the news of insurgent activity—it is apt to be at the cost of life to non-combatants, foreigners, persons on errands of mercy, and women and children. It is true that these attacks had been comparatively rare of late, but their repetition will do much to discredit such methods of rebel warfare, and to shatter the halo of soldierly honor with which we are inclined to invest the doings of the Cuban insurgents.

Key West enjoys the lively and intense hatred of the Spanish in Cuba. It is the refuge and safety of all intriguers against Spanish rule. There they can utter seditions and plan *coups* free from interference. There they live in safety, while Cabañas would be their immediate abode in Cuba. There the newspaper correspondent flourishes, free to telegraph what he pleases, and there go the daily tugs and steam-yachts in the service of our press, bearing despatches from Havana that would never pass the censor at the Palace. In Key West is published a Cuban paper, hot for the cause, whose railings against the Spanish administration are unrestrained. This paper, in competition with the ceaseless efforts of the press of our country, has set forth a story of the *Maine* disaster that stands at the head of all theories in the matter of unproved statements. According to this paper, the Spanish government offered a certain man $20,000 to blow up the *Maine*. This he successfully did. The day after the disaster the government became alarmed at the possibility of this man's divulging his knowledge for a greater sum than that paid by themselves. He was therefore approached

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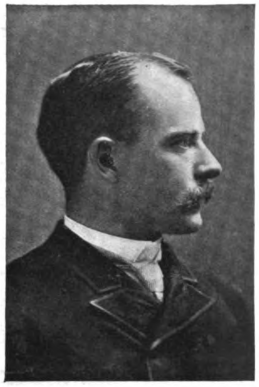
LIEUT. CLAYTON S. RICHMAN, U.S.N.,
U. S. Single-Turret Monitor "Nahant."



LIEUT. MARTIN ELLSWORTH HALL, U.S.N.,
U. S. Single-Turret Monitor "Catskill."



LIEUT. HERMAN F. FICKBOHM, U.S.N.,
U. S. Single-Turret Monitor "Jason."



LIEUT. AARON WARD, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Wasp" (Yacht "Columbia").



LIEUT. JOHN C. FREMONT, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Porter."



LIEUT. HAMILTON HUTCHINS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Stiletto."



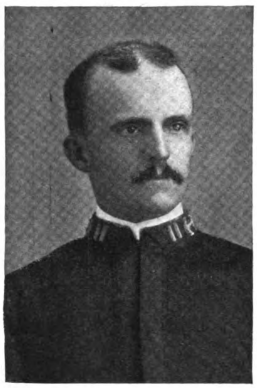
LIEUT. JAMES M. HELM, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Hornet" (Yacht "Alicia").



LIEUT. NATHANIEL R. USHER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Ericsson."



LIEUT. ALEX. SHARP, JR., U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Vixen" (Yacht "Josephine").



LIEUT. ALBERT GLEAVES, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Cushing."



LIEUT. JOHN L. PURCELL, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Osceola" (Tug "Winthrop").



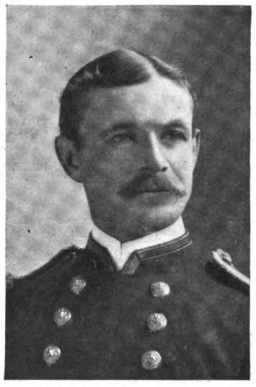
LIEUT. JOHN B. BERNADOU, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Winslow."



LIEUT. FREDERICK R. BRAINARD, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Uncas" (Tug "W. Luckenback").



LIEUT. (JUNIOR GRADE) WILLIAM R. SHOEMAKER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Talbot."



LIEUT. (JUNIOR GRADE) SPENCER S. WOOD, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Dupont."



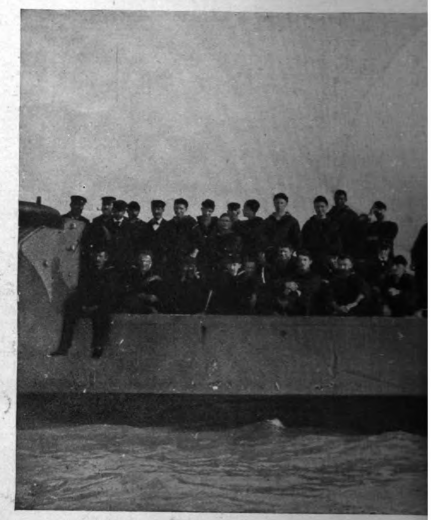
ENSIGN WALTER R. GHERARDI, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Sioux" (Tug "P. H. Wise").

LIEUTENANTS AND JUNIOR OFFICERS COMMANDING UNITED STATES NAVAL VESSELS.

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ARRIVAL OF REFUGEES FROM HAVANA, BROUGHT IN BY U. S. LIGHT-HOUSE TENDER "MANGROVE."



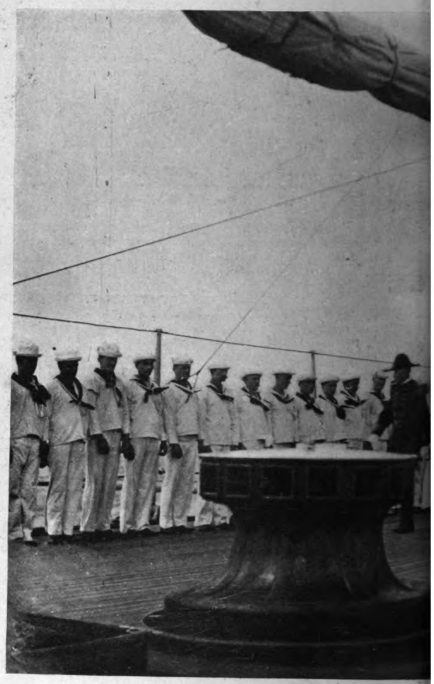
CREW OF U. S. DOUBL



KEY WEST BARRACKS—MEN'S QUARTERS.



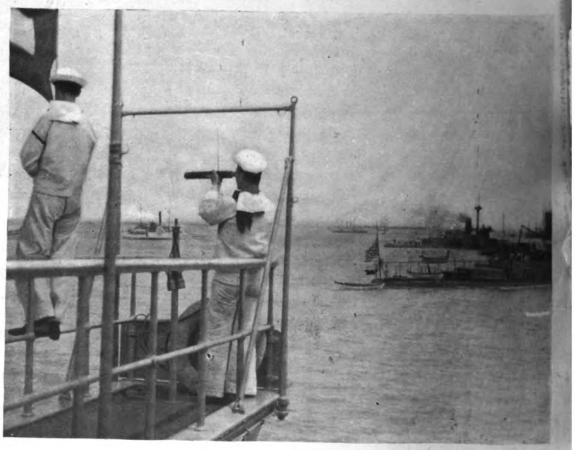
GRAVES OF TWENTY-FOUR VICTIMS OF THE "MAINE."



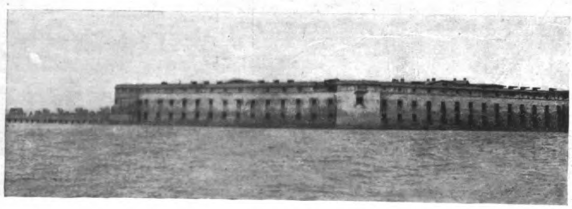
CAPTAIN CHADWICK INSPECTING TH



ON BOARD MONITOR "PURITAN"—LOWERING WHERRY-BOAT.



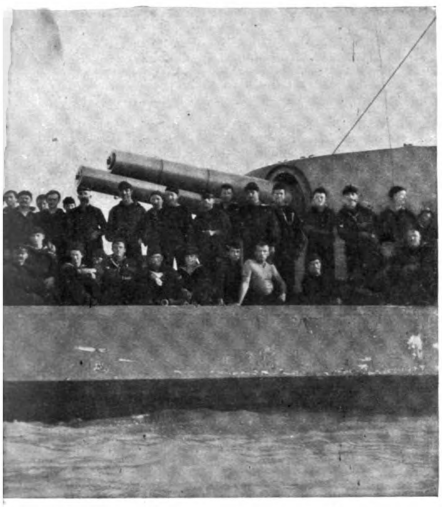
SIGNALLING FROM BRIDGE OF "PURITAN."



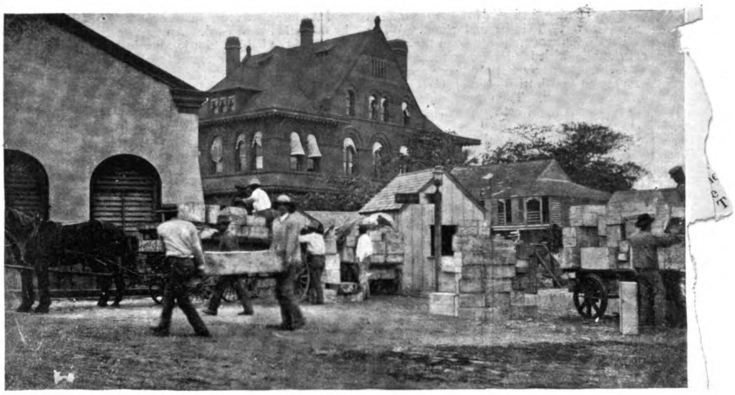
FORT TAYLOR.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE AT KEY WEST.—VIEWS

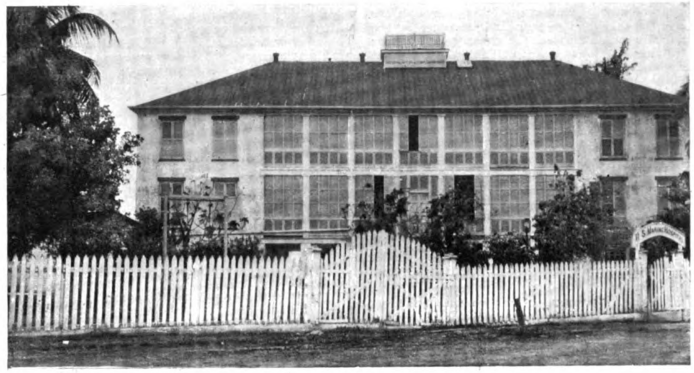
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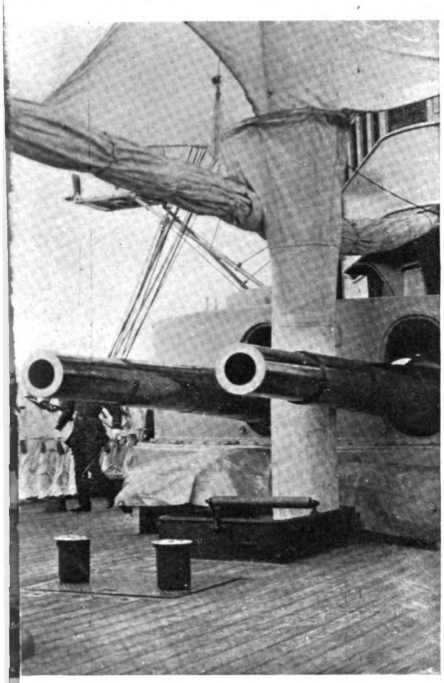
MONITOR "AMPHITRITE."



THE GOVERNMENT DOCK—UNLOADING STORES FOR THE FLEET.



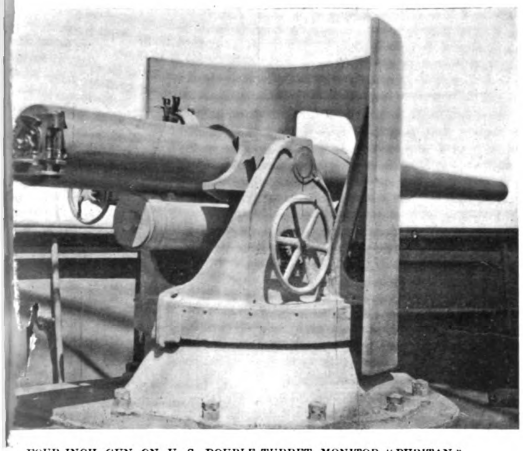
U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL.



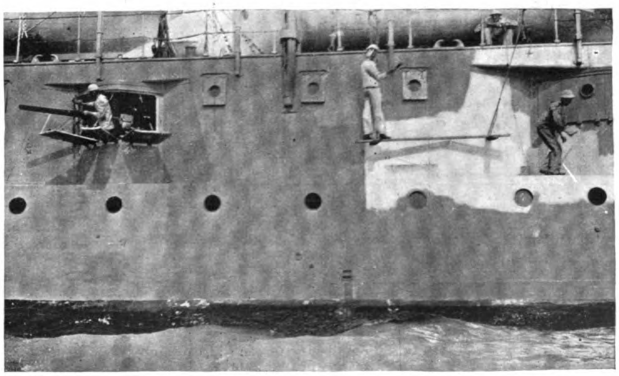
OF ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."



KEY WEST BARRACKS—OFFICERS' QUARTERS.



FOUR-INCH GUN ON U. S. DOUBLE-TURRET MONITOR "PURITAN."



U. S. GUNBOAT "HELENA" PUTTING ON HER WAR PAINT.

MES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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roposition to examine the hull of the *Alfonso XII.*, by trade a diver. This he undertook. When nder water on his work, the air from the pumps t off and the man killed. His body was cast into y, was subsequently recovered by those searching e *Maine's* victims, and buried—honorably buried—them in Colon Cemetery. Then the Spaniards who this delicate matter in hand bethought themselves of an's wife. She might know his secret. Her house se rched, the $20,000 recovered, and she herself y placed in an insane asylum, that her account occurrence would be credited to the ravings of nfortunate who had brooded upon the horror until ecame insane.

e utter destruction of Key West would be under- y Spain with gusto. Then, it is declared, when ccomplished, the glorious march of the victorious om the end of Florida to Washington would fol- ith the success always attending Spanish feats of Not that all men who are Spaniards in Cuba be- his to be possible, for many of them have come a the Florida pines and seen naught but gophers lamanders, and still others have more sense; but are many who believe this remarkable feat well n the range of Spanish possibility, as was attested loud conversation in a Havana café and overheard e writer.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT A "WILD WEST" SHOW.

DOUINS are whirling and "tumbling" through the ust and the sunshine; scene-painters retouching the ellous blue mountains of the great long curtain; ans training fractious ponies; and Mexicans, blanket rm, Cossacks, Cubans, and cowboys lazily whiling y the early morning hours in the great arena at the ison Square Garden. The employees rake and scrape dirt or scatter fresh sawdust, and a group of specta- watch the agile Arabs as they mass on one man's ulders, or twirl their supple bodies through the air n one end of the ring to the other. Mounting the nar- stairway back of the old stage-coach brings one to rters one would never imagine existed behind so ele- nt an exterior. Every square inch of space from floor ceiling is filled with a chaos of costumes from all ends the earth. In one corner, surrounded by elegant lea- er saddles, great heavy hats, velvet jackets trimmed ith gold lace, tight-fitting breeches, spurs, harness, pis- ls, belts, etc., a few lazy Mexicans are visible.

Cowboys, soldiers, and employees are crowded in a rge room, many asleep on their cots, and one Eng- sh chap, propped up with saddles and blankets, try- ng to recover from a broken leg. Eight or ten Cos- acks are partitioned off in a boxlike corner, where ey pass most of the day singing their national hymns.

On the stairway, by the window, and occasionally gath- ering his thoughts by gazing abstractedly into the busy New York street, is a handsome young Indian writing a letter. Looking over his shoulder, I get a glimpse of in- erest—"New York, Madson Squir Gordin: Ui' nah' niahu' tawa bi' tna' wu—" (which means, "I am flying about the earth") etc.

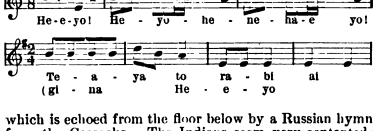
In writing he uses the English characters. He has evi- dently finished, for, while chewing the point of his pen- cil, he gives his letter a final looking over, puts it into the addressed envelope, and turning to me, licks his finger and points to the corner. I have a stamp, which I donate, with an offer to mail the letter. He looks me over care- fully, and gradually lets the letter slip from his hand into mine. A glance at the address explains his caution, for it is directed to "Miss Alice Lone Bear, Pine Ridge Agency, Kyle P. O., So. Dakota."

Past the romantic red man, up another flight, and I enter a large room with low ceiling, in which one sees only the thousands of vari-colored feathers attached to war- bonnets, shields, belts, and dresses. An Indian jumps to his feet, and shouting out, causes about twenty strap- ping young fellows to leap from their blankets under the eaves of the roof and surround me, clamoring and jostling. It is rather a surprising greeting, and I feel my small stature as several ugly-looking bucks push me around. Knowing something of the Indian nature (which strongly resembles the schoolboy's), I shove a big fellow away and back into the rest.

"What's the matter with you, boys?" I ask.

"One dollar! One dollar!" is about the only English word in the answer, and repeated with vigor.

I laugh at them, take off my overcoat, open my sketch- book, and look around for a subject. I am soon at work on old Flat Iron, who, propped up in a chair, tries to keep his small eyes open. The young men leave me, to return to their card games, or to doze away in their blankets on the floor. A few old men in the room are arranging fea- thers for a new bonnet, or stringing beads and lead for skirts; the fat and industrious squaws are beading moc- casins, or braiding the little girls' hair (which is kept scrupulously clean and neat), while away in one corner an accomplished black-haired youth performs "Daisy Bell" on a mouth-organ. Occasionally the young fellows break into an Indian song, something like this,



which is echoed from the floor below by a Russian hymn from the Cossacks. The Indians seem very contented; repartee passes from one side of the room to the other, and a point well made unfailingly brings a laugh.

The card game grows very exciting, attracting to the six squatting figures quite an audience of interested on- lookers, who often add to the intenseness by throwing their recent pay into the circle to bet on a "draw." The Indian plays cards with great fervor, drawing the edge of the second card slowly over his first, to get the full benefit of the excitement should fortune fall his way and he have a "suit." If he has high cards, how he does bet! and the lookers on behind him bet. Then with quick breath he takes his next card. An ace of his "suit." Whoop! Hi yi! those behind him joining in the yelling, to the dis- comfiture of the apparently stolid losers. And Black Heart goes to stock himself with tobacco for the week.

Twelve-thirty, and all start down for dinner. Old Flat Iron, whom I have been sketching, makes known to me in the sign language that I must bring him some tobacco for his trouble, fumbles around in his buckskin pouch for his dinner check, and dexterously sweeping his dirty blanket around half of him, ambles down the stairs to his place at the long table.

All connected with the show eat in the great room on the ground-floor. Here, in their working-clothes, or in the picturesque attire of their homes (for Cossack, Mexi- can, Bedouin, and Indian refuse civilized costume), they give the rather commonplace impression of a laboring- class satisfied to work hard for their daily bread.

Dinner over, preparation for the afternoon performance begins at once, and the scenes in the narrow dressing- rooms are animated. With pigments, a good Indian type is made hideous in a short interval, and but for the many deep furrows time has ploughed in the forehead of Flat Iron, one could never tell his yellow-streaked face from that of his son Leaping Antelope. Bodies and limbs are painted half white, half green, or with circles (represent- ing the sun) and crescents and stars, and one Indian leaves the imprint of a vermilion-smeared hand on his cheek. The feathers come off the wall; the many sleigh- bells jingle and tinkle; the boys break into song; the squaws "ti-ti" in their high shrill voices; even the digni- fied old chiefs are gay, arrayed in all their glory. A blast from a bugle starts them off to saddle their ponies, on which they are soon mounted, ready for the grand entry. The cowboy band starts up "Hail, Columbia," the bugle sounds again, the great canvas curtain is drawn, and the howling warriors dash wildly into the public gaze.

The curtain is redrawn—the curtain with the distant blue mountains, the blue pine-trees, and the blue tepees. Before, it is the romance and pleasure; behind, the reality and labor. Both sides are interesting.

ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

YSOLINDE'S FAREWELL.

THE next morning early, as I went about making my dispositions and putting men of trust in posi- tions fit for them—for the Prince had given me the command of all the soldiers within the city—the Lady Ysolinde came to me upon the terrace.

"Walk with me awhile," she said, "in the lower gar- den. It is a quiet place, and I would speak with you."

It was a command that I dared not refuse to obey, yet my greatest enemy would not accuse me that I went lightly or willingly to such a tryst.

The Lady Ysolinde passed on daintily and proudly be- fore me, and I followed, more like a condemned criminal lumping heavily to the scaffold than a lad of mettle ac- companying a fair lady to a rendezvous of her own asking under the green-wood tree.

But I need not have feared. The Princess's mood was mild, and I saw her in a humor in which I had never seen her before.

She moved before me over the grass, with her head a little turned up to the skies, as though appealing out of her innocence to the Beings who sat behind and knew the hearts of men and women.

At a great weeping-elm, under which was a seat, she turned. It formed a wide canopy of shade, grateful and cool. For the breezes stirred under the leaves, and the river moved beneath with a pleasant, meditative hush of sound.

"Hugo Gottfried, once you were my friend," she began. "What have I done that you should be my friend no more? Tell me plainly. I liked you when as a lad, the son of the Red Axe, you came to my father's house about some boyish freak. I have not done ill by you since that day. And now that you are a leader of men and of rank and honor here in my husband's country of Plassenburg, I would be your well-wisher still. I am conscious of no reason for my having forfeited your liking. But that I would know for certain—and now."

As she threw back her head and let her clear emerald eyes rest upon me, I never saw woman born of woman look more innocent. Indeed, in these days of mistrust it is innocence under suspicion which usually looks most guilty, knowing what is expected of it.

"Lady Ysolinde," I made answer, "you try me hard and sore. You put me in the wrong. You do me indeed great honor, as you have ever done all these years. In reverence and high respect I shall ever hold you for all that you have done—for your kindness to me and to He- lene, the orphan girl who came from our father's roof with me. I know no reason why there should be any break in our friendship; nor shall there be, if you will pardon my folly and—"

"Tush!" she said, impetuously. "You speak things empty, vain, the rattling of knuckle-bones in a bladder—not live words at all. Have I never listened to true men? Do not I, Ysolinde of Plassenburg, know the sound of words that have the heart behind them? I have heard you speak such yourself. Do not insult me with plati- tudes, nor try to divert me with the piping of children in the market-place. I will not dance to them, nor yet, like a foolish kitchen-wench, smile at the jingling of your trinketry."

"Your highness!" I began again.

She waved her hand as if putting a light thing away. "I was a woman to you before you knew that I was a Princess," she said. "You need not forget that I am a woman still, cursed with the plate-mail of rank, added to the weariness and inaction of a woman's breaking heart."

I was acutely conscious that I was not distinguishing

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

myself in this interview. So I dashed again at the wall, and this time for a moment at least overbore interruption.

"Ysolinde, my dear lady," I said to her, "you are the Prince's and my good master's wife. And if I have stood aloof, it is that I wished that he should have the compan- ionship which one day I desire to find for myself, and also that I might always have the right to look straight into my master's eyes."

"Now you talk like a silly prating priestling," she said. "You are both mighty careful of your honesty, your virtue, your companionship—your master and you. But you do not think what it is to starve a woman's heart, to bid her find her level among broiderers of ban- nerets and stitchers in tapestry. Ah! if the particular God who happened to be at the digging of us out of the happier pit of oblivion had only made me a man, I, at least, should neither have been a straitlaced Jackanapes nor yet a prating wiseacre."

"And am I either?" said I, weakly enough.

"You are in danger of becoming both," she said, promptly. "Once I saw better things in you. I thought I had won me a friend, and that for once I might put my anchor down. My husband neglects me—so much cannot have escaped your eagle eye. He is twice my age, and he thinks more of you, more of Councillor von Dessauer, more of his horse, than of me, Ysolinde of Plassenburg. And I was made to be loved and to love. How much of either, think you, have I ever known? The true lot of a woman shut to me, the sweet love of man and woman not for me, even the communion of the spirit not for me. I may as lief carry a wizened nut-kernel within my brain- pan as a thinking soul, for all that any one cares. I am a woman of another age stranded on the shores of a time made only for men. I am the woman of the Eden priests talk about, or perhaps rather the witch-woman Lilith on the outside of the wall! Or I may be the woman of a time yet to come, when she who is a man's mate shall not be only a gay-decked bird to sit on his wrist, tethered with a leash, and called back to her master with a lure."

These things I had never listened to before, nor, indeed, thought of. So that, though I could not answer her, I felt in my heart that she was wrong, and that a woman has always power over men, stronger than all ideals, philoso- phies, kingdoms—aye, even our holy religion itself.

"After all," I said, piqued a little at her tone, as men are wont to be at that which they do not understand, "Lady Ysolinde, wherefore should you not tell these things to the Prince, your husband, and not to me, who am neither your husband nor your lover!"

"And if you had been both?" she interjected, a little breathlessly.

"Then, my lady," I replied, stirred by her persistence, "you would have obeyed me and served me just as you say. Or else I should have broken your spirit as a man is broken on the wheel."

It was a prideful saying, and one informed with ignor- rance and conceit. Yet the Lady Ysolinde gave a long sigh.

"Ah, that would have been sweet too," she said. "You are the one man I should have delighted to call master, to have done your bidding. That had been a thing dif- ferent indeed. But you love me not. You love a chit, a chitterling—a pretty thing that can only peep and mut- ter, whose heart's depths I have sounded with my finger nail, and whose babyish vanity I have tickled with a straw."

This was enough, and too much.

"Madam," said I, "the clear stars are not fouled by throwing foulness at them; nor yet the Lady Helene—whom I do acknowledge that with all my heart I love—by the speaking of any ill words. You do but wrong yourself, most noble lady. For your heart tells you other things, both of the maid I love and of me that am her true servant, and, if I might, would be your true friend."

The Princess reached out her hand, looking not with anger, but rather wistfully at me, like a mother at a son who goes to his death with blasphemy on his lips.

"Forgive me," she said, gently. "I would not at the last have you go thinking ill of me. Indeed, you think all too well, and make me do things that are better than mine intent, because I know that you expect them of me. I have done many ill and cruel things in my poor life, simply from idleness and the empty, unsatisfied heart. If you had loved me or taught me, I might have tried better things. Perhaps in the end, for great love's sake, I may yet do one worthy deed that shall blot out all the rest. Farewell!"

And without another word she moved away, and left me in the green pleasaunces of the garden, with my heart riven this way and that, scarce knowing what I did or where I stood.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CAPTAIN KARL MILLERSON.

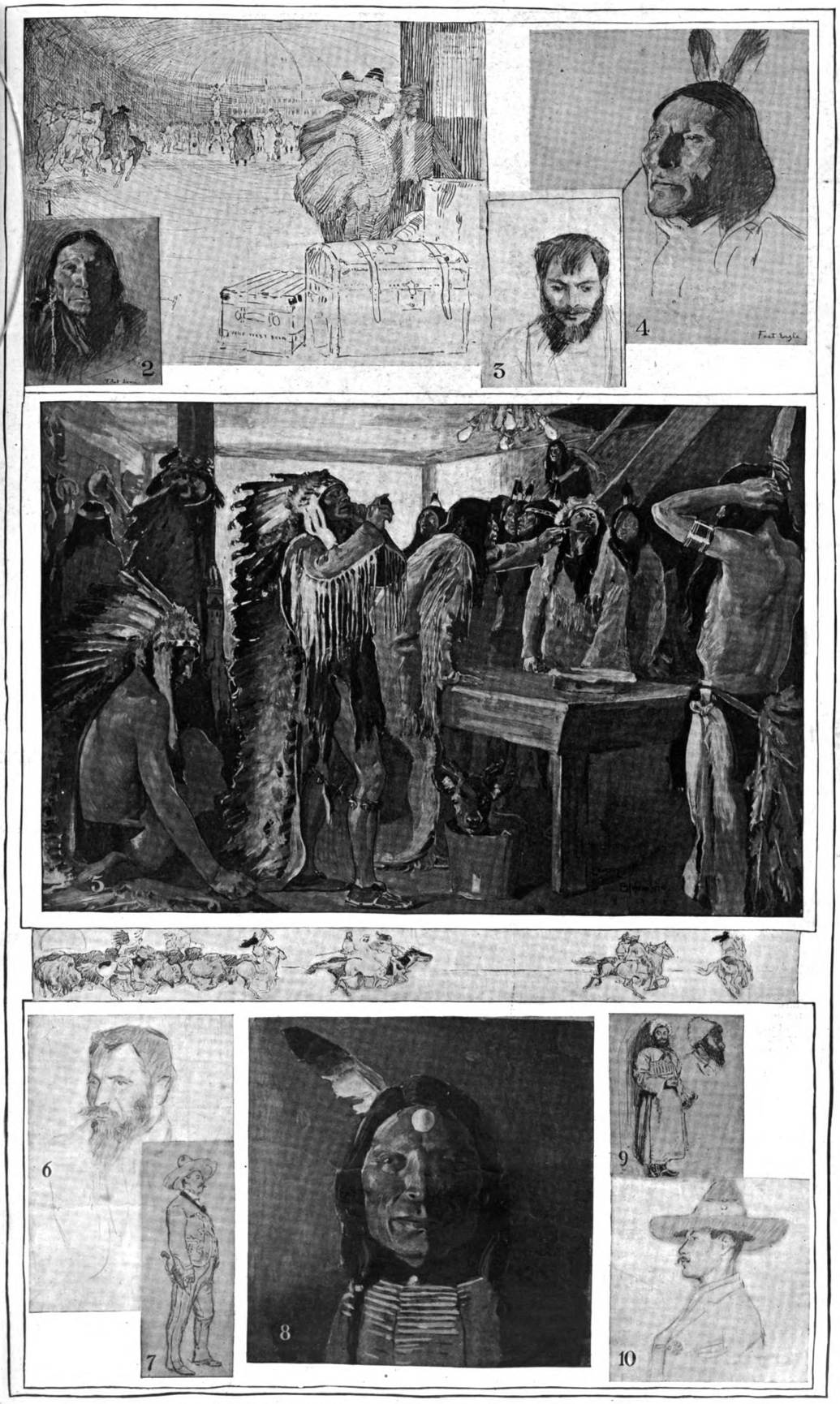
BLACK, blank, chill, confining night shut us in as Leo- pold Dessauer and I rode out of Plassenburg. Our horses were ready for us at the little water-gate in the lower garden. Fain would I have taken Jorian and Boris, but on this occasion the fewer the safer. For to enter Thorn was to go with lighted matches into a powder-magazine.

The rushes in the river rustled dry and cold along the brink. The leaves of the linden-trees chuckled overhead, rubbing their palms together spitefully. There was mockery of our foolhardy enterprise in the soft sough of the water as I heard it lapper beneath the ferry-boat that lay ready to cross to the other side. Old Hans the ferry- man snored in his boat. Above in the women's cham- bers a light went to and fro. I judged that it was in the bower of the Lady Ysolinde. But not a string of my heart moved. For pity is so weak and love so strong that all my nature was now on the strain forward towards Helene and the Wolfsberg, like an eager hound that pulls at the leash.

"My love! my love!" I cried in my heart, "I am com- ing to you; I am going out to find you! Though I die for it, I shall at least see and touch you ere I die."

For during these last days my love had grown greatly upon me, being of that kind which gathers within a man, banks up, fills out his crevices, and he know it not. In the Wolfmark there are oft, in the limestone, caverns where the water sleeps deep and cool, while above, on the thin, rocky crust, the sun beats, and the very lizards die for lack of moisture. It was only now that I had broken up the crust of my nature and found the caverns under, where love was abiding undreamed of, deep and

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BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE "WILD WEST" SHOW.—Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

1. Morning Practice. 2. "Flat Iron." 3. Cossack. 4. "Fast Eagle." 5. The Indians' Dressing-Room. 6. Cossack. 7. Mexican. 8. "Iron Tail." 9. Cossack. 10. Mexican.

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"A FIGURE DARK AGAINST THE SKY.... IT WAS IN SHAPE A HORSEMAN SITTING HIS STEED ON THE CREST OF THE HILL."

eternal as the sea. It is a great thing and a beautiful to meet love for the first time face to face, not to nod to only, and to know how great and masterful he is—to say: "Love, I am yours. Do with me that which seemeth good to you. I was strong; now in your hands I am become weak. I was proud; now I am glad to be humble and kneel, waiting your word. You have made life and death the same thing to me for the sake of the Beloved. I am ready to take either from your hands!"

But enough. We were riding out of the dark pleasaunces of the palace, and the leaves were rustling and the sedges blowing. That was what began it, carrying away my thoughts.

Dessauer rode behind me, letting his horse follow mine. For, being used to the visitation of the outposts, I knew the ground thoroughly.

At every hundred yards we were halted, and I answered. For I had posted the men myself, and made sure that Plassenburg should not again be taken by surprise. On the other hand, I had determined that the spoiled should now be made despoiled, and that the foul den of the wolf should be cleansed as by fire.

Then, like the breaking up of the Baltic ice in spring, the thought ran through me—my father and the maid of the Red Tower, what of them?

Why, at the very first (so I told myself) I should set a guard of the best troops in Plassenburg about the Red Tower, and carry them all, Helene, my father, and old Hanne, to a safe place till Prince Karl and I had made an end. With our stark veterans swarming in Thorn, that would easily be done. And so the plan abode in the imagination of the heart.

We were soon out on the darksome, unguarded road, and after that I steered chiefly by the lights of the palace behind me, Dessauer saying no word, but riding like a man-at-arms behind me.

We had reached the crown of the green hill up which the path to the Wolfmark winds—the path by which, doubtless, Helene had travelled the night of the duel.

As I came to the summit, mounting the steepest part slowly, I was aware of a figure dark against the sky, no more apparent than a blacker patch of night where all was dark. It was in shape a horseman sitting his steed on the crest of the hill.

Instantly I drew my pistol, in which I had become expert.

"Your name and business?" cried I to the shape on the hill-side. For, indeed, none had any right to be abroad so near the city of Plassenburg, armed cap-a-pie, at that time of the night. And for a moment the thought flashed upon me that the tales we had heard might, after all, be true, and the armies of the Wolfmark nearer than we dreamed of.

"Hugo—von Dessauer!" cried a voice well known and ever dear to me—the voice of my master, the Prince Karl.

"The Prince!" cried I. "My lord, what do you here? This is madness! You, who should be within the walls of the palace, with the guards watching three deep about you! What would come to the State of Plassenburg if we wanted you?"

"Oh," said he, lightly, falling in beside us naturally, "you and von Dessauer in dual control would be a singular improvement on the present head of the State. You, Hugo, would keep the soldiers to their work, and von Dessauer could look to the treasury."

"But who would look to us and be a gracious and beloved master to us?" said I. "My Prince, we must instantly return and put you in safety!"

"Indeed, that will you not. By God's truth, if I am not to come all the way to the city of Thorn with you, I will at least convoy you to the edges of the Mark. It is so dull being month by month at ease within the castle, and not nearly so much fun as it used to be when I was a poor captain of a free company under the old Prince. Young rattling blades like Dessauer and yourself make no allowance for the distractions of an aged and gouty Prince."

Within myself I felt some amusement stir. It was almost exactly what the Princess, his wife, had alleged as a reason for her wanderings. I could not help marvelling why these two had not found out their great affinity to one another. But now I see that this very likeness of nature was the first cause of their lack of agreement. Like may, indeed, draw to like, as the saw hath it. But in the things of love like and like agree not well together. Fair desires dark, stout and stark desire slender, slow desires quick, severe desires gay (though often secretly). And so the world goes on, and in another generation sprung from these desirings once more dark desireth fair and fair dark.

There I am at it again. Oh, but I, Hugo Gottfried, am the wise man when I set out of my disquisitions. I could new-make all the saws of the world, set instances to them, and never breathe myself.

"Nay," said the Prince, "all is safe set within and without, thanks to my brave commander and wise Chancellor, and these things can e'en bide till I go back to them. Consider that I am but a captain of horse going a-wooing and needing to talk gayly for good comradeship by the road. Call me the Captain Millerson."

So Captain Millerson rode with Herr Doctor Schmidt and his servant Johann. And the merry time the three of us had till we arrived at the borders of the Mark.

I have not time nor yet space (though a great deal of inclination) to tell of the wondrous pranks we played the broad-haunched countrywomen we rallied (or rather whom Captain Millerson rallied, and who mostly gave as good as they got, or better, to that soldier's huge delight), the stout yeoman families in whose midst we went, and their opinion of the Prince. "A good man and a kindly," so the man said; "he has given us safe horse, fat cow, a quiet life. But yet the old was good too. The true race to reign is ever the anointed Prince."

"But he harried you. And worse, he let others plunder you. And that is not the fashion of Prince Karl, usurper though he be!" said the Prince.

"Nay," said the honest man, "usurper is he not—a God-sent boon to Plassenburg rather. We love him, would fight for him, all my six sons and I. Would we not, chickens?"

And the six sons rolled out a thunderous "Aye, fight—marry, that we would!" as they sat plaiting willow baskets and mending bows about the fire.

"But, alas! he is cursed with a mad wife, and, after all, he is not of the ancient stock," said the ancient man, shaking his head.

And the Prince answered him as quickly, tapping his brow significantly with his forefinger: "Are not all wives a little touched? Or are you fortunate in your part of the country? Faith, we of the city will all come courting to the Tannenwald if you are better off."

"We are even as our neighbors!" cried the yeoman, shrugging his shoulders. "Maul, what sayeth thou? Here is a brisk lad that miscalls thy clan."

The goodwife came forward smiling, comely, and large of bone.

"Which?" said she, laconically.

The farmer pointed to the Prince. The matron took a good look at him.

"Well," she said, "he is the one that should know most about us. He has been married once or twice, and hath gotten certain things burned into him. As for this one," she went on, pointing to Dessauer, "he may be doctor of all the wisdoms, as ye say, but he has never compassed the mystery of a woman. And this limber young spark with the quick eyes, he is a bachelor also, but desires to be otherwise. I wot he has a pretty lass waiting for him somewhere."

"How knew you that, goodwife?" I cried, greatly astonished.

"Why, by the way you looked up when my daughter came dancing in. You were in your lost brown study, and then, seeing a pretty lass that most are glad to rest their eyes upon, you looked away disappointed or careless."

"And how knew you that I was of the ancient guild of the bachelors?" asked Dessauer.

"Why, by the way that you looked at the pot on the fire, and sniffed up the stew, and asked how long the dinner would be! The bachelor of years is ever uneasy about his meals, having little else to be uneasy about, and no wife to teach him how to be patient."

"And how," cried the Prince, in his turn, "knew you that I had been wedded once?"

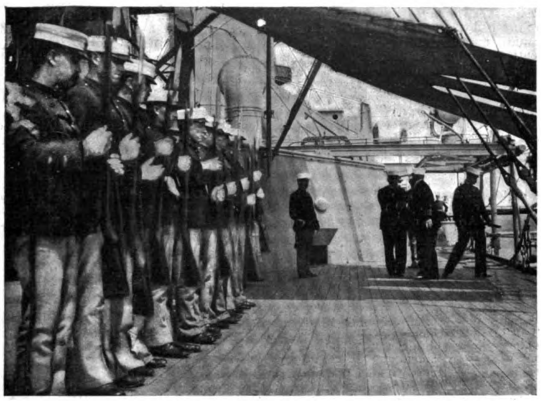
"Or twice," said the woman, smiling. "Man, you cackle it like a hen on the rafters advertising her egg in the manger below. I knew it by the fashion ye had of hanging up your hat and scraping your feet—not after ye entered, like these other good, careless gentlemen, but with your knife, outside the door. I see it by your air of one that has been at once under authority and yet master of a house."

"Well done, goodwife!" cried the Prince. "Were I indeed in authority I would make you either Prime Minister or chief of my thief-catchers."

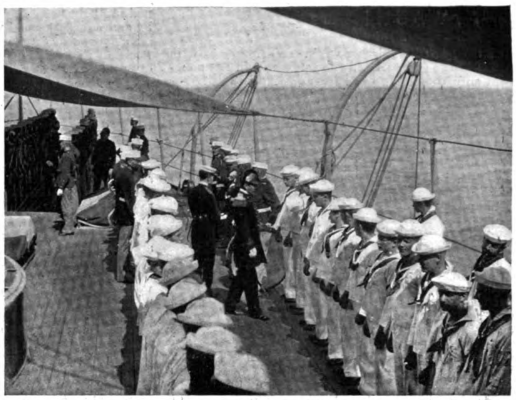
And so after that we went to bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

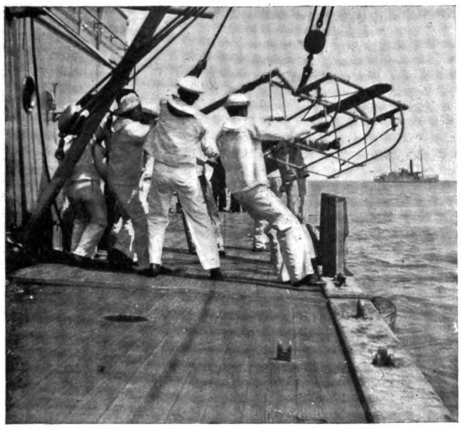
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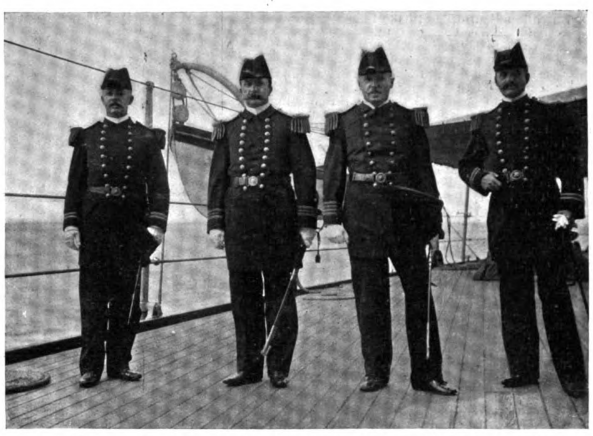
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "INDIANA" VISITS THE "NEW YORK."
Marine Guard coming to "Present Arms."



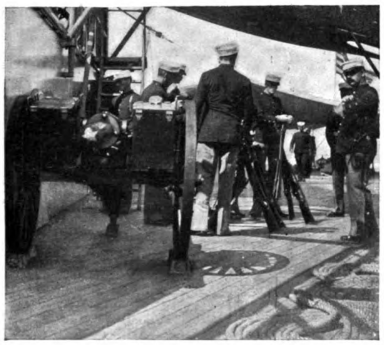
SECOND DIVISION AT QUARTERS.



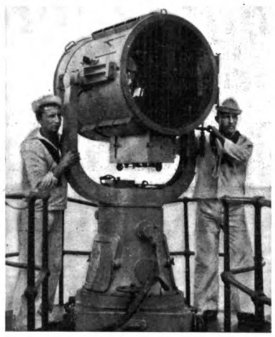
STRIPPING FOR ACTION.



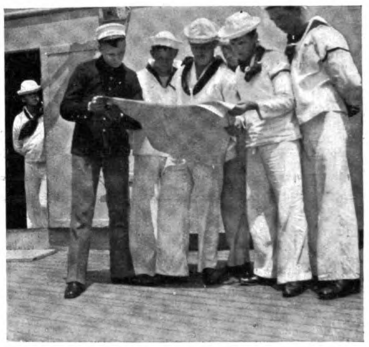
LIEUT. COFFIN. LIEUT.-COM. POTTER. CAPTAIN CHADWICK. LIEUT. MULLIGAN.



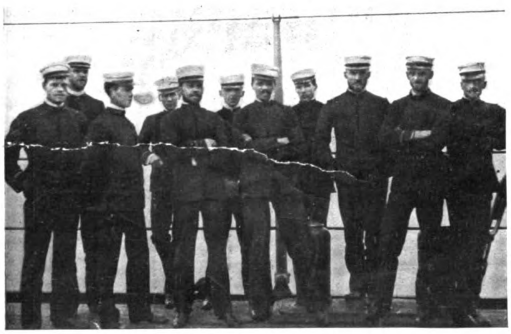
THREE-POUND FIELD-PIECE. GUARD UNSTACKING ARMS.



PORT SEARCH-LIGHT.



THE LATEST WAR NEWS.



JUNIOR OFFICERS.



GROUP OF CREW.

ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK," AT KEY WEST.—Views by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."

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WASHINGTON.

April 25, 1898.

We have passed a stirring week. Warfare is now in progress between the United States and Spain not merely in a figure of speech, but actually. Morro Castle has opened fire upon our ships of war lying off Havana, and though the fire was not returned, it was only because Spanish marksmanship was so poor that our ships did not feel seriously endangered by the attack.

Besides this, our war-ships have been making prize captures of Spanish freight-carriers. One of those brought in is valued, ship and cargo together, at about a half million dollars.

The President has sent to Congress a message recommending a formal declaration of war, so that the status of our movement as a belligerent may be plainly defined. And Congress has adopted a joint resolution to this effect.

Secretary Sherman is about to retire from the head of the Department of State, owing to impaired health and the necessity for having a man in full physical and mental vigor for this position during the present international complications.

The struggle between the two chambers of Congress over the Cuban resolutions which was in progress last Monday ended at two o'clock Tuesday morning, when a compromise was reached by the adoption of the Senate's resolutions, omitting the clause recognizing the present insurgent "republic" as the lawful government of Cuba.

These resolutions were presented to the President on Tuesday afternoon, and considered by an adjourned meeting of the cabinet. It was decided then, as the House had meanwhile adjourned until the following day, and therefore could not receive at once the notice of the President's approval, to lay the whole matter over for the night. About half past eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning the President signed the resolutions, and at once had their text cabled to Minister Woodford at Madrid, with instructions to present to the Spanish government a note containing the demand of the United States for the withdrawal of the armed forces of Spain immediately from Cuba. The Spanish government was allowed until Saturday noon to make its answer.

The only notice taken at Madrid of this action was the presentation to Minister Woodford of his papers of safe-conduct. This occurred before he was able to present the ultimatum. He reminded the Spanish government that this was equivalent to a declaration of war on its part, and at once withdrew to Paris, leaving the affairs of the legation in the care of the British ambassador. His exit from Madrid was the signal for a noisy mob demonstration, though no violence was attempted upon the person of the minister.

Meanwhile, simultaneously with the issue of the ultimatum, a copy thereof was served upon the Spanish minister in Washington, who, by the hand of the same messenger, returned a note asking for his passport. It was furnished him without delay, and he took an early train for Canada, where it is supposed that he will spend some time, keeping in touch with matters here for the benefit of his home government.

On Wednesday the Spanish Cortes began its session at Madrid and the Queen Regent delivered the speech from the throne in person. Referring to the headlong haste with which "a section of the people of the United States," seeing that the schemes of the plotters against the sovereignty of Spain were likely, through the successful operation of autonomy, to be frustrated by the free action of the people of Cuba, precipitated the present crisis, and to the probability that the Washington government would "yield to the blind current," she added:

"The supreme decision of Parliament will doubtless sanction the unalterable resolution of my government to defend our rights, whatever sacrifices may be imposed upon us in accomplishing this task. . . . Although a dark and gloomy future is before us, the difficulties are not beyond our powers. With our glorious army, navy, and united nation before foreign aggression, we trust in God that we shall overcome without stain on our honor the baseless and unjust attacks made upon us."

The speech was received with demonstrations of the greatest enthusiasm.

Immediately after the final passage through both Houses of Congress of the resolutions which made intervention in Cuba a certainty, orders were issued to every military department for the despatch of all the troops who could be spared to the rendezvous near the Gulf of Mexico, equipped for the coming campaign. Within a few hours about 16,000 armed men were on the move eastward and southward. The points chosen for their temporary occupation are Chickamauga Park, Tampa, Mobile, and New Orleans.

The Spanish war-ships *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo*, which sailed mysteriously from Havana a few weeks ago, were reported on Tuesday as arriving at the Cape Verde rendezvous. On the following day news reached our Navy Department that the *Pelayo*, the most powerful battle-ship in the Spanish navy, had joined the fleet. A rumor was current immediately thereafter that the entire fleet gathered at the Cape Verde Islands had started westward, its destination unknown. At a special meeting of the cabinet, called on Thursday to consider the retirement of Minister Woodford from Madrid, it was decided to order the Key West squadron to sail. This was done at once.

The squadron which sailed on Friday morning proceeded first to Havana and blockaded the entrance to the harbor. At the same time the President issued a proclamation that the United States "have instituted and will maintain a blockade of the north coast of Cuba, including ports on said coast between Cardenas and Bahia Honda, and the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast." Neutral vessels which happened to be at any of these ports at the establishment of the blockade were given thirty days to clear. On Saturday enough war-ships were detached from the main squadron to make this proclamation effective as to all the coast covered by its terms. At the time of beginning the blockade of Havana the only Spanish naval vessel of any consequence in the harbor was the *Alfonso XII.*

The first shot actually fired in the war was sent across the bows of a 1700-ton Spanish merchant ship on Friday, from one of the guns on the gunboat *Nashville*, by order of Commander Maynard. The merchantman was the *Buena Ventura*, bound for Rotterdam, Holland, with a cargo of pine lumber from Pascagoula, Mississippi, valued at about $20,000. Her captain surrendered promptly, and was astonished when informed that a state of war already existed between his country and the United States. His crew, consisting of twenty-eight men, were taken over to the *Dolphin*, which was somewhat short of coal-passers, and set to work in the hold. Other small prize captures followed.

Representative Hull introduced in the House on Tuesday a bill providing for the temporary increase of the army in time of war. It was designated, to distinguish it from the Hull bill which was recommitted some time ago, the volunteer army bill. It proposed to divide the army in time of war into two organizations, the regular and volunteer, the latter to be maintained only during the existence or imminence of war, and to be raised only when Congress authorizes it. All the regimental and company officers of the volunteer army were to be appointed by the President upon the recommendation of the Governors of several States, subject to such examination as may be prescribed as a test of fitness. This was expected to do away with the objection raised against the first army bill by the enemies of the regular organization, but the House was not yet satisfied. One of the first things it did was to revise this provision, and confide the appointment of the officers of the volunteer army to the Governors themselves. With a few amendments, both House and Senate passed the bill in time to send it to the President on Friday afternoon, when it was considered at an adjourned cabinet meeting.

The next morning the President signed the bill and issued a proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers, "the same to be apportioned, as far as practicable, among the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia, according to population, and to serve for two years unless sooner discharged!" In order to avoid the unnecessary transaction of public business on Sunday, the notice of each State's apportionment was not sent out till to-day.



CHARLES EMORY SMITH,
The New Postmaster-General.

That afternoon Representative Dingley introduced in the House a bill "to provide ways and means to meet war expenditures," which contains the fruit of careful consideration by the Republican majority of the Committee on Ways and Means. It was at once referred to the full committee, which is expected to report it back in time to let it go over to the Senate and become a law before the end of the week, unless obstructed by debate. The bill provides for the issue of $500,000,000 worth of three-per-cent. bonds, and for the further issue, if necessary, of Treasury certificates to the extent of $100,000,000, bearing three per cent. interest, but payable within one year. To meet these extraordinary demands, a system of internal taxation is prescribed. The tax on beer is raised from $1 a barrel to $2; this is expected to provide $35,000,000 of revenue. Taxes of various sorts on tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, etc., including a license fee to be paid by merchants and peddlers engaged in the trade, are expected to yield $25,000,000. A tonnage tax on vessels employed in foreign commerce is estimated at $2,000,000. A stamp tax on documents, telegrams, steamship tickets, etc., is down for $30,000,000; and another stamp tax on wines, mineral waters, proprietary medicines, perfumery, and other sundries is still indefinite. As a whole, the committee looks to the bill to yield between $90,000,000 and $100,000,000 a year.

On Thursday, in the midst of all the excitement of the opening war, occurred the second break in President McKinley's cabinet. Postmaster-General Gary's resignation, and the appointment of Charles Emory Smith, of Pennsylvania, to succeed him, were announced without warning. Mr. Gary's retirement was attributed to the uncertain state of his health; but it has been an open secret from the first of the acute stage of the Cuban agitation that, while perfectly loyal to the President, he has set his face persistently against war, and in this regard has differed seriously with some of his fellow-cabinet-members.

Mr. Smith, the new Postmaster-General, will be remembered by the public at large for his service as minister to Russia under the Harrison administration. In the days of the Conkling régime in New York he was editor of the Albany *Journal*, and, at the Republican National Convention of 1876 and the State conventions for a number of years later, had the most active share in framing the party platforms. He left the *Journal* about 1880 to take the editorship of the Philadelphia *Press*, which has steadily improved and prospered under his control. It is now the chief mouth-piece of the anti-Quay Republicans of Pennsylvania. Mr. Smith is not only a clever editor and political strategist, but an orator of uncommon ability. His appointment decidedly strengthens the cabinet. He is a native of Connecticut, and fifty-six years old.

The government has chartered the four fine steamships of the American line—the *St. Paul*, the *St. Louis*, the *New York*, and the *Paris*—as cruisers for the auxiliary navy. Captain Sigsbee, who, since his return from the scene of the *Maine* disaster, has been acting as aide to the Secretary of the Navy, has been assigned to command the *St. Louis*. The *New York*, since she duplicated a name already belonging to one of the regular cruisers, has been rechristened the *Harvard*, and the *Paris*, owing to her foreign name, has been styled for naval purposes the *Yale*. The auxiliary navy has been further increased by the purchase of the crack steamer of the Ward line the *Yumuri*, and the Old Dominion steamer *Yorktown*. The famous war-ship *Nictheroy* has been bought of Brazil.

Rear-Admiral Sicard, who was relieved from command at Key West on account of ill health, has recovered enough to resume work, and has been assigned to duty at the Navy Department as chief naval adviser to the Secretary.

The Spanish consuls in the principal seaboard cities advertised last week that they would send out of the country, at the expense of the Madrid government, any Spanish subjects who preferred not to stay here after the outbreak of the war. Very few, and those generally laborers who had been unable to find employment here, availed themselves of the privilege. The largest embarkation was from New York, and numbered only twenty-five of the poorer class. A half-dozen cabin passengers sailed on the same steamer. The consul at Boston says that a number of Spaniards in that city expect to go a little later, but that he shall not leave the United States himself for some time.

It now appears unlikely that either Spain or the United States will resort to privateering during the coming war. Our Department of State has announced officially that we have no intention of doing so; and an intimation has been received here from London that if Spain attempts to issue letters of marque, the British government will interfere and compel her to desist. Spain will probably utilize her better class of merchant ships not as privateers, but as an auxiliary navy, thus relieving their operations of any taint of piracy.

Francis E. Leupp.

NAVIES OF SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

A recent issue of the *Scientific American* publishes a table giving details of the navies of the world, "prepared by Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, United States army," and "corrected from the latest official reports on file at the War Department, December, 1897."

A summary of the "batteries" of the navies of Spain and the United States is given graphically herewith by means of two pairs of thermometers. By this it appears that Spain's naval armament is very much inferior to that of this country.

This summary includes all guns reported in the table referred to—that is, the total armament of battle-ships of the first, second, and third classes, vessels for coast defence, cruisers of all descriptions, and first-class gunboats.

On battle-ships of all classes, this report gives Spain but 86 guns, all told (46 heavy and 40 light), while it gives the United States 478, all told (154 heavy and 324 light).

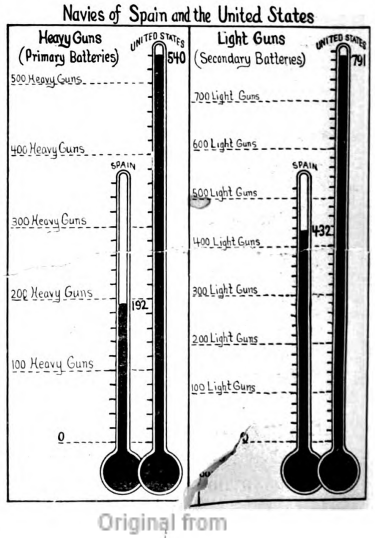
The vessels carrying these armaments number 40 in the Spanish navy, and 72 in that of this country. Of naval vessels of all other descriptions (namely, gunboats, second and third class, torpedo-boats, torpedo-boat-destroyers, hulks, and stationary vessels, subsidized vessels, and miscellaneous vessels) Spain has 123, and the United States 125. Of "obsolete vessels" the report gives Spain 59, and the United States 11.

While the "batteries" of heavy guns and light guns are the armaments depended upon for daytime naval fighting, there yet remains the modern and supposedly powerful equipment of torpedo-boats to be taken into account for night attack and foggy-weather operations and battle-smoke assault.

In this regard Spain's navy greatly outranks that of this country. The report summarizes 56 torpedo-boats for Spain, while it credits our own navy with but 21.

Should these little monsters prove as effectual as theory would make them appear, then Spain's naval equipment much more nearly balances that of this country.

These studies are of special interest at the present moment; and yet, if our present naval force be the true heritage of our naval ancestry, mere count of equipment measures but a fraction of our sea-fighting potency.



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FO'C'S'LE BAND ON U. S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD."

A LITANY OF THE FREE.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

From Himalaya's frosty shades,
From Cachmir's roselit glades,
Thy pure of heart and pure of breed,
We defied the iron-crested Mede
With the challenge of that fearless cry.
And the desert bloomed from the deathless seed
That Glory strews where heroes die.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

When Conquest's bloody hand
Had blasted the fertile land,
We made the bitter and turbulent sea
The ward of our hope and trust in Thee
Against oppression's craven guiles.
And ocean hugged with stormy glee
Our daring empire of the isles.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

From Gades to Baltic our sails
Were the drums of mustering gales
That curdled and blanched the trembling veins
Of the tyrants who ravaged the fair domains
We won from the wilds of forest and shore.
What to us their sordid and sin-bred gains?
For Thou and Thy sea are our friends evermore!

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

Ye brought us to a land
On whose earth-circling strand
Wrong shall not nurse her viper brood,
Nor the weak and helpless be subdued
To bondage or awe of hand or mind,
While the leagues of the pathless deep include
This refuge and help of wronged mankind.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

JOHN MALONE.

FLYING SQUADRON.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON BOARD U.S.S. "COLUMBIA,"
FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA. *April 22.*

COMMODORE SCHLEY'S Flying Squadron is like its commander—ready for whatever may come. From the technical point of view it is a curious combination of ships, utterly lacking in homogeneity. The flag-ship *Brooklyn* is an armored cruiser, fit to fight almost anything afloat, and faster than any ship in the Spanish navy; the *Massachusetts* is a battle-ship of the first class, a match for any ship that sails under the red and yellow of Spain. The *Texas*, a lucky ship and a "happy" ship now that Captain "Jack" Philip has got her, is a battle-ship of the second class, faster than the *Massachusetts*, but not so heavily armed or armored, yet bound to do her share of whatever work is cut out, and with the new turret gear designed by Lieutenant Harseler, about four times as efficient as when first commissioned. The other two ships, the *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*, technically known as protected cruisers, are built not to fight war-ships, but to prey on the commerce of the enemy, and their safety lies in their amazing speed. They are the fastest war-ships afloat, and belong properly to a flying squadron.

But homogeneous or heterogeneous, the Flying Squadron is an aggregation of ships whose performance in this war will bear watching, and for two things—the character

(Continued on page 440.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK.

IN 1856 Gail Borden introduced condensed milk, and from small beginning an enormous industry has resulted. The product of tens of thousands of cows is required to supply the demand for this superior infant food. No other equals it.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; PARK & TILFORD, New York, Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores. —[*Adv.*]

THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS is manufactured by C.W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore. Signature on label. —[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

THE continuation of the spring opening of ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., Broadway and Nineteenth Street, still attracts wide attention. These displays are looked forward to from season to season with pleasant anticipations, not only by the large clientele with whom this house is in favor, and who await the exhibition to decide finally what the style will be, but numerous women visit the display from an artistic point of view. Beautiful and elegant indeed are the imported and domestic costumes, wraps, and waists, as well as the exquisite materials that delight the beholder. The novelties in silks, mulls, bengalines, grenadines, gauzes, and other lovely fabrics are well worth the high praise they receive.

A stylish Paquin gown is of a lovely soft gray fabric, embroidered in bow-knot effect, of fluted ribbon of the same shade. The bodice is on the Russian-blouse style, with full vest of ecru lace. Among the elegant evening toilets is a Raudnitz of black gauze, having the appearance of being inserted with lovely lace and woven with wide bias-effect tucks. The bodice is made in an indescribable pretty fashion, the garniture being turquoise taffeta, with edging of Cluny insertion and lace. One of the models from Sara Meyer is an exquisite gray brocade, with cream appliqued trimming forming an apron-like front. The back of the skirt has a most graceful arrangement with sash-like folds, and the bodice is composed of the silk decorated with fine plaitings of chiffon, lace, and mousseline de soie. A very handsome Worth gown is of spangled and appliqued black lace over white satin. The bodice is encircled with a turquoise velvet belt, and the garniture at the throat is of the same shade of velvet. A sash elaborately trimmed with narrow plaitings and ruffles of chiffon and jet form part of the decoration of the trimming of the skirt in the back.

On the second floor may also be found an infinitely large display of Paris lingerie, peignoirs, negligées, taffeta-silk petticoats, and beautiful silk waists. The Children's Department possesses unique attractions in the way of pretty frocks of every description, besides reefers and suits.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.





The United States Government Chemists in a careful examination of the leading Malt Extracts of the world, found Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic to be the ONLY Malt Extract absolutely Pure and Perfect.

The name PABST on every cork. At Druggists.

Pabst Malt Extract
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BINNER CHICAGO



What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.
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THE REAL CONDITION OF CUBA TO-DAY

By STEPHEN BONSAL, Author of "Morocco As It Is." With an Illustration and a Map. Post 8vo, Paper Covers, 60 cents.

He writes, of course, from the point of view of a partisan, but he narrates unquestionable facts, and does not color his picture unduly. . . . The book is an important contribution to the history of the controversy.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

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Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

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Bottled in bond, supplies this long-felt want. Sold by all leading dealers. Prescribed by all leading physicians. Write for circular and prices.
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The Wanamaker Store.

Certain Special Matters

In a store of this size and in such a business as this it is the unusual which becomes the every-day occurrence. Things which would be extraordinary in the experience of smaller dealers are commonplace matters to the Wanamaker Store.

Here are certain matters of goods and prices which are really very unusual in every-day news stories, and, indeed, somewhat out of the common run of things, even for us.

12½c. Printed Cotton Grenadines, for 5c. a yard

They cost the maker nearly double our present price. They are in the same handsome printings which you find in the very choicest of the Organdie Lawns. The patterns are principally floral—light, graceful, dainty summery designs of flowers and leaves on black grounds. There are also many patterns of dots, stripes, and figures in white on grounds of navy blue, black, and heliotrope. Five Cents a Yard, only.

16c. Quality Striped Piques, at 10c. a yard

It is whispered in mercantile circles that Piqués are bound to become scarce before the summer is over, for the demand for them is great and growing. That makes this chance all the more important. They are very pretty goods, *self-striped* in cadet and Yale blue, cardinal, and black.

Some Important Silk Prices

We have twenty-two thousand yards of the choicer kinds of summer silks here, which we offer to you at less than the regular importer's wholesale prices. You can buy by the yard at less than we can usually buy by the thousand yards in foreign markets. All are French and Swiss goods, rich in check and small plaid patterns, new and pretty and desirable. A few hints of price and pattern follow, but samples will tell more.

At 50c. a yd.—1000 yards of rich colored Bengalines; the raised cord is filled with a little cotton; 18 colors.

At 55c. a yd.—800 yards of checked Taffeta; triple-colored checks on white grounds; 12 patterns.

At 60c. a yd.—1800 yards of rich plaid Taffetas; double colors on white and colored grounds; 14 new styles.

At 65c. a yd.—1000 yards of evening silks. Jacquard satins; in white, ciel, pink, turquoise, nile, yellow, lilac, and cerise.

At 70c. a yd.—400 yards all-silk satin Liberty; printed with white dots on lavender, cadet blue, navy blue, marine blue, cardinal, brown, and heliotrope grounds.

At 75c. a yd.—4000 yards plaid Taffeta silks; 8 styles black and white, 3 styles blue and white, 40 styles Scotch plaids, 3 styles shepherd's checks, 6 styles Rob Roy.

At 80c. a yd.—5000 yards rich figured Taffetas from France. All black; the figures are small, the styles are elegant; 20 patterns.

At 90c. a yd.—2800 yards heavy plaid Taffeta silks and ombre check fancy silks; 5 styles black and white, 8 styles blue and white, 12 styles in triple colors, 12 styles in ombre blocks. A particularly rich and heavy silk.

At 95c. a yd.—1400 yards rich black-and-white Pekin Taffetas; 8 styles of stripes.

At $1 a yd.—800 yards rich brocaded plaid Taffetas. Colors are pink and black with white, blue and black with white, Chartreuse and black with white, cerise and black with white, corn and black with white, blue and black with nile, and so on.

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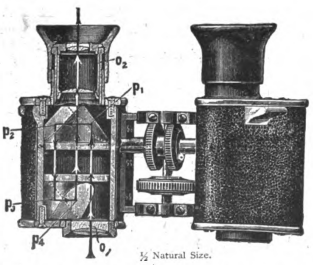
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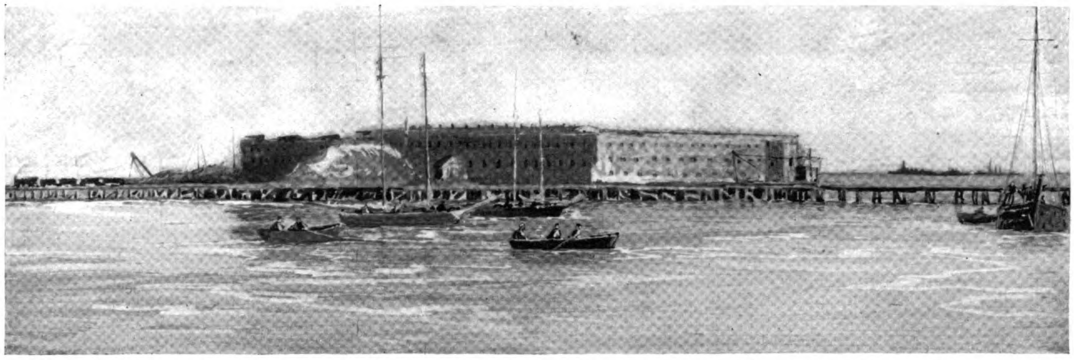
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PENN STATE



KEY WEST—OLD FORT TAYLOR AND THE COAL-DOCK PIER.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

AMATEUR SPORT

For the present Mr. Caspar Whitney *will be in the field, as the chief correspondent of* Harper's Weekly, *in the war between the United States and Spain. Amateur Sport, accordingly, will necessarily receive somewhat less attention than usual, but contributions upon important topics connected with this department, including* Mr. Whitney's *articles on "Big-game Hunting," will be printed as often as the pressure of immediate news matter will permit.*

(Continued from page 427.)

of the officers and the temper of the men. No commander-in-chief of a squadron ever had a better or a finer set of officers to carry out his will than are gathered in these ships to follow the lead of Commodore Schley. From fighting "Jack" Philip, the senior captain, down through the list of commanders to Jewell of the *Minneapolis*, who has been wearing his eagle only a few months—Higginson, Sands, and Cook—they are alert, active, strong, self-reliant men, who have proved their worth and demonstrated their pluck.

The temper of the men is illustrated by two things. The ships have been here three weeks, close to many of the delights to Jacky's heart. There has been work all day, and every day, sometimes even on Sunday, with never a minute's shore leave, and yet there has been no sort of complaint. Never have men jumped into their work more willingly. Never have men worked harder or accomplished more. The flag-ship and the two battle-ships have been in commission more than a year, and their crews are drilled to a marvellous state of efficiency. The officers joined the two commerce-destroyers five weeks ago. Their crews are nearly two-thirds green men, some of whom have never been to sea before, and some of whom came to the ships after the cruisers joined the squadron. Yet in the little time they have had they have settled down like veterans, and this morning, when the call to "general quarters" was sounded on the *Columbia*, every gun and division was ready for battle in less than five minutes. It was wonderful work.

Willingness and adaptability always have been characteristics of the sailor-men in the United States navy. There is a third which has won many battles in the past, and will maintain its amazing efficiency in the future—that is straight shooting. I have seen the men of every ship in this squadron at target practice, and what they can do is a matter of fact and not of theory. It is wonderful and terrible. When the squadron was out for evolutions and drill, one morning was given to sub-calibre practice. In that work a small rifle is fitted into the breech of the large gun, and fired. The practice is in effect with the big guns, but the cost is so small that many rounds may be fired for the cost of one service charge. At that morning's sea-work the sea was what a landlubber would call rough. In the language of the sailor-men a "stiff breeze" was blowing. The targets were set at 800 and 1000 yards. To get elevation enough for the small rifles to carry that far the big guns were aimed as if at targets 4000 yards or more away. With ships pitching and rolling, and targets bobbing up and down, the gunners displayed an accuracy of aim and judgment which will make it extremely uncomfortable for an enemy's ship, and almost impossible for a torpedo-boat to live long enough to endanger one of the ships. Not a shot fell far from the mark, and many struck the targets. Every man in the gun crews took his turn at the firing, and the poorer marksmen were kept at it. It was a convincing demonstration of the truth of the old saying that "the best defence against an enemy's fire is a well-directed fire of your own." These fellows will take care of their own fire, and it will be fast and deadly in its accuracy. How they can shoot!

Every day of the waiting has added to the efficiency of the ships. Every drill has increased the certainty of victory. Two of the elements of victory are contempt for the enemy and reliance on self. Both of these the men of the Flying Squadron have. Not that they underestimate Spanish prowess; they despise Spanish tactics and treachery, and they are confident that if it comes to a naval engagement, the fight will not be long. Liberty and freedom are words to conjure with, but, for the men of the squadron, "Remember the *Maine!*" is a battle-cry that can lead to but one result. There is a lowering of the voice, a compressing of the lips, when the great disaster in Havana Harbor comes up in the talk, that shows what the hearts of the bluejackets feel. The *Maine* is the call with the men, whatever Congress may resolve or oratory may declare, and a bitter penalty Spain will pay before our men get full satisfaction for the murder of their comrades. It was the coxswain of the *Columbia's* launch who made this declaration of the feeling of the men: Some one called out to him,

"There will be no war; Spain will give up Cuba."

Like a pistol-shot came the answer, "Will she give back our bluejackets?"

It has been a weary wait in some ways. It is not easy to go about one's work with the contingency of war hanging in an unknown balance. But the officers have borne themselves well, and their wives have shown the cheerfulness and courage that befit women whose husbands are about to go to war. It seems now as if the call could not be delayed for long. When it does come, it will find a ready response, and one worthy the history and tradition of the American navy. It is a beautiful thing to see how men and officers love and reverence the flag. This afternoon a merchantman was passed by one of the war-ships, and dipped her ensign. It happened that on the cruiser the men were very busy, and no one saw the salute for a minute or so. The man who had dipped his flag stood holding it in his hand, waiting for the war-ship's response. The officer of the deck caught sight of him.

"Jump aft there," he shouted to a sailor-man, "and dip that ensign! My God! here's a man standing with the American flag in his hand, and no one to answer him!"

In mess-room, quarters, and on deck, among officers and men, the talk is of the war and our part in it. No one knows when we shall go, or what we shall be sent to do, but with unfaltering confidence, and with resolute willingness and determination to do the best that in them lies for the nation and the flag, the officers and the men of the Flying Squadron calmly await the call to action. For some of them perhaps it will be the last call. A slotted hammock in a tropic sea may be their station in their last watch and division bill, but they're ready for the quick beat, and God will take care of the rest.

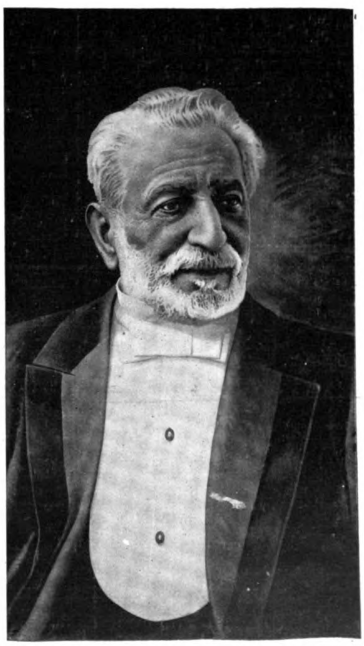
Oscar King Davis.



DON ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

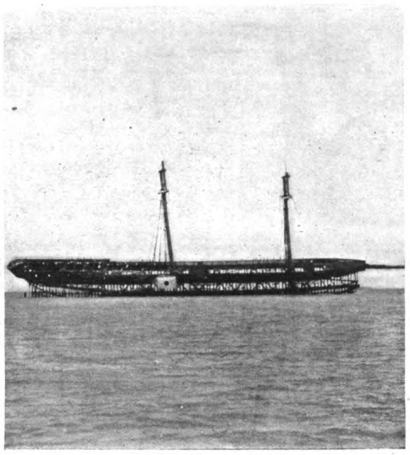


THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

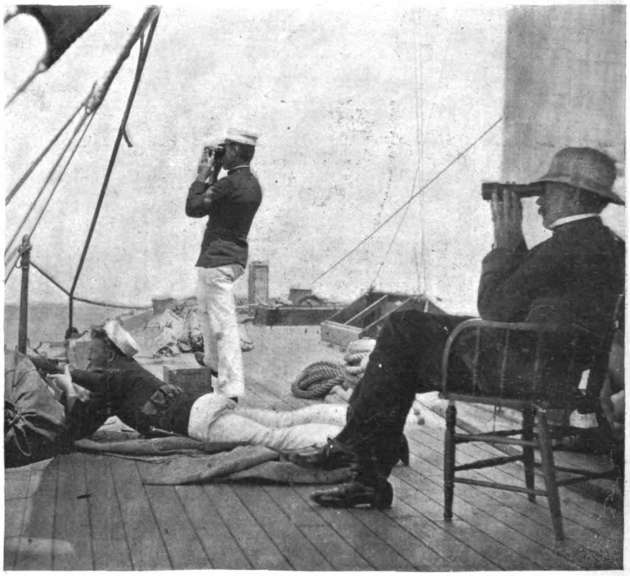


PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA, PRIME MINISTER OF SPAIN.

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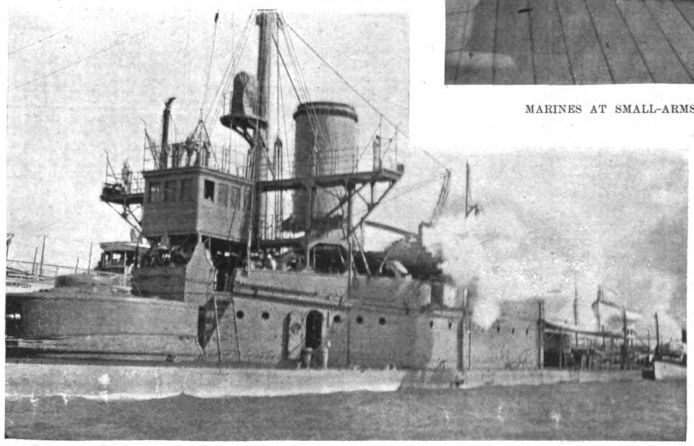


OLD HULK USED AS TARGET BY "MARBLEHEAD."



Commander McCalla.

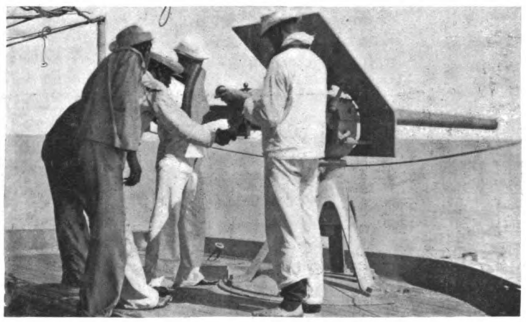
MARINES AT SMALL-ARMS TARGET-PRACTICE, U. S. S. "MARBLEHEAD."



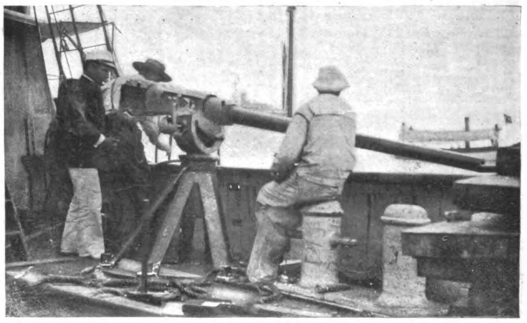
SECONDARY-BATTERY TARGET-PRACTICE, U. S. DOUBLE-TURRET MONITOR "TERROR."



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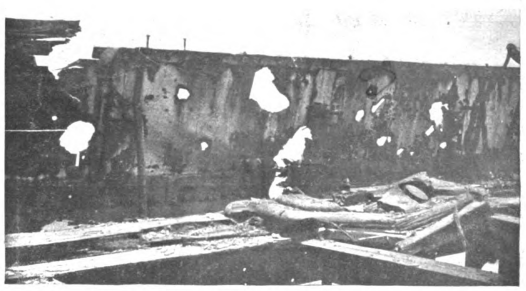
SIX-POUNDER RAPID-FIRE GUN, U. S. S. "MARBLEHEAD."



INSTALLING A RAPID-FIRE GUN ON U. S. LIGHT-HOUSE TENDER "MANGROVE."



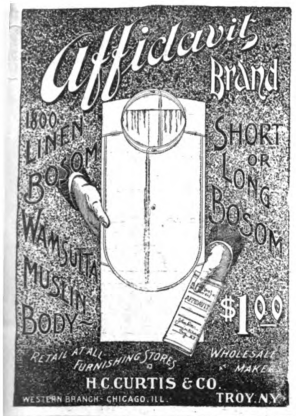
"HANDLE WITH CARE!"—AMMUNITION FOR THE WAR-SHIPS.



EFFECTS OF "MARBLEHEAD'S" TARGET-PRACTICE ON AN OLD HULK.

A WARNING TO SPAIN—TARGET-PRACTICE OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON, KEY WEST.
Views by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."

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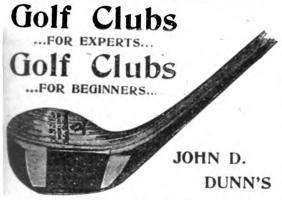
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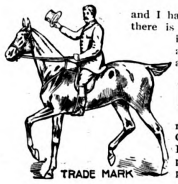
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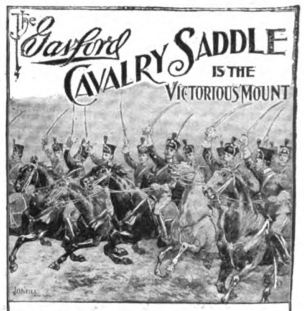
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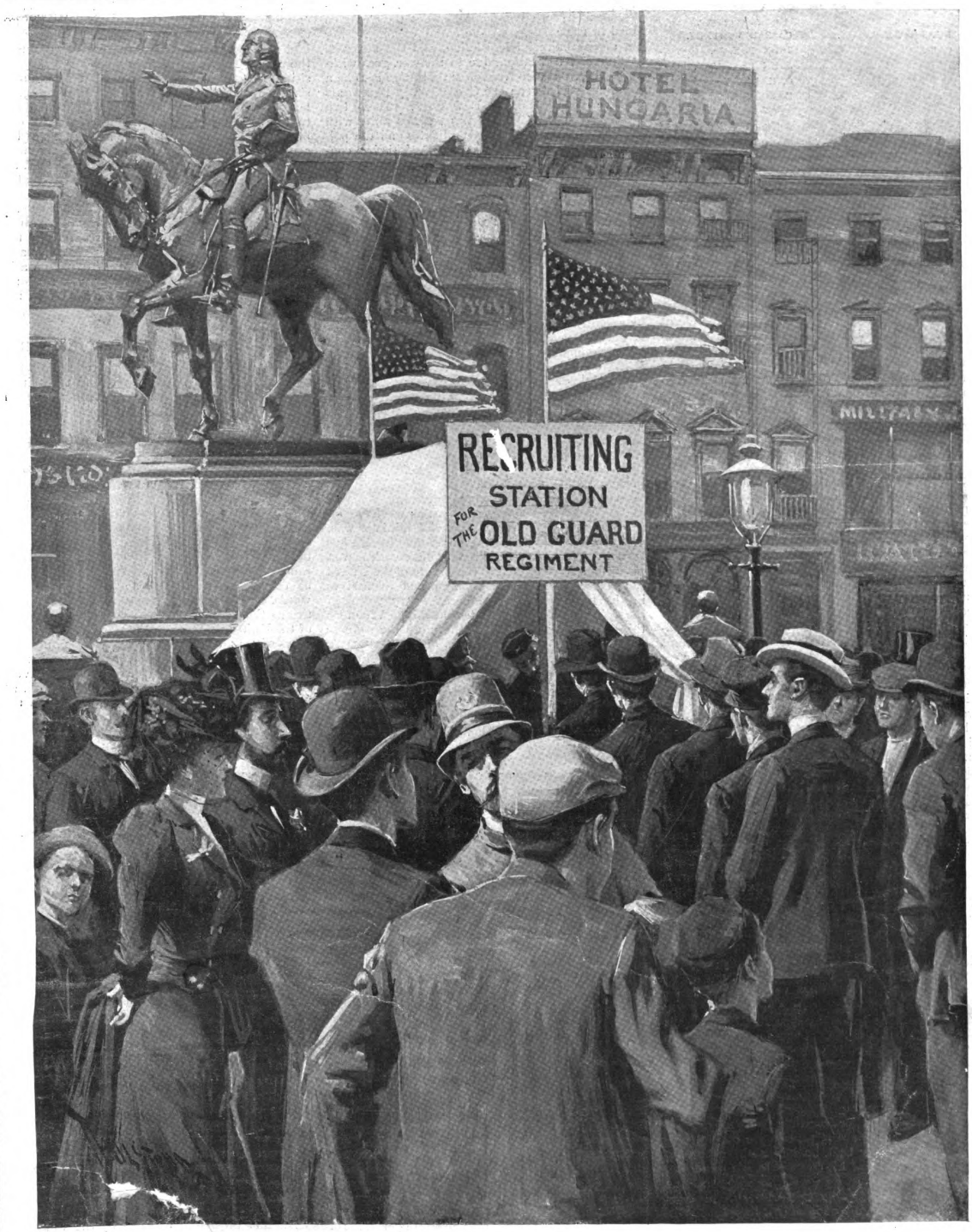
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2159. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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RECRUITING FOR THE WAR IN NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY *on a Bicycle, will contribute a Series of Articles, beginning next week, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to War.*

THERE is a good deal of regret expressed by some of the newspapers that the war was begun, on our part, by an assault on the commerce of Spain, while Spain, in declaring war, has announced that American vessels in Spanish harbors may have thirty days during which they may depart in safety. The right to capture merchant property on the high seas is one of the remaining barbarisms of war; but while its existence may be regretted, the officers who participate in these captures are not to be blamed; on the contrary, they would have been derelict in their duty if they had refrained from making them. Notwithstanding the contention that war had not begun because it had not been formally declared by Congress, it is a fact that a state of war existed at the time of making the first capture, and that according to our formal declaration. Hostile acts are not excusable because of a declaration of war, but because of the fact of war. The first hostile step was taken by this government in ordering Spain out of her own territory, under pain of being ejected by force of arms if she refused to go voluntarily. The issue was joined when Spain accepted the alternative and handed Minister WOODFORD his passports. War then existed, and although Congress subsequently, at the request of the President, made a formal declaration, we think that no admiralty court would hesitate to hold that without that declaration the United States and Spain were actually belligerents. It was proper that Spain, in declaring war, should give due notice to the vessels within her ports. On our part, the President has granted a month for the departure of Spanish vessels from our own ports. But as to vessels upon the high seas, they become the proper objects of capture immediately on the breaking out of hostilities, and therefore the officers of the American fleets were bound to take every Spanish merchant-man that came in their way, and to search every neutral vessel for contraband of war.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT deserves a good deal of respect from his countrymen, even of those who, like ourselves, differ from his well-known and conscientiously held opinion that the crime of war is a public virtue. If Congress had been as self-contained and dignified as Mr. ROOSEVELT has apparently been in the preliminary days before the war, it would have gone into the conflict in a dignified and gentlemanly way, and not after the fashion of a scolding and screaming termagant. Having got through with the duties of preparation, Mr. ROOSEVELT now proposes to practise what he has always preached, and he is going to war, it is said, as Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of rough-riding cowboys and New York policemen. Mr. ROOSEVELT is a man of courage and intelligence, notwithstanding his perverted moral point of view of war, and he will know how to lead a cavalry regiment into action with dash and skill. Differ from him as we may, when war comes we know that we can pin our faith to him, and we know that he has nothing but the honor and welfare of his country in his mind and heart. If he goes to war, we sincerely trust that he will come back safely to a career of peaceful usefulness, thoroughly cured of his haunting bellicose chimeras.

THE corrupt gang which dominates the Democratic party of Chicago has won a signal victory, under the leadership of POWERS, in the formation of the committees of the Board of Aldermen, so that, notwithstanding what was supposed to have been the recent triumph of the reform party, POWERS, "Hinky Dink," and "Bath-House" JOHN are still in control of the city of Chicago, and are still friends and supporters of Mayor CARTER HARRISON. As Mr. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS pointed out in his article on "Wide Open Chicago," published not long since in the WEEKLY, all this corruption in Chicago municipal politics is encouraged by men like CARTER HARRISON as an aid to the silver cause. The rabble is being held together under the leadership of the ruffians for the purpose of promoting the interests of the present Democratic national organization, and therefore for the furtherance of the silver cause. That they will be aided in their design by the complications arising out of the financial legislation, and the attempts at financial legislation, due to the war, goes without saying. It also transpires that there is to be a combination between the Cook County Democrats and Tammany Hall of New York. These two precious bodies of plundering patriots unite with the design of dictating the candidates and the policy of the Democratic party in 1900. This is a consideration which sound-money Republicans and Democrats should bear in mind in considering possible financial legislation.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S retirement from the Department of State calls for some recognition of the debt that is due him from the country for his public services in the past. For more than forty years he has been a distinguished public figure; he served the country well during the war from 1861 to 1865, and while his conduct has been sometimes marked by eccentricity, which is apparently a family trait, it may be said of him, on the whole, that in his retirement the country says "good-by" to a faithful public servant, and to one whose political methods have been oftener those of a statesman than of a mere politician. Taking his career as a whole, too, he has been an able representative of sound-money views, and, as Secretary of the Treasury, he showed marked ability as a finance minister. We cannot say this, however, without qualification, because, at the bottom, Mr. SHERMAN is in favor of government paper money, and his speeches and actions have often encouraged the inflationists and greenbackers; but, as we have already said, his career as a financial minister was, on the whole, helpful to the government. He has been in recent years a kind of link with a past when men were elected to the Senate of the United States because they had distinguished themselves in the public service, and because they possessed the traits and abilities of statesmanship. When we think of this we realize all the more the sadness and tragedy of the closing days of Mr. SHERMAN'S public life. He has lived to see the public service degraded and seats in the Senate become mainly a question of bargain and sale. He has seen the body of which he once had the right to be proud, degraded and despised, and himself at last the victim of a political bargain, in pursuance of which one of the new-time Senators succeeded him, the failing of his mental powers through old age making him an easy assenter to the bargain. Mr. SHERMAN ought to have resigned his place in the cabinet long ago, because he has been unable to perform its duties, his intellectual vagaries not only having made him pitiable, but having endangered the welfare of the government. He ought not, in fact, to have been appointed to the office, and the country must be glad at last that he has gone, and that the duties of his place have been given over to younger and stronger hands.

WE are glad to see, from the report of the Ways and Means Committee accompanying the revenue bill, that the truth respecting the financial condition of the Treasury has at last been told. It will be recollected that when the bill granting the fund of $50,000,000 to the President, to be used at his discretion, was before the House of Representatives, Mr. CANNON, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, announced, with what we then thought to be an undue degree of boastfulness, that the money was in the Treasury, and that, unlike any other nation on earth, we could make such an appropriation from funds in hand. As a matter of fact, the money was in the Treasury, but it was the remains of a loan secured by Mr. CLEVELAND. Mr. DINGLEY now says that, taking out all the unavailable money from the cash balance, we had only $65,000,000, exclusive of the greenback redemption fund, at the time when the $50,000,000 appropriation was made, and that as a working balance of $40,000,000 is essential for the current operations of the government, the Treasury was really $25,000,000 short of the $50,000,000 called for by the emergency appropriation. Now we have that $25,000,000 to make up, also a probable deficit arising from the excess of ordinary expenditures over receipts of from $35,000,000 to $50,000,000 to provide against, besides the cost of the maintenance of the war, which, if the war continue for a year, will certainly amount to $500,000,000. It would be wise for Congress to anticipate the necessity of an increase of the revenues by at least $600,000,000. If the estimates of the Ways and Means Committee are correct, $90,000,000 of this increase is to be obtained from the restoration of old-time war internal-revenue taxation. In addition, an issue of $500,000,000 of ten-twenty three-per-cent. coin bonds is authorized. Naturally this meets with opposition from the Democrats and Populists, who are strong enough, apparently, in the Senate to give the government a good deal of trouble in its endeavor to find the money essential to the proper conduct of the war. They are already opposing any proposition that authorizes the issue of bonds, and insisting upon more silver currency and more greenbacks. In other words, the men who had most to do with bringing on the war intend to embarrass the government to the full extent of their capacity for evil, in its effort to secure the means to carry on the war. But do what they will, they cannot blind the country now to the fact that the government absolutely needs the money called for by the proposed bond issue, and that it is essential to sell the bonds, or else the government must a good deal more than double its revenue by taxation. At least, we trust that this is the alternative, and that the Republican House of Representatives will never agree to the issue of any more non-interest-bearing debt, or to the creation of any more silver currency.

A SHORT AND ENERGETIC WAR.

NOW that war is actually upon us, it is to be hoped that it will be short and the triumph of the United States complete. The war, so far as the United States is concerned, is peculiar. It is almost incredible that we should reap any advantage from it. Congress and the President have solemnly assured the world that we have no ulterior design of conquest or of territorial aggrandizement. We do not go to war for Cuba. We do not state this in the belief that we need to give assurance of our honesty of purpose. The world must accept that in the end, and our venomous German critics, who turn from entrenching their position in stolen Kiao-chau to rail at American greed, will doubtless eventually be compelled to swallow their grossly insolent words. It is quite possible that some of our politicians think that Cuba will be quietly made part of the United States after the war is over, but that they will find themselves mistaken none know better than the intelligent among the Jingoes. The plain fact is that Congress could not have declared war for the sake of conquest. The country would not have permitted it. Not only is there likely to be no acquisition of territory, but there will be no indemnity demanded, unless piratical acts by Spain make reprisal in the Philippines necessary. But we are not inclined to ask for money, or other material indemnity, in a war which has been undertaken for the sole purpose of driving a mediæval and barbarous survival out of the western hemisphere. Moreover, Spain is not likely to be able to respond in money damages. She is already exhausted by the Cuban insurrection, and the present struggle will enormously increase her burdens. She will be ruined by the war, as her last two ministers to this country have confessed, and this country will certainly not be so ungenerous as to drive her deeper in the mire than it must in order to gain good security for the future, nor overheap the too abundant measure of her sufferings.

We will probably lose every dollar expended for the conduct of the war, and we can gain no recompense for the money, for the loss of business, for the injuries that will be inflicted on our carrying trade, for all the material damage, and for all the moral sequences of war, the last being its most disastrous accompaniments. A short war will be merciful, then, to our own people. Although the whole nation is willing to pay all that is necessary for the victory that must be ours, no matter how long the war may last, it is not fair to compel it to pay more than is absolutely necessary. The war will ruin many—let it not ruin too many. Every day increases the social demoralization of the country, and more of glory than has ever yet been in war would be essential to compensate degradation that attends a long conflict

Another important reason why the

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be short lies in the attitude of Europe. Whether we care, or do not care, for the opinions of "abroad," we must recognize and care for stubborn facts. We have already alluded to the attitude of Germany. We have not heard one friendly word from that country, from which so many hundreds of thousands of our foreign-born citizens have emigrated for the purpose of finding here a refuge from the tyranny of militarism there. France is unfriendly, and the newspapers of Paris, to the number of fifty or more, are denouncing us for the outrage which they allege we are committing against Spain. Only two or three French newspapers, chiefly socialistic, favor the United States in this struggle. Austria supports the daughter of her imperial house, now the Queen Regent of Spain. One Russian newspaper has spoken in our favor; but Russia is allied with France, and is just now on the verge of bad terms with England, our only European friend. Italy is with Austria and Germany. We have no doubt of the sincerity of the friendship of England. We believe, too, that there is much of sentiment in it, although the assertion is also doubtless true that England is seeking an alliance mainly in aid of material interests. We hope it is true, for an alliance based on sentiment, with no element of mutual material advantage, would not be of long duration. All that we can ask or expect of our English friends now, however, is strict neutrality. We not only expect nothing but this, but we would not like to be offered anything more.

Unfriendly Europe is looking on this contest with much hopeful interest. It is important for us, as the London *Spectator* points out, that we should at once establish the fact that we are a first-rate naval power—that is, that our officers and men are of the first quality. It has been the custom to believe, at least to say, that this country is safe from European aggression because no European power desires to make war on us, fearing the consequences on account of our enormous resources. We are now in a position to demonstrate whether this fear is justified by our character, whether we possess the military character and ability to make our resources tell in war. If we cannot drive the fleets of Spain off the seas at once, the prestige that has grown up about us will be lost, and unfriendly Europe will be pleased to believe that a quarrel with the great republic will not be, after all, such a [illegible] affair for a first-class power as has been supposed. It will not do to lose our prestige in the eyes of Europe. The mere humiliation would be almost unendurable; but, more than that, the danger to our future peace and prosperity would be thereby greatly enhanced.

Besides, unfriendly Europe would rejoice for an excuse for justifiable intervention in behalf of Spain. It would be very foolish to overlook or underestimate the significance of the report that the Continental powers intend to hold us to a strict accountability if, in exercising our right to search neutral vessels for contraband of war, we exceed in the slightest degree our powers under the law of nations. Our tempers will be often tried, and our naval officers will be often exasperated, by objections interposed by unfriendly Europe to the manner in which neutrals have been treated by our war-ships. Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say that France would enjoy uniting even with Germany to compel us to stop the war against Spain, but both those nations would like to have us defeated, and the longer the war lasts, the more likely are they to find an occasion for intervention —that is, for attempting to save Spain and to humiliate us. When that time comes we shall undoubtedly have the help of England, but we would have already lost our prestige as a first-class power; and, besides, we surely do not desire to embroil the world because of our own incompetency to defeat a power like Spain in a very short time.

For three reasons—to save as much as possible of the terrible cost, which must all be borne by us; to maintain our place in the world for the safeguarding of our future welfare; and to prevent any possible complication with unfriendly Europe, as well as the further spread of war—the war should be short. And to this end naval and military enterprise should not be hampered. Civilian generals and colonels must be discouraged. Congress should relinquish, if it can, its custom of commanding the forces. The war should be quick and energetic if it is to be conclusive.

PARTISANSHIP AND THE WAR.

AT a public dinner in New York the other day Judge HOWLAND gave vigorous expression to the disgust with which serious people regard the recent performance of Congress. It was the manner, or rather the unmannerliness, of Congress in entering upon the war that gave color to the opinion which prevails throughout Europe that it is on our part a mere war of conquest. A great nation bent upon unselfishly redressing, in the interest of humanity, an evil that has become intolerable, should not enter upon its mission with the demeanor of a bar-room bully.

But having brought on the war, there was some reason to expect that Congress would take measures to conduct it vigorously. It was the business of Congress to provide for the war what MILTON calls "its two main sinews, iron and gold," and to provide these in the promptest and most efficient way. The unanimous vote of fifty millions for national defence was the first and the last exhibition of the patriotism which has no taint of personal or party selfishness.

We pointed out last week the good that "the friends of silver" might do by acquiescing, as a war measure, in the borrowing of money by the government on the most favorable terms. The debates show how, so far from welcoming the opportunity, the friends of silver thought the occasion opportune for the revival of all their abandoned schemes, from "coining the seigniorage" to the unlimited issue of greenbacks. Though they were promptly voted down in the House, they are not to be dealt with so summarily in the Senate. It would be a grotesque and painful spectacle if old Mr. STEWART of Nevada had to be removed, either by a sergeant-at-arms or a provost marshal, in order that a war of his own earnest seeking might peaceably proceed.

Concerning the military provision for the war the game of politics has been as unscrupulously played as concerning the financial preparations. It is perfectly evident that the Constitution and the laws do not contemplate any means of carrying on a foreign war except the regular army and navy. When, two years and more ago, the Jingoes in Congress tried to force the hand of President CLEVELAND, as they have since tried to force the hand of President MCKINLEY, the question how they were to support the action they favored might have occurred to them, and would have occurred to responsible men. They knew that the recognition of the belligerency of the Cubans, and, much more, of the independence of Cuba, would be regarded by Spain as an unfriendly act, and that the latter might be resented by a declaration of war. The first resolution for the recognition of the Republic of Cuba ought to have been accompanied by a bill to increase the army to 100,000 men. If that had been done, we should now be in possession of a trained and equipped force which might accomplish the object of expelling Spain from Cuba before the beginning of the Cuban rainy season.

Not only was this not done, but when the war actually came, and found us ill prepared for defence, and not prepared at all for offensive operations, the very men who had done their utmost to bring it on refused to provide for carrying it on in the cheapest and most efficient way. As the issue of a gold bond seemed to nullify the free-silver plank of the Chicago platform, so the enlargement of a force which had been and might again be used to preserve public order seemed to threaten the free-riot plank of the same instrument. The Military Committee of the House reported a sensible bill for the increase of the army, and the various elements of ignorance, silliness, and disorder in the House prevented its passage. In its place there was reported and passed a bill for the organization of a volunteer army, which has proved to be so confused and clumsy as to be almost unworkable, and under which it is certain that we shall get no trustworthy re-enforcements to the army for six months. Meanwhile we have assumed the task of driving fifty or sixty thousand Spanish soldiers out of Cuba with an effective army of less than twenty thousand men.

Such is the manner in which a foreign war brings us all together and sinks patriotism in politics. It ought to be said that the Democrats have not been alone in putting their party before their country. Mr. GROSVENOR of Ohio made an indiscreet remark about this being "a Republican war," by which, it appears, he did not mean what he seemed to mean, but which sorely needed to be explained away. And Mr. DINGLEY could not even bring in a bill for additional taxation without prefacing it with some irrelevant and absurd apologetics for his deficit-producing tariff. But, perhaps partly because they were in opposition, partly because they allowed themselves to be led by a statesman of the calibre of Mr. BAILEY of Texas, but mainly because they have been consistently in the wrong, the Democrats have suffered far more in public estimation than their opponents. They have opened a generous credit for the Republicans with the American people. For many years the political capital of each party has been the mistakes of the other. But it is scarcely conceivable that the administration can make so many and so grievous mistakes in what remains of its life as to incline any sober-minded person to transfer his support to the Democratic party as at present constituted and led.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Monday, April 11.—Message of the President on Cuba, recommending that he have power to intervene forcibly without "recognizing at this time the independence of the present insurgent government." The issue left with Congress.

Wednesday, April 13.—The House passed a resolution directing the President to intervene in Cuba at once, and authorizing him to use the land and naval forces of the United States to stop the war.

Saturday, April 16.—The Senate passed a joint resolution, as a substitute for the House resolution, declaring the island to be free, recognizing the republic, demanding relinquishment of authority in Cuba by Spain, and withdrawal of Spanish forces; directing the President to call out the militia in addition to regular land and naval forces, and, finally, disclaiming any intention to annex the island.

Monday, April 18.—Memorandum of Spain to the powers—practically an appeal.

Tuesday, April 19.—Senate resolution adopted by the House, with the proviso recognizing the republic of Cuba stricken out. Both Houses agreed to the report in this form. Speech of Prime-Minister Sagasta in the Senate Chamber, Madrid—"We prefer to ruin ourselves and be abandoned by all, rather than" let Cuba go.

Wednesday, April 20.—Ultimatum to Spain, cabled at 11 A. M.—a formal demand that Spain at once (*i. e.*, before the hour of noon, April 23) relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

President signed Cuban joint resolutions at 11.24.

Señor Polo y Bernabé, the Spanish minister, was notified. He at once requested his passports.

At the opening of the Cortes, the meeting of which had been advanced four days, a speech from the throne by the Queen Regent, invoking the support of the Spanish people.

Thursday, April 21.—Secretary Sherman's despatch delivered to General Woodford, the American minister at Madrid. Immediately after the despatch had been placed in his hands General Woodford received a note from the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, informing him that diplomatic relations no longer existed between the United States and Spain. General Woodford placed the American legation and all American interests and citizens in Spain in the care of the British embassy.

The President directed the Secretary of the Navy to order the vessels of the North Atlantic squadron to proceed without delay to Cuban waters to blockade Havana and other ports of the island.

Saturday, April 23.—President McKinley signed the proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers.

Chairman Dingley introduced the war revenue bill in the House.

Monday, April 25.—Formal declaration of war recommended by the President, and a bill "declaring that war exists between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain," passed by both Houses.

Secretary-of-State John Sherman resigned.

The Secretary of War, R. A. Alger, sent despatches to the Governors of States and Territories calling for the troops authorized by the President's proclamation.

Tuesday, April 26.—An additional circular note to the powers was issued by Spain, characterizing the conduct of General Fitzhugh Lee as "execrable," and predicting that the island of Cuba will not be declared pacified until "it is ready for annexation."

Questioned as to the Spanish government's attitude in regard to privateering, Premier Sagasta made an evasive reply.

A despatch states that Commodore Dewey, commanding the Asiatic squadron, has been ordered to await definite instructions before attacking Manila.

The President by proclamation reaffirmed the intention of this government to "adhere to the Declaration of Paris," and defined the rights and privileges of Spanish ships in American waters.

Wednesday, April 27.—First action of the war: The *New York*, *Puritan*, and *Cincinnati* bombarded and silenced the forts at Matanzas.

Commodore Dewey's squadron sailed from Mirs Bay for Manila at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Friday, April 29.—A despatch from Lisbon says that the *Official Gazette* to-day published the neutrality decree of Portugal. (Other governments that in the course of this week declared neutrality: Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, Colombia, Mexico, Russia, France, Korea, Argentine Republic, Japan, and Uruguay.)

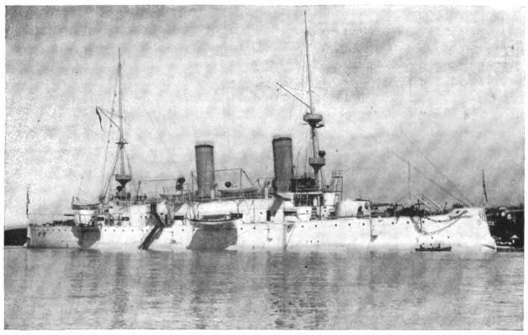
A Spanish squadron, comprising the cruisers *Maria Teresa*, *Almirante Oquendo*, *Vizcaya*, *and Cristobal Colon*, and the torpedo-boat destroyers *Pluton*, *Terror*, and *Furor*, sailed from Cape Verde Islands this morning. Its destination not known.

Near Port Cabañas, Cuba, the *New York* fired on and dispersed a company of Spanish cavalry.

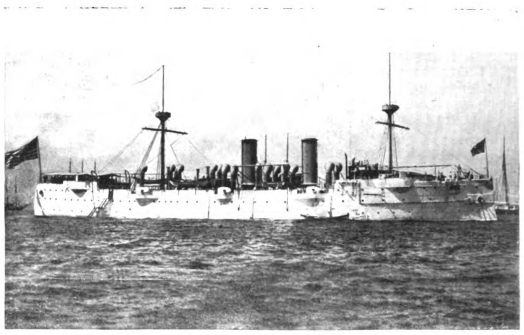
Saturday, April 30.—Two noteworthy arrivals: The steamer *Paris*, which sailed after the outbreak of hostilities, reached her pier in New York; the battle-ship *Oregon* arrived at Rio Janeiro from San Francisco.

Sunday, May 1.—Victory for American fleet off Manila.

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U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "OLYMPIA"—1ST RATE, 5870 TONS.



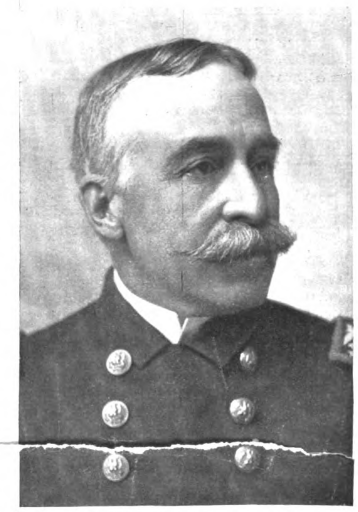
U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "BALTIMORE"—2D RATE, 4413 TONS.

OUR FLEET AND SPAIN'S IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE vessels in Commodore Dewey's fleet consist of the cruisers *Olympia*, *Raleigh*, *Baltimore*, and *Boston*, and the gunboats *Concord* and *Petrel*. The revenue-cutter *McCulloch* and two transports complete the list. The cruisers and gunboats are capable of the sharpest kind of fighting, and are armed with modern high-power guns, most of them being of the quick-firing kind.

Spain has in her fleet only these vessels capable of modern naval fighting, cruisers *Reina Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Velasco*, *Don Juan de Austria*, and a dozen or more gunboats, most of which are about as large as good-sized tugs, and made of iron and wood, with antiquated guns, complete her fleet. The total tonnage of our fighting cruisers and gunboats amounts to 19,098 tons. The total tonnage of Spain's real fighting-ships amounts to 8722 tons. Our high-power guns outmatch the high-power guns on the Spanish ships more than four to one. Moreover, our guns are comparatively new, while most of those on the Spanish vessels are of a type now discarded in naval warfare. As to the men behind the guns, the performance at the bombardment of Matanzas is an indication as to the merits of the respective abilities of the men of our forces and those of Spain.

The *Reina Cristina* is the only formidable vessel of the Spanish fleet, but her guns are of the old-fashioned Hontoria design. She was finished in 1887, and is the most modern of the fleet. Her tonnage is 3090, and she is just about a match, other things being equal, for our *Raleigh* of 3183 tons. Our *Olympia*, one of the most splendid of our ships, is of 5870 tons, and there is no worthy antagonist for her in Spain's fleet. The *Boston* is of 3000 tons; the *Baltimore*, 4413 tons; the *Concord*, 1710 tons; the *Petrel*, 892 tons. Spain's *Castilla*, built of wood, is of 3342 tons; *Velasco*, iron, 1139 tons; *Don Juan de Austria*, iron, 1152 tons. A glance shows the superiority in fighting abilities of our ships: our ships are modern, and Spain's make a miscellaneous collection of steel, iron, and wooden craft.



COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, U.S.N.
Photograph by Bell.

But as to Spain's gunboats? Only one of the fleet in the Orient is worthy of a place in the naval annuals, and she is of 528 tons—the *General Leyo*. There are two other gunboats of about 500 tons—*El Cano* and *Marques del Duero*. Among the other gunboats are such vessels as the *Paragua*, *Callao*, *Samar*, *Pampagna*, and *Arayat*. These average about 140 tons each; all of them are of slow speed. Spain, according to naval strategists, is completely outclassed in the Philippines by the United States.

CHICKAMAUGA.

I.

AUTUMN, 1863.

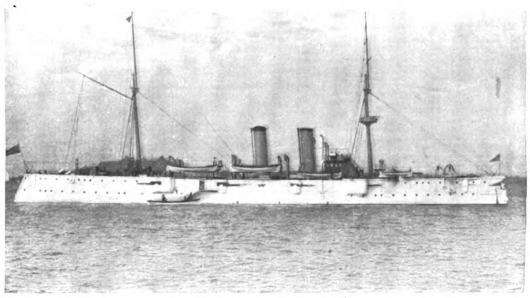
FROM shuddering trees the painted leaves
Strew redder dyes of crimsoned sod;
And brave men lie in ghastly sheaves,
As whirled there by the wrath of God.
Gray vapors hum with wings of death,
Whose roll-call speeds its fierce alarms;
And life sighs, "Here!" with parting breath
Where bleeding thousands ground their arms.
For brothers face each other's steel,
Grim suitors in the last appeal.

II.

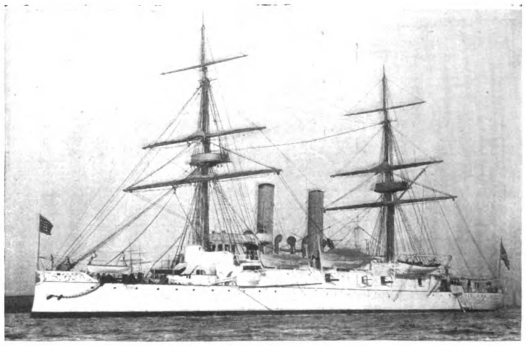
SPRING, 1898.

From laughing leas the bugles sing,
More shrill than bird to nesting mate.
O'er tented slopes the war-notes ring,
And time again the tramp of fate.
Bright [illegible] of liberty,
Our bannered blazon flaunts the sky,
And hails the "sun-burst" in the sea,
A gallant people's anguished cry.
Now brothers touch in common weal
To right that foreign wrong with steel.

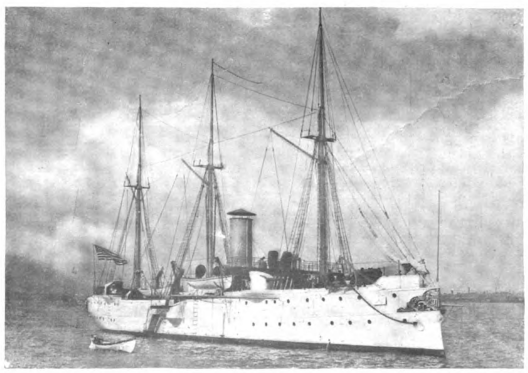
G. T. FERRIS.



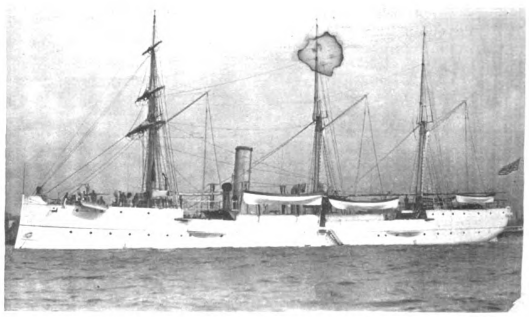
U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "RALEIGH"—2D RATE, 3213 TONS.



U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "BOSTON"—2D RATE, 3000 TONS.



U. S. GUNBOAT "CONCORD"—3D RATE, 1710 TONS.
Copyright, 1891, by J. S. Johnston.



U. S. GUNBOAT "PETREL"—4TH RATE, 892 TONS.

THE ASIATIC SQUADRON.
U. S. NAVAL VESSELS IN COMMODORE DEWEY'S EXPEDITION TO SPAIN'S POSSESSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

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WASHINGTON—ACTIVITY IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT—Drawn by W. A. Rogers, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

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THIS BUSY WORLD

A Chicago paper says that the current type of Uncle Sam which all the picture-makers use is not characteristic of anything American, and wants it replaced by a new and contemporaneous conception. It complains that the cartoonists represent the figure that should typify American courage, energy, and enterprise as "a long, thin-legged, hollow-chested, straggle-bearded nondescript," with trousers half up to his knees, and attended by a disreputable turkey-buzzard. There is some basis for the complaint, but the hope for modernizing Uncle Sam must be faint even among persons who would like to see it done. The figure is historically reminiscent, even though it fails in most respects of being contemporaneously representative. There used to be many Uncle Sams in New England, and the type is by no means extinct there even now.

The second trial of Mate Bram of the barkentine *Herbert Fuller* ended in Boston on April 21 with a verdict of "guilty, but without capital punishment." The jury was out eleven hours. Nine were for conviction, three for acquittal, and the verdict as found was a compromise. The trial was under the Federal law, which has recently been changed to admit such verdicts as the one found, which would not be admissible under the State law of Massachusetts. The result has been very much discussed, and great fault found with it. The trial lasted five weeks, and is believed to have been the longest criminal trial ever held in Massachusetts. There may be another one, as Bram's counsel calls the verdict "a cowardly compromise in a capital case," and may take further action.

The great surplus of food for current thought and conversation, and the need of exchanging ideas and information, have quickened all the social instincts. People have to get together and talk about the war. The newspapers keep filling up our minds, and the need of a vent is imperative. A piece in one of the New York newspapers the other day described the condition of things in a big downtown office building. It is infested with lawyers, but none of them was doing any work. All of them were gathered in groups, talking about "the war." It is pretty much so everywhere. Work is not absolutely at a standstill. Beer, dry-goods, and groceries are still sold; the street cars run; letters are brought and sent; doctors are as busy as ever. Not all working-people can stop to talk as long as the downtown lawyers, who feel, no doubt, that discussion of the situation is a professional duty, to be thoroughly attended to, and perhaps charged for; but just as much time as any live person can spare from business and newspaper-reading goes nowadays to war talk. Women talk war just as much as men, though from a slightly different stand-point. Husbands come home and get war talk gleaned by their wives in sorties into the social world, as, for example: "Mrs. Blank said: 'You know my boy is in it. He belongs to the Naval Reserves. I said good-by to him three times yesterday. A telegram came for him before he was up. We embraced and parted, and he rushed away, but got home again at one o'clock. Another telegram came at half past two, and we parted again. He got back at six, and finally left at half past eight. The nervous strain of all this parting is pretty serious. When he got back on Monday from the *Nahant*, he had to soak for an hour in a bath-tub before he was clean enough to recognize, and his clothes had to be boiled.'"

The uncertainty about the prospects of the National Guard is a great promoter of anxiety and consequent discourse. All the organized militia bodies include men who ought to stay at home and look after their families. Nothing but the most strenuous necessity could warrant some of these men in going to war, yet if the National Guard regiments are ordered away in bodies under their own officers, or enlist as organizations, it will be very hard for such men to reconcile themselves to staying at home. Discussion of their case greatly increases the volume of domestic war talk.

These must be anxious times, too, in families that have grown sons in colleges. The colleges are stirred everywhere, and all seem to have organized companies of students, who drill industriously. From many colleges already come reports of students who have gone off to enlist. Every lad who suffers from the idiosyncrasy known as "sporting blood" wants to go. Not all of them will go at once. Most college men are still under parental control, and won't enlist without a home endorsement. Then, too, there is a pretty general feeling that this first call for troops will be met by men who are "aching to go," and who are so situated that they can get away without very grievous sacrifice, and without imperilling the welfare of others. The sense of duty that drives men in civil life to offer themselves at any sacrifice of personal advantage or obligation is hardly operative yet. The necessities of the case are as yet not strenuous enough to call it into action, but it is latent, and thousands of men who are not eager are ready to go whenever it shall seem that their turn has come.

No gentleman who is familiarly known to the American public has a bigger endowment of the element of "sporting blood" mentioned above than Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, so there is nothing unexpected in the news that he has resigned his office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy and will take the field at the head of a cohort of cowboys and ranchmen gathered from the border of the Rocky Mountains. No doubt active service in the field will be a good deal more agreeable to a man of Mr. Roosevelt's ardent temperament than administrative work in Washington, yet the popular conception of his usefulness in his present place is such that his resolution to change his job is regretted. He says, however, that the work of naval preparation to which he has devoted himself is finished, and that he has earned his release; and that, moreover, he has talked so much war talk in the last fifteen years that he simply *must* get out his weapons and go with the troops. No doubt everything that could be said to convince him of the error of this attitude has already been said, and there is nothing left but to impress upon him the superior wholesomeness of boiled water and the importance of dry feet.

It is good to hear that Admiral Erben is in active service again, and in charge of our coast defences. It was suggested, when that doughty officer asked to be retired, that his valuable services would still be available in case of war. The recall of Captain Mahan is also interesting, if true. When he started abroad, a month or two ago, doubt was expressed about his staying long, and it was reported that he shared it himself to the extent of changing his plans so as to make provision against an unexpected return. It is reported that he is to be a member of the Strategy Board, from which Mr. Roosevelt is about to retire, and of which Admirals Sicard and Walker are members.

The severe financial pressure under which Mr. John Jacob Astor must habitually labor seems not to have availed to squeeze the patriotism out of him, or even to compress his feelings as an American into a condition of mere receptiveness. Capital is proverbially timid, and we are used to the expectation that even if it does not hang back in troublous times, it will go very slow, and emulate the caution of an elephant crossing an unfamiliar bridge. But this characteristic of accumulations is not illustrated in Mr. Astor's case. He has pitched in, if not absolutely for all he is worth, at least with very commendable fervor and alacrity. He has offered his yacht to the government, is transporting troops free over sundry railroads which he owns, is fitting out, or desires to fit out, a battery of artillery at his own cost, and has applied to be appointed on the staff of the first military commander who leads an expedition to Cuba. It is tolerably evident that Mr. Astor is a pretty good patriot, and something more than an orderly passenger on the American ship of state.

Here is a picture of Mr. John F. Carroll, vice-chairman of the Finance Committee of Tammany Hall, and head of the Tammany organization during the absence in Europe of Mr. Richard Croker:



JOHN F. CARROLL.

Mr. Carroll's political history is the record of a long and active association with Tammany Hall. It began twenty-five years ago, in what was the Twentieth (now the Twenty-second) Assembly District, where he was associated with Mr. Robert A. Van Wyck, who is now Mayor of New York. He became the Tammany leader in his district, which under his leadership became a Tammany stronghold. In 1879 Justice Smyth appointed him clerk of the grand jury. He was subsequently made clerk of the Seventh District Civil Court, and still later clerk of the Court of Special Sessions. In 1891 the judges of the Court of General Sessions chose him to be clerk of that court, which place he now holds, conjointly with that of clerk of the criminal branch of the Supreme Court. These last appointments took him somewhat out of active politics, but his voice has continued to be influential in Tammany counsels. As executive member of the Twenty-ninth Assembly District, in which he now lives, he is the friend and companion of Mr. Croker, whose chief adviser he was in the campaign last fall. He has recently been elected a sachem of Tammany—a rank which it is doubtless proper that a temporary head of the organization should enjoy.

The statement in a recent issue of the Weekly that the Massachusetts Legislature had determined to refer the question of who shall vote for Harvard overseers to the graduates who vote at present was premature. After much discussion the bill failed to pass. The Massachusetts Senate voted on April 15 to refer the matter to the next General Court, but final action seems not yet to have been taken.

The new names bestowed upon two of the American line steamships which have been chartered by the government seem not to have given entire satisfaction in all quarters. The *St. Paul* and *St. Louis* will keep the names they have, but the *New York* is now the *Harvard* and the *Paris* is to be the *Yale*. The *Army and Navy Journal* considers that these are deplorable names to fight under, and thinks that a chance was lost to honor some of our naval heroes—Bainbridge, Hull, Lawrence, or Paul Jones. But as the new names are only for temporary use, the matter seems of no very vital moment. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and doubtless it will be found that it takes more than a pacific designation to quell the martial ardor of a cruiser.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Let us not mourn if some things are done in this heat of war preparation which some time we may smile to recall.

Yale has issued a call for four million dollars—not to buy cruisers or put itself in a state of defence, but simply to qualify it for the more thorough prosecution of the business of education. President Dwight in his annual report names this round sum as about what Yale will need within the next six or seven years, and reports that the corporation has matured a scheme for finding it. He wants a big university hall, to cost $500,000, and sums ranging from $60,000 to $500,000 for the Divinity School, the Law School, the Medical School, a professorship of architecture, the musical department, the graduate department, the academic department, the Scientific School, a pension fund, an addition to the university funds, and the library. It is proposed that at least $1,500,000 of this money shall be raised before the bicentennial celebration in October, 1901, and that part of it shall be put to immediate use to build the big university hall, which it would be so particularly convenient to have in time for the celebration. What Yale seriously undertakes is very apt to be accomplished sooner or later. There are very long pockets in the garments of some Yale graduates, and very enthusiastic sentiments in Yale bosoms, and though the present summer seems not likely to be a favorable time to raise funds, whenever the Yale extortioners set themselves seriously to their task we shall doubtless see imposing results.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States, which has shown so freely of late the strength of its convictions as to the inexpediency of alcoholic beverages, shows some signs of a disposition to develop an analogous opposition to tobacco. The General Assembly of 1870 voted that "the use of tobacco was demoralizing in its tendency, and should be discountenanced by all who profess the Christian name." In 1879 the assembly resolved that "no student addicted to tobacco in any form be granted aid by the board," and it has thrice reaffirmed this resolution. An extension of the same principle is contemplated in the form of a resolution to be offered at the General Assembly which meets at Omaha on May 24, directing that no minister who uses tobacco shall engage in home mission work as a beneficiary of home mission funds, and that no one who uses tobacco shall be employed by the General Assembly or Board of Home Missions in administrative or clerical capacity and paid out of home mission funds. "Millions for missions, but not one cent for tobacco," seems to express a sentiment that will be pretty strong in the assembly, though perhaps not strong enough to dominate it.

A great many people doubt the expediency of using tobacco, but a great many others find it, on the whole, a servant so useful that its advantages make up for its drawbacks. That the use of it is demoralizing in its tendency may be true, but whether the demoralizing tendency is serious enough to call for special legislation by the assembly is another question. A majority of mankind would probably admit that the world would apparently be better off without rum, but there would be by no means a like concurrence of opinion that it would be better off without tobacco.

The objection to all unnecessary restraint of the liberty of adult human beings must obtain in considerable measure, even when the individuals are Presbyterian mission-workers. If the laborer is worthy of the hire that the mission funds afford, it would seem as if he should be competent to determine how much of his pay, if any, he shall spend for tobacco. However, the brethren are entirely within their province in making conditions about the expenditure of mission funds, and if the sentiment against tobacco is strong enough in the assembly to secure the passage of the resolution proposed, it is doubtless correspondingly strong among the class of Presbyterians from which the mission-workers are recruited.

Persons who have sympathy to spare after feeling for the Cuban reconcentrados, Spain, ourselves, and all sufferers by war, pestilence, and famine, are invited to bestow some of their surplus on persons of an adventurous disposition who went months ago to the Klondike under the impression that there would be more excitement, peril, discomfort, and general devilment up there this spring than anywhere else on earth. How these restless enthusiasts will feel when they discover that war has been hatched in the tropics in their absence is something for the imaginative to try to picture. The men who are Klondikers for business reasons will doubtless be thankful that a counter-attraction has developed to draw off the crowd that threatened to swarm all over the new gold country, but those who went largely for sport or in search of material for stories will grieve and worry. There is something exhilarating in being on the spot of earth that all the world is looking at, but to have toiled and starved and frozen and fought to reach that spot, and then to find all the world looking another way, is very like the sarcasm of destiny.

A newspaper writer, who describes Admiral Sampson as he appeared at Key West, says of him,

> His ordinary walk is rather slow and methodical, but he can play a lively game at lawn-tennis when he chooses, and his strokes are quick and accurate.

What will our football friends, who have lauded their favorite game as a great school for warriors, say to this suggestion, that the [redacted] on whose fighting abilities the country especially [redacted] been used to buttress his fortitude with practice [redacted] mild a sport as innocuous lawn-tennis?

Mr. Chapman's picture of the *New York*, in the Weekly for April 23, has moved a number of readers and observers to remonstrate against the representation of a war-ship with her bridge and wheel-house over her quarter-deck facing aft. One remonstrant, less polite than his brethren, and who signs himself "a well-wisher and one who dislikes fakes," declares that pictures like the one in question hold the Weekly up to ridicule. Now the Weekly is human, and errors get into it in spite of constant effort to keep them out, but such uncommon pains is taken to make its naval war pictures true and accurate that a critic who thinks he finds a blunder in them should make very sure that he is right. Mr. [redacted] man, who drew that picture of the *New York*, knows about ships, and how they look and [redacted] longs on them, and, besides, was on the spot less had the *New York* before him. The

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U. S. CRUISER "NEW YORK."

that bridge and chart-house where he did is because they belong there. The *New York* at present has these conveniences at both ends, as appears in the photograph herewith. When one bridge and chart-house are carried away in a fight, it is often handy to have another. So if any one is to be held up to ridicule on account of that picture, it must be neither the artist nor the WEEKLY, but whoever placed them on the ship.

It seems that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has either got back to earth from Cape Town, or is on the way. It is well. These are times when every contemporaneous person feels a strong personal need of being where he can see what is going on and supervise the making of history.

Some interesting and useful results are expected as a consequence of the unwillingness of Americans, who had planned to spend the summer abroad, to carry out their intentions. A great deal of money will be spent at home which would have been spent in Europe; some persons who really needed the experience will learn that, after all, this is not such a bad country to spend the summer in, and perhaps the profuse Americans will be missed enough in Europe to bring about a warmer appreciation of their useful qualities. If absence makes the Gallic heart grow somewhat fonder, it will certainly do no harm.

The considerations which are keeping Americans at home seem to be largely considerations of sentiment. Going to England in a British steamer is as safe this summer as it ever was, and more than commonly interesting, because of the chances of seeing war-ships and, maybe, a sea-fight on the way. But folks don't like to leave home until they learn more about what's going to happen, and to whom, and when. They want to be more sure than they are as yet that they will find Uncle Sam's country here when they get back. E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

April 16, 1898.

MANY things combine at the present juncture to unite all white men who speak the English language. There is scarcely a feature in the political situation of the civilized world that does not tend to increase the mutual sympathies of the United States and Great Britain. America is on the brink of war with an ancient enemy of Britain. It is three hundred and ten years since the ancestors of the American people with British blood in their veins encountered a Spanish armada. Breathless interest is felt in the opening scenes of the great drama about to be played by American seamen and soldiers. The feeling of the people is strongly and intensely in favor of the United States. There is reason to believe that the British Admiralty was approached by the officer of the United States navy accredited for the purpose of obtaining desirable additions to your navy, with the view of buying a second-class cruiser from the British government. Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, after consulting his naval advisers, found himself unable to accede to the request—if it was actually made. There is no manner of doubt that the British navy is decidedly short of cruisers. Some authorities place the deficiency as high as one hundred vessels of that class. Still, a golden opportunity was lost of proving to the American people that, notwithstanding our family disputes in times of peace, the smell of gunpowder is sufficient to convince them that blood is thicker than water. Other means, however, will be found of indirectly furthering American interests, and although these means are not so immediately visible to the eye of the man in the street, they are none the less effective for the purpose of helping the objects of the United States and hindering the plans of Spain.

I write plainly upon this matter, because it is well that the American people should understand that there is no party in this country, as there was thirty-four years ago, either openly or secretly desirous of injuring the American republic. English sympathy with the United States has risen to a higher point than it has touched for years. Such sympathy for Spain as exists is for the under dog—an under dog without merits. It would be a thousand pities to spoil the healthier state of feeling that now exists between the two countries by an ill-judged effort to force on an offensive and defensive alliance. On the other hand, there is much that may be done to ripen an Anglo-Saxon alliance based on the principle of keeping the sea open as a wide common for all mankind, and secondly, of resisting the attack of foreign powers on any one of the English-speaking peoples. No alliance or agreement of any kind is worth much that does not promote the material interests of both the signatories. An Anglo-American understanding would undoubtedly do so, and would constitute the best peace society the world has yet seen. The European powers do not love you. The American union represents freedom, and freedom is abhorrent to military despotisms. That great power is sobering in its effect on healthy minds is shown in the gallant efforts of President McKinley to avoid hostilities. One result of this policy is to convert Englishmen, whose enthusiasm for the States may have been diminished by the tail-twisting process to which John Bull has been subjected at various times, into earnest supporters of an Anglo-American understanding. You may not want our help—but it is ready when you need it. No British government would stand a week that showed sympathy for Spain.

Mr. E. J. Phelps's letter to ex-Governor Morton on the Cuban situation has produced an extraordinary impression. The courage of such an appeal to the best intelligence and character of the nation, written at a moment of crisis, is profoundly appreciated. All the English papers devote the principal portion of their columns to the American and Spanish question, although there are other matters of the highest importance affecting the interests and the stability of British rule in various parts of the world clamoring for attention.

The battle on the Atbara, where General Kitchener has crowned the edifice of many years of labor by a crushing defeat of the Dervish forces, has come just at the right time for Britain. The triumph of Russian diplomacy in the Far East, the cynical and contemptuous action of Russia in seizing Port Arthur in the teeth of the British intimation that the territorial integrity of China was one of the highest of British interests, was followed by an immediate change of policy on the part of the cabinet. The reversion to Wei-hai-wei, when the Japanese leave it, is considered by the best naval experts to be a satisfactory answer to the Russian seizure of Port Arthur. The Gulf of Pe-chi-li will now be dominated by a British fleet. With a safe harbor and a secondary naval base within reach, British influence at Peking will be maintained, and the trade of the world with China will thus be assured against the exclusion menaced by Russia and France. Sir Charles Dilke, whose authority on foreign affairs is second to that of no member of the House of Commons, informs me that the question of garrison for Wei-hai-wei is one of the highest importance. From ten to eighteen thousand men would be required for the garrison. Britain has not ten to eighteen thousand men to spare, and the assumption, generally, is that arrangements with Japan are, or will be made, for the quartering of sufficient troops in the new Gibraltar Britain has acquired in the China seas. With Japanese troops and the British navy the post would be impregnable.

The victory on the Atbara has had another effect. The German Emperor, who has been unable to pay his annual visit to Cowes ever since his memorable telegram to President Kruger, has descended from the fence, and has fired off telegraphic congratulations to the Queen, to Lord Cromer, and to the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener. Probably these congratulations are as much the result of impulse as his telegram to Kruger. His Majesty's lively temperament and journalistic methods notwithstanding, the approach of better relations between England and Germany are to be welcomed, as an understanding between the three Protestant powers—Great Britain, the United States, and Germany—would make for righteousness, peace, industry, liberty, and law all over the world. Although the immediate danger of hostilities breaking out in the Far East has passed away, close attention is being given to the means that would be adopted for maintaining her interests by Great Britain against two great naval powers. It would only be under conditions of extraordinary pressure that England would adopt the extreme course of closing the Suez Canal, but in view of the danger to our Asiatic possessions, it is interesting to consider the effects of so doing on the various nations concerned. Strategically the principal sufferer would be Russia. United States interests would scarcely be affected, and therefore the risk of injury to a friend while dealing a blow at an enemy would be reduced to a minimum. Russian re-enforcements of men and material are despatched from Odessa to Vladivostok in the vessels of her volunteer fleet. When the Suez Canal is closed, and until the railway is complete, Russian troops and munitions of war must go round the Cape of Good Hope, and run the gauntlet of British cruisers at half a dozen places on the voyage. The Russian fleet in the Far East would therefore be dependent for success on local supplies of coal and the materials of war, while the waste of men after heavy fleet engagements could not be repaired. Furthermore, if the Suez Canal were closed, France would have but one egress from the Mediterranean, and that under the guns of Gibraltar and the British fleet. These results constitute an immense advantage to England, as coaling stations between Portsmouth and Hong-kong are stored with coal, and adequately defended. By closing the canal any possible re-enforcements to our enemies' fleets would be delayed for at least two months, with every reasonable chance of destroying them on the way out.

Owing to the Easter holidays, every one has been out of town, the majority apparently resorting to golf for recreation and relief from the binding interest of affairs. At Littlehampton, one of our finer sea-side links, I saw the Secretary of State for India playing as eagerly as though Chitral did not exist, and the Afridi campaign had been conceived and carried out with the strategy of Napoleon and the economy of Kitchener. Golf is beginning to play a serious part in politics, and the fact of the First Lord of the Treasury's handicap having been reduced to eight has suggested to some jocose members of Parliament, profoundly dissatisfied with the present conduct of foreign affairs, the advisability of submitting the following resolution to the House of Commons:

"That in the opinion of this House the handicap of eight, accorded to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, implies a degree of proficiency in the game of golf inconsistent with proper devotion to the interests of the public service."

It is probable that any such motion would be ruled out of order, for the English people like their rulers to participate in the amusements and exercises popular with the nation. Lord Rosebery gained rather than lost by his successes on the turf. Lord Palmerston's love of racing endeared him to a large body of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Chamberlain's abstention from any form of exercise is rather a hinderance than a help to his career. Lord Salisbury suffers under the same disability, carriage exercise being the only form of athletics in which the Prime Minister has indulged for many years, though he is reported to have wandered round the links at Hatfield under the tutelage of his brilliant nephew. The experiment, however, was not so successful as to warrant its repetition. Mr. Balfour is declared by one professional golfer to be so good at the game that if he would only shake himself free from the entanglements of politics, and devote himself to the game, he would stand a fair chance of becoming amateur champion.

The first night of the "Conquerors," at St. James Theatre on April 14, was a remarkable incident in the history of the drama. There is no occasion to say anything about the play, as it is far better known in New York than in London. The play, however, though interesting to lovers of melodrama, shocked and disgusted a large number of people. At the scene where *Yvonne de Grand Pré* throws the wine into the face of *von Redeck*, a loud voice, with a strong foreign accent, echoed through the house, shouting, "This is di-graceful!" The audience did not resent this statement of opinion in regard to the presentation of German officers on the English stage. The figures were seen dimly through the darkness to be leaving the house. At the end of the second act there were further strong expressions of approval and disapproval, the general feeling being, as far as it could be gathered between the acts, that the Lord Chamberlain should never have licensed the play. One gentleman, whose name is a guarantee of the sobriety of his judgment and the ripeness of his experience in stage matters, was strongly expressing the opinion that the Duke of Fife, who was present in the royal box, should have left the theatre after the first act. The play seems destined to have a tremendous run, partly because it is wicked, and partly because the world is tired of problem plays, and seems to hanker after melodrama served hot with spices. When the Spanish cachucha was danced in the third act, American sympathizers in the gallery hissed and hooted to show their antipathy to the hereditary foe of the Anglo-Saxon race. All this is good business for Mr. Paul Potter and Mr. Alexander. The Potterization of Guy de Maupassant is interesting without being elevating, as the apotheosis of an unmitigated cad touches the sympathies of nobody who is not himself devoid of the elements of good taste.

While coming storms and the looming of great events occupy men's minds almost to the exclusion of individual interests, the dying statesman at Hawarden is not forgotten. A friend who has recently been Mr. Gladstone's guest tells me that his condition is most pathetic. Although able to join the family circle at table, he often relapses into silence, and leaning his head on his hands, bears the gnawing pain, which is now his constant companion, with characteristic dignity and patience. Incessant pain has weakened the action of the heart. The suffering may be prolonged for months, or the end may come at any moment. Mr. Gladstone has taken his last farewell of many of his oldest friends. My informant tells me that his own parting with the great statesman was impressive to the last degree. Mr. Gladstone, taking him by the hand, solemnly blessed him, and then said, "We shall never meet again in this world." The one object of the medical men is now to reduce suffering, but the nature of the disease is such that increase of pain is inevitable. That the passing of the Grand Old Man is touching the heart of the nation is shown by the number of resolutions of sympathy passed at Tory meetings and forwarded to Hawarden by men who have been for the whole of their lives Mr. Gladstone's most relentless opponents. The sympathy of former foes is understood to be specially grateful to the dying statesman. ARNOLD WHITE.

SPANISH LOSSES IN CUBA.

[The following article comes to us from an official source which we are not at liberty to disclose.—EDITOR.]

SOME idea of the losses suffered by the Spanish regular troops during the present insurrection in Cuba may be formed from the following figures:

Between March 1, 1895, and March 1, 1897, Spain sent to Cuba 10 generals, 615 field and 6222 subaltern officers, and 180,435 soldiers. To these must be added the 12,000 officers and men forming the regular Cuban establishment at the outbreak of the insurrection, making a total of nearly 200,000. Of these 1 general, 7 field and 53 subaltern officers, and 1314 men were killed in battle, 1 general, 6 field and 55 subaltern officers, and 704 men died of wounds, while 463 officers and 8164 men were wounded and presumably recovered. The losses caused by the enemy are then small, being but little more than five per cent. of the total present for duty. The case is altered, however, in the matter of disease: 318 officers and 13,600 men died of yellow fever, while 127 officers and about 40,000 men succumbed to other maladies.

A writer in the *Revue Scientifique* of October 16, 1897, gives the following rates of loss per thousand:

Killed or died of wounds	10.7
Died of yellow fever	66.0
Died of other diseases	201.3
Sent home (sick and wounded)	143.0

As all the sick and wounded, however, have not been sent back to Spain, the number of these left behind must be taken into account in estimating the total losses of the Spaniards. While this number cannot be accurately determined, yet there is reason for believing that it cannot fall far short of 20,000. Accepting this estimate, we have a total rate of loss of 521 per thousand for the two years considered; or, of the 200,000 constituting the regular Spanish forces in Cuba, but 96,000, in round numbers, were left to bear arms on March 1, 1897.

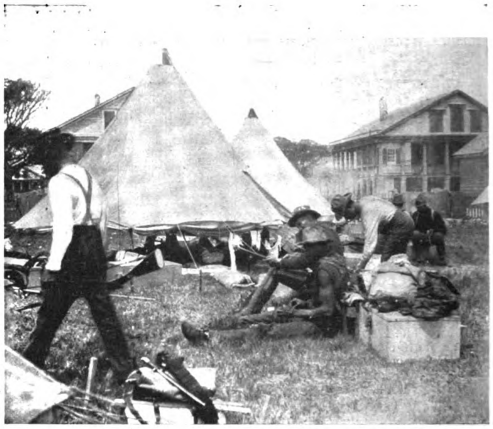
These numbers have more than academic interest for us just at present; for if we may assume the foregoing ratio of loss to hold good from March 1, 1897, to March 1, 1898, then, after adding the re-enforcements sent out during the year ended March 25, 1898, there cannot be in Cuba to-day more than 100,000 regular Spanish troops able to bear arms. It is probable that the number is somewhat less than this, but the assumption of 100,000 gives us a small factor of safety in estimating the number of men we shall need in order to overcome Spanish resistance on land in the island.

It must be recollected that the foregoing figures are only approximately correct, as there is ground for the belief that the Spanish medical returns have purposely misstated, if not understated, the losses of the Spanish army in Cuba. But for that very reason we may feel tolerably sure that the results here given are not in excess of the truth.

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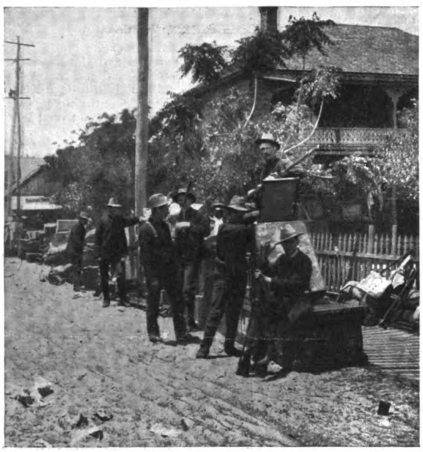


PARADE OF CUBANS WHEN THE NEWS CAME THAT CONGRESS HAD DECLARED CUBA FREE.

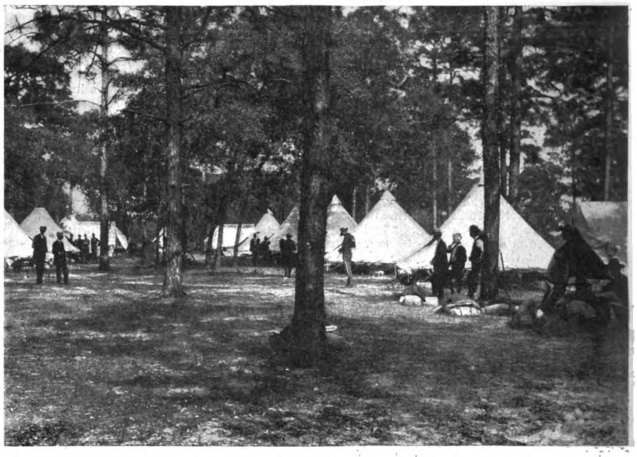


25TH U. S. INFANTRY (COLORED) CLEANING UP ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS.

LIVELY TIMES AT KEY WEST, FLORIDA.



CAMP BAGGAGE AND EQUIPAGE OF THE 6TH U. S. INFANTRY.



13TH U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP.

WITH THE TROOPS AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.



ARMY WAGONS.

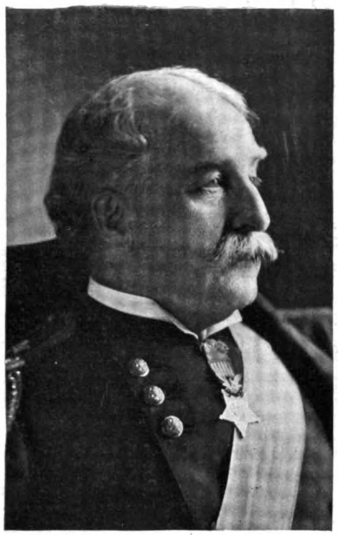


A COMPANY KITCHEN.

BITS OF ARMY LIFE AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—U. S. REGULARS IN CAMP AT KEY WEST, TAMPA, AND MOBILE.

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MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A.
Photograph by Bell.



MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U.S.A.



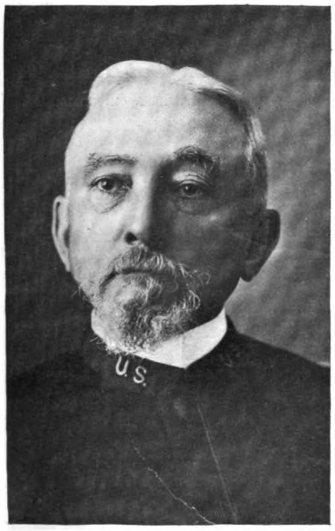
BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, U.S.A.



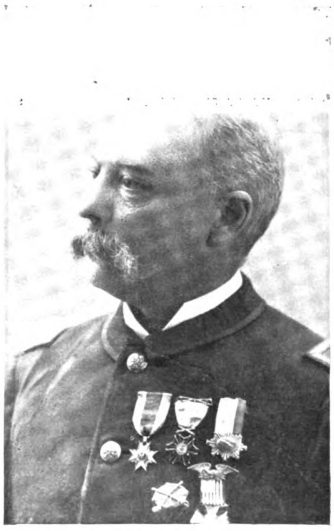
BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN J. COPPINGER, U.S.A.



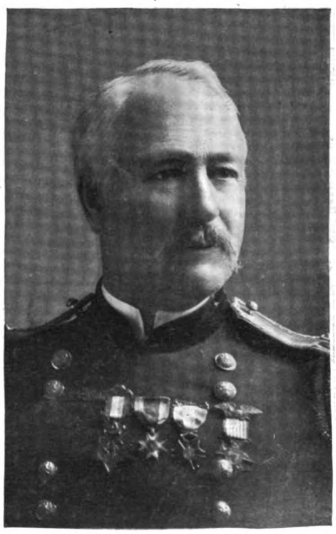
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U.S.A.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM M. GRAHAM, U.S.A.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, U.S.A.



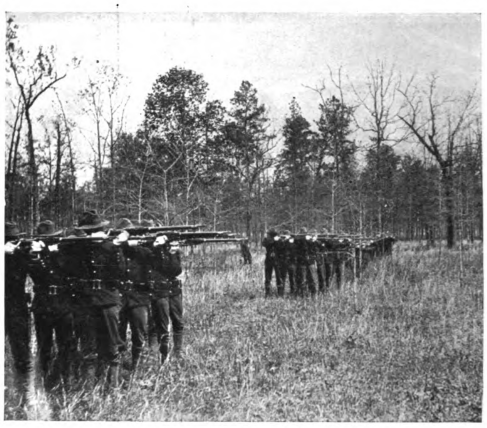
BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY C. MERRIAM, U.S.A.

COMMANDING GENERALS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

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CALISTHENIC DRILL OF 25TH U. S. INFANTRY (COLORED) AT CHICKAMAUGA.



SKIRMISH DRILL OF 25TH U. S. INFANTRY AT CHICKAMAUGA.



3D U. S. CAVALRY, CHICKAMAUGA—LIEUT. SUPLEE'S HORSE "BABE."



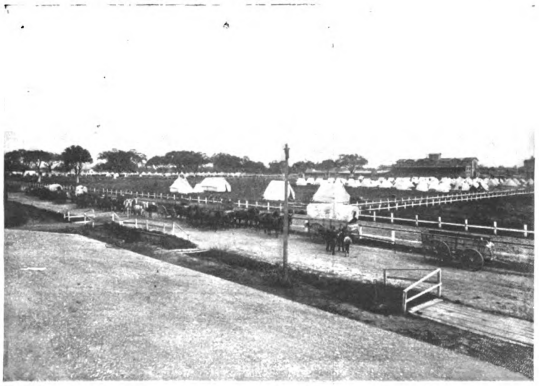
WAITING FOR BREAKFAST—BATTERY D, 5TH U. S. ARTILLERY, JUST ARRIVED IN CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.



12TH U. S. INFANTRY MARCHING FROM RAILROAD TO CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.



SHOEING A MULE—3D U. S. ARTILLERY, CHICKAMAUGA.



18TH U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP AT NEW ORLEANS.



3D U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP AT NEW ORLEANS.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—U. S. REGULARS IN CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA AND NEW ORLEANS.

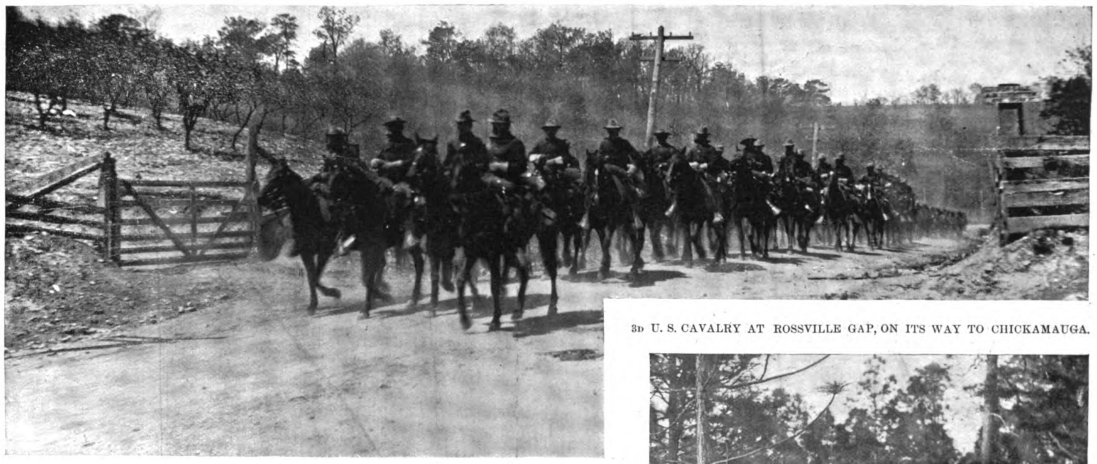
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U. S. ARTILLERY ARRIVING AT CHICKAMAUGA.



20TH U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.



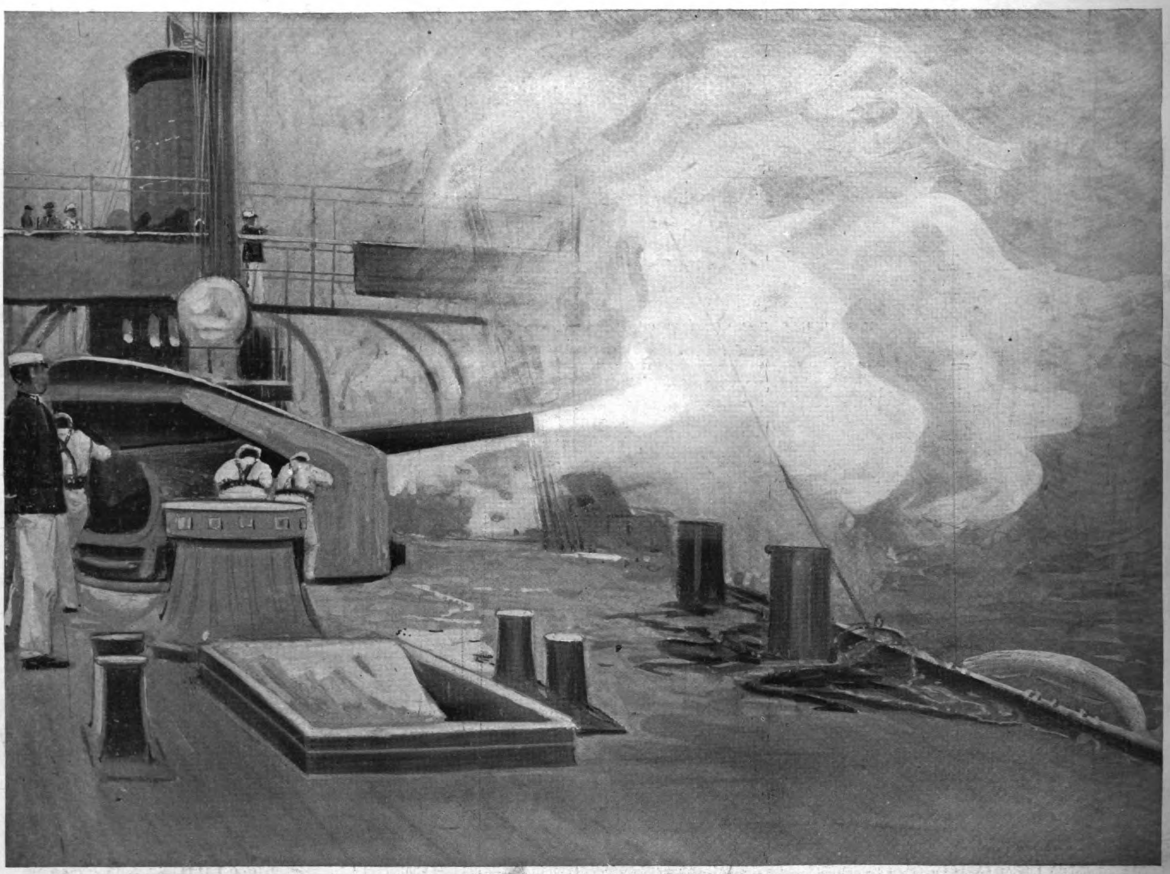
3D U. S. CAVALRY AT ROSSVILLE GAP, ON ITS WAY TO CHICKAMAUGA.



1ST BATTALION, 11TH U. S. INFANTRY, AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—U. S. REGULARS IN CAMP AT MOBILE AND CHICKAMAUGA.

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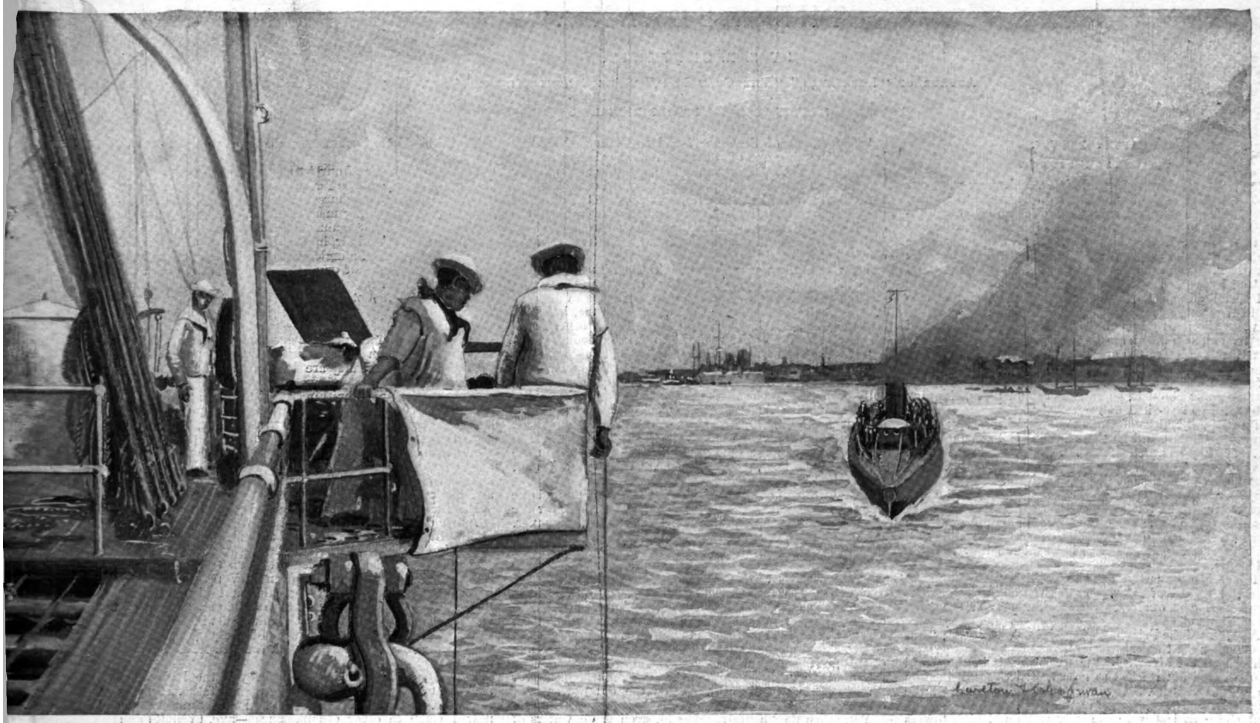
TARGET PRACTICE—U. S. CRUISER "CINCINNATI" FIRING A SIX-INCH GUN.



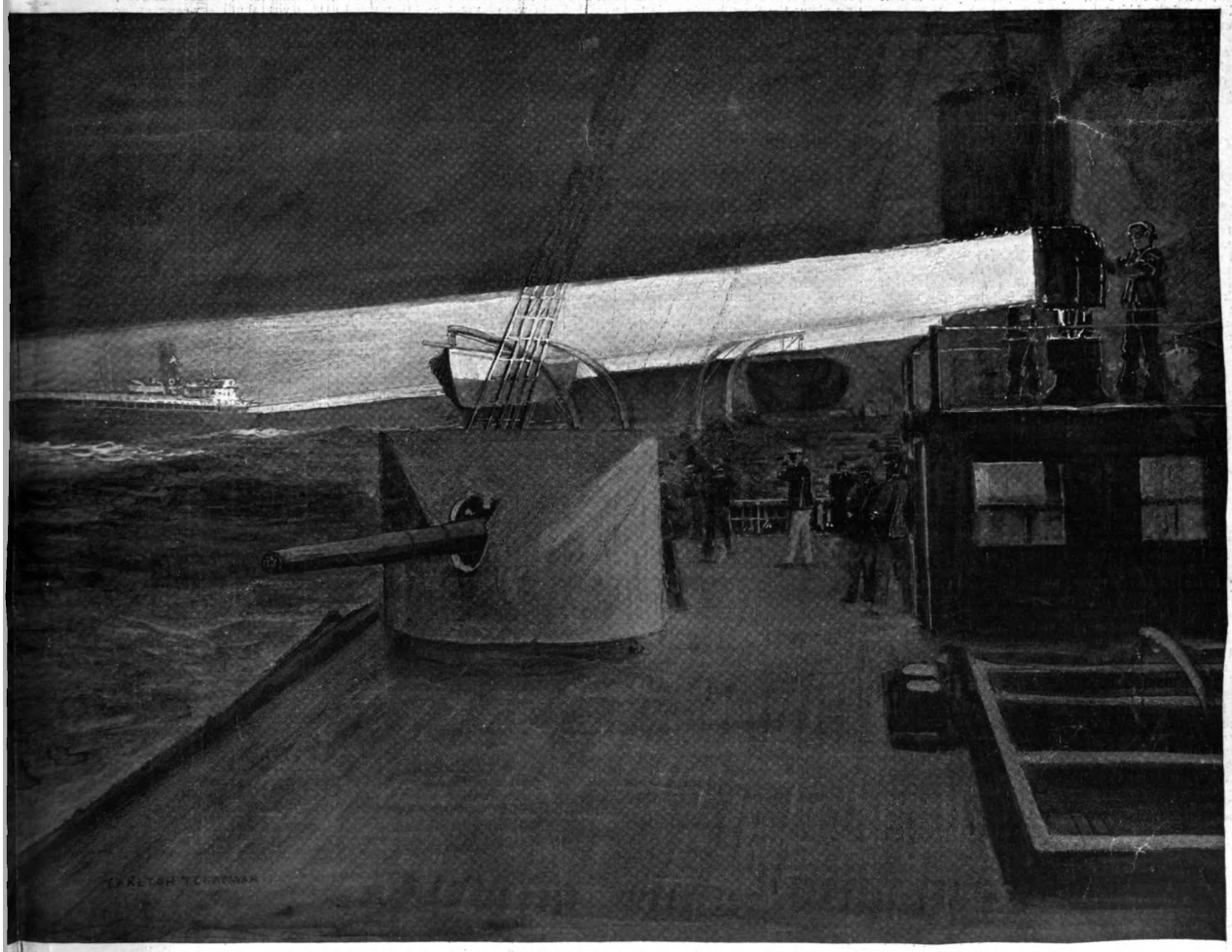
MORNING WORK ON THE WAR-SHIPS.

WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT KEY WEST.

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HEAVING THE LEAD—A U. S. CRUISER COMING INTO KEY WEST HARBOR.
The Harbor of Key West has many Shoal Places.



ON THE NIGHT PATROL—U. S. CRUISER "CINCINNATI" OVERHAULING A SUSPICIOUS STEAMER.

Drawings by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BLACK RIDERS.

THE next day we jogged along, and many were our advices and admonitions to the Prince to return.

For we were now on the borders, and from indications which met us on the journeying we knew that the Black Riders were out. For in one place we came to a burned cottage and the tracks of driven cattle; in another, to a dead forest guide, with his green coat all splashed in splotches of dark crimson—a sight which made the Prince clinch his hands and swear. And this also kept him pretty silent for the rest of the day.

It was about evening of this second day, and we had come to the top of a little swell of hills, when suddenly beneath us we heard the crackling of timbers, and saw the pale, almost invisible flames beginning to devour a thriving farm-house at our feet. There were swarms of men in dark armor about it, running here and there, clapping brushwood to hay-ricks and byre doors.

"The Black Riders of Duke Casimir!" I cried. "Down among the bushes, and let them not see us! We must go back. If they so much as saw the Prince they would slay us, every one."

But ere we had time to flee, half a dozen of their scouts came near us, and observing our horses, they raised a cry. There was nothing for it but the spurs on the heels of our boots. So across the smooth, well-turfed country we had it, and in spite of our beasts' weariness we made good running. And while we fled, I considered how to serve the Prince.

"There is a monastery near by," said I, "and the Abbot is a good friend of ours. Let us, if possible, gain that shelter, and cast ourselves on the kindness of the good Abbot Tobias."

"Aye," said the Prince, urging his horse to speed; "but will we ever get there?"

Then I called myself all the stupid-heads in the world because I had not refused to go a foot with the Prince on such a mad venture, that put our future and that of the Princedom of Plassenburg in such peril.

But there at last were the gray walls and high towers of the Abbey of Wolgast. Our pursuers were not in sight, so we rode in at the gate, and cast our bridles to a lay brother of the order, crying imperiously for instant audience of the Abbot.

As soon as my friend Tobias saw us he threw up his hands in a rapture of welcome. But I soon had him advertised of our great danger. He went directly to the window of his chamber of reception and looked out on the court-yard.

"Ring the abbey bell for full service," he commanded. "Throw open the outer gates and great doors, and lead these horses to the secret crypt beneath the mortuary chapel."

For the Abbot Tobias was a man of the readiest resource, and in other circumstances would have made a good soldier.

He hurried us off to the robing-rooms, and made us put on monastic and priestly garments over our several apparels. Never, God wot, had I expected that I should be transformed into a rope-girt praying clerk. But so it was. I was given a square black cap and a brown robe, and sent to join the lay brethren. For my hair was thick on top, and there was no time to tonsure it.

Now, Dessauer being bald and quite practicable as to his topknot, they endued him with the full dress of a monk. But at that time I saw not what was done with the Prince. For my conductor, a laughing, frolicsome lad came for me and carried me off, telling me all the while that he hoped we should lodge together. There were, he whispered, certain very fair and pleasant maids just over the wall, which you could climb easily enough by the branches of the pear-tree that grew contiguous at the south corner.

As we hurried towards the chapel, the monks were streaming out of their cells in great consternation, grumbling like soldiers at an unexpected parade.

"What hath gotten into our old man?" said one. "Hath he overeaten at mid-day refection, and so cannot sleep, that he cannot let honest men have greater peace than himself?"

"What folly!" cried another. "As if we had not prayers enough, without cheating the Almighty by knocking him up at uncanonical hours."

"And the choir summoned, and full choral service, no less. Not even a respectable Saint's day—no true Churchman, indeed, but some Greek fellow," quoth a third.

Nevertheless, obediently they made their way as the bell clanged, and the throng filed into their places reverently enough. It was a pleasant sight. I came unobtrusively at the back, among the rustling and nudging lay brethren. In other circumstances it would have amused me to see the grave faces they turned towards the altar, and to hear all the while the scuffling as they trod on one another's toes, trying whose skin was the tenderest or whose sandal soles were the thickest. One or two even tried conclusions with me, but once only. For the first who adventured got a stamp from my riding-boot, which caused him to squeal like a stuck pig, and but for the first waking thunder of the organ might have gotten him a month's penance in addition. So after that my toes were left severely alone among the lay brethren.

Then came the high procession, in which the monks and all stood up. First there were the incense-bearers and acolytes, then officers whose names, not being convent-bred nor yet greatly given to church-going, I did not know. Then after them came two men who walked together, at the sight of whom the jaws of the monks dropped, and they stood so infinitely astonished that no power was left to them. For instead of one, two mitred abbots entered in full canonical attire—golden mitre, and green golden-headed staff, red embroidered robes lined with green. These two paced solemnly in abreast, and sat down upon twin thrones.

"The Abbot of St. Omer!" whispered one of the lay brothers, naming one of the most famous abbeys in Europe, and the word flew round like lightning. Whether he had been instructed or not what to say, I do not know. But, at all events, I saw the news run round the circle of the choir, overleap the boundary stall, and even reach the officiating priests, who inclined an eager ear to catch it, and passed the word one to another in the intervals of the chanted sentences.

Then the news was drowned in the thunder of the anthem, and the organ dominating all. Everything was strange to me, but most strange the practice of the lay brothers, who chanted indeed bravely in tune, but who (for the words set in the chorals) substituted other sentiments of a kind not usually found in service-books.

"He looks a stout and be-e-e-fy o-o-old fel-low, don't you think? Glory, glo-o-ry. Takes his meals well, likes his qu-a-a-art of Rhenish or his Burgundy to swell his jolly paunch. A-a-a-men!"

Or, as it might be: "Are you coming—are you coming o-o-out to-night? There will be-ee good compan-ee-ee. Dancing and deray—lots of girls; no proud churls. Ten by the clock, when the doors all lock. As it was in the beginning, is now, ever shall be, world without end, A-a-a-men!"

These were, of course, only the lay brothers, and I hope the friars were better. I decided, however, that, for the sake of my respect for religion, I should ask Dessauer. Because I saw even the Abbot Tobias lean smilingly over to Abbot Prince Karl, and I marvelled what they spoke about. Not that I had long to wonder, for through the open door of the chapel there streamed a dismal host of invaders of the Wolfmark—black Hussars of Death, in dark armor, with white skeletons painted over them, all charnel-house ribs and bones in hideous and ridiculous array, which was one of Duke Casimir's devices to frighten children, and no doubt these scarecrows frightened many of these. Specially when these villanous companies were recruited from all the wild bandits of the Mark, and never punished for any atrocity, but, on the contrary, rather encouraged, in order to spread the terror of their name.

Yet, when they came rushing in, even the cavaliers of death were daunted by the sight which met them. And as the solemn service proceeded, amid the thunder of the great organ pressing, throbbing the roof, and reverberating along the floor, hands stole to heads, helmets were lifted, and fear of Holy Church stirred in many a wicked and outcast heart. Some of the foremost, with their blades half-drawn, appeared to waver whether or no they should stay the service with the bloody sword.

But as the monks calmly chanted, and the solemn responses were given, a stillness stole over the vociferous babble within the great open doors.

Higher and higher the voices of the choir mounted, breaking away to heaven. Awe sat on every fierce face, and when the Abbot arose to pronounce the benediction the other stood up beside him, and the Hussars of Death knelt awe-stricken before the two mitred dignitaries of the Church.

Without a murmur they rose and slunk away, without so much as searching the abbey, and so departed on their errands, leaving us safe and unharmed.

Then, when the three of us were again united in the private rooms of the Abbot Tobias, that hearty ecclesiast shook us all by the hand, and said: "Good friends, we are well out of that. Nay, no thanks. My monks are not a bit the worse of a little additional exercise to keep them humble and lean. Nor is God the less well pleased that we have sought him in time of need, as Prince and Abbot, as well as soldier and peasant, require."

These being the only words of genuine piety I had heard within the walls of the monastery, I thought more of the Abbot Tobias that he was not ashamed to speak them before Prince and Councillor of State, as well as before a rough soldier like myself.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE FLAG ON THE RED TOWER.

IT took us all our powers of persuasion with the Prince to induce him to depart homeward on the morrow, under the escort of a dozen sturdy and well-armed lanzknechte attached to the monastery. But the thing was done at last.

"And remember," said our Karl, as he embraced us, "that if ye return not on the eighth day at eventide the forces of Plassenburg will e'en be battering on the gates of Thorn by the hour of dusk. I am not going to have my farms burnt, my peasants disemboweled and cast to the blood-hounds, my women ravished in their kindly home-steadings. God wot! the cup of Duke Casimir hath been brimming this many a day, and we will give him a deep draught to drink when we set it to his lips."

Thereupon we bade our dear and brave master a respectful adieu. Karl Miller's-Son he might be, but, for all that, he was every inch a king—a right royal man, whom I would rather serve than the Kaiser himself.

And after he had gone from us a little way, he turned again and waved his hand, crying: "On the eighth day mind you, friends of mine—unless ye wish me to come asking for you at the gates of Thorn, with some din and the spilling of some blood."

The worthy Abbot Tobias gave us a paper to the Bishop Peter, now restored to his bishopric of Thorn, and in some measure dwelling at peace with the Duke Casimir since that ruler's reconciliation with Holy Church. In this paper it was set forth that the most learned Doctor of Law, Leonard Schmidt, and his servant Johann, were on their way to Ratisbon to dispute concerning the Practice of Law and Reason with another most learned Doctor of the Empire, and that, desiring to remain a day or two in Thorn, they were by the Abbot Tobias of Wolgast commended to his kind hospitality.

For indeed the inns of Germany, and especially of the North, were not at that time such as wise and learned men could readily submit to, neither abide in, to be herded with dull, landward peasants, and all the gutter-knaves of the town.

Of the remainder of our journey I need not speak, seeing that more than once I have had to tell of that journey from Thorn to Plassenburg. It is sufficient that by evening the dark, frowning mass of the Wolfsberg lay before us, each tower black against the sky. For even the new portions which Casimir had builded were of intention blackened with soot, mingled with the plaster and mortar, so that it should be of one piece of grim terror with the rest of the building.

"After all, it is not strange," said I to the Councillor—for when there was no one in sight or very near I rode with him instead of behind him—"that the man who shakes at every breeze among the aspens should take such pains to create the fiction and shadow of terror about him, when the substance and reality are dominant all the time in his own bosom."

Since we had come within the distressed and depopulated territory of the Wolfmark we had not spoken to any soul. Indeed, except a few poor peasant folk, burnt black with the sun, scuttling from den to den at the sight of mounted men, we had not seen any living creatures. The cruelty which had marked the reign of the Black Duke seemed to have afflicted the very face of the country with a visible curse.

But the day of deliverance was at hand.

As we came nearer to Thorn there was the Red Tower, at first dimly apparent, then prominent, then commanding, rising higher than all the buildings of the Wolfsberg. How many days had I not looked down from those windows! And my father was even now up there in his grim garret, his heart stirring calm and kindly within him, in spite of all the atmosphere of blood in which he had moved, as untouched as though he had been a gardener working among the flowers of the parterre. Also the block was there, and against it the Red Axe was leaning.

Then I called to mind the prophecy of the Lady Ysolinde that I should return to take up my father's dreadful trade. And I smiled thereat. For I thought that now I came in other circumstances—aye, even though riding in at the tail of the learned Doctor Schmidt, with my shaven and chestnut-stained face, my flowing hair cropped to the roots as in the manner of the servant tribe; yet, for all that, was I not the virtual military commander of the Plassenburg and the right hand of the Prince, whose forces would soon be clamoring against the walls of Thorn, and bringing down the hateful tyranny of the Black Duke Casimir?

"What is that?" said I, pointing to a standard of immense size which drooped from the Red Tower. It had been hanging limp about the staff, and till now we had not observed it. But as we went toiling up to the Weiss Thor, and the last links of road lengthened themselves indefinitely out before us in their own familiar manner, suddenly a waft of hot wind from the sun-beaten plain of the Wolfmark blew out an immense flag, which spread itself, fluttered feebly, and died down again flat against the pole.

"Nay," said the Doctor, "that I cannot tell. Surely you should know the customs of your own city better than I!"

For the heat had made the High Chancellor a little snappish, as well as the length of the way.

"Never in my time have I seen such a thing float above the Red Tower," I made answer. "Can it be a flag of pestilence?"

It seemed a likely thing enough. Cities were often made desolate in a few days by the plague; the people running to the hills; silence all about the gates. These might well betoken the presence of a foe to which the army of Plassenburg would seem as a friend.

As we rode under the Arch of the White Gate of Thorn, we were stopped to be examined. We gave our names, and the Doctor showed his letters of authorization from a dozen learned universities. The Black Hussar who examined our credentials was of a taciturn disposition, and evidently no scholar. For he studied the parchments intently upside down, and appeared to have an idea that the contents were best investigated by smelling the seals.

"Where are you bound?" he asked.

"To the house of the learned and venerable Bishop of Thorn!" said the Doctor Schmidt.

So the Hussar, having finally approved of the quality of the scholastic wax, called a subordinate, and bade him guide us to the house of Bishop Peter.

In an instant we were in the familiar streets—narrow, sunken, and indescribably dirty, as they now appeared to me. For I had been accustomed to the wider, sirier spaces, and the bickering rivulets which ran down most of the steeper streets of Plassenburg, and which made it one of the cleanest towns of the world. So that the ancient and unreformed filth and wretchedness of Thorn appealed to me as they had never done before.

There were evidences too of the terror in which the inhabitants had long lived. The houses of the rich burghers were sadly dilapidated. No man thought it worth while to spend a pot of paint on a house which might be knocked about his ears that very night if the Duke conceived there was money or gear to be found within the walls of it.

Here and there the same black flag appeared.

I asked the reason of it from our guide.

"Is it that the plague is in the city?"

"The plague has, indeed, been in the city, yes! But that is not the reason of the flag."

"And what then is the meaning of the black flag?" said I.

"Ye are strangers indeed!" answered the man. "Did you not know that the great Duke Casimir is dead, and that the black flag flies for him, and must fly on the Wolfsberg till his successor be crowned?"

"And who is his successor?" said I.

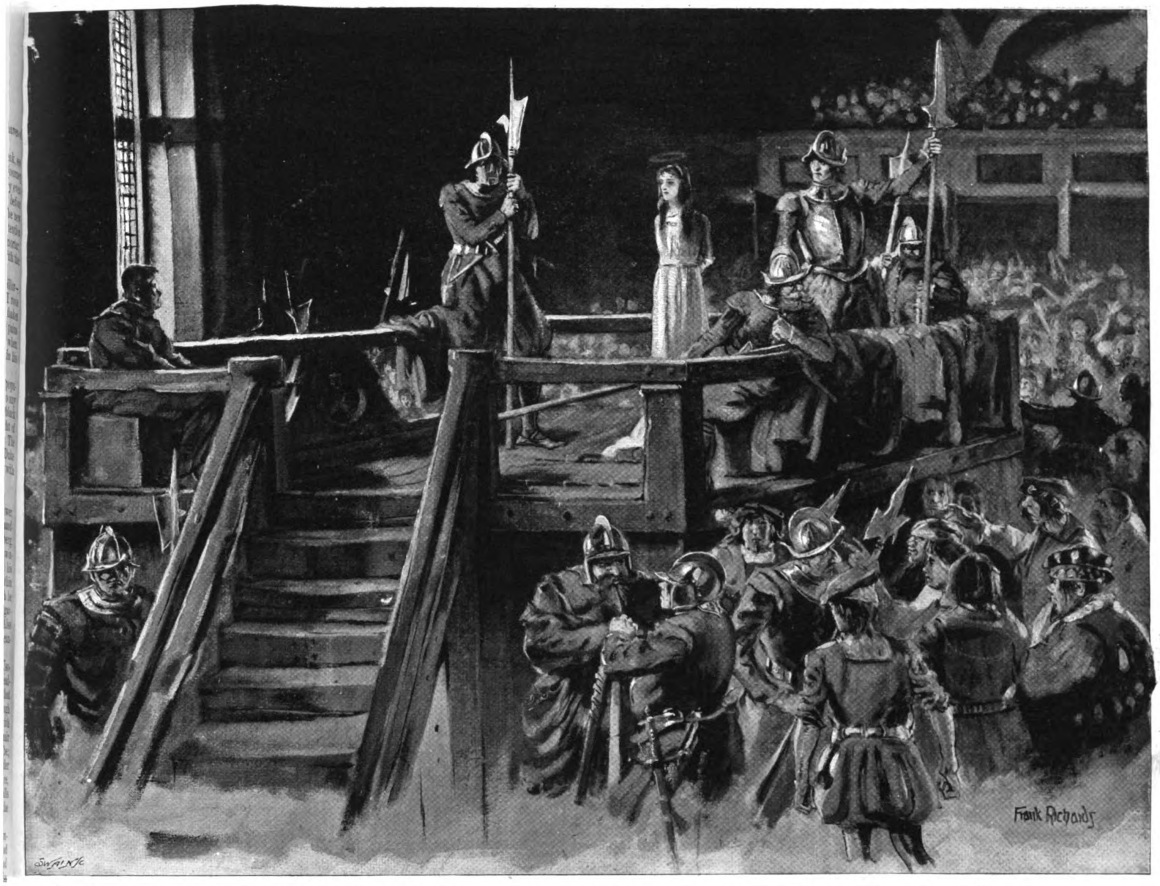
"Who but young Otho, the worst of the Wolf's litter. But perhaps you are his friend."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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"THERE, ALONE IN THE CENTRE, ATTIRED IN WHITE, THE CENTRE OF EYES, I BEHELD—HELENE."

He turned with a keen look, like one who has been accustomed to deliver himself in company where he is sure of sympathy, and who suddenly has to consider his words in society the tone of which he is not sure of.

"Nay," said I, "we are travelling strangers, and know nothing of your politics. But this Duke Otho, wherefore has he not been crowned?"

"Because," said the man, "the Duke Casimir, they say, hath been foully murdered, and that by the witchcraft of a woman. So, by our laws, till the murderer is punished, the young Duke may not be crowned."

By this time we were at the entering in of the long, dull, mass of building, which during most of my boyhood had stood unoccupied, owing to the quarrel between Bishop Peter and the Duke. Our guide led us unchallenged into the quadrangle, and then abruptly left, without pausing to bid us good-day, or even deigning to accept the modest gratuity which my master, the learned doctor, had ready for him.

As for me, I stood holding the horses, and looking about for any of my own quality who might show me the way to the stables.

Presently a long, lean, lathy youth slouched out of one of the gloomy entries. He stood amazed at the sight of me. I went to him to ask where I might bestow the horses, now standing weary-footed, hanging their heads after the long journey and the toil of the final ascent from the plain.

"Will you fight, outlander?" were the first words of my lathy friend from the entry. He seemed to have been drawn up recently from a period of detention in some deep draw-well, and to have the mould of the stones still upon him.

"Why," said I, "of course I will fight, and that gladly, if you will find me a man to fight with."

"I will fight you myself," he said, swelling himself. "For the end of this candle I will fight half a dozen such Baltic sausages as you be."

"Like enough," said I, "all in good time. But in the mean time show me the stables, that I may put up my master's horses."

"What know I about you or your master's horses?" cried the Lad of Lath. "And pray why should I show the way to Bishop Peter's good stables to every wastrel that comes in off the street and asks the freedom of our house? For aught I know you may come to steal corn. Though if that be so, Lord love you, you have come to the wrong place."

"Come, stable-master," said I, placably, "let me see a corner and a wisp of straw, and I will ease the poor beasts. That will not harm the Bishop Peter, whom my master has gone to visit. He is a friend of his, a man learned in ecclesiastical affairs, who comes to hold disputations with the Bishop—"

"Disputations—what be those? Anything with money at the end of them? If so, he will be a welcome guest at this house. There is very little money at the tail of anything in this town."

I thought I would try the effect of a broad silver piece, at the same time giving the lad the information that disputations were kinds of fights with the tongues of men instead of with their fists.

The silver sweetened his face like a charm. He seized me by the hand.

"My name," he said, "is Peter of the Pigs. I am not stable-master, but feed the grouting piglings. And yet, in a way, I am indeed stable-master. For the Bishop hath no horses, since the Duke took them away to mount his cavalry for the raids into Plassenburg. So Peter of the Pigs looks after all about the yard; and precious little there is to look after, except one's own legs getting longer and leaner every day."

"And where is the Bishop this afternoon?" I asked.

"Where should he be," cried Peter of the Pigs, "but at the trial of the witch-woman in the Hall of Justice? It must be a rare sight. They say she is to be tortured, and that they want a new executioner to do it."

"Why," said I, struck to the heart with his words, "what is the matter with the old one?"

"Oh," said the lad, "he is mortal sick abed. He had an accident, or some one stuck a dagger into him—no great matter if he had stuck it through him, or cloven him to the chin with his own Red Axe."

CHAPTER XL.

THE TRIAL OF THE WITCH.

At this point came my master back, looking exceedingly disconsolate. A monk accompanied him.

"The Bishop," he said, "is gone forth of his house. He is in attendance at the trial of a woman for witchcraft, one whom some of the city folk hold to be a saint. But the young Duke and others swear that she is a witch, and hath murdered the Duke. Haste thee with the horses, sirrah, and attend me to the Hall of Justice. I have sent a messenger forward with my credentials to the Bishop Peter."

So to the corner of the yard I went and rubbed down the horses with a wisp of straw, which Peter of the Pigs brought me, and which smelled of his charges too. Then, with another piece of money in his hand, I sent him out to the nearest corn-chandler's to buy some corn for our beasts, the which I gave them, and stood by them till I saw them eat it. For in such a poverty-stricken place, and with a gentleman of the capacity of Master Peter of the Pigs, one that is in any way fond of his horses cannot be too careful.

This done, I announced myself to my master as ready to accompany him.

Then through the streets of Thorn, all strangely empty, we took our way. Women were leaning out of windows; every head turned castleward up the street.

They hardly deigned a glance at my master or at myself, but continued to gaze. And as each passenger came down the street from the direction of the Wolfsberg they cried questions at him, so that he ran the gauntlet of a dropping fire of shrill queries.

"What are they doing to the sweet saint yonder?"

"Hath she been put to the question?"

"Who could be executioner in such a case as this? A man would be sent to hell-fire for daring to lay hand on her."

The popular sympathies ran clearly with the accused, which is not, as our old Hanne had reason to remember, the rule in trials for witchcraft.

Soon we were passing the gate of the Red Tower. It was barred and closed. The windows of my father's house looked barrenly down, like the eye-holes of skulls. I saw the window from which I used to gaze wistfully down upon the children who would not play with me, but spat upon the tower when they saw me looking at their play and pipings upon the streets.

There above was the window of my father's garret, with the edge of the black flag blowing out above it.

The streetward door of the Judgment Hall was open and a great crowd of people stood about, silent, anxious, respectful. Some of them talked in low tones, and whenever there was a word passed out of the door, through which men looked ten deep, it scattered all about like a wave which comes into a sea-cave by a narrow entrance, and then widens out till it breaks gently in the wide inner hall.

"She is not to be tortured; only the Hereditary Executioner may do that. They have threatened the old woman. She has confessed all!"

So ran the words about the crowd, and ever and anon one would detach himself from the bridge, elbowing his way out, and then speed down the long street, crying the latest tidings of the trial.

It was manifestly impossible for us to obtain entrance by this door. So we looked about for another.

Then I minded me of the private passage which led from the court-yard which I knew so well. We skirted the crowd, with our attendant following, till we came to the side door which led directly into the Hall of Judgment behind the judges' high seats.

It was the way by which many a time I had seen my father enter, either in his dress of black or in that of red. And I was always glad when I saw him put on the scarlet, because I knew that then the worst was over for some poor tortured soul.

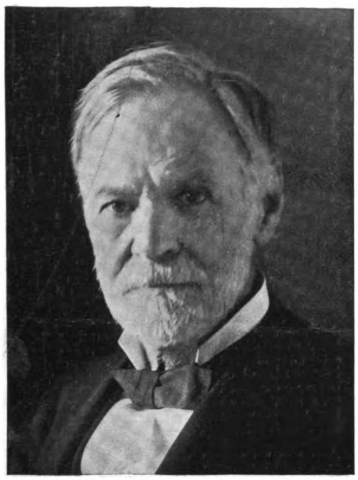
But when my master proposed that the attendant of the Bishop should carry a letter into the hall to his master to inform him that we waited without, the man trembled in every limb, and the hair of his head shocked itself up in sheer terror.

"I cannot—I dare not!" he cried. "It is the place of torture—of the engines—the estrappado—the water-drop—the leg-crushers!"

And at this point the vision of what was contained within the fatal door became so appalling to him that he picked up his skirts and fled, looking over his shoulder all the while to make sure that the Red Axe was not after him full tilt.

So Dessauer and I were left standing. And if the mat-

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HON. JOHN SHERMAN,
Retiring Secretary of State.—[See Page 434.]

ter had been less serious, it would have been comical to see us thus deserted.

"Bishop Peter of Thorn seems a prelate somewhat difficult of approach," said the Councillor. "I wonder if we shall ever lay any salt on his tail?"

"Let us risk it and go in," said I. "We are putting all our cards on the table, at any rate. And we can see all that is to be seen. If there is any risk of von Reuss penetrating our disguises, it is as well to gulp and get it over at once, rather than suck gingerly at it till the fear of death chills our marrow."

"Go on, then," he said. "There is naught to be gained by standing here as a butt for the eyes of evil-doers."

So I opened the door carefully, and with a trembling heart. The hum of a great assembly breathed upon us in a hushed chaos of sound. The warm, stifling atmosphere, heavy with a thousand respirations, the sound of a voice speaking loud and clear, the thunder of continuous heels on the paved floor, the voices of the ushers crying "Silentium" at intervals — these all came suddenly upon us as we shut out the air and sunshine and went into the Hall of Judgment.

We could not see the full assembly at first. We stood, as I had supposed, directly behind the judges' rostrum. Only the corners of the vast crowd which covered the floor and filled the galleries could be seen—a blur of white faces, all bent towards one point. But at the corner, not far from us, a tall, spare, gray-headed ecclesiastic was speaking.

We stood still, in order that we might not interrupt by entering till he had finished.

What was our surprise when we heard his words!

"My Lord Duke," he was saying, "it is fortunate for the elucidation of this great mystery that I have this moment received word concerning a most learned and notable jurisconsult, a Doctor of the Law, wise in controversy, and specially skilled in such cases, who has even now arrived in the city of Thorn on his way to the Emperor at Ratisbon, where he is to dispute for the honor of truth and our holy religion.

"His name is the Learned, Venerable, and Reverend Doctor Schmidt, and I trust that we of the city and faculty of the Wolfmark shall have the honor of welcoming him as so distinguished a man deserves."

The pattern of the Bishop's speech is one that does not vary while the world lasts.

"Lord, they have made me a Doctor of Theology as well!" whispered the Councillor to me. I gave him a little push.

"Now is your time," said I, "the hour and the Doctor."

I lifted the skirt of his long black robe. He took hold of his marvellous beard, a triumph of the disguiser's art, and we stepped forward. I could hardly conceal a smile.

We had come in the very nick of time.

I have a vague remembrance of my master bowing this way and that. I seem to see the wise men of the law, the judges, the priests and lictors, rising and bowing in acknowledgment. I heard the hush of a thousand people, all craning their necks to look round the heads of their neighbors, and the hum of whispered comment. It was a surprising sight, this great trial—the gloomy hall, black with age and deeds of darkness, lit by the rays of sunlight falling through windows of red glass, the faces of men flecked as with blood where the evening sunlight streamed luridly upon them.

In the midst there was a clear foursquare space. A lictor, with a bundle of rods, stood at each corner. I looked, and there, alone in the centre, attired in white, the centre of eyes, I beheld—Helene.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. GATLING'S NEW GUN.

THE Board of Ordnance and Fortification inspected, at the Otis Steel Company's works in Cleveland, recently, a new type of gun, the invention of Dr. R. J. Gatling. The gun is to be rifled at the Washington Navy Yard, and then sent to Sandy Hook to be tested. Dr. Gatling believes that his gun will show a resistance to the force of powder explosion and to the friction of the gases and the projectile even greater than that of the built-up gun; while his gun can be made in much less time, and is sixty per cent. cheaper than the built-up gun.

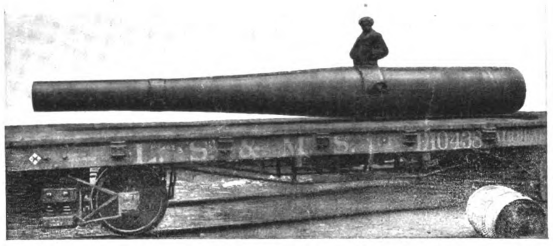
The weakness of the built-up gun Dr. Gatling finds in the joints between the hoops as they are shrunk on the tube. The built-up gun is in eleven pieces. The wire-wound gun, which is highly commended by ordnance authorities, is in nearly three hundred pieces. Dr. Gatling's gun is in one piece. It is cast, not forged, and the secret of its resistance is said to be in the alloy used, the method of making the cast, and the process of tempering. Experiments in recent years with cast-steel alloys have shown that they are capable of high degrees of resistance.

Dr. Gatling preserves a great part of his process a secret. He has not patented it yet. He expects to take out patents in Europe and America whenever the tests of the new gun have been completed successfully. The character of the alloy he uses is not known. He has a ladle of peculiar construction to receive the molten metal from the furnace. The metal enters at a tangent, and takes a rotary motion, which expels the air and gases, and makes the mass homogeneous before it passes into the mould. In the mould it is put under weights, but it is not subjected to the great hydraulic pressure which is used on the castings for the built-up guns. The casting is solid. It is turned down and bored out in the usual way. When tempered, it is cooled from within by a blast of air—a process which is expected to give it the resistance from the outside toward the bore which is obtained in the built-up gun by shrinking the hoops and jacket on the tube. The mandrel process is another of Dr. Gatling's secrets.

The one-piece gun, which is to be finished at Washington soon, was ordered by the government. Congress appropriated $40,000 to pay for it, and, because of Dr. Gatling's standing as an inventor, made the extraordinary provision that he should have the right to change the specifications as often as he chose. G. G. B.

THE PROOF OF EXTERNAL EXPLOSION.

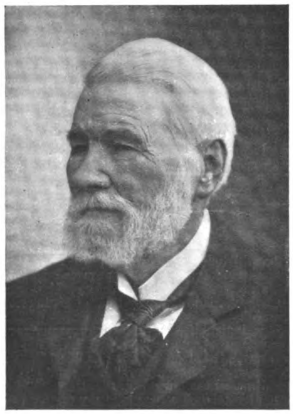
THE contention persisted in by the Spanish authorities that the explosion which wrecked and sunk the battle-ship *Maine* in Havana Harbor was internal and not external to the hull of the vessel, is absolutely refuted by the condition in which the débris of the wreck was found and still remains.



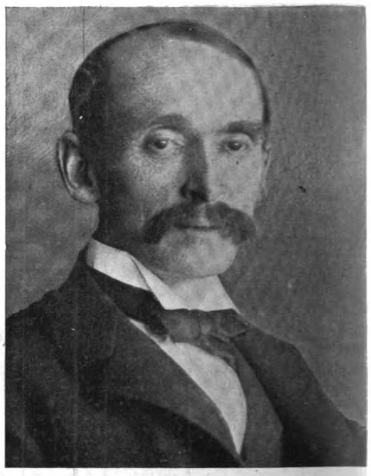
DR. GATLING'S NEW GUN—CAST IN ONE PIECE.

The examination before the court of inquiry in regard to this was most detailed and minute, and the conclusion established by the evidence was positive. The most important witness upon the condition of the wreck was Ensign W. V. N. Powelson, of the United States steamer *Fern*, who was constantly on duty upon the *Maine* during the operations of the divers, noting and verifying the results of their examination. He directed and supervised their action, questioned them closely upon what they found beneath the surface of the water, noted the results in detail each day, and made drawings as the material afforded data.

Ensign Powelson's examination occupied the part of several days, at considerable intervals, during the sessions of the court, while the work of the divers was still going on, and not only was he closely questioned, but the divers themselves were examined minutely. The condition of the wreck being established, Commander G. A. Converse, of the cruiser *Montgomery*, an expert of large experience upon submarine mines and torpedoes and the effect of explosives, was carefully examined upon the nature of the explosion that could produce such an effect.



DR. RICHARD JORDAN GATLING,
Inventor of the Gatling Gun, at the Age of Eighty.



HON. WILLIAM R. DAY,
The New Secretary of State.—[See Page 434.]

To understand clearly the descriptions and illustrations proving the character and effect of the explosion, one must know that the frames of the ship's hull from three to four feet apart, are numbered from the bow back, and are fastened to the keel at the bottom. The keel was broken at frame 17 and forced upward, so that the keel-plates are sharply bent. It is considerably back of this break that the chief mass of tangled débris is found. Here the forward magazines were placed, below the protective deck, above which was the main-deck, and the effect of the explosion upon those decks, as described in the findings of the court of inquiry, is attributed to a partial explosion of the powder-magazines.

The area of this effect was from frame 30 to frame 41; but the break of the keel, and the forcing upward of the bottom plates, was considerably forward of this. From a point 6 feet above the keel, and 11½ feet from the middle of the ship on the port side at frame 17, the outer shell of the hull, which is made of comparatively thin plating, was bent upward and inward, so that the plates formed an inverted V (Λ), with the apex thrust 4 feet above the surface of the water, or 34 feet above where that part of the plates would be if the vessel had merely sunk to the bottom.

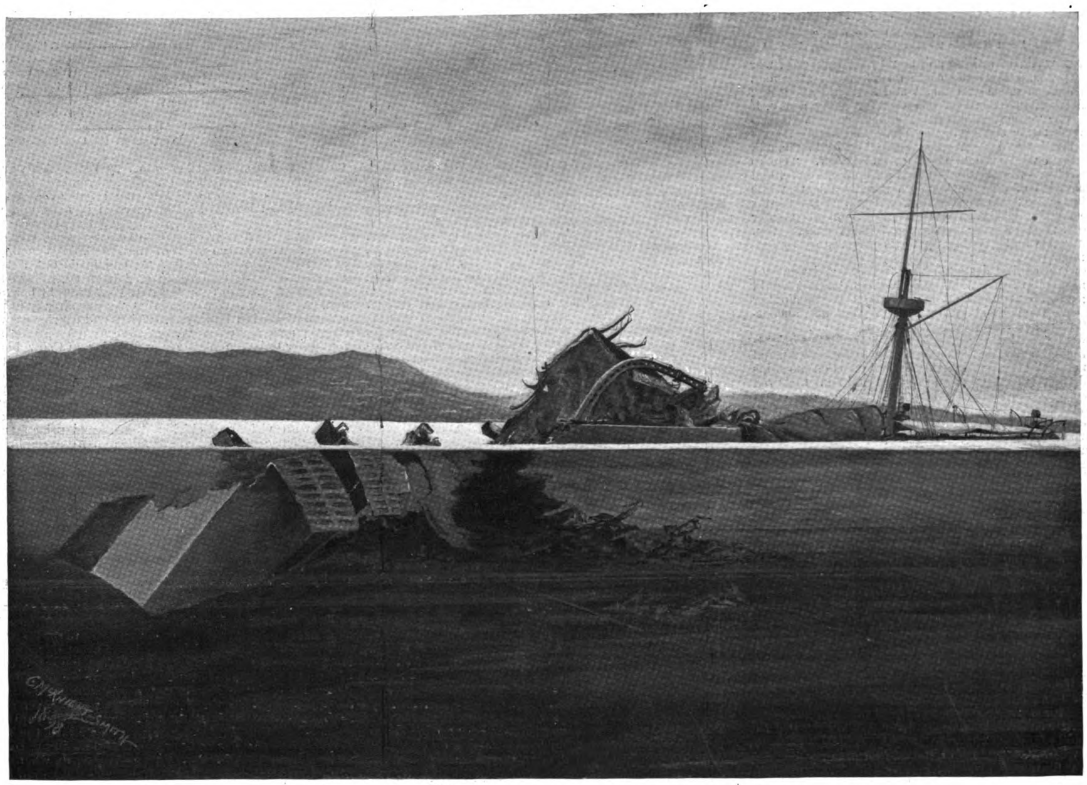
The after-wing or flap of this inverted V, which was 15 feet wide by 32 feet long, stretching from frame 25 to frame 17, where the breach was made, was "doubled back upon itself against the continuation of the same plate extending forward."

It seems clear enough to the inexpert mind, from the description derived from the findings of the court and based upon detailed evidence, that this effect could not possibly be produced by an explosion inside the vessel, and that it must necessarily have been caused by an explosion below the bottom of the vessel near the point at which the break is found, and from which the bottom plating was driven upward with such force. But the members of the court of inquiry proceeded with the utmost caution, and did not rely upon their own inferences. They placed sketches and drawings of this part of the wreck before Commander Converse and asked him what kind of an explosion would produce the result.

The commander said that, in his opinion, "it could be produced by the explosion of a submarine mine containing a large amount of the lower explosives—gunpowder, or similar—not in contact with the ship, but some distance below it, perhaps on the bottom." Being asked whether the keel and plates at and near frame 18 could have been so distorted by an internal explosion, he said that he did not think they could, and that he had never seen anything in all his experience that would lead him to believe that it was "possible to produce the effect indicated by any explosion within the interior of the ship in that immediate vicinity." The indications were, he said, that "an under-water explosion produced the conditions there."

It was the actual condition of this part of the wreck, established beyond all possibility of doubt by irrefragable evidence, that induced the opinion of the court that the effect at the point described "could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship at about frame 18, and somewhat on the port side of the ship," and sustained the finding that the "*Maine* was destroyed by a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines." No denial or protest can wipe out the testimony of the mangled remains of the battle-ship itself.

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THE "MAINE," SHOWING POSITION OF BOTTOM PLATES AND KEEL, AFFORDING PROOF OF EXTERNAL EXPLOSION.—DRAWN BY C. MCKNIGHT SMITH.

SKETCHES IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

[SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 437.]

WASHINGTON, while celebrated afar as a city of magnificent distances, is in reality a compact place, so far as the official side of it is concerned.

It is only a step, for instance, from the White House to the great granite building in which the Navy, State, and War departments are situated, and the Secretary of the Navy can look out from his windows over the President's lawn.

The visitor to the Navy Department is shown into a large room, where he may sink himself in a huge leather chair and watch the expert private secretary sift out from the other visitors those who have real business with the Secretary. People come there with all kinds of craft for sale, from a row-boat up, devices to offer, axes to grind; and many seafaring men are there, offering their services to the government. One old skipper, who sat with his legs straight out in front of him because they were made of seasoned timber and would not bend, looked as though he might like to lose an arm or two piloting war-ships.

Leading out to the left are the rooms of the Assistant Secretary. Here Mr. Roosevelt was winding up his affairs in the department, and preparing for his anticipated departure to the seat of active war. Occasionally a big bronze-faced fellow would drop in to see him, and such unmarinerlike questions as "Can you ride a horse?" would fall from the lips of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Roosevelt's desk, which appears in the illustration, is interesting from the fact that it was built for Assistant Secretary Fox during Gideon Wells's time. It is ornamented with carvings in relief of Monitors, cannon, etc., and is piled high with papers and maps.

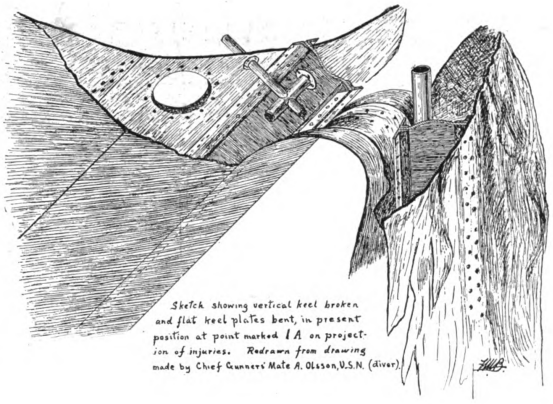
One has only to look at that desk to read the character of the man behind it. His restless energy, flying off in all directions, yet persistent, is shown in his surroundings as well as in his actions.

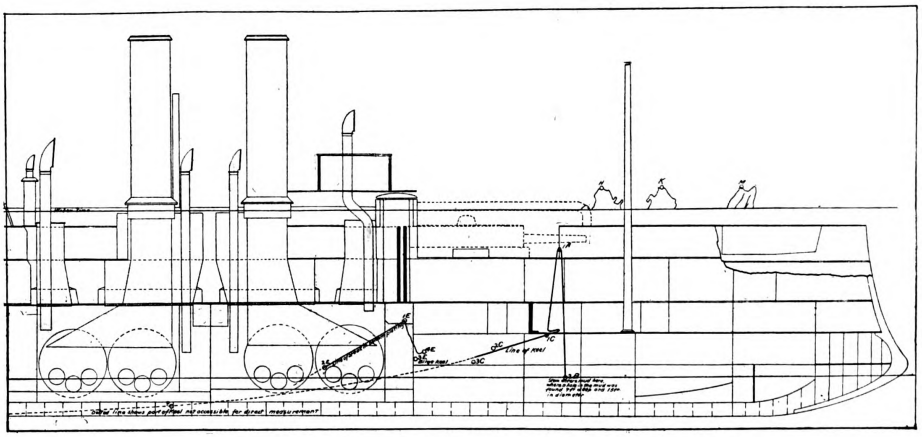
It would hardly seem necessary for a man who does most of his office-work on his feet to go to the front to find active service; he renders that to the government wherever it puts him.

If the visitor succeeds in passing Secretary Long's picket-line he will find the Secretary calmly seated in a room that differs as much from Mr. Roosevelt's as a New England farm-house does from a Western ranch. Not a paper out of its pigeon-hole except the one on which the Secretary is immediately engaged. Out in the corridors and on the stairways messenger-boys are waiting or skurrying out to their bicycles. Newsgatherers, Senators, retired naval officers, even an occasional old Jacky are to be seen pouring in and out in a constant stream.

Altogether, the Navy Department is a busy place in these days.

W. A. R.





PROJECTION SHOWING PRESENT POSITION OF BOW AND KEEL OF THE "MAINE."
Redrawn by Naval-Cadet H. C. Mustin from Draft made by Ensign W. V. N. Powelson, from Data obtained by him under direction of the Court of Inquiry.

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THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

DESPATCH-BOAT "KANAWHA."
FROM HAVANA TO KEY WEST, *Saturday, April 23.*

AFTER weeks of waiting and many false rumors of war and of peace, a few lines came on Thursday afternoon which created more excitement and hurrying about and to and fro than Key West has seen for many a day, if ever. The "rocking-chair fleet," that have been discussing the situation and giving opinions, and taking it easy meanwhile for so long, were awakened as by magic, and there was a wild rush to pack up and be off. "On to Havana!" was the cry, and in half an hour the hotel had been emptied of newspaper men and navy officers, while launches and cutters were pulling and puffing from ships to the landing with unwonted vigor. Soon the greater part of the ships were pouring out black smoke from their funnels and hoisting up boats preparatory to getting under way.

We were the first despatch-boat to leave, and went out to the flag-ship to learn, if possible, when the fleet would move; and about midnight half of them began moving out, so we immediately followed and went out, anchoring near the flag-ship to wait further movement.

It was a beautiful night, with every star shining brightly in the calm sky, and the sea seemed to forget its usual habits around here, and lapped gently by; while the ships flashed their search-lights and opened and shut their red and white signal-lights, saying lots of things one could not understand. Morning came, and at daylight we were moving out, the *New York* (flag-ship) leading the way, and the torpedo-boats and light cruisers guarding the ends of the line.

Soon after six o'clock a strange steamer appeared, bound up the coast and crossing the bows of the fleet. The little *Nashville* started after her, and when she showed Spanish colors spurted up to her, firing a blank shot at first, to which the Spaniard paid no attention, only ran the harder; but a six-pound solid shot beautifully fired across his bows, and skipping the water for a mile beyond him, changed the views of the captain, and the Spanish flag came down on the run and the engines reversed instanter. This was the first shot of the war, and we were fortunately close at hand to see the whole thing. The *Nashville* ran close up to her prize, and a boarding party took possession. She proved to be the *Buena Ventura*, with a deck-load of lumber and a general cargo. Ensign Magruder, with a prize crew, took charge of her, and the *Nashville* convoyed her capture into Key West. The fleet were keeping right on all this time, except for the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, which stood by the *Nashville* for a time, and then scurried off after the rest. Key West was seventeen miles away, but we decided to run in and report events, so back we went, sending a boat ashore with despatches, and starting off immediately to rejoin the fleet, which we did not see anything of, however, nor any signs of life in the breezy run across the Gulf, until about 5 P. M., when we came up with the *Cincinnati*, which had just stopped the Norwegian bark *Jomf Ruland*, bound out from Havana. Lieutenant Craven boarded her, and after ascertaining her cargo and destination, allowed her to proceed. The fleet by this time was in full sight, and we were looked over by a nimble torpedo-boat off in the distance, which satisfied herself very soon that we were all right. The *Porter* was seen pouring out black smoke as she hurried off after a sail on the dim horizon. In half an hour we joined the fleet cruising slowly about off the city of Havana, whose lights could be plainly seen. We made out the lights of a steamer coming out, and the *Wilmington* and torpedo-boat *Ericsson* promptly put after her and brought her to. She proved to be the German steamer *Remus*, and was allowed to proceed.

As the darkness deepened the ships were lost entirely in the gloom, and except for the occasional flashing of signal-lights, nothing could be seen; and as we clung to the bridge railing as the steamer rolled in the choppy Gulf seas, the city lights, only a few miles away, seemed quite cheerful. Did the Havanese know they were blockaded? Apparently not until later in the evening, for about eleven o'clock Morro light suddenly went out, and a number of heavy guns were fired, eight shots in all, and perhaps at us, as we were the nearest vessel in to the shore.

We were not able to find the flag-ship among the others, and much speculation ensued as to her whereabouts. This morning, however, she was back among the fleet, which are rolling and pitching about at a great rate, especially the *Wilmington*, that can roll faster and further than any ship in the navy, except her twin, the *Helena*.

After some delay we managed to communicate with the *New York*, and learned that she had chased the Spanish liner *Pedro* the evening before, and after a hot run of nearly forty miles, brought her to off Matanzas. She was promptly confiscated, and put in charge of Lieutenant Capehart and a prize crew of four marines and eight sailors, and taken into Key West. The *Ericsson*, Lieutenant Usher, captured a Spanish coasting-schooner early this morning, and she is jumping about now at the stern of the *Cincinnati*.

It seems to be the intention now to blockade the island, and so far as could be learned the blockading squadrons will be divided as follows:

Off Havana will be the *New York, Iowa, Wilmington, Helena, Dolphin, Mayflower, Vesuvius, Ericsson*, and *Porter*. Off Mariel will be the *Nashville, Castine*, and some auxiliary cruisers to come. Off Matanzas will be the *Amphitrite, Cincinnati, Du Pont, Winslow*, and some auxiliary cruisers to come later. Off Cardenas, the *Newport, Machias, Cushing, Foote*, and auxiliaries. A special squadron, whose destination is not as yet known, will consist of the *Indiana, Marblehead, Detroit*, and *Mangrove*, which has recently been turned over from the Treasury Department, and refitted and armed as a small cruiser. Most of the ships are on the ground or within a few hours of steaming of their stations. This still leaves the *Puritan* and *Terror* as reserve vessels. The *Puritan* arrived off Havana as we were leaving. The *Terror* is still at Key West.

Too much praise cannot be given to the torpedo officers and men. They never seem to rest, and for nervy and skilful work one such day and night as has passed on the blockade proves their mettle. We may look for exciting events in the near future, and ships and men are ready for what may come.

AT SEA, *Sunday morning, April 24.*

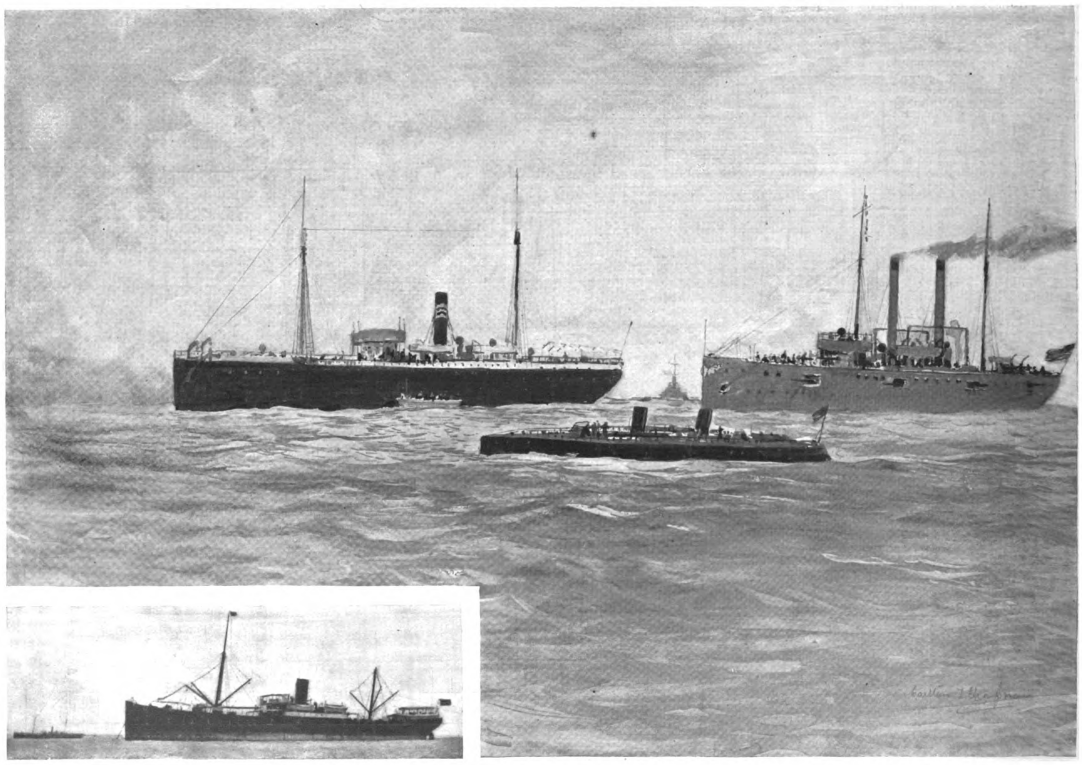
YESTERDAY, as we were about leaving the fleet for Key West, signals were shown from the flag-ship ordering the division of the squadron for Mariel, Cardenas, and Matanzas, as reported yesterday. All were under way and moving in an extended line, the ships to the eastward being the *New York, Cincinnati, Wilmington*, and *Marblehead*. The *Cincinnati* being some distance in advance, was seen to turn suddenly, signalling a chase, and, later, the strange vessel to be a man-of-war. Full speed was ordered, the crews called to quarters, and the entire squadron was soon in full pursuit. The *Cincinnati* was the first to come up with the stranger, followed closely by the *Marblehead, New York*, and *Wilmington*. She proved to be an Italian cruiser, instead of a Spaniard, and proceeded on her way. The torpedo-boat *Porter*, Lieutenant Fremont, soon afterward took a Spanish coasting schooner loaded with 100 tons of sugar, and sent her into Key West. This morning early the torpedo-boat *Cushing* and gunboat *Wilmington* picked up two more schooners; one of them, the *Candida*, had a deck-load of charcoal in bags, and was brought up in tow of the *Wilmington;* the other capture had not arrived near enough to be ascertained when we left, following in the wake of the *New York*, which, just at this time, seven o'clock A.M., had made out a large merchant-steamer coming up at full speed, followed by the *Detroit*. A gun from the *New York* brought her to at once, when it was discovered that she was already in possession of Ensign Hurley H. Christy and a prize crew of sixteen men from the *Detroit*. We went alongside and found her to be the fine steamer *Catalina*, of Cadiz, bound from New Orleans to Havana and Spanish ports, with a general cargo in her hold, and a special cargo on her promenade deck of eighty crates of chickens, that, being American, cackled joyously from under the awnings, while the blue-jackets and marines walking the deck smiled cheerfully with visions of chicken dinners and prize-money, and the late captain looked gloomily at us from the bridge he could no longer command.

The *Catalina* is a fine steamer of about 5000 tons, and easily valued at a half-million dollars. She was first sighted about 3 A. M., and brought to twelve miles northwest from Morro Castle.

The fleet now off Havana are the *New York, Indiana, Marblehead, Wilmington, Mangrove*, and the torpedo-boats *Porter* and *Cushing*, cruising up and down about twelve miles off Morro light, the hills and valleys showing beautifully blue in the morning light.

AT SEA, *Monday night, April 25, 1898.*

THIS morning at five o'clock we came up with the ships again, and followed the *New York* on a run to the eastward half-way to Matanzas. We hoped the expected troop-ship from Porto Rico might be the chase, but it proved to be of no importance, and at nine o'clock we were again off Havana, where the *Hornet* and *Eagle*, auxiliary cruisers, arrived and joined the fleet. They brought over some sailors and marines from the prize crews of the captured steamers at Key West, who reported on board the flag-ship. The *Helena* came over soon after, having re-coaled at Key West after her long run to the south, where she picked up the fine Spanish steamer *Miguel Joval*, of 5500 tons, and brought her into port Sunday morning. Soon after noon, the *New York* moving in toward the land, we ran some distance farther in to have a better look at a small fort which appeared on the top of a high hill a half-mile back from the shore. As we kept steadily on, wondering if the place was deserted, a few soldiers came out, and while we were expecting that they would fire at us, the entire garrison decamped, a dozen or more galloping off on horseback, while the balance dropped out of



SPANISH SHIP "PEDRO," CAPTURED BY U.S.S. "NEW YORK," APRIL 22.

CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH STEAMER "BUENA VENTURA," BY THE U.S. GUNBOAT "NASHVILLE," 17 MILES OFF KEY WEST, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 22.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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sight over the hill. We had a good look at the place, which seemed to be a well built and planned fortification on the sun-baked hill-side, with a straight road leading up, and some beautiful palms and mango-trees near the shore, the green water shoaling up to a white sandy beach. Promptly on turning away, the soldiers came back on the hill-top; but as they supposed us an armed vessel, they were quite as much afraid of us as we might have been of them.

During the afternoon the *Wilmington* came up with a captured schooner loaded with raw sugar.

Soon after six o'clock, Morro Castle being in plain sight, a steamer was seen coming out, which we immediately started after. The *New York*, the only ship of the fleet close at hand, did not seem to notice her, and we had caught up with the stranger, which flew the British flag, and had a lot of people on board, who waved to us, but they would not answer our hail, and kept on at a high speed. The *New York* was then seen to be coming up with a great wave at her bows, so we ranged alongside and awaited developments. Soon a blank shot was fired from the *New York*, and then a solid shot whistled across the water. The English captain, apparently, did not want to stop, and a third shot was fired so near that it had the desired effect, and the *Lucienne* of London came to a stop. We inquired for news from Havana, and there was a great chattering in Spanish from a crowd of passengers, who furnished us with some copies of *La Lucha* of to-day's issue. After being boarded and notified officially of the blockade, the *Lucienne* proceeded on her way, giving an unwilling salute in token of her objection to being stopped.

I give you some extracts from the paper of this date, showing the state of feeling and latest news in Havana:

(From *La Lucha*, Havana, April 25.)

FALSE NEWS.

All rumors that have recently circulated in regard to a possible bombardment of this city are without foundation, and we will advise our readers promptly when a bombardment is likely to occur. The enemy in sight, the blockade follows. There they are.

They continue to-day within range of our batteries—which it is impossible for them to pass—these monstrous battle-ships, these enormous "baby whales" which McKinley has sent us in order to deprive us of sustenance, and in the belief that they will throw us into a panic, without knowing that their presence there fills us with enthusiasm, gives us courage, incites us to the combat. If they have not done us violence, it is only because the desired instant has not arrived, because they have not put themselves in the desired position to start the ball rolling. They decide to please us for once, these satellites of "Uncle Sam"; they shoot over our fortresses, where there are 1000 cannon and 100,000 rifles to confound the foreign invader, under the title of conqueror, as if we were living in the fifteenth century; pretend to precipitately carry off this possession which we hold with so good a title.

The enemy's squadron which we have in sight is composed, according to information which we have, of the following ships: *Indiana*, *Brooklyn*, *Raleigh*, and *New York*, all armored; three torpedo-boat-destroyers, and three torpedo-boats; besides a hospital-ship, another merchant ship (according to the Associated Press), and two yachts.

GENERAL BLANCO.

Yesterday afternoon General Blanco in his coach of state, accompanied by his Adjutant, Colonel Higrera, and his chief of staff, General Louis N. Depando, and by his Adjutant Captain Don Francisco, visited all the shore batteries and minutely inspected the fortifications.

THE BLOCKADE IS BROKEN.

The steamer *Avilies* coming from Baracoa, Sagua de Tanamo, and Nuevitas, and the steamer *Cosma de Herera* coming from Sagua la Grande, arrived at this port without news, and without seeing anything of importance in their respective voyages. Both ships, knowing about the blockade established by the American squadron, came with all the precaution which the case demanded, hugging the coast like sticking-plaster, preferring running aground to being captured. It is worthy of notice that these two ships, being of much less speed than they ought to have, and which it is supposed that the American war-ships have, there is no doubt that they have broken the blockade which the Americans have undertaken to establish. Worthy of all praise are the captains of these two ships, like all of the captains of the ships of the celebrated Companie de Sobrinos de Herera. They know every hand of our northern coast, and they have an elevated conception of duty, and of the superior valor, civic and personal, needed to make a front to everybody. (*Para hacer frente á todo.*) They never shirk danger, and threats never fill them with terror; they are Spaniards, and they are good patriots.

THE TROOPS.

The troops were ready for duty at the posts to which they were assigned, and which they occupied on Friday night; but there was no necessity for their services during the day or night of Saturday.

The corps of volunteers, with equal enthusiasm and faith in the triumph of the cause which they defend, abandoned in great numbers, for the good of their country, some their labors, others their families, and the greater part of them their situations.

THE SQUADRON.

All day Saturday the American squadron was seen at a great distance from the port—eight ships could be seen with the naked eye.

REMOVED THEMSELVES.

night was falling the squadron moved away ost to sight.

MORRO CASTLE.

uarters of the signal operators and lookouts oncealed from the enemy. The lantern is sual, but it illuminates the harbor only.

CLOUDY.

Dense clouds obscured the horizon on Sunday morning, but at eight o'clock they began to disperse, and there was seen on the horizon one ship alone of great size—certainly the largest of the American squadron.

IN DARKNESS.

None of the lamps located at the foot of the streets of San Lazaro were lighted on the nights of Saturday and Sunday.

Also the electric lights in the parks and at the foot of Vedado were left unlighted.

GENERAL AVOALIS.

This valiant officer does not cease to give orders nor to visit the points from which an invincible resistance will be made to the enemy.

FROM PORTO RICO.

We are assured that nothing new has occurred in Porto Rico, and that no American squadron has appeared there, in spite of reports from New York.

TWO CHIEFS.

In spite of occupying two important civic posts in this community, the well-appreciated señores Garcia del Gado and Mendizabal, Lieutenant-Colonel and comandante of infantry, asked the government to accept their services. The General-in-Chief acceded to such patriotism, and already they are in command of forces of the army outside this capital.

CAPTURED SHIPS.

The Spanish ship *Pedro*, which left this port Friday afternoon *en route* to Santiago de Cuba, has been seized by the American squadron; also the coasting-schooner *Matilde*, loaded with sugar, from Sierra Morena.

GERMAN SCHOONERS.

Two American ships of war seized, at Cayo Francais, two German schooners which were discharging charcoal, but released them a few minutes later.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

NO OTHER SO GOOD.

THE social life of the present century creates conditions of motherhood which many times prevent the natural supply of food for infants. No so-called infant food equals the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

ONE keep-well is worth a dozen get-betters. ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS keeps you well while you're getting better. ABBOTT'S—the old original genuine.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American Tonic. —[*Adv.*]

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We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to. If not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.

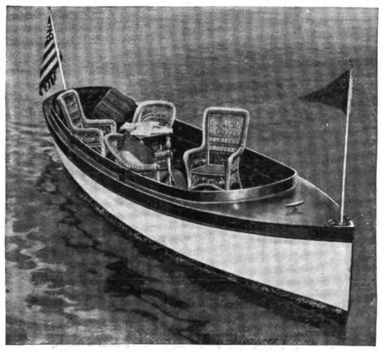
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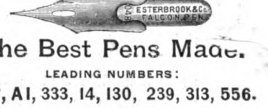
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Concerning Values in General

We shall have a great many special things to tell about during the next few weeks, and it may be well to have some matters perfectly understood between us.

It's a hard thing to fully appreciate a bargain without seeing the goods. About the only standard of judgment you have is the reduction from the "regular price." But there is probably no phrase in all advertising so much abused as that. It is so easy to tack on a few cents or dollars to the regular figures, and then announce the reduction with a flourish of trumpets. Exaggeration is so easy that the truthful advertisement sometimes sounds commonplace. And what we want you to understand (if you do not already understand it), is that our news stories are written *literally and truthfully*.

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Now we'd like you to send to us for practical examples of this policy. We are selling Silks (50c. to $1.00 a yard), Dress Goods, and Handkerchiefs at figures much below the regular prices.

We are selling Upholstery Goods, and especially Lace Curtains, at figures *very* much less than regular; but you must be quick to get any.

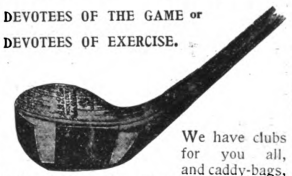
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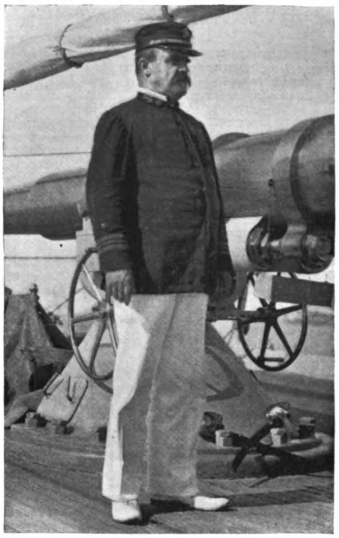
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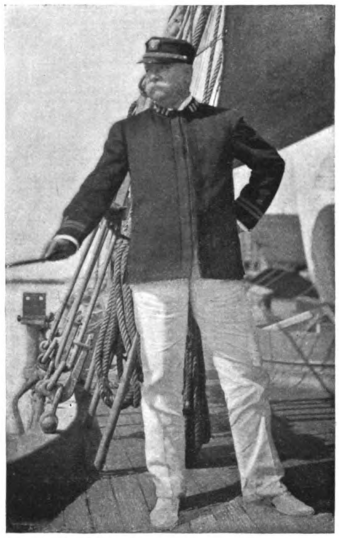
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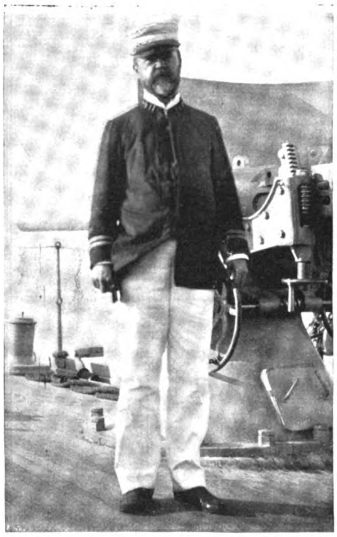
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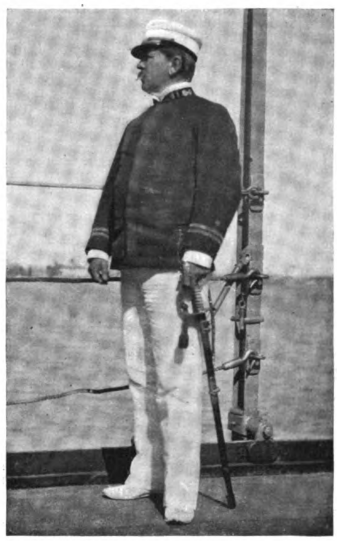
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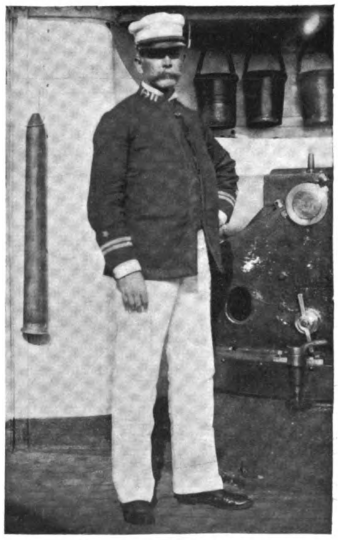
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EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF UNITED STATES NAVAL VESSELS WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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WASHINGTON.

May 2, 1898.

As these lines are written, the cable brings from unofficial but usually trustworthy sources a statement that Commodore Dewey, after demolishing the Spanish fleet off the mouth of the harbor of Manila, is shelling the shore defences of the city. It is further said that the British consul has gone out to the flag-ship to ascertain from the commodore the best terms he is willing to make for the capitulation of Manila. This mission, it is supposed, was undertaken ostensibly in behalf of the foreign residents in Manila, though winked at by the Spanish Governor-General, who foresees further disaster if resistance is needlessly prolonged, but who is willing to save the national pride by any subterfuge which will throw the main responsibility for surrender upon other than Spanish soldiers. The news has set Washington wild with excitement.

Not a little amusement has been caused in Washington by the discovery that Lieutenant Ramon de Carranza, a naval attaché of the late Spanish legation, had taken offence at the testimony given by Captain Sig-bee and Consul-General Lee concerning the *Maine* disaster, considering it a gross reflection upon the honor of the Spanish navy, and had challenged both gentlemen to mortal combat. The challenge sent to Captain Sigsbee reached his address after he had left Washington to take charge of his ship, and was opened by a member of his family, who, thinking it an excellent joke, pasted it in the household scrap-book. What became of the one addressed to General Lee is not known. As the period of eight days within which the challenged parties were to answer has passed, both of them are now doubtless posted as poltroons, after the most approved Spanish version of the code.

The third change in President McKinley's cabinet, foreshadowed in my letter of last week, occurred on April 26, when the President nominated William R. Day, of Ohio, for Secretary of State, to succeed John Sherman, resigned. Mr. Day's place as Assistant Secretary has been filled by the appointment of John Bassett Moore, Professor of International Law and Diplomacy in Columbia University, New York. The choice of Professor Moore is an extraordinary compliment, and thoroughly well merited. He is a Democrat who served as an Assistant Secretary under Mr. Bayard during the first Cleveland administration.

On the same day the President issued a proclamation declaring that Spanish vessels in our ports will be allowed in our waters until May 21 inclusive for loading and departing. Spanish ships met at sea will be permitted to continue their voyage if loaded before that time in the United States. Spanish vessels bound for this country which sailed prior to April 21 are to be exempt from capture, and allowed to discharge their cargoes. A neutral flag is to protect an enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

A bill introduced simultaneously in the House by Mr. Hull of Iowa and in the Senate by Mr. Hawley of Connecticut, for the reorganization of the regular army and the increase of its strength to 60,000 men in time of war, became a law on Tuesday. The Dingley bill to issue emergency bonds and raise revenue for carrying on the war was antagonized in the House by a substitute offered by the Democrats, proposing the levy of a tax of three per cent. on all incomes in excess of $2000, and to coin the seigniorage on the balance of the silver bullion purchased by the Treasury under the Sherman act. The income tax, it was suggested, would assure $100,000,000 a year, and the seigniorage would coin $42,000,000. The substitute was defeated by a strict party vote, and, after a debate lasting until Friday, the bill was passed by the House substantially as reported, by a vote of 181 to 131.

At the cabinet meeting on Friday, Secretary Gage explained his plan for making the new bond issue popular. Applications will be received at the 23,000 money-order post-offices, as well as at the national banks, and straw bidding will be shut out by requiring a deposit of two or three per cent. of the amount subscribed in each bid. It is proposed to distribute payments on the bonds over four monthly instalments, so as to prevent any disturbance of the money market; and the amount taken out of circulation will be very speedily put back by expenditures on the army and navy.

The War Department has chartered eight large steamers, of an average capacity of about 2000 tons, and able to carry from 500 to 1200 passengers each. These are the *Olivette* and the *Florida* of the Plant Line; the Southern Pacific Company's *Arauaan;* the New York and Texas Company's *Comal* and *Matamo;* The Merchants' and Mariners' vessels, the *Alleghany* and the *Berkshire*, and the *Decatur Miller*. The price paid for these vessels is from $10,000 to $15,000 for the thirty days for which they are to be engaged. They will be used to transport troops for the first land invasion of Cuba, which is shortly to be made under General Shafter to establish a base of supplies on the Cuban coast, and carry arms, munitions, and food to the insurgent army, with which arrangements are to be made for military co-operation.

The government is keeping a very strict watch upon private correspondence between this country and Spain and Cuba. All letters for Spain are stopped at the New York post-office, through which they must pass in getting out of this country. Postmasters everywhere have been warned by the Postmaster-General to seize letters addressed to either Spain or Cuba, and turn them over to the commandant of the nearest army post, who is to open and read them.

With the telegraph similar precautions have been taken. No private cipher messages, or messages consisting of a single word, or messages written in other languages than French, German, and English, are permitted to pass between the United States and any part of the West Indies.

Captain W. J. Lloyd, a telegraphic expert commissioned to assist in the work of equipping a large captive balloon to be used by the Navy Department in following the movement of Spanish war-ships, has procured in Chicago a generator capable of producing from 350,000 to 400,000 cubic feet of gas in twenty-four hours. It is the only one of its kind in the United States, and will be shipped to Governors Island at once. The balloon will rise to the height of 2500 feet, and will be held by a wire cable, which will be used also for telegraphic purposes. It is calculated that on a clear day, with powerful glasses, it will be possible to scan the horizon from the balloon for a radius of fifty or sixty miles.

Finally, the government has arranged for the purchase of several hundred homing pigeons, trained to make long journeys in quick time. They will be used in connection with the signal service.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

CHICKAMAUGA.

DAYBREAK at Cumberland Gap, where the Kentucky feudsmen are rallying to the call of a mountain Congressman; thence slowly, like a wounded snake, between the hills and through a snow-storm of blossoming dogwood, to hear in civilization at Knoxville that screech of triumph over the capture of a pile of lumber, and to pray that, if somebody be decreed a sound and just thrashing, we shall give it with dignity and in silence. Knoxville had some cause, to be sure. Captain Maynard was a Knoxville man. And yet not all of that city was jubilant; one citizen was pointed out to me who was not happy. He was the owner of the lumber, also, oddly enough, a Knoxville man.

Swiftly, then, through stations thronged with eager countrymen, into river valley and lowland, and at sunset into the glory of a Southern spring, and—Chickamauga! Chickamauga, where certain gallant Americans once fiercely fought certain other gallant Americans forward and back over some six thousand acres of creek-bottom and wooded hills, and where Uncle Sam to-day is pitching tents for his war-children—children, too, of those old enemies, but ready now to fight together, and as near shoulder to shoulder as the modern line of battle will allow.

That night in Chattanooga: on the streets gray slouched hats everywhere—hats with little brass crosses that were not symbols of religion, crossed rifles, crossed sabres, tiny crossed cannon; men with the red cross of the hospital service on their sleeves; troopers with big pistols and belts of big gleaming cartridges; soldiers white and black; soldiers everywhere, some swaggering and ogling and loud of voice, but nearly all quiet, orderly, well-behaved.

Thronging the hotel lobbies, the officers in uniform—the same slouched hats, but severely plain; the same symbols, but braided on the coat collar in gold; the same legs, but striped with yellow, with white, and with red; the gray veterans of horse, of infantry, of artillery; company officers in from the Western service, quiet young men with strong bronzed faces and keen eyes, renewing old friendships and swapping experiences on the plains. Subalterns down to the last graduating class from West Point, eager young fellows with slim waists, and nothing to swap yet other than memories of the old school on the Hudson. And none garrulous of their senior officers save in loyal praise, and none other than modest and beautifully reticent about their own past deeds, and the deeds to be done in the war with Spain. Sunday there was a general movement to Chickamauga from General Brooke down—from town and hotel to tents in the old camping ground; and Sunday was a vast local holiday for a swarm of curious civilians to the same spot; for hundreds of miles around: on train, farm-wagon, spring-wagon, buggy, horseback, foot; on bicycle, in open landau, carriage, cart; in express-wagons, baggage-wagons, omnibuses; in barges with projecting additions and other land craft beyond classification or description. And the people! Rich whites, whites well-to-do, and poor white trash; good country folks, valley-farmers, farmers from spurs and table-lands; subjects from the "Kingdom of Dude"; Craddock's mountaineers and Harris's crackers; darkies; and the motley feminine horde that the soldier draws the world over—all moving along a road between Lookout on the right and Missionary Ridge on the left, and interspersed here and there with a clanking troop of horse or a rumbling battery—all anxious to look upon these long-neglected war-children who seem now in a fair way to come to their own at last. And the darkies—how they flocked and how they stared at their soldier brethren with pathetic worship, unspeakable admiration, and, now and then, with a resentment that was most curious! And how these dusky sons of Mars drank deep into their broad nostrils the incense thus wafted them from hedge and highway!

All day troops were arriving and all day little villages of canvas were springing out of the green earth—old-fashioned army tents for the officers and marked by fluttering guidons; conical walled tents, a modification of the Sibley tent, that holds sixteen men of infantry or sixteen troopers lying like the spokes of a wheel, and with heads out like a covey of partridges; and "cunning little" shelter tents—"dog tents," as the soldiers call them—all of them laid out in streets, which, in the camp of the trooper, were distinguished by a row of horses tethered to a long rope that runs from stake to stake in front of the white wigwams—an idea, I understand, that was borrowed from the Indians.

Cannon and caisson took position at the northern end of the park under Majors Lancaster and Dillenbeck, of the Fourth Artillery and the First, respectively; the infantry gathered on the southern limits under Colonel Burt of the Twenty-fifth and Colonel Bates of the Second; while the cavalry, under Colonel Sumner of the Sixth and Colonel Henry of the Tenth, took the middle ground between. At least this seemed at first to be the broad plan of encampment. Later arrivals of infantry and cavalry took very many exceptions in favor of better ground. Sunday was a day of rest. Monday everybody got ready for work. Tuesday everybody tried to keep dry. Work began in earnest Wednesday.

JOHN FOX, JR.

THE WAR DREAMS.

AT the place far from Washington where the gray, stripped war-ships swing on the tide, and toward which the troop-trains hurry, there is no thought of peace. The shore is a dusty, smelly bit of sandy coral, and the houses in this town are built like snare-drums; they are dismal thoroughly, and the sun makes men sweat, and wish to God they were somewhere else.

But the men in the blue uniforms are young, and Madame Beaulieu, who keeps the restaurant, strives to please, so it came to pass that I attended one of these happy-go-lucky banquets. The others were artillery officers, men from off the ships, with a little sprinkle of cavalry and infantry just for salt. They were brothers, and yellow-jack—hellish heat—bullets, and the possibility of getting mixed up in a mass of exploding iron had been discounted long back in their schoolboy days perhaps. Yet they are not without sentiment, and are not even callous to all these, as will be seen, though men are different and do not think alike—less, even, when they dream.

"Do you know, I had a dream last night," said a naval officer.

"So did I."

"So did I," was chorussed by the others.

"Well, well!" I said. "Tell your dreams. Mr. H——, begin."

"Oh, it was nothing much. I dreamed that I was rich and old, and had a soft stomach, and I very much did not want to die. It was a curious sort of feeling, this very old and rich business, since I am neither, nor even now do I want to die, which part was true in my dream.

"I thought I was standing on the bluffs overlooking the Nile. I saw people skating, when suddenly numbers of hippopotamuses—great masses of them—broke up through the ice and began swallowing the people. This was awfully real to me. I even saw Mac there go down one big throat as easily as a cocktail. Then they came at me in a solid wall. I was crazed with fear—I fled. I could not run; but coming suddenly on a pile of old railroad iron, I quickly made a bicycle out of two car-wheels, and flew. A young hippo more agile than the rest made himself a bike also, and we scorched on over the desert. My strength failed; I despaired and screamed—then I woke up. Begad, this waiting and waiting in this fleet is surely doing things to me!"

The audience laughed, guyed, and said let's have some more dreams, and other things. This dream followed the other things, and he who told it was an artilleryman:

"My instincts got tangled up with one of those Key West shrimp salads, I reckon; but war has no terrors for a man who has been through my last midnight battle. I dreamed I was superintending two big 12-inch guns which were firing on an enemy's fleet. I do not know where this was. We got out of shot, but we seemed to have plenty of powder. The fleet kept coming on, and I had to do something, so I put an old superannuated sergeant in the gun. He pleaded, but I said he was old, the case was urgent, it did not matter how one died for his country, etc.—so we put the dear old sergeant in the gun and fired him at the fleet. Then the battle became hot. I loaded soldiers in the guns and fired them out to sea until I had no more soldiers. Then I began firing citizens. I ran out of citizens. But there were Congressmen around somewhere there in my dreams, and though they made speeches of protest to me under the five-minute rule, I promptly loaded them in, and touched them off in their turn. The fleet was pretty hard-looking by this time, but still in the ring. I could see the foreign sailors picking pieces of Congressmen from around the breech blocks, and the officers were brushing their clothes with their handkerchiefs. I was about to give up, when I thought of the Key West shrimp salad. One walked conveniently up to me, and I loaded her in. With a last convulsive yank I pulled the lock-string, and the fleet was gone with my dream."

"How do cavalrymen dream, Mr. B——?" was asked of a yellow-leg.

"Oh, our dreams are all strictly professional, too. I was out with my troop, being drilled by a big fat officer on an enormous horse. He was very red-faced, and crazy with rage at us. He yelled like one of those siren-whistles out there in the fleet.

"He said we were cowards and would not fight. So he had a stout picket-fence made, about six feet high, and then, forming us in line, he said no cavalry was any good which could be stopped by any obstacle. Mind you, he yelled it at us like the siren. He said the Spaniards would not pay any attention to such cowards. Then he gave the order to charge, and we flew into the fence. We rode at the fence pell-mell—into it dashed our horses, while we sabred and shouted. Behind us now came the big colonel—very big he was now, with great red wings—saying, above all the din, 'You shall never come back—you shall never come back!' and I was squeezed tighter and tighter by him up to this fence until I awoke; and now I have changed my cocktail to a plain vermouth."

When appealed to, the infantry officer tapped the table with his knife thoughtfully: "My dream was not so tragic; it was a moral strain; but I suffered greatly while it lasted. Somehow I was in command of a company of raw recruits, and was in some trenches which we were constructing under fire. My recruits were not like soldiers—they were not young men. They were past middle age, mostly fat, and many had white side whiskers after the fashion of the funny papers when they draw banker types. I had a man shot, and the recruits all got around me; they were pleading and crying to be allowed to go home.

"Now I never had anything in the world but my pay, and am pretty well satisfied as men go in the world, for I suppose the American does not breathe who is averse to possessing great wealth himself; so when one man said he would give me $1,000,000 in gold if I would let him go, I stopped to think. Here is where I suffered so keenly. I wanted the million, but I did not want to let him go.

"Then these men came up, one after the other, and offered me varying sums of money to be allowed to run away—and specious arguments in favor of the same. I was now in agony. D—n it! that company was worth nearly a hundred million dollars to me if I would let them take themselves off. I held out, but the strain was horrible. Then they began to offer me their daughters—they each had photographs of the most beautiful American girls—dozens and dozens of American girls, each one of which was a 'peach.' Say, fellows, I could stand the millions. I never did 'gig' on the money, but I took the photographs, said, 'Give me your girls, and pull your freight,' and my company disappeared instantly. Do you blame a man stationed in Key West for it—do you, fellows?"

"Not by a d——d sight!" sang the company, on its feet.

"Well, you old marine, what did you dream?"

"My digestion is so good that my dreams have no red fire in them. I seldom do dream; but last night, it seems to me, I recall having a wee bit of a dream. I don't know that I can describe it, but I was looking very intently at a wet spot on the breast of a blue uniform coat. I thought they were tears—woman's tears. I don't know whether it was a dream or whether I really did see it."

"Oh, d—n your dreams!" said the Doctor. "What is that bloody old Congress doing from last reports?"

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

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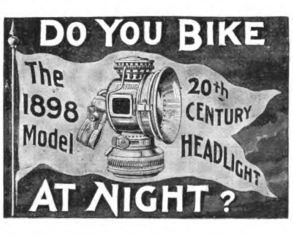
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PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$1,994,465.31
Cash on hand and in bank,	1,355,412.83
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,906,610.72
Interest accrued but not due,	227,730 38
Loans on collateral security,	945,400.94
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,106,580.51
Deferred Life Premiums,	299,990.19
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	228,448.75
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,612,646.78
Railroad stocks and bonds,	4,664,205.75
Bank stocks,	1,064,047.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,449,455.00
Total Assets,	$22,868,994.16

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$16,650,062.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,365,817.22
Present value, Instalment Life Policies,	426,288.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	299,986.30
Losses unadjusted,	269,794.94
Life Premiums paid in advance,	25,330.58
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$3,722,635.12
Surplus to Stockholders,	$2,722,635.12

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$91,882,210.00
New Life Insurance written in 1897,	14,507,249.00
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	1,235,585.39
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	13,150,350.57

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1897,	15,611
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	307,990
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	$1,381,906.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	21,210,095.96
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	$2,617,492.20
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	34,360,446.53

GEORGE ELLIS, Secretary.
JOHN E MORRIS, Ass't Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLII.—No. 2160. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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See Biographical Sketch on Page 474.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 14, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

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RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	CASPAR WHITNEY.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, Jr.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN R. SPEARS.
T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY *on a Bicycle, will contribute a Series of Articles, beginning next week, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War.*

IF one is to judge of French sentiment touching the United States from the Paris journals, the conclusion is inevitable that the traditional friendship between the two republics is of the hollowest sort. More than that, it is apparently clear that the people of France, republicans though they may call themselves, are more the friends of a mediæval monarchy whose cruelty and barbarism have shocked the civilized world than they are of the only republic, except Switzerland, which has yet attained a stable position in the world. For it must be remembered that chief among the political problems of France is still that of the continued existence of the republic. The French newspapers, however, do not necessarily represent French, or even Parisian, public sentiment. They are owned by moneylenders, and controlled by the owners of Spanish bonds; they are vile and venal, and are the models of the yellowest of our own yellow journals. Hardly a word that appears in them is trustworthy. But beyond these sensational newspapers there seems to be in France an antipathy to this country which needs explanation. Probably it is felt, as it is manifested, by those who are offended by the native bad manners of a democracy; and this feeling against bad manners is exaggerated in Paris, because the manners of democratic France are as much worse than the manners of democratic America as it is possible to conceive. The truth is probably that dignified and intelligent Frenchmen have come to hate democracy generally, by reason of the antics of French socialists and other French democrats. Therefore some intelligent and reputable papers like the *Temps* break out against us in vilification, and even some officers of the navy indulge in criticisms of our own service, because they do not like to believe that the navy of a democratic power can be a strong one.

THE victory which was gained by the Asiatic squadron, under the command of Commodore DEWEY, over the Spanish fleet at Manila on the 1st of May was to have been expected—that is, a victory was to have been expected, because our fleet was not only much heavier than the Spanish fleet, both in tonnage and in arms, but, as all the world knows outside of Spain and France, our men are individually better gunners, while our officers have a very much larger intelligence and training than the officers of the Spanish navy. Commodore DEWEY'S victory, however, will go down in history as one of the most brilliant that was ever achieved by the American navy. With characteristic American self-respect, and faith in himself and in his ships and *personnel*, he went into a dangerous harbor in the darkness of the night, navigated its shallows successfully, engaged there in a contest against the Spanish fleet and forts, and by hard and brilliant fighting, described in the French papers as "fierce," annihilated the fleet and silenced the forts. It is a victory of which every American will be proud, and one which will make the name of Commodore DEWEY a familiar household word, like the names of DECATUR, HULL, PREBLE, and FARRAGUT. We cannot refrain from republishing the glowing and deserved tribute paid by a British naval officer of distinction to Commodore DEWEY and his officers and men. Vice-Admiral COLOMB said:

> I doubt if there ever was such an extraordinary illustration of the influence of sea power. A superior fleet has attacked and beaten a Spanish fleet supported by batteries, and, it now appears, it passed those batteries and has taken up an unassailable position off Manila.
>
> The boldness of the American commander is beyond question. Henceforth he must be placed in the Valhalla of great naval commanders. Nothing can detract from the dash and vigor of the American exploit, or dim the glory which DEWEY has shed upon the American navy.

"WHAT will be done with the Philippine Islands?" is a proposition which we are beginning to discuss, a little prematurely, perhaps. During the remainder of the war our occupation of the islands will be purely military, and their future ownership will depend entirely upon the terms fixed in the treaty of peace by which the war will be terminated. Whether they shall be ours or not, it may not be unwise to consider in advance the question as to whether they shall again be Spain's. As we have already said, we are not seeking territory or gains of any material kind in this war. If the war is to go on in the spirit in which it was begun, we must come out of it with clean hands in this respect. But every nation going into war in a just cause has a right to demand and to exact security for the future. That our cause is a just one must now be assumed by every American. The war must be conducted upon that theory. So far as the cost of a reasonable resistance by Spain is concerned, we do not believe that this country is desirous of exacting indemnity for it; but if there is to be any "last ditch" about Spain's resistance, if her honor is not to be satisfied until she has put us to an enormous expense and has practically driven our commerce off the seas, then we may well think of insisting upon a material indemnity, and upon a valuable security against the future. If the Philippines are ours to do with as we will, we sincerely hope that they will not be retained as a colony of this country, because we have no machinery for colonial government, and any attempt to provide one will immeasurably increase the problems of our politics, and indefinitely postpone the carrying out of the reforms at home which demand the undivided attention of our public men. But it may be quite the part of wisdom to dispose of the Philippines in such a way that they will fall into the hands of a power friendly to the United States, which, in turn, will pay for them a sum sufficient to recompense us for some of the expenditures of the war.

MR. MCKINLEY is having the same experience with ambitious politicians who want to command troops that LINCOLN had thirty-seven years ago, but he is meeting his problem better. Certainly the appointment of Generals LEE, WHEELER, WILSON, and SEWELL cannot be criticised on the score of their lack of military experience. They are all old and tried soldiers with excellent records, while General LEE'S services in Cuba made his commission almost inevitable. The appointment of these old officers, and the promotion of a number of regular officers to major and brigadier generalships in the volunteer service, are in accordance with Mr. MCKINLEY'S declaration that political and social influences are not to control in the selection of commanding officers for the forces in the field, but that experience and skill are to govern. On the other hand, the disposition manifested in some States to insist that officers of the regular army shall not command any part of the volunteer forces is distinctly hostile to the interests of the country. The United States has a body of well-trained and educated officers, taught at West Point to command troops, experienced in their trade, so far as experience can be obtained in time of peace, while some of them have had experience in actual conflict. The older officers of the regular army should be put in command of troops, and no one should be put in charge of a brigade or of a division who has not had military training. If the government is not to utilize our regular army officers in this way, why are West Point and a regular army organization maintained? The efforts of leading politicians to secure commands of troops, because they are influential in their neighborhoods and States, are not patriotic efforts in the true sense of the term. They are efforts to gain distinction for those who have not earned it, and whose appointments as brigadier and major generals would be a serious detriment to the army and country.

THE effect of the victory of Commodore DEWEY upon the Spanish people seems extraordinary to American and English minds, but it is, after all, not astonishing when the character and vast ignorance of the race are considered. The Spanish people felt confident of their ability to defeat us wherever and whenever they met us. Notwithstanding the inferiority of their navy, the disorder of their army and of their finances, their contempt for the United States as a power, based as it is upon profound ignorance of us, is supreme. Therefore they have gone mad over their defeat. They are threatening the government of the Queen Regent and the King, and it is very clear that the Spanish government is nearly as much in danger from the madness of the Spanish populace as from the fleets and armies of the United States. It is evident that the present dynasty is doomed. The little King will never reign. His mother and he, if they escape with their lives, will have to retire to Austria, his mother's country, and Spain will be ruled either by Don CARLOS or by the Socialists. Immediately this is most unfortunate, but it is evident, however, that if Spain is ever to secure a stable government, and the prosperity that its natural resources warrant, there must be first a general crash. It is a great pity that there is such a total lack of common-sense and common prudence in the Spanish character. People who are capable of thinking and reasoning clearly would, in the situation in which the Spaniards now find themselves, yield and stop the war; but the Spaniards insist upon being killed and destroyed after certain heroic or mock-heroic death-throes, with the result of threatening a drawn-out war with the United States and continued danger that hostilities will break out in Europe.

GOVERNOR BLACK, as we have already stated, has done unusually well at this session of the Legislature, and we are glad to welcome any sign that he gives of a desire to break the old partnership between CROKER and PLATT. It was with great pleasure that we learned of his permitting the ELDRIDGE railroad bill to fail for lack of his signature. This railroad bill was passed in the interests of the surface railroads of New York and vicinity, and against the interests of the community. It permitted the laying of four tracks in Amsterdam Avenue. It revived a number of dead charters in the suburbs, and, more than all, it changed the law of evidence so that, if it had become a law, the companies would not have been obliged to show their privileges in defence of the charge that they were invading the streets without right. The burden of proof was thrown upon the property-owners, and, generally, the bill provided large and liberal facilities for street-grabbing by surface railroads, and for the overthrow of safeguards which the new charter is supposed to have thrown about the streets of the greater city. In permitting this bill to die, Governor BLACK has not only performed a service to the city of New York, but has struck a blow at the bosses, who live mainly upon their power to sell just such favors as were contemplated by this measure to corporations that are willing to buy them.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE "OPEN DOOR."

IT seems to be thought that we are facing new international problems, and that the republic of WASHINGTON is about to abandon or qualify permanently the advice of WASHINGTON as to its proper relations with the rest of the world. Whether this be true or not, we are at this moment engaged in a war which is actually in conflict with our historical and traditionary attitude; which, if not directly opposed to the MONROE doctrine, is, in fact, contrary to the intent and meaning of the framers and expounders of that doctrine, because, at least, of our interference in the domestic affairs of another and friendly country. Whether that interference is justifiable on other grounds is another question which has been settled. We are at war in order to put an end to cruelty and barbarity practised by Spain upon her colonists in Cuba, and there is nothing for Americans to do but to struggle harmoniously and vigorously for the accomplishment of that. The question whether or not we shall henceforth, and partly in consequence of this step, adopt new relations to the world is one that is pressing upon us. Mr. OLNEY has asserted that we must abandon our deliberately chosen isolation; that we must bear our part and perform the duties that devolve upon us as one of the leading members of the family of nations; that the world has changed since WASHINGTON'S day, and that one of the most important changes, as bearing upon the question of our proper international attitude, is the enormous growth of the United States—a fact which meets an argument that was of great force in determining WASHINGTON to advise his countrymen against entangling alliances.

It is somewhat difficult to follow those who advise us to take an active and aggressive part in the business of the world, because all of them, including Mr. OLNEY and Captain MAHAN, are indefinite. They talk from out the shadows of what they vaguely call our international duties, or, when they are most practical, they dwell upon the necessity of protecting our commercial interests. They are difficult to comprehend; but what is evident is that a strong and promising effort is being made

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to tempt the United States into that family of nations which for nearly a generation have been arming themselves against a possible conflict—a conflict which is perhaps being stirred up by *the* war now in progress between ourselves and Spain. This, at least, is clear, and it is also clear that if we yield to the temptation we must enter the family as the friend of Great Britain. This consideration makes the temptation very attractive to a good many sensible American minds that are not at all moved by sentiment, but that recognize that Great Britain is our only European friend in the present emergency; that all the other Continental powers are bitterly hostile to us; and that the interests of the United States and Great Britain are practically the same.

Before we go further in the direction in which we are possibly starting, it will be well to consider in its true light the proposition that is made to the country. There is no danger, of course, that we shall make an alliance with Great Britain because the two peoples are of the same race, or because they speak the same language, or because their notions touching civil liberty are the same. A good deal could be written and said to show that, substantially, we are not of the same race, and that a very large percentage of our population speak English with an accent, or come from parents who do not, or who did not, speak it at all. And this may be entirely consistent, on the other hand, with the fact that the dominating influence here is American of the kind that receives its inspiration from English ancestry and English history. Being that, whatever alliance we may make with Great Britain will be for the advancement of our own interests, in consideration of what we may do for the advancement of the interests of Great Britain. And this is as it should be. No other alliance would be real or mutually beneficial. We are invited, then, into the family of nations—that is, of nations having probable belligerent relations—as the ally of Great Britain for the promotion of commerce and for the extension of the principles of free trade. We are to help maintain the policy of the "open door," a policy which is now peculiarly British, and in behalf of which Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH has said that England would contend in China to the point of incurring war.

To this point in our history we have been consistent in the maintenance of our isolation. We have refused to participate either in the burdens and responsibilites or in the profits and privileges of free international intercourse. Our policy has been to make war upon the very commerce and the very principle which we are now asked to help maintain and extend. Even in the existing emergency, when we are actually engaged in an international conflict, and when English public men and London newspapers are inviting us to contend for the "open door," our House of Representatives has passed a bill emphasizing its hostility to commerce by increasing the tonnage tax on foreign shipping—a tax that will, of course, bear most heavily upon the shipping of Great Britain. As is well known, the WEEKLY does not favor the closed door, and we believe that the time is coming, and that it has even now begun its approach, when the policy of the "open door" will be as vital to the interests of our manufacturers as it is to those of our farmers and of the manufacturers of Great Britain. Having deliberately chosen, however, the policy of the closed door, we are asked to protest with all our force and vigor against the application of that policy by Russia, France, and Germany to China. We are asked to be the ally of the power against which we erect the barriers of custom-houses, in order that the erection of European barriers in Asia may be prevented. We believe that nothing would so conduce to our greatness as a nation and our prosperity as a people than the abandonment of our commercial isolation, and we do not believe that such abandonment would necessarily be followed by a plunge into hostilities, or by the adoption by this country of a colonial policy for the proper conduct of which this country is eminently unfit. On the contrary, we believe that an alliance between Great Britain and the United States in defence of the policy of the "open door" would make for the peace of the world, and that the expansion and spread of the free-trade policy would render unnecessary the further extension of the colonial policy which has cost Great Britain so much, but which can now be made of such enormous value to the English speaking peoples, and to the world, if the proffered opportunity is taken advantage of.

The question for this country to decide is, is it ready for all this? The main accomplishment is to be the spread of commerce, its larger liberty, and the destruction of the shackles which have been placed upon it by us and by the Continental nations of Europe, against whose operations in China we are asked to contend as the ally of Great Britain. If we are to join in a crusade for the "open door," shall we not first open our own door? Our isolation, be it remembered, is not confined to our aloofness from the territorial and colonial quarrels of the rest of the world. We isolate ourselves from friendly commercial intercourse. Before we engage, then, in an undertaking which will unite us with other countries and other powers in armed conflicts, shall we not give evidence of our willingness to welcome to our ports the merchant-ships of other countries whose ports, in turn, we would like to have thrown open to our own merchant marine? Are we ready for this wider intercourse? Are we prepared to do our full part for the maintenance of the "open door"? Until we are so prepared, is it not a contradiction in terms to suggest that we have duties to perform for the protection of a friendly intercourse which we reject? Are we really thinking of an alliance with Great Britain in order to force her policy upon China against a policy which we preserve at home? If we are to change our course, let us change it logically, and let us not be struggling for the "open door" in China while we are forging new bolts for our own closed door in America.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Monday, May 2.—A despatch from Manila this morning confirms the news of the naval battle received last night from Spanish sources. Commodore Dewey's squadron entered Manila Bay, and at five o'clock yesterday morning the vessels took up their positions in line of battle. The forts opened fire on our ships at long range. The Spanish war-ships anchored off Cavité, the fortified arsenal in Manila Harbor, immediately followed with their heavy guns. The flag-ship *Olympia* then signalled the rest of the American fleet to close in, and for thirty minutes the guns of all calibres were used. Next, withdrawing his vessels beyond the range of the smaller guns, Dewey poured shells from his big guns upon the Spaniards during a little more than a quarter of an hour. The enemy, though greatly weakened, continued to reply. Dewey therefore closed in again, and the rapid, incessant cannonading was renewed. The Spanish vessels were silenced, one of them sinking, and three, including Admiral Montojo's flag-ship, the *Reina Cristina*, catching fire, Admiral Montojo transferred his flag to the *Isla de Cuba*. Then the land batteries, under a still fiercer bombardment, were also silenced in their turn. Our loss was —none killed, and but six wounded, and our ships escaped serious injury. The Spaniards fought bravely, losing two commanders and having seven hundred men killed or wounded. All their war-ships, eleven in number, were destroyed. Demanding the surrender of the city and fortifications, and being met by refusal, Dewey notified Captain-General Augusti that a bombardment of the city would begin at 11.30 o'clock on Tuesday morning. Communication with Manila has been interrupted by the cutting of the cable at a point about forty miles from shore, and no further news of the fleet is expected before the end of the week.

A despatch from Madrid reports a significant utterance in the House of Deputies on Saturday. Señor Silvela, in the course of a speech which has made a profound impression, declared that, as the Cuban problem was now reduced to a question of honor for the Spanish arms, it behooved the ministers to decide when honor had been satisfied.

Tuesday, May 3.—Spanish Cortes reassembled. The opening session was marked by scenes of great excitement. In the Chamber of Deputies Señor Salmeron, Republican leader, demanded of the government an explanation of the defeat in the Philippines. He declared it would be "necessary to establish the responsibility attaching to the crown." Prime-Minister Sagasta, replying, appealed to the House to sink partisanship. Carlists and Republicans were violent, threatening Sagasta and insulting the ministers. Further disorder in the evening. Admiral Bermejo, Minister of Marine, was howled down by Republican members.

Wednesday, May 4.—The vessels of Rear-Admiral Sampson's fleet—the flag-ship *New York*, the battle-ships *Iowa* and *Indiana*, the Monitor *Puritan*, the cruisers *Cincinnati*, *Detroit*, and *Marblehead*, and the torpedo-gunboat *Mayflower*, which have been taking on a full supply of coal at Key West, sailed this morning.

President McKinley sent to Congress a long list of army nominations, including the names of Fitzhugh Lee, Representative Wheeler of Alabama, J. H. Wilson of Delaware, and Senator Sewell of New Jersey—all civilians, and all to be major-generals.

Reports of riot and disorder are received from many places in Spain.

Cuban Parliament inaugurated in Havana by Captain-General Blanco with much pomp and enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the Autonomists.

Lord Salisbury addressed the annual meeting of the Primrose League in London. Weak states, he observed, were becoming weaker, and the strong states stronger; and he pointed out, as an inevitable result of that process, that the "living nations" would gradually encroach upon the territory of "dying states." The reference in the phrase "dying states" was taken to include both Spain and China, and was hotly resented at Madrid.

Thursday, May 5.—Disturbances caused by the high price and scarcity of food in the Spanish provinces.

Saturday, May 7.—Despatch from Commodore Dewey received, *viâ* Hong-kong: "Squadron uninjured; only few men were slightly wounded." Sent from Manila by the *Hugh McCulloch*.

Commodore Dewey reports that he destroyed six Spanish cruisers, three gunboats, one armored transport, and one other vessel.

It was he who cut the cable. He has everything under his control, but wants more men. Thanks of the American people cabled by the President.

WAITING FOR THE WORD.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

TAMPA, *May 5, 1898.*

PERHAPS the word will have been received before this letter meets the public eye. Certainly such is the devoted wish of all those whose residence at Tampa is a matter of circumstance rather than of choice. Not that Tampa is intolerable, but it is so wearisome. It has attractions, even though they appeal more to those seeking absolute rest and a persistent sun. To those of us who have come booked and eager for the exhilaration of warfare, which we were led to believe was to begin at once, the inaction of the present and the uncertainty of the future that envelop this sunbaked rendezvous are wellnigh insufferable. Nor have we civilians even the poor consolation of an immediate environment that is warlike. The camp of the infantry is about three miles from the hotel, while the artillery and cavalry are at Port Tampa, nine miles away.

Here, at the hotel, where are quartered Generals Shafter and Wade, their staffs, and the mighty army of war-correspondents, there is nothing during the day to suggest that the United States and Spain are at war.

The only warlike sound within my hearing during the day is the type-writer in the Adjutant-General's office, which is the room adjoining mine. There is always the click, click, click, even late into the night, and occasionally the muffled voices of line-officers, who have come to pay their respects to the general commanding, and linger to pump his aide of any information obtainable on the proposed invasion of Cuba.

But at night one might, only for the absence of women, fancy one's self at Old Point Comfort. There are the halls, and the office, and the bar, filled as you remember them, with officers in uniform; you recognize the same gray heads, reciting the stories of their valorous deeds to awestruck civilians and envious second-lieutenants just escaped from West Point. Here comes an artillery officer whose presence of mind and cool nerve once saved battery so-and-so; and there, just going through the door, is a cavalry captain who, on a certain occasion, kept his troops from being swallowed up out West; and all around you re-echoes the old familiar salutation, "Well, here's how."

Upstairs on the veranda a regimental band is playing—a good band too, and Tampa seems to have sent all its Cuban men and women to applaud the alternative rendition of national and Cuban airs. It is the hour of the Cuban maiden and the American officer. Whether or not they speak in a common tongue is immaterial. *Cuba libre* is the introductory note, and the band and the insinuating semi-tropical air do the rest. If our inclinations lie in the way of ingratiation with the gentler sex, and you have no brass buttons on your coat, you might as well be in Jersey City or in Madrid. It matters not what the civilian has done, it is enough that he is a civilian. The supreme concern here is not what a man has done, but what he expects to do.

The life here changes not from day to day as we wait for the word to move. There is the repeated visit to the several camps in the vague hope that something new may develop, and yet with the full conviction that only from Washington may anything new be expected. The only people here who seem to be thoroughly enjoying themselves are the Cubans. They appear able to extract more excitement out of boredom than any people I have yet fallen among. If you were not irremediably convinced that Havana is three hundred and fifty miles from here, you might be led into believing that a Cuban force was to march against the Spaniards on the outskirts of Tampa.

The Cuban is the only warlike figure on the otherwise immediate pastoral landscape, and is therefore something of a diversion. In groups of two, three, a dozen, or more he is to be found all over the town, sometimes standing on the sidewalk corners denouncing Spain and deflecting pedestrian travel into the heat and dust of the middle of the street, sometimes riding up and down the half-dozen blocks of the main thoroughfare, exhibiting his new insurgent uniform and his indifference to the stares of the Cuban girls on the sidewalks. If you tramp through the ankle-deep sand to the outskirts of the town, where the cigar manufacturers are clustered, you will find fewer individuals parading and blocking the streets, but a greater number of flags, Old Glory above the Cuban, nailed to the gate-posts and the veranda pillars.

When night falls the hotel becomes the common rendezvous. Cuban women come over and sing "La Paloma" and other songs of a more or less Latin extraction, while the volunteers render Gomez invaluable service on the veranda, just the other side of the military band, where the girls sit, or vanquish Blanco and all the Spanish hosts down below where Scotch or rye or Bourbon is served to belligerents or pacifics with equal promptitude—provided they have the price.

As for Tampa, the town, it has never seen such prosperous days. Franklin, the main, and, in fact, the only street of consequence, is thronged early and late and at all time. Those who have no business obstruct the wooden sidewalks while they discuss the good luck of those that have. Meantime a stream of local idlers of both sexes wanders from bulletin-board to news-stand, and from news-stand to soda-water fountain. None is so lowly as to be hailed less than a major, and one need but listen to the modest statements advanced at the many corner lyceums to realize what an abundance of military genius is wasting its life here among the orange-groves and the sand-fleas of Florida unappreciated by the War Department.

But all this is from the superficial and more or less facetious view point. There is another and a more serious side to the agitation of Tampa. As in all commotions, the greatest tumult is on the surface. Looking upon Tampa town, one might if unaccustomed to such scenes reasonably expect to find the military camps in a literal whirl of preparation, of drilling, of manœuvring, and, in leisure moments, of discussion. But as a matter of fact, the camps are the most quiet and undisturbed places in this vicinity—next to the immediate surroundings of the hotel —where Mr. Plant's pet peacock is resting its voice.

As I have said, there are two camps—one for the infantry and one for the artillery and cavalry. If you visit

(*Continued on page 474.*)

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U. S. S. "Petrel." U. S. S. "Raleigh." City of Manila. "Castilla." "Reina Christina." "Don Juan de Austria."



. S. S. "Concord." U. S. S. "Boston." U. S. S. "Baltimore." U. S. S. "Olympia." Cavité.

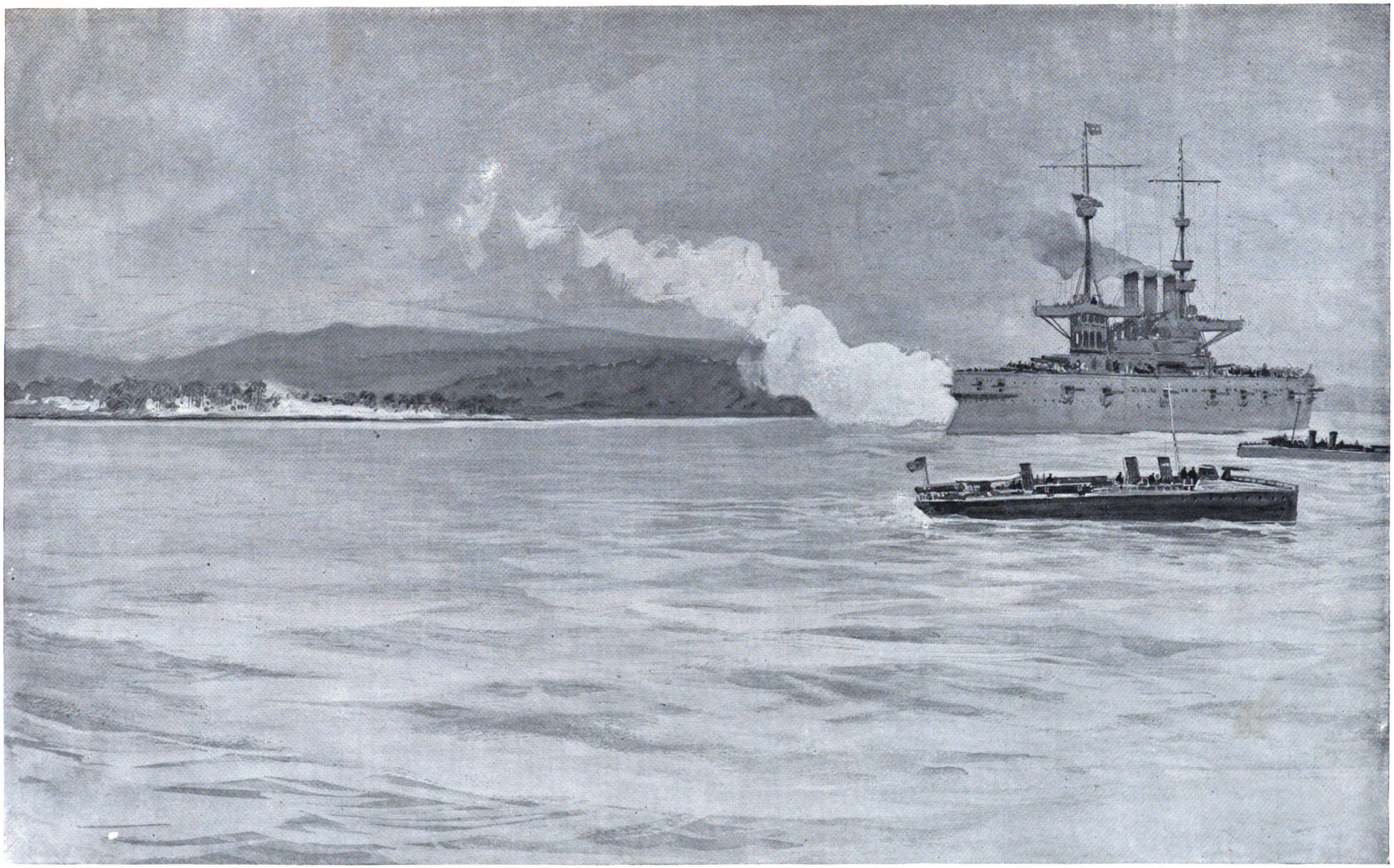
THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

Drawn by Harry Fenn from the Descriptions of the Conflict telegraphed from Manila and Hong-Kong.—[See Page 459.]

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ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG-SHIP, THE U. S. ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK," FIRING ON A COAST-GUARD OF SPANISH CAVALRY, OFF CABAÑAS, APRIL 29.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

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WIGWAGS FROM THE BLOCKADE.



Modern war is supposed to be rapid, and we Americans think "time is money," but this war seems to be the murder of time, the slow torture of opportunity.

For seven long days and nights I have been steaming up and down on the battle-ship *Iowa*, ten miles off the harbor of Havana. Nothing happened. The *Mayflower* got on the land side of a British tramp and warned her off, and a poor Spanish fishing-schooner from Progreso, loaded with rotting fish, was boarded by a boat's crew from us. When the captain saw the becutlassed and bepistolled "tars" he became badly rattled, and told the truth about himself. A Spaniard has to be surprised into doing this. He had been many days out, his ice was gone, and his fish were "high." He wanted to make Havana, telling the boarding-officer that the people of Havana were very hungry. He had been boarded five times off the coast by our people; so the lieutenant—who had just gotten out of bed, by-the-way—told him to take his cargo of odors out into the open sea, and not to come back again.

The appalling sameness of this pacing up and down before Havana works on the nerves of every one, from Captain to cook's police. We are neglected; no one comes to see us. All the Key West trolley-boats run to the Admiral's flag, and we know nothing of the outside. We speculate on the Flying Squadron, the *Oregon*, the army, and the Spanish. I have an impression that I was not caught young enough to develop a love of the sea, which the slow passage of each day re-enforces. I have formed a habit of damning the army for its procrastination, but in my heart of hearts I yearn for it. I want to hear a "shave-tail" bawl; I want to get some dust in my throat; I want to kick the dewy grass, to see a sentry pace in the moonlight, and to talk the language of my tribe. I resist it; I suppress myself; but my homely old first love comes to haunt me, waking and sleeping—yes, even when I look at this mountain of war material, this epitome of modern science, with its gay white officers, who talk of London, Paris, China, and Africa in one breath. Oh, I know I shall fall on the neck of the first old "dough-boy" or "yellow-leg" I see, and I don't care if he is making bread at the time!

The Morro light has been extinguished, but two powerful searches flash back and forth across the sky. "Good things to sail by," as the navigator says. "We can put them out when the time comes." Another purpose they serve is that "Jackie" has something to swear at as he lies by his loaded gun—something definite, something material, to swear at. Also, two small gunboats developed a habit of running out of the harbor—not very far, and with the utmost caution, like a boy who tantalizes a chained bear. And at places in the town arises smoke.

"What is it?" asks the captain of marines.

"Big tobacco-factories working over-time for us," replies Doctor Crandell.

I was taken down into the machinery of the ship. I thought to find in it some human interest. Through mile after mile of underground passages I crawled and scrambled and climbed amid wheels going this way and rods plunging that, with little electric lights to make holes in the darkness. Men stood about in the overpowering blasts of heat, sweating and greasy and streaked with black—grave, serious persons of superhuman intelligence—men who have succumbed to modern science, which is modern life. Daisies and trees and the play of sunlight mean nothing to these—they know when all three are useful, which is enough. They pulled the levers, opened and shut cocks, showered coal into the roaring white hells under the boilers; hither and yon they wandered, bestowing motherlike attentions on rod and pipe. I talked at them, but they developed nothing except preoccupied professionalism. I believe they fairly worship this throbbing mass of mysterious iron; I believe they love this bewildering power which they control. Its problems entrance them; but it simply stuns me. At last when I stood on deck I had no other impression but that of my own feebleness, and, as I have said, felt rather stunned than stimulated. Imagine a square acre of delicate machinery plunging and whirling and spitting, with men crawling about in its demon folds! It is not for me to tell you more.

Don't waste your sympathy on these men belowdecks—they will not thank you; they will not even understand you. They are "modern"—are better off than "Jackie" and his poor wandering soul—they love their iron baby, so leave them alone with their joy. Modern science does not concern itself about death.

The *Iowa* will never be lost to the nation for want of care. By night there are dozens of trained eyes straining into the darkness, the searches are ready to flash, and the watch on deck lies close about its shotted guns. Not a light shows from the loom of the great battle-ship. Captain Evans sits most of the time on a perch upon the bridge, forty feet above the water-line. I have seen him come down to his breakfast at eight bells with his suspenders hanging down behind, indicating that he had been jumped out during the night.

The executive officer, Mr. Rogers, like the machinery down below, never sleeps. Wander where I would about the ship, I could not sit a few moments before Mr. Rogers would flit by, rapid and ghostlike—a word here, an order there, and eyes for everybody and everything. Behind, in hot pursuit, came stringing along dozens of men hunting for Mr. Rogers; and this never seemed to let up—midnight and mid-day all the same. The thought of what it must be is simply horrible. He has my sympathy—nervous prostration will be his reward—yet I greatly fear the poor man is so perverted, so dehumanized, as positively to like his life and work.

Naval officers are very span in their graceful uniforms, so one is struck when at "quarters" the officers commanding the turrets appear in their "dungaree," spotted and soiled. The *Iowa* has six turrets, each in charge of an officer responsible for its guns and hoisting-gear, delicate and complicated. In each turret is painted, in a sort of Sam Weller writing, "Remember the *Maine*." The gun-captains and turret-men acquire a strange interest and pride in their charges, hanging about them constantly.

Two gun-captains in the forward turret used to sit on the great brown barrels of the 12-inch rifles just outside the posts, guarding them with jealous care; for it is a "Jackie" trick to look sharply after his little spot on shipboard, and to promptly fly into any stranger who defiles it in any way. At times these two men popped back into their holes like prairie-dogs. It was their hope and their home, that dismal old box of tricks, and it may be their grave. I was going to die with them there, though I resolutely refused to live with them. However, the *Iowa* is unsinkable and unlickable, and the hardware on the forward turret is fifteen inches thick, which is why I put my brand on it. So good luck to Lieutenant Van Duzer and his merry men!

"Jackie," the prevailing thing on a man-of-war, I fail to comprehend fully. He is a strong-visaged, unlicked cub, who grumbles and bawls and fights. He is simple, handy, humorous, and kind to strangers, as I can testify. The nearest he ever comes to a martial appearance is when he lines up at quarters to answer "Here!" to his name, and there is just where he doesn't martialize at all. He comes barefooted, hat on fifty ways, trousers rolled up or down, and everything blowing wide. He scratches his head or stands on one foot in a ragged line, which grins at the spectators in cheerful heedlessness, and he looks very much gratified when it is all over. His hope is for a bang-up sea-fight, or two roaring days of shore liberty, when he can "tear up the peach" with all the force of his reckless muscularity.

The marine, or sea-soldier, has succumbed to modern conditions, and now fights a gun the same as a sailor-man. He manages to retain his straight-backed discipline, but is overworked in his twofold capacity. This "soldier and sailor too" is a most interesting man to talk to, and I wish I could tell some of his stories. He marches into the interior of China or Korea to pull a minister out of the fire—thirty or forty of him against a million savages, but he gets his man. He lies in a jungle hut on the isthmus or a "dobie" house on the West Coast while the microbes and the "dogoes" rage.

But it's all horribly alike to me, so I managed to desert. The *Cushing*, torpedero, ran under our lee one fine morning, and I sneaked on board, bound for the flag-ship—the half-way station between us and Cayo Hueso. We plunged and bucked about in the roaring waves of the Gulf, and I nearly had the breakfast shaken out of me. I assure you that I was mighty glad to find the lee of the big cruiser *New York*.

On board I found that the flag-ship had had some good sport the day previous shelling some working parties in Matanzas. Mr. Zogbaum and Richard Harding Davis had seen it all, note-book in hand. I was stiff with jealousy; but it takes more than one fight to make a war—so here is hoping!

Frederic Remington.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It is a pity to be grown up in war-times. The years of indiscretion are at a premium just now. See how the college boys enjoy our present distressful complications! It is the only war any one of them has ever seen, and they are all prompt to make the most of it. Mature persons who overhear the war talk of students are impressed by its enthusiasm, not to say ferocity. How the college boys drill! How ready they are to contemplate the idea of enlisting! How disregardful they are of the hazard of leaving their livers on a foreign shore! How they holler when there is victory! Staid persons who celebrated the battle of Manila by taking a second cup of coffee for breakfast as they read the newspaper ought to be sorry that they were not at New Haven, where, the paper says, the Yale students, roused from sleep by the cries of newsboys, tumbled out of bed by hundreds, and, clad in pajamas and night-shirts, swarmed about the college-yard, and thence to the city common, where, still scantily draped, they frantically supervised the firing of a salute from a one-pounder, under control of an officer of the Connecticut Naval Reserve. That was the way to feel about Dewey's victory; but grown-ups, worse luck, don't feel like that about anything.

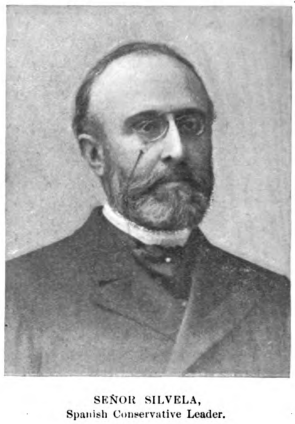


U. S. CRUISER "TOPEKA," FORMERLY "DIOGENES," BUILT FOR PERUVIAN NAVY.

Señor Silvela, whose portrait graces this page, is the member of the Spanish Cortes whose speech, made in the Cortes on April 30, has been widely discussed, and has been a basis for hope of the early conclusion of the war. He said he thought that war with the United States was only a question of honor; that Spain, by granting autonomy in Cuba, had given up all her rights there that were worth anything; that the army and navy would certainly defend her honor heroically, but that it was the duty of the Cortes to interfere the moment the duel had gone far enough for honor to be satisfied. Commodore Dewey's victory, following close upon the disclosure of these wise sentiments, seems to give the occasion for action in the Cortes in accordance with their spirit. There is no sign of it yet, however, for all the news from Spain is of extreme confusion and the substitution of emotion for common-sense.

Señor Silvela, as his portrait shows him, will not seem to the Weekly's readers to look like a Spaniard. He looks like a man of discernment and well-balanced faculties, and quite as much like a New-Englander, or any other species of enlightened American, as Mr. Dingley does, or Mr. Boutelle, or Mr. Lodge.

Our other Spanish contemporaries, whose pictures are here given, are all good-looking men. Admiral Villamil, who commands the Spanish torpedo squadron, looks less like an American than Señor Silvela, but the outside of him is certainly ingratiating, whatever sentiments his mind may harbor. As for Admiral Cervera, who commands the Cape Verde squadron, we must all hope that, whatever scrape his ships may get into, no serious personal disaster may overtake a sea-dog so benevolent and cheery.



Señor Silvela,
Spanish Conservative Leader.

In the absence of details of Commodore Dewey's fight, no American naval officers are known as yet to have had a severer experience since the war began than Lieutenant J. J. Knapp and Assistant-Surgeon Henry La Motte, who brought the *Topeka* from Falmouth, England, to New York. They were the only naval officers aboard the vessel. They had very bad weather, bad coal, and a mutinous crew, and, besides, ran the risk of being captured by Spanish cruisers. The *Topeka* left Falmouth April 19, and reached New York on the morning of May 1, with her two officers pretty nearly on their last legs from anxiety, effort, and loss of sleep.

The *Topeka*, whose portrait is here given, was formerly the *Diogenes*, and was built in England for Peru in 1888. Peru failed to pay for her, and she was bought for the United States on April 3. She is 250 feet long, 35 feet in extreme breadth, and draws 21 feet 9 inches, and Lieutenant Knapp thinks she can make 18 knots. She is now getting ready for war, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

As to those two bridges on the *New York*, about which there was a note in the last issue of the Weekly, the opinion is advanced by a person who assumes to have knowledge of the ways and ends of war-ships that only flag-ships have two bridges, and that the duplication is not so much to provide against the destruction of one of them in battle as to afford separate stamping-grounds for the captain of the ship and the admiral of the fleet, both of whom need to know what is going on, and each of whom has his own business to transact.

Of all periodicals, the one that is enjoying our war most is the London *Saturday Review*, which is taking this opportunity to free its mind about the Americans in general and those who have put up this fight in particular. If all the London weeklies were of this disposition we would not like it, but the *Review* so nearly has a London monopoly of that sort of censure that its deliverances promote the gayety of American readers.

In the present status of British sentiment our war news must be superlatively diverting to the average British reader. It is all about

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A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

I.—ON THE SPANISH FRONTIER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.



CATHEDRAL, SAN SEBASTIAN.

TOWARDS the middle of March, 1898, facts as well as newspapers hinted at a breach of the peace between Spain and the United States. By a happy coincidence my health required looking after, and what more natural than a trip through Spain on a bicycle. This I broached to two equally eager souls, with the result that within forty-eight hours from our first discussion of the plan three Yankees, with bikes of Yankee make, presented themselves to a gathering of Spanish frontier guards, local police, soldiers, railway officials, and officers of the Castilian customs, to say nothing of the usual gathering of citizens in cloaks thrown across their noses, who were mendicants, hidalgos, smugglers, or brigands.

For the future cyclist in Spain, let me mention that the formalities on entering that country are not vexatious—not so bad as in Russia. At the last station of France, Hendaye, we had a lead seal affixed to each of the machines. The chief of customs politely but forcibly pointed out to us that we must on no account remove that seal, for otherwise the machine would be taxed on returning across the French frontier.

We promised cheerfully. At the time we did not anticipate that the first Spanish peasant who cleaned our bikes would carefully cut off this custom-house seal as an apparent nuisance.

Then the courtly Spanish official said he must tax our bikes according to law, just as though they were a commercial importation, but he hastened to add, smilingly, that this was a mere formality, because the amount we now paid would be refunded on taking our bikes out of the country. This seemed eminently reasonable, so we cheerfully handed over the amount, a few dollars on each machine, and proceeded to congratulate ourselves on the ease with which we had passed an ordeal which had been previously pictured to us as rather vexatious.

I may anticipate by remarking that we did not get our money refunded, because in order to do so the traveller must return by the same custom-house through which he originally entered the country. We were therefore mulcted on both frontiers; but it was well worth all we paid.

We were all anxious to spend the night in the frontier village of Irun, so as to be able to mount our wheels at the very first mile-stone from the frontier, and not miss one moment of Spanish road-side life. I made inquiries, therefore, of a highly respectable if not bishoplike looking Basque as to the inns of Irun, and was told with some warmth that they were very good, particularly the one at which he, the clerical-looking stranger, habitually stopped. I should have been more affected by the courtesy of this gentleman if I had not subsequently caught him in the act of winking at a companion, saying at the same time, "This means pesetas for me."

At Irun our newly made acquaintance was effusively useful. He carried our valises, bullied the porters, explained matters for us to the customs officers, and offered us many services, which would have been accepted as evidence of the proverbial courtesy of Spain had I not meanwhile learned that this amiable man was a professional tout between the two frontiers, living mostly by his wits at the expense of the helpless stranger.



IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY—FRIENDLY NATIVES.



BASQUE TYPES.

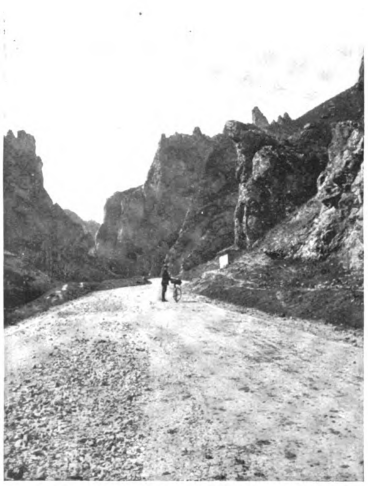
We had therefore little difficulty in persuading ourselves that, after all, a frontier town is never typical of a country, that the inns of Irun are vile, the population mostly lawless, and that we had better push on immediately to the next town, San Sebastian, which was only an hour or so further on, and which we could readily reach before bedtime. Without saying anything of my purpose to our officious friend, who was laboring fondly over our luggage in anticipation of a fat reward in the shape of his hotel bill, I purchased three tickets for San Sebastian, and left behind me on the platform of Irun a man who could not have looked sadder if he had received order to embark for Havana.

San Sebastian is the summer capital of the Spanish court and all the diplomatic world of Spain. It is so far from Madrid that the court generously makes the foreign diplomats guests of the nation during the hot season—that is to say, pays their board and lodging bills all the time it is absent from the capital. It is a most generous act, considering the state of the Spanish Treasury. Perhaps, however, the court is not altogether selfish in the matter, for Madrid in the hot months is as bad as San Antonio or Washington, and the government would rather go into bankruptcy any day than have to keep office-hours in the capital during August.

My first business, on waking up next morning in this pretty little seaport, was to climb up to the fort protecting the harbor, and see what sort of defences there were. The town played an important rôle in the early part of the century, when Wellington finally drove the forces of the great Napoleon beyond the Pyrenees. Indeed, hardly a town on the line of our bicycle ride but has been fought over, if not besieged and sacked, during the Napoleonic invasion.

We passed three sentries in our walk, were not challenged, and no notice was taken of the camera I carried in my hands. We were watched with some curiosity, which I attributed to the fact that my two melodious companions apostrophized the blue Atlantic by singing a duet that would have disarmed a Prussian gendarme. At any rate, I noted that the first battery, after leaving the town, consisted of six muzzle-loading guns of small calibre, perhaps three-inch. They were made in 1844, and I presume are used exclusively for saluting purposes. Further on I passed six modern breech-loading Krupps, which appeared to constitute all the artillery defence of this port. There were places prepared for six more pieces, excellent positions, from which the guns had been removed many years ago—perhaps they were needed in Cuba.

We passed many tablets marking the burial-places of British officers who had been killed here in the war with Napoleon—the chiselling was clean, as though done to-day. Hard by were some of the garrison washing clothes, with whom we exchanged good-day and inquired our way about. I took a photograph in one of the bastions of the vacant gun platform, not so much for the purpose of publishing this military novelty to a curious world, as to furnish an illustration of Spanish military indifference at a time when the American press was talking of war, when

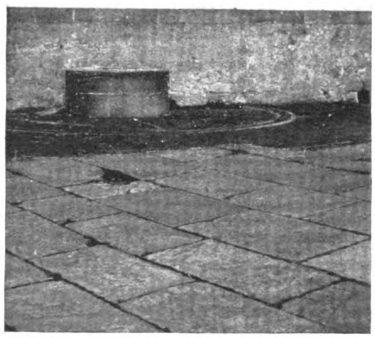


HIGH-ROAD FROM TOLOSA TO VITORIA.



FIRST DAY IN SPAIN—MY TWO COMPANIONS.

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THE DEFENCES OF SAN SEBASTIAN—NO GUNS ON THE PLATFORMS.

Spanish war-ships were under way ostensibly to head off an American move in the Antilles, and when one might reasonably have expected a rigorous exclusion of civilians from all fortified places. Had we acted near any military place of France or Russia as we did at San Sebastian we would have been brought before the military governor of the place, our camera would have been confiscated, our identity would have been established, and we might have regarded ourselves as lucky if nothing worse happened than being escorted across the frontier.

But how far our immunity sprang from proverbial governmental indifference, and how far from contempt of the enemy, I cannot say.

It was our next business to learn something about the road to Tolosa and beyond, and to get started on our journey. First we visited every shop in the town suspected of harboring a map. There was no such thing to be procured. We thought there must be some mistake, so we hunted up the president of the principal cycling club in the town, called, I believe, the Veloz Club Donostiarra. We were received with every token of goodwill, and shown the ample quarters of the fraternity. There were many ribbons and other trophies hung upon the walls, and we were assured that they indicated triumphs in the Spanish cycling world. The club has seventy-five members, but amongst them no names of Anglo-Saxon derivation. I counted fifty machines in excellent order, but nearly all of French and German make. There was not a single American amongst them, and only one or two English.

I asked if they did much touring. Oh yes, they were great tourists; they often went to Tolosa. I said we were bound across Spain by way of Madrid, and asked them if they could tell me where I could purchase a map. They could not. They regarded my question as they might have done a request for a chart to the moon. I asked about the Spanish Touring Club. Yes, it existed, but it had not yet published anything that could assist the cycling tourist. Then, in some discouragement of spirit, I asked if there was any member of the club who could give me some advice regarding the inns at the small places along our route, at least so far as the next large town. Oh yes, señor; we have a member who knows all the roads. So to him we went hopefully. He evidently was the proprietor of an establishment for the sale of spirituous liquor, and soon disclosed the fact that he knew nothing of the roads beyond the immediate suburbs of the town. He was the chairman of the committee on roads, and consequently looked up to as an authority by those of the club whose touring ambition was limited to a run of an afternoon. He, however, politely referred us to the committee on geography, or some such comprehensive subject, who would surely tell everything about every part of Spain, for that was his hobby.

Still optimistic, we journeyed to his home. He was a cabinet-maker, and was at his office. He knew the high-road to Tolosa; but beyond the country of the Basques he knew nothing, nor of any one who did. The beginning of our venture was therefore di-couraging enough. We could procure neither maps nor information as to where we might hope for sleeping quarters on the way. We were in the enemy's country, without guide, and with only our helplessness to commend us to the good offices of the inhabitants. Our bikes proved, after all, our best passports, for they were to the average Spaniard conclusive evidence that we were of the genus known all over Europe as the "mad Englishman."

My two companions were songsters and poets—they believed in a special providence for members of their craft. George Devoll sang tenor, while Edwin Isham was baritone. No Spaniard ever suspected them of being Yankee; for the American, to their mind, is a sordid, money-loving, swaggering monster, who hates music and all things elevating. Of course we could not lie about our nationality—at least not directly. At the same time it would have been unpleasant to have had our legal residence labelled upon us. We usually evaded a direct answer; or, better still, the tuneful duo lifted up a heavenly note or two. When pressed, however, I occasionally answered that Devoll was from Boston, of English extraction, and that Isham was from Dunkirk—not necessarily New York.

The man who caught us, however, and nearly spoilt our trip, was an English non-conformist parson on a Cook's ticket at Valladolid. He was communicative, and so was Edwin. We were off our guard in the public room of the inn, and part of the talk I recall was somewhat like this:

"Was the road bad? Well, I should smile!"

"Say, George, just get on to the garlic in this tortilla!"

"You can bet your sweet life that I mean to sleep to-night; and I'm going to hit the bolster P.D.Q."

"Yes; but what's the matter with a walk around the block first?"

And so the jargon rolled colloquially after a fashion heard nowhere in England, and cultivated most assiduously by the philologist of the Bowery. The Englishman listened for a while in a state of puzzled interest, then cautiously asked of the fluent tenor, "You are American, I believe?"

"You're right there—yes, sirreebob—" George was going on to say more, when a well-directed kick under the table checked the course of inconsiderate confession, and George stammered out something about some prehistoric ancestors, which, fortunately for his soul, was not completed, for the inquisitive Englishman found that he was late for the night express. We spent that evening quaking every time the door rattled. It was lucky for us that the Englishman was in a hurry.



BETWEEN TOLOSA AND VITORIA—OUR ESCORT.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

[Letter and Map from the Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."]

Dawson, *March 20.*

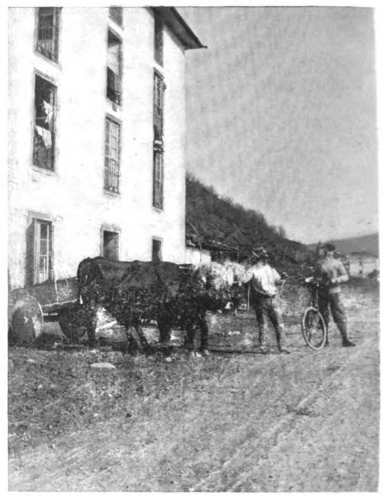
To-morrow morning the last dog-team starts that will probably reach the outside world, and with it goes the only sensational news of the winter. It is equalled only by the first strike of gold in the Bonanza "Moose Pasture," and later of the big nuggets on the steep hill-side along Skookum and Eldorado.

It was the tenderfoot, or "chee-chah-ko," as he is called, who on Bonanza had not the sense to stop at bed-rock, but kept right on down, and found the rich pay. So it is a chee-chah-ko who has sunk a hole thirty-eight feet deep on an island in the Yukon itself and found rich pay. Monte Cristo is now the name of the island, and it lies on the Yukon eighteen miles above Dawson.

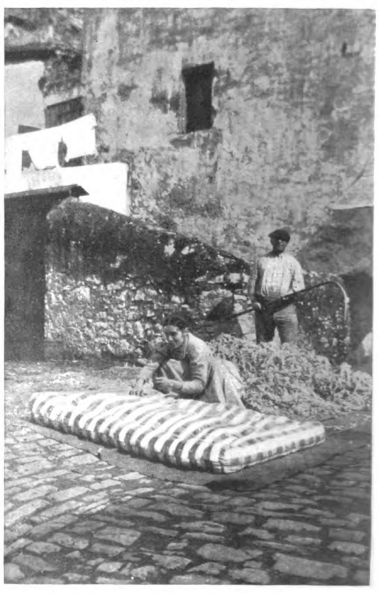
Two Norwegians went to work there in the winter cutting logs for the mills. They dug a hole in the ground to get dirt for the roof for their cabin. It occurred to them to pan out some dirt, and they found colors. They went deeper, and continued to find colors. There was nothing extraordinary in this. The banks of the Yukon and its long tributaries have long been known to contain gold, and they have afforded good pay both on Stewart River, and on Cassiar Bar in the Lewes. At the same time Dr. Bates of Portland, Oregon, and a third Norwegian, went to work, striking on a creek, as yet unnamed, close by. The four are partners. The Norwegians kept on boring until they had sunk thirty-eight feet, when they reached bed-rock. Here they made three "pans." The first contained $2 40; the second, $4 60; the third, $6 65. When they reached Dawson the Commissioner would not let them record. They then went to the office of Mr. Wade, the Crown Prosecutor, for advice. The Inspector of Mines, Mr. McGregor, was there then, and would not believe the story until affidavit was made. Thereupon the two officials went to the island personally to investigate for themselves. The Norwegians would not let them take off the dump, but insisted on making another boring. Then Wade and McGregor went down, picked up the earth, and at first pan found $8. Three hundred men started in a stampede, and the whole island is now staked off, two hundred feet being allowed clear across the river. To-morrow more will start for the scene of the find, prepared to sink a hole in the next island below, in accordance with a new ruling of the Commissioner that a hole must actually be sunk before a discovery can be recorded. The Yukon through its entire length is strewn with islands, and if the other holes turn out like the first, millions will be taken out of the river, for the width of the pay streak will be that of a great river, not that of a trickling brook like Eldorado. The width of the Monte Cristo is five or six hundred yards. The whole country seems underlaid with gold. Quartz is being discovered everywhere, some of which assays $80 to the ton, and in richness and quantity may equal the placer. Next summer it may be shown that from Eldorado along the divide parallel with the Bonanza the bed of an old river with gravel ninety feet thick and a mile wide will be traced, as some claim it has been, to within four miles of Dawson. The deposits of quartz gold found in the bench claims along Eldorado, cropping out on Bonanza at the Skookums, and cropping out in spots lower down, may have been sloughed from this river-bed. There are certainly at least three distinct deposits of placer gold here—that on the deep bed-rock of the creek, another on the present beds of the creeks where there is anything to hold it, and still another on the sides and tops of the hills. The wearing down of the hills has been enormous; the rounded domes and ridges are indicative of this. All mining experiences seem to be reversed in this land of surprises. It is the tenderfoot always, of course, doing the wrong thing, who blunders on the hidden wealth, verifying the old maxim that "Gold is where it is found."

There is a scarcity of money here that contrasts strangely with the enormous amount of wealth in the country. Men are working at good rates of wages, but their pay, like that of the mine-owners, lies frozen on the dumps, and will not be unlocked till spring. Money commands fifteen to twenty per cent. Bank-notes are at a premium. Gold-dust passes current in the stores at $17 to the ounce. Its coining value is about $15 to $19. It is received in large amounts at only $15 50. Exchange on New York at the N. A. T. Co. has been one-half of one per cent., with six per cent. until the 1st of July, because use is had of the money outside several months sooner than the return can reach Dawson. It is strongly advised that all who send money here send nothing but a certificate of deposit in a well-known New York bank, made payable to a person here. This certificate commands a premium.

The utmost confusion reigns in the office of the Gold

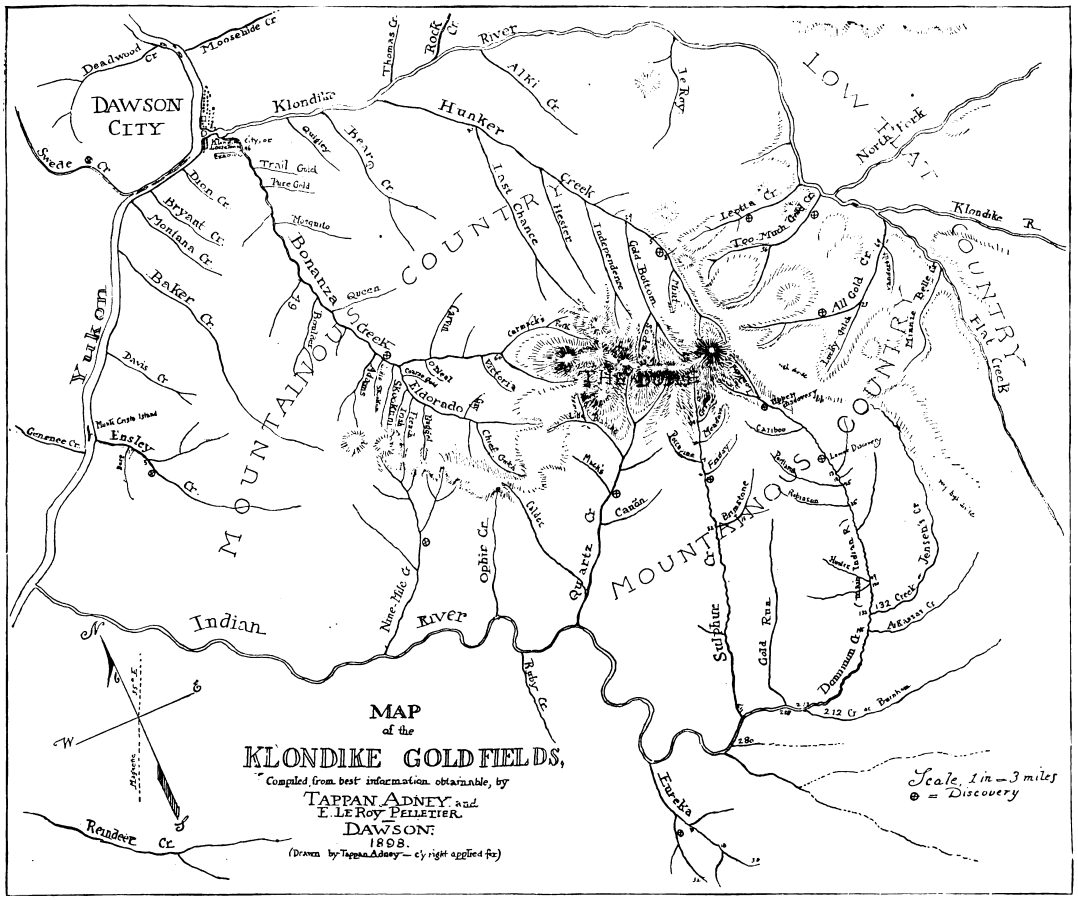


IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY—CART WITH SOLID WHEELS.



DOING OVER THE BED—SAN SEBASTIAN.

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Commissioner. Recording at the rate of fifty a day claims from all parts, it has been a physical impossibility for him to determine facts of the utmost importance. The oath taken by the applicant states that gold has been found. Perjury has become a thing not given a second thought. A lady of presumed respectability recorded two claims as having been staked by herself the same day. One was twenty-five miles up Henderson Creek, the other was on Nine-Mile Creek, twenty-five miles up Indian River. The two claims were not less than eighty-five miles apart. She confessed to the perjury, and was forgiven to the extent of losing her claims, instead of forfeiting all her rights and acquisitions in the district, the extreme penalty for such flagrant violation of the laws. The Commissioner seems to have taken pity on those who, for instance, on stampedes like that at Rose-bud, staked out by candle-light, so that he now requires not the oath that gold was found, but affidavit to the effect that deponent has not, to the best of his knowledge, infringed on the rights of any other person.

The booming creeks have been gone over with tape measures and fractions without end staked out and recorded. In many cases no fractions existed. On Hunker a 180-foot fraction was recorded, and when a survey came to be made by the owner of the original claim, it proved to be 150 feet short itself. On Sulphur two fractions were recorded, and, on the Commissioner's certificate, sold. One claim proved, on investigation, to be all right, so the buyer did not go the two miles to the other. A hundred and fifty feet was supposed to be there. I myself measured the fraction, and it was a scant fifty. Likewise No. 31-above on Sulphur was left out in the stampede; but some one discovering the fact recorded it, sold it to Alex Macdonald for $3000, and left for Dyea. There was a similar case on Hunker. On Too-Much-Gold No. 4-below is staked out into the Klondike; but there is no No. 5-below recorded, showing that all some one wanted was a certificate, not a claim. It has been undoubtedly offered for sale outside. Single men have staked whole creeks and parts of creeks, given the numbers out to record for an interest, or sold the numbers at $15 or $20 each. Dominion Creek is in a hopeless tangle. The Commissioner, for some unknown reason, allowed two discoveries five miles apart. Staking began up and down. It met in the thirties, and some claims were recorded twice. Then the staking of fractions began, and continued until there were more holding claims on Dominion than there were claims on the whole creek. Thereupon the books were closed on fractions there until a survey can be made. According to the law, three days are allowed for the first ten miles, and a day for each additional ten miles from Dawson. A man who has been prospecting his claim starts to record. A stampeder, who has been watching, stakes the creek out, staking over the prospect holes, gets to Dawson, and records before the other arrives. The Commissioner receives the protest, and the claim is tied up until no one knows when. The same men, usually saloon rounders, have recorded again and again under different names, and the man with the protest goes about with his complaint to serve, and loses time, money, and patience—perhaps his claim as well—yet the law distinctly provides that continuous work on the claim is sufficient to hold it without record.

The Commissioner has honestly endeavored to punish those who have thus infracted the laws, but it is impossible to detect the offenders. The consequence is that the old miner, who has been accustomed to find out if he had anything before he recorded, has been obliged to record first and prospect afterwards, or else sit back in helpless bewilderment at the flood of speculative miners who have poured into the country hitherto regarded as his own, and who have introduced the new method of getting gold by the axe and pencil instead of by the pick and shovel.

The speculative craze seized the community, and thousands of claims were bonded and sent out to sell. Few had any faith in their success, knowing the small extent to which the creeks had been prospected. The conservative ones did not believe that men with any considerable amount of money to invest would do so without investigation in person or by trusted representatives. We did not even know whether we were longer subject of thought on the outside; but, with the arrival of the mail, report has come of sales at prices that are a surprise here, and the result has been that those who have been holding back have been getting aboard, and the last dog-teams have been taking out hundreds of claims, mostly on little known creeks, but some good properties. The result of the winter's prospecting, meagre as it has been, has been to compel us to doubt if there can be any such thing as wild-cat claims on Sulphur and Dominion. Some that went out first and were bonded at $1000, and regarded as distinctly "wild-cat," are now worth to-day $15,000 in here.

Attention perhaps should be called to a publication that has emanated from here, which it would be paying an extravagant compliment to mention it even by name. This sheet has been sent out for extended circulation on the outside. It purports to contain the only trustworthy information concerning the country, its mines, and the miners. It contains a scale chart of Bonanza and Eldorado, with pictures of claims and portraits of mine-owners. Those who are represented therein pay the sum of from $250 to $2000 each for the privilege of having their pictures printed, their biographies written up, and their claim marked in black on the map as being a rich claim. This may have remained a legitimate enterprise in which only the foolish would have invested, but the matter was laid before the successful miner in such a way that it amounted to virtual compulsion.

To the extent that it will be circulated, or rather to the extent that it will be credited, injury will be done to every other mine-owner in the community.

If reports are true, the Yukon River from here to the Passes is a line of villages and cabins. At the various points where the boats were nipped in the ice cabins were built, until now, at Tagish, Marsh Lake, the White Horse, Lake Labarge, Big and Little Salmon and Stewart rivers, there are regular villages. The Salmon rivers have been prospected, men have gone up Stewart River to McQuesten, while there has been more or less prospecting done at all points on the river. Mile after mile the stampeders have taken up creeks up and down the Yukon. Recent reports from Dominion had sent hundreds over there, with the result that new creeks ten or fifteen miles long have been staked out. The benches along lower Eldorado and Skookum are a perpetual surprise. The whole hill-side is a-smoke with the fires; big pans are the rule. Confidence in the country is increasing. Since the letter sent out yesterday* flour has dropped to $15 a sack, showing that the grub situation is relieved, but butter has reached $5 a pound, and is going up. There has been no little inconvenience, much disappointment, and even greater complaint in the inability of the Canadian government to get the mail here before February 26. A part only came down, the greater part remaining at Little Salmon, as far as it came by boat last fall.

Some came direct from Dyea. While not expecting even governments to overcome obstacles that private individuals cannot, I was inclined to blame the government either for a lack of zeal or for poor management. It was not until I saw the actual figures showing what it meant to make the trip that I was ready to modify my views materially. The hundred "Huskies" that were expected from the Hudson Bay Company did not arrive, and with the forty ill-sorted dogs at the command of the party that started in from the lakes, the proportion would stand about as follows: Every pound of food needed for men and dogs would have to be carried a distance of six hundred and fifty miles. No food could be relied upon on the route, much less at Dawson. Forty dogs, 100 lbs. of feed each day; forty men, 40 lbs. each day; total daily consumption, 140 lbs. Thirty days of travel (20 miles a day)+5 days rests = 35 days. Total food to be carried, 4900 lbs. Add stationery (for the new government), 400 lbs.; tents, 180 lbs.; cooking utensils, dishes, etc., 100 lbs.; men's personal baggage, 860 lbs.; total 6440 lbs. This divided among 40 dogs is 161 lbs. per dog. Not a pound of mail has been counted, and no provision made for return food from Dawson, where, according to the reports, there was starvation. When the 40 dogs arrived at Little Salmon a courier was sent into Dawson to ascertain if food could be had to take men and dogs back, and they had to wait until this courier returned before continuing on. When these figures are taken into account, the wonder is that they brought so much. A dog draws 300 lbs. on a smooth trail, but on a poor one 100 lbs. may be a load. What the trail really was may be inferred from the fact that one of the fastest outfits that left Dawson was seven days getting around Thirty-Mile River. Shore ice had frozen; the river fell, the ice broke down; the river rose, and new ice was formed above the other. Then the river dropped to a low level and remained open. A sloping ice-floe for a trail, a river on one side, and a precipitous bank on the other—such is winter travel on the Yukon.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

* The letter here referred to, together with ones written still earlier, were longer on the way than the one published herewith, and did not arrive until too late for publication in this number. They will be published in subsequent issues.—EDITOR.

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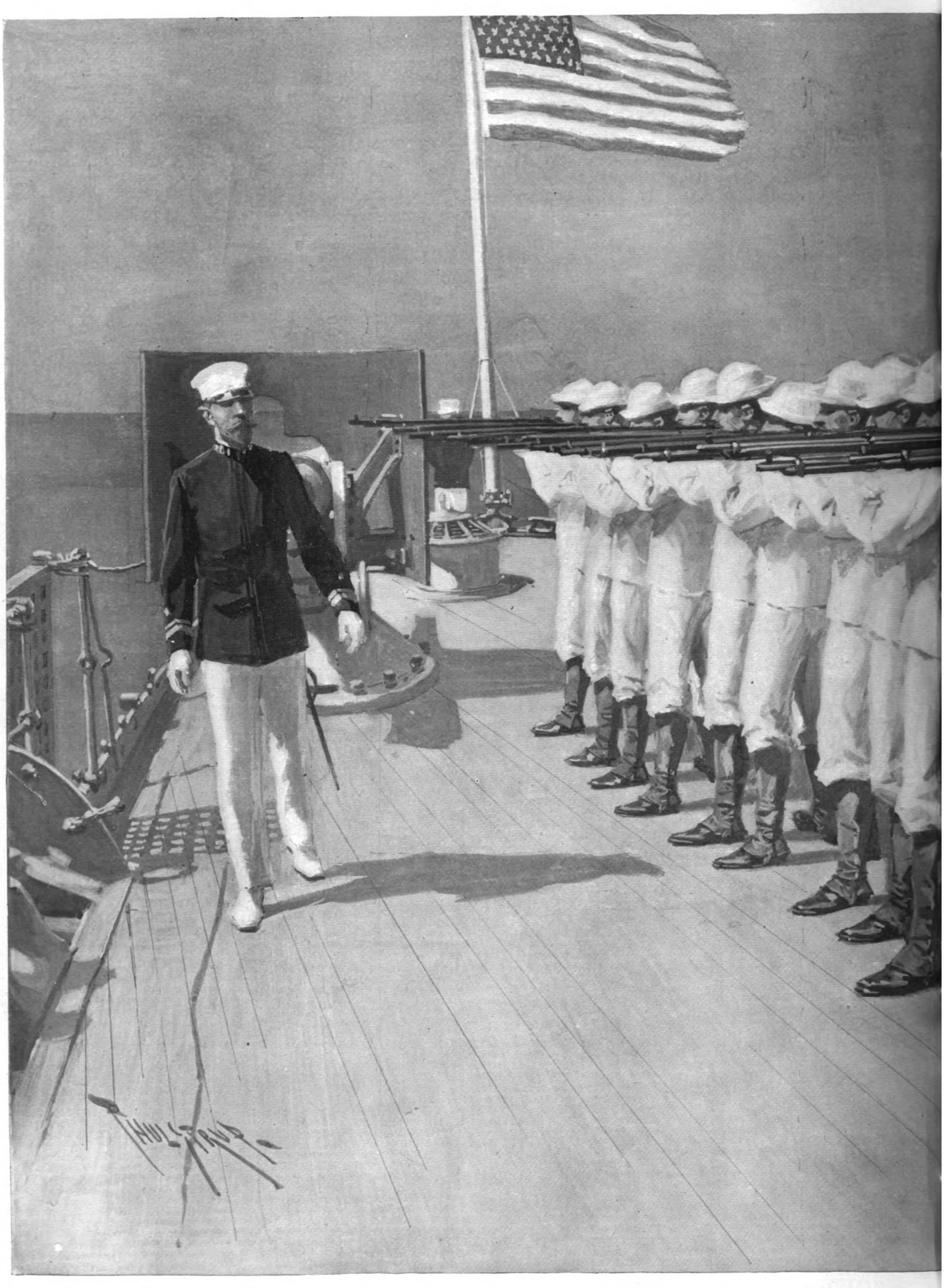
WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET—DRILLING THE CREW OF U. S. S. "WILMINGTON"

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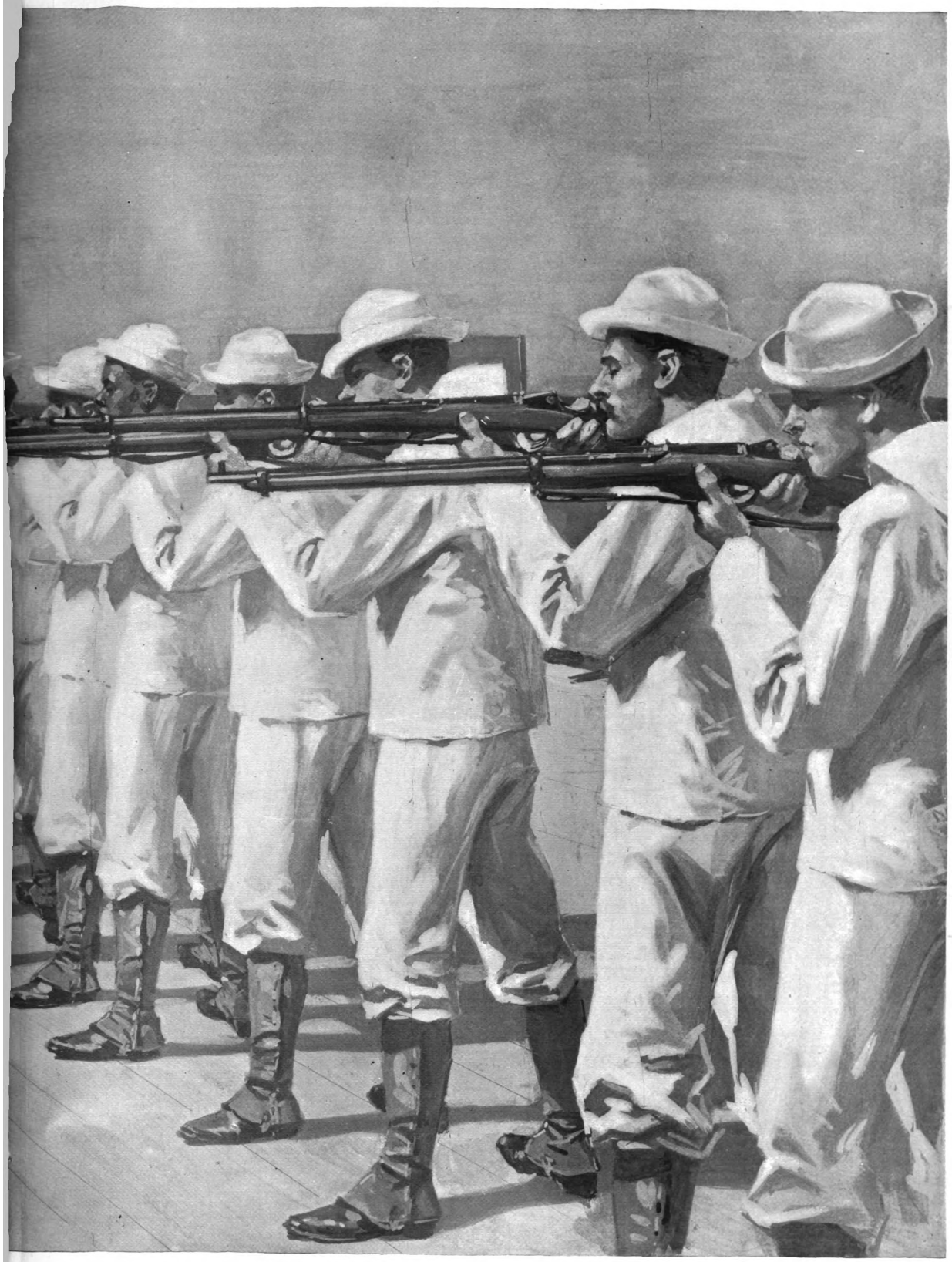
LOADINGS AND FIRINGS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph by James Burton.

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE GARRET OF THE RED TOWER.

I FELT my temples, my ears, my neck, tingling with cold. I seemed to have fallen into a sea of ice. I think I would have fallen and fainted, but at that moment my master sat down beside the Bishop, and I was left free to retire into a darksome corner, where I staggered against a beam, slimy with sweat, and hung over it with my hand clasping my brow, trying to think what had happened.

I do not know how long I remained in this position, nor yet when I came to myself. All was a dream to me, a nightmare of horrid whirlings and infinite oppressions. The faces of the folk that watched, the garmentry of the Bishop and his priests, the red robes of the young Duke and his successors, spun round me in hideous phantasmagoria.

At last I was conscious that a trumpet blew. Whereupon all rose up. The secretaries stacked their papers unconcernedly, with the feathers of their pens in their mouths. And then in the solemn silence which ensued the Duke and his judges filed out of the door, while the power of the Church, represented by Bishop Peter and his priests, went forth by another. Before I could realize the situation Helene had vanished down a trap-door in the floor.

My master accompanied Bishop Peter. As for me, I hardly knew what I did. I did not even stand up, till our conductor—he who had gone forward to announce us at the first—ran across to me, and plucking me by the arm from the beam on which I leaned, said, hurriedly: "Art dead or drunk, man, that thou riskest thine ears and thy neck? Stand up while the Judges and the new Duke go by!"

So, dazed and numb, I hent me up, and, lo! coming arm in arm towards me were Otho von Reuss and his newly appointed Chief Justice, who was but mine old friend Michael Texel. The Duke bent a searching look on me as I bowed low before him, but he saw only the tan of my skin and the close bristle of my hair. And so all passed on.

"Ho, blackamoor! thy master waits thee. Run if thou wouldst avoid the whipping-post!" cried another of the rout of servitors.

So, putting out a hand to stay myself, I staggered weakly after my master. I found him at the door, in talk with the confessor of the Bishop.

"And so," he was saying, "this girl was reared in the executioner's house. And she went away to a far country in order to learn the secrets of necromancy, it is not known where. I would see this Duke's Justicer. Does he dwell near by? What! in that very tower? It is of good omen. Let us go thither."

But the confessor excused himself, being in no wise desirous to visit the Red Axe, even in his turn of sickness.

"I have business of the soul with Bishop Peter. I will speak with thee again at refection," he said, glancing up at the Red Tower with suspicious glances, as if he feared unseen ears might be listening, and that some of its fearful magic might even descend upon a man so notably holy as a Bishop's confessor.

Presently Dessauer and I were at the well-known door. I knocked, and listened, whereupon ensued silence. Again, and then when the echoes ceased there was once more a great silence in the tower.

I heard the blood-hounds of Duke Casimir howl. The indigo shadow of the Hall of Justice stretched across and touched the Red Tower with an ominous finger.

"Let us go in," said I. And pushing the unresisting door, I began to climb the stone stairs. Each smoothed hollow and chipped edge was as familiar to me as my name. Indeed, much more so, for I was now passing under a false one. I climbed in a dazed way, up and up. There on my left was the sitting-room. It had been searched high and low, escritoires rudely tossed down, aumries rifled, household stuff, grain, white linen, bottles, all cast about and huddled together as the searchers had left them.

Then above was the little room where Helene used to sleep. Here the wrack was indescribable—every hiding-place rifled, her pretty bedquilt lying across the doorway trampled and soiled, her dainty white clothing, some she had worn at Plassenburg, and even of the tiny dresses of her childhood, all torn and confused. And in the midst, what affected me more than everything else, a tiny puppet of wood my father had hewn her with his knife, and which she had dressed as a queen with red ribbons and crown of tinsel. Ah, so long ago—and in such happy days.

"Father!" I called loudly. "Father!"

But in this I forgot myself. There might have been enemies lurking anywhere in the house of pain and disaster.

My own room came next, and the way out upon the roof, but we tried not these. There remained only the garret of my father. I climbed up, with Dessauer behind me, and pushed the door open.

Then I stood in the entering-in, looking for the first time for years on the face of my father.

He lay on his couch, his head bound about with a napkin. The dark wisp of hair which rose like a cock's comb sticking through the stained cloth was no longer blue-black, but of iron gray splashed and brindled with pure white. His eyes were open and shining, cavernous and solemn, above his fallen-in cheeks. It was like looking into the secrets of another world. That which he had so often caused other eyes to see he was now to see for himself. The hand which lay—mere skin, muscle, and bone—on the counterpane had guided many to the door of the mysteries. Now it was to push the arras aside, for the Death-Justicer of the Mark was to go before the Judge of all the earth.

My father lay gazing at me with deep mournful eyes. So sad they seemed that it was as if nothing in heaven or earth, neither joy nor sorrow, life nor death, could have power to change their expression of immeasurable sadness.

I entered, and my companion followed.

"There is none with you here?" I said to my father, going to the bedside.

He started at the voice, and looked even eagerly up. But his eyes dulled and deadened again as he fell back.

"I did but dream," he muttered, sadly.

"You have no one with you here, Gottfried Gottfried?" said I again; for in a matter of life and death it was as well to make sure.

He set his hand to his brow, as if trying to think.

"Who should be with me—except all these?" he answered, very solemnly. And swept his hand about the room as if he saw strange shapes standing in rows about the walls. "I wish," he went on, almost querulously, "whoever you are, you would tell these people to keep their hands down. They point at me, and thrust their dripping heads forward, holding them like lanterns in their hands."

He turned away to the back of the bed; and then, as if he saw something there worse than all the rest, faced about again quickly, saying, with some pathetic intonation of his lost childhood, "There is no need for them to point so at me, is there?"

"Father!" said I, gently touching his cheek with my hand as I used to do.

"Ah! what is that?" he said. "Did some one call me father? Let me go! I tell you, let me go! She needs me. They are torturing her. I must go to her!"

"Father," I said again, putting him gently back, "it is I; your own son Hugo—come back to speak with you, to help, if it may be—to die for the Little Playmate if need be."

"Hugo—Hugo!" he said, "my little lad, my pretty boy?"

He pushed me back to look at me, eagerly, wistfully—and then thrust me sharply away.

"Bah!" he said, "you lie! What need to lie to a dying man? My Hugo had yellow hair and a skin like lilies. Yours is dark—"

"Father," said I, "I am here disguised. Help is coming, sure and strong, if we can only wait a little and delay the trial. But tell me all. Speak to me freely if you love your daughter Helene—your daughter and my love."

He sat up now, and motioned me to come nearer. I set a pillow to his back, and went and kneeled by the bed as I used to do at good-night time when I said my Paternoster.

Then for the first time he knew me.

"Say it!" he commanded, in his old voice.

So, though with the stress of wars and other things I had mostly forgotten, yet I said not only that, but the Prayer of Childhood he had taught me. And then I kissed him as I used to do when I bade him good-night.

"Yes," he said, softly, "it is true, after all. You are mine own only son. Hugo—I am glad you have come to see your father before he dies."

I told him how I had come, and brought Dessauer forward, introducing him as one great in the kingdom where I was, and to whom I was much beholden. He shook him by the hand, and again looked at me.

"Now, father," said I, "we have no long time to bide with you, lest the new Duke come upon us. We must hie us back to our lodging with the Bishop Peter, lest we be missed."

My father smiled.

"Ye will live but sparely there!" said he.

"Tell us how you came to this," said I, "and, if you can, why Helene, our little Helene, stands so terribly accused."

My father paused a long time before he began to answer.

"It is not easy for me to tell you all," he said. "I know and I have the words. But somehow, when I try to fit the words to the thing, they run asunder and will not mix, like water and oil. But see, Hugo, here is an elixir of rare value. Drop a drop or two on my tongue if ye see me wander. It will bring me back for a time."

CHAPTER XLII.

PRINCESS PLAYMATE.

THEN began my father to tell the tale, slowly, with many a pause and interruption, now searching for words, now racked with pain, all of which I need not imitate, and shall leave out. But the substance of his tale was to this effect:

"After you had left us the Dukedom went from bad to worse—no peace, no rest, no money. Duke Casimir took less and less of my advice, but began again his old horrors, plundering, killing, living by terror and in terror. He threatened Torgau. He attacked Plassenburg. He stirred up hornets' nests everywhere. He made himself at home the common mark for every assassin.

"Then suddenly came his nephew back, and almost immediately he grew great in favor with him. Uncle and nephew drank together. They paraded the terraces together. I was nevermore sent for save to do my duty. Otho von Reuss rode abroad at the head of the Black Horsemen.

"But at the same time, to my great joy, arrived the Little Playmate back to me. She was safer with me, she said. So that, having her, I needed naught else. She came with good news of you, making the journey not alone, for two men of the Princess's retinue brought her to the city gates."

"The Princess!" I cried. "Aye, I thought so. I judged that it was the Princess who sent her back."

Dessauer motioned with his hand. He saw that it was dangerous to throw my father off the track. And, indeed, this was proved at once, for my unfortunate interruption set my father's mind to the wandering, till finally I had to drop certain drops of the red liquid on his tongue. These, indeed, had a marvellous effect upon him. He sat up instantly, his eyes flashing the old light, and began to speak rapidly and to clear purport, even as he used to do in the old days when Duke Casimir would come striding across the yard at all hours of the night and day to consult his Justicer.

"What was I telling?" he went on. "Yes, I remember—of the home-coming of Helene under honorable escort. And she was beautiful—but all her race were beautiful—all the women of them, at any rate. But that is another matter.

"Then, as she went across the yard one day to meet me at the door of the hall as I came out, who should see her but the Count Otho von Reuss. And she turned from him like a queen and took hold of my arm, clasping it strongly. Then he looked at us both, and his look was the evil-doer's look. Oh, I know it. Who knows that look, if not I? And so we passed within. But my Helene was quivering and much afraid, nestling to me—aye, to me, old Gottfried Gottfried—like a frightened dove.

"After this she went not out into the court-yard or city, save with me by her side, and Otho von Reuss lingered about, watching like a wolf about the sheepfold. For he was in high favor with Duke Casimir, and had already equal place with him on the bed of justice.

"Then there came a night, lightning peeping and blazing, alternate blue and white—God's face and the devil's, time about, staring in at the lattice. I lay alone in my chamber. But I was not asleep. As you know, I do not often sleep. But I lay awake and thought and thought. The lightning showed me faces I had not seen for thirty years, and forms I remembered, black against eternity. But all at once, in a certain after-clap of silence that followed the roaring thunder, I heard a voice call to me.

"'My father—my father!' it cried.

"It was like a soul in danger of damnation calling God.

"I rose and went, clad as I was in the red of mine office (for that day I had done the final grace more than once). I ran down the stairs to the room of my little Helene.

"The lightning showed me my lamb crouched in the corner, her lips open, white, squared with horror; her arms extended, as though to push some monstrous thing away. A black shape only I saw bending over her. Then came blackness of darkness again. And again my Helene's voice. Ah, God, I can hear it now, calling pitifully, like a woman hanging over hell and losing hold, 'Father—my father!'

"'I am here!' I cried, loudly, even as on the scaffold I cry the doom for which the people die.

"And the room lit up with a flame, white as the face of God as he passed by on Mount Sinai, flash on continuous flash. And there before me, with a countenance like a demon's, stood Otho von Reuss!"

I uttered a hoarse cry, but Dessauer again checked me. My father went on:

"Otho von Reuss it was—he saw me in my red apparel, and cried aloud with mighty fear. If God had given me mine axe in mine hand—well, Duke or no Duke, he had cried no more. But even as he turned and fled from the room, I seized him about the waist, and opening the window with my other hand, I cast him forth. And as he went down backwards, clutching at nothing, God looked again out of the skylights of heaven, and showed me the face of the devil, as Michael saw it when he hurled him shrieking into the pit.

"Then I went back and took in my arms my one ewe lamb.

"Many days (so they brought me word) Otho lay at the point of death, and Duke Casimir came not near me nor yet sent for me. But by that very circumstance I knew Otho had not revealed how his accident had befallen. Yet he but bided his time. And as he grew well, Duke Casimir grew ill. He waxed like a ghost, and one day he came here and sat on the bed as in old times.

"'I know my friends,' he said, 'good Red Axe of mine, friend of many years. I have had mine eyes blinded, but this morning there has come a mighty clearness, and from this day forth you and I shall stand face to face and see eye to eye again.

"Then, being athirst, he asked for something to drink. Which, when our sweet Helene had brought, he patted her cheek. 'A maid for a court—one among a thousand, a fair one!' he said; and passed away down the stairs, walking with his old steady tread.

"But even at the steps of the Hall of Justice he stumbled and fell. They carried him in, and there in the robing-chamber he lay unconscious for a week, and then died without speech.

"When he was dead, and ere he had been embalmed, there arose a clamor, first among the followers of Otho von Reuss, and after that among those of the Wolfsberg, who expected that they would be favored by the new Duke. It was first whispered, and then cried aloud, that the death of Duke Casimir had been by witchcraft and potions.

"Cunningly and with subtlety was spread the report how my daughter and I had worked upon Duke Casimir; how he had gone to our house, drunken a draught, and then died ere he could come to his own chamber. But I went on my way and heeded it not. For just then the plague, which had stricken the Duke first, stalked athwart the city unchecked, and all through it this Helene of ours was as the angel of God, coming and going by night and day among the streets and lanes of the town. And the common folk worshipped her. And so do unto this day.

"Now perhaps I did not heed this babble as I ought to have done. But there came one night—how long ago I have forgotten—and a clamor in the court-yard. The Black Riders, the worst of them, fiends incarnate that Otho had of late gathered about him, thundered upon us without, and presently burst in the door.

"I met them with mine axe at the stair-head, and for the better part of an hour I kept them at a distance. And some died and some were dismembered. For I am not a man to make mistakes. Then came Otho, limping from his fall, and shot me with a bolt from behind his men. And so they took my love and left me here to die. And the new Duke will not kill me, for he desires that I shall see her agony ere my own life is taken. For that alone the fiend keeps me in life.

"And that," said my father, feebly, "is all."

But just as he seemed to ebb away a wild fear startled him.

"No," he cried, "there is yet something more. Hugo, Hugo, keep me here a little! Hold me that my mind may not wander away among the spinning-wheels and the faces mopping and mowing. I have something yet to tell."

I held him up while Dessauer poured a drop or two of the potent liquid into his mouth. As before, it instantly revived him. The color came back to his cheeks.

"Quick, Hugo, lad!" he cried, "give me that black box

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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"HER LIPS OPEN, SQUARED WITH HORROR; HER ARMS EXTENDED AS THOUGH TO PUSH SOME MONSTROUS THING AWAY."

which sits behind the block." I brought it, and from this he extracted a small key, which he gave me.

"Unlock the panel you see there in the wall," he said.

I looked, but could find none.

"The oaken knob!" he cried, sharply.

I could only see a rough knob in the wood-work, a little worm-eaten. But in the centre one hole a little larger than the rest.

"Put in the key!" commanded my father, making as if he would come out of bed and hasten me himself.

I thrust in the key, indeed, but with no more faith than if I had been bidden to put it into a mouse-hole.

Nevertheless, it turned easy as thinking, and a little door swung open, cunningly fitted. Here were dresses, books, parchments.

"Bring all these to me," he said.

And I brought them carefully in my arms and laid them on the bed.

The eye of old Dessauer fell on something among them, and was instantly fascinated. It was a woman's waist-belt of thick bars of gold, laid three and three, crests and letters all over it.

The Chancellor put his hand forward for it, and my father allowed him to take it, following him, however, with a questioning eye.

Then Dessauer put his hand into his bosom and drew out a chain of gold—the necklace of the woodman, indeed—and laid the two side by side. He uttered a shrill cry as he did so.

"The belt of the Princess!" he cried—"the Princess of Plassenburg!"

And laying them one above the other, each bar group read thus: "Helena of Plassenburg."

With delight on his face, like that of a mathematician when his calculations work out truly, Dessauer reached out his hand for the papers, but my father stayed him.

"Who may you be that has a chain to match mine?" he asked, with his hand on Dessauer's wrist.

"I am the State's Chancellor of Plassenburg, and it needed but this to show me our true Princess."

"Here, then," said my father, "is more and better."

And he handed him the papers.

"It meets! It meets!" cried Dessauer, enthusiastically, as he glanced them over. "It is complete. It would stand probation in the Diet of the Emperor."

"But yet that will not prevent Helene Gottfried dying at the stake!" cried my father, sadly, and fell back on his bed.

We spent this heaviest of nights at the palace of Bishop Peter—Dessauer with the prelate; I, praise to the holy pyx, in the kitchen with the serving men and maids. Peter of the Pigs was there, but no more eager to fight. The lay brother who had gone with the letter, and the conductor who had run away from the dread door of the Hall of Justice, had returned, and had spread a favorable report of our courage.

Certainly the house of Peter the Bishop might be a poor one and scantily provendered, but there was little sign of it that night. For if the master went fasting and his guests lived on pulse (as they said in Thorn), certainly not so Bishop Peter's servants.

For there were pasties of larks, with sauce of butter and herbs. There were rabbits from the sand hills, and pigeons from the towers of the minster. The clear Rhenish vied with the more generous wine of Burgundy and the red juice of Assmanhauser. For me, as was natural, I ate little. I spoke not at all. But I looked so dangerous with my swarthy face and desperate eyes, I dare say, and I was so well armed, that the roisterers left me severely alone.

But I drank—Lord, what did I not drink that night! I poured down my gullet all and sundry that was given me. And to render them their dues, there was no lack and no inhospitality. But the strange thing of it was that though I am a man more than ordinarily temperate, that night I poured the Rhenish into me like water down a cistern-pipe, and felt it not. God forgive me, I wanted to make me drunken and forgetful, and, lo! it would not bite.

So I cursed their drink, and asked if they had no Lyons Water-of-Life, stark and mordant, or indeed anything that was not mere compound of whey and dirty water. Whereat they wondered, and held me thereafter in great respect as a good companion and approven drinker.

Then they brought me of the strong spirit of Dantzig, with curious little flakes of gold dancing in it. It was raw and strong, and I had good hopes of it. But I drank the Dantzig like spring-water, all there was of it, and though it had a taste singularly displeasing to me, it had no more effect than so much warm barley-brew for the palates of babes. Upon this I had great glory. For the card-players and the dicers actually left their games to see me drink. And I sat there and expounded the Levitical law and the wheels of the Prophet Ezekiel, the law succession of the empire and also the apostolic succession, all with surprising clearness and cogency of reasoning. So that before I had finished they required of me whether it was I or my master who was sent for to dispute before the Emperor.

Then I told them that the things I knew (that is, which the Hollands had put into my head) were but the commonest chamber sweepings of my master's learning, which I had picked up as I rode at his elbow. And this bred a mighty wondering what manner of man he might be who was so wise. And I think if I had gone on, Dessauer and I might both have found ourselves in the Bishop's prison, on suspicion of being the devil and one of his ministrants.

But suddenly, as with a kind of back stroke, all that I had drunken must have come upon me. The clearness of vision went from me like a candle that is blown out. I know not what happened after, save that I found myself upon my truckle-bed, with my leathern money-pouch clasped in my hand with surprising tightness, as if I had been mortally afraid that some one would mistake my satchel for his own pocket.

So in time the morrow came, and by all rules I ought to have had a racking headache. For I saw many of those that had been with me the night before pale of countenance and eating handfuls of baker's salt. So I judged that their anxiety and the turmoil of their hearts had not burned their liquor up, as had been the case with me.

Now it is small wonder that all my soul cried out for oblivion, till I should be able to do something for the Beloved—break her prison, hasten the troops from Plassenburg, or in some way save my love.

Hardly had I looked out the main door that morning, desiring to pass away the time till the trial should begin again, before I saw the Lubber Fiend smirking and becking across the way. He had squatted himself down on the side of the street opposite, looking over at the Bishop's palace.

He pointed at me with his finger.

"Your complexion runs down!" he said. "I know you. But go to the spring there by the stable, wash your face, and I shall know you better."

This was fair perdition, and nothing less. For one may stay the tongue of a scoundrel with money, or the expectation of it, until opportunity arrived to stop it with steel or prison masonry. But who shall halter the tongue of a fool?

Then, swift as one that sees his face in a glass, I bethought me of a plan.

"See!" I said; "do you desire gold, Lubber Fiend?"

He wagged his great head and shook his cabbage-leaf ears, till they made currents in the heavy air, to signify that he loved the touch of the yellow metal.

"See, then, Lubber," said I, "you shall have ten of these now, and ten more afterwards, if you will carry a letter to the Prince at Plassenburg, or meet him on the way."

"Not possible!" said he, shaking his head sadly; "little Missie has come to Thorn."

"But," said I, "little Missie would desire it; take letter to the Prince, good Jan, then Missie will be happy."

"Would she let poor Jan Lubberchen kiss her hand, think you?" he asked, looking up at me.

"Aye," said I, "kiss her cheek, maybe."

He danced excitedly from side to side.

"Jan will run—Jan will run all the way!" he cried.

So I pulled out a scrap of parchment and wrote a hasty message to the Prince, asking him, for the love of God and us, to set every soldier in Plassenburg on the march for Thorn, and to come on ahead himself with such a flying column as he could gather. No more I added, because I knew that my good master would need no more.

Then I went down with my messenger to the Weiss Thor, and with great fear I saw the idiot pass the house of Master Gerard. Then, at the outer gate, I gave him his ten golden coins, and watched him trot away briskly on the green winding road to Plassenburg.

"Mind," he called back to me, "kiss her cheek if Jan takes letter to the Prince."

And I promised it him without wincing. For by this time lying had now no more effect upon me than dram-drinking.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

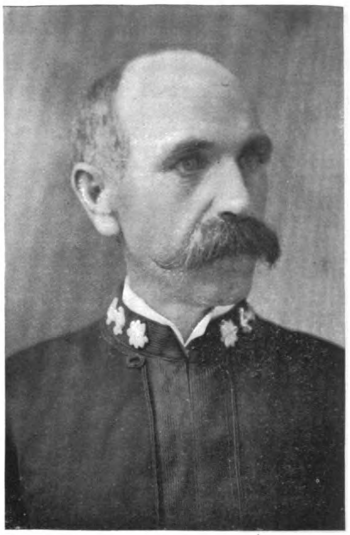
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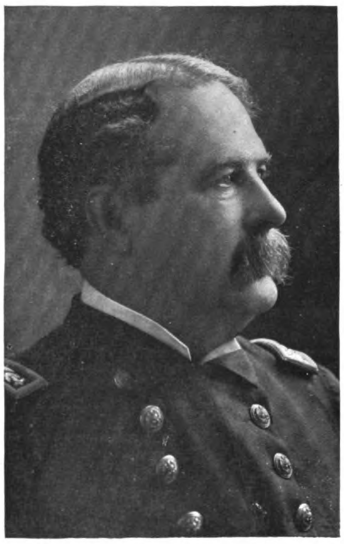
COMMANDER BENJAMIN P. LAMBERTON, U.S.N.,
Fleet Captain, Asiatic Squadron.



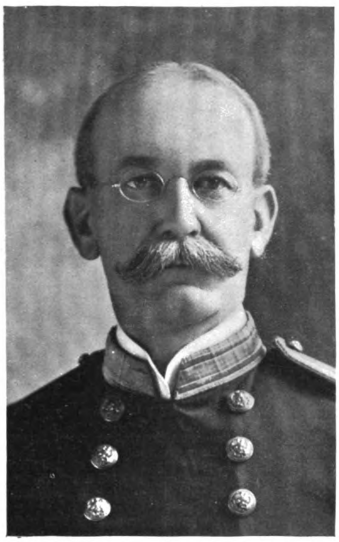
CAPTAIN CHARLES V. GRIDLEY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Olympia" (Protected Cruiser).



COMMANDER ASA WALKER, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Concord" (Gunboat).



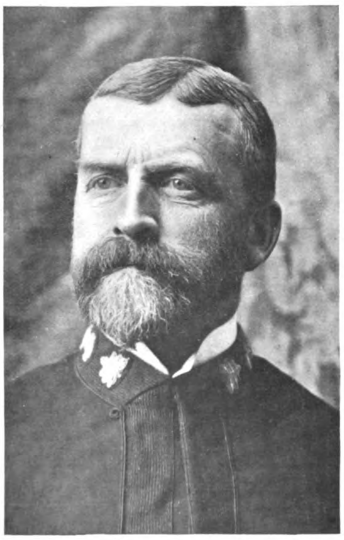
CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Oregon" (1st Class Battle-ship).



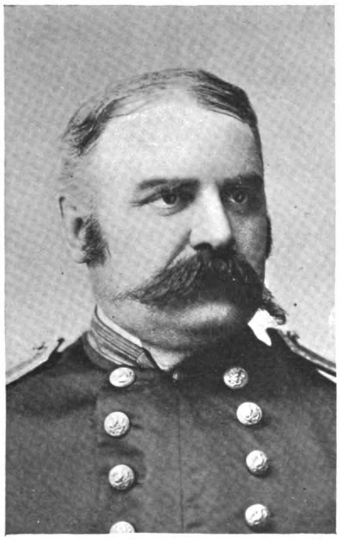
CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "St. Paul" (Auxiliary Cruiser).



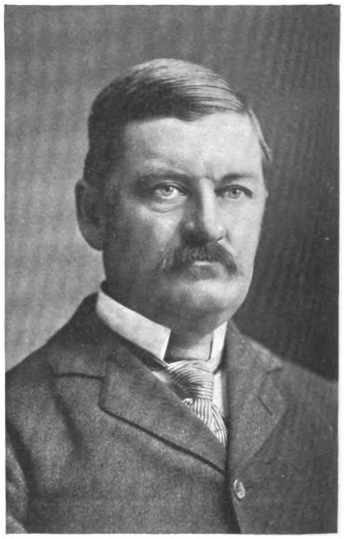
CAPTAIN CHARLES S. COTTON, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Harvard" (Auxiliary Cruiser).



CAPTAIN CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "St. Louis" (Auxiliary Cruiser).
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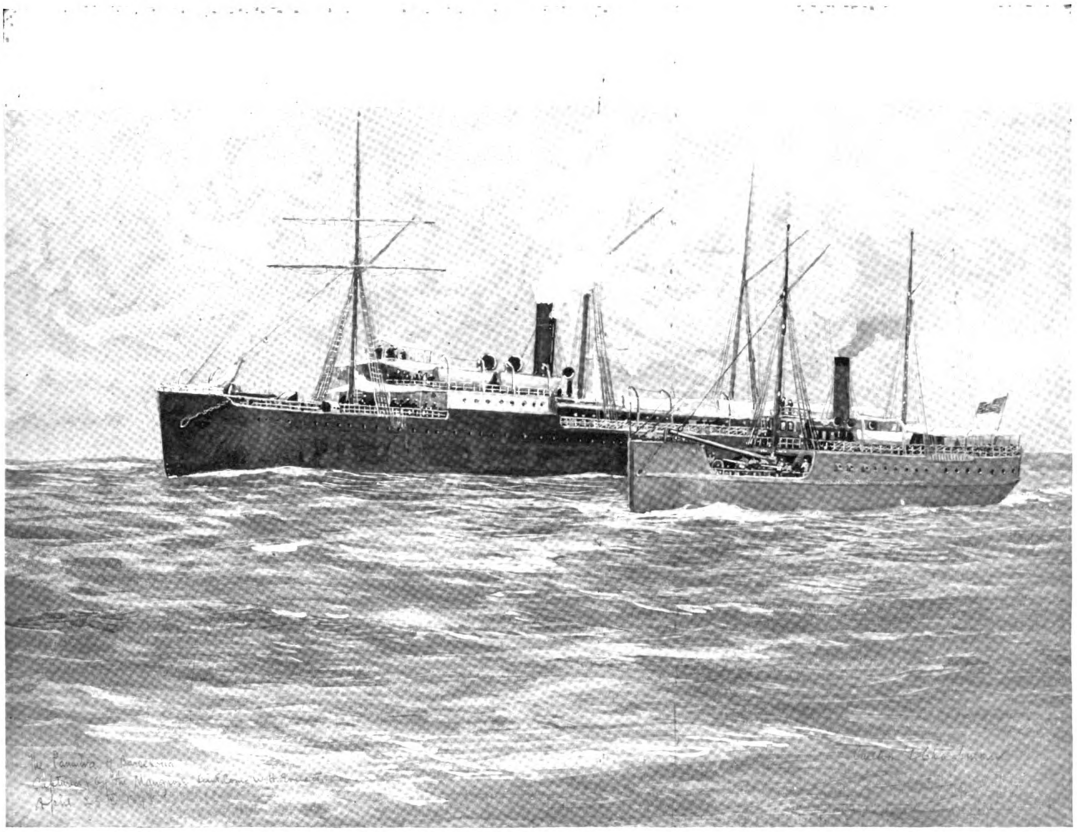
COMMANDER GEORGE F. F. WILDE, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Katahdin" (Harbor-defence Ram).



LIEUT.-COM. JOHN E. PILLSBURY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Vesuvius" (Dynamite-Gun Vessel).

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.

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THE "MANGROVE" AND THE "PANAMA."
The little converted Light-House-Tender with which Lieut.-Com. W. H. Everett, U.S.N., captured the big Barcelona Liner.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with the Blockading Fleet.—[See Page 478.]



CAPTURED SPANISH VESSELS AT ANCHOR IN MAN-OF-WAR HARBOR, KEY WEST—VIEW FROM THE ESPLANADE NEAR THE U. S. ARMY BARRACKS.
Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with the Blockading Fleet.—[See Page 478.]

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FITZHUGH LEE, OF VIRGINIA.



CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH WHEELER, OF ALABAMA.



JAMES H. WILSON, OF DELAWARE.



U. S. SENATOR WILLIAM J. SEWELL, OF NEW JERSEY.

FOUR NEW MAJOR-GENERALS APPOINTED FROM CIVIL LIFE.—[See Page 478.]

WAITING FOR THE WORD.

(*Continued from page 472.*)

them early in the morning you will witness some of the cleverest work, in all three branches of the service, that you have yet seen, even though you have watched the infantry and cavalry of Germany and the artillery of France. My observations come with added interest to me, who have but just returned from the Continent with a previous idea based merely on what I had heard that our regulars were inferior to those of England, France, or Germany, in mere matter of drill and general tactical efficiency. I have been most delightfully surprised by what I have seen here as compared with what I saw on the Continent. Uncle Sam's soldiers at Tampa are equipped for business, and there is no comparison therefore between them as a spectacle of burnished accoutrements and the Continental soldiers whom I saw in exhibition drilling. But for alertness—for dash, speed, and accuracy in action—these United States troops seem to me to excel anything I have ever seen in that line. Alertness and dash, indeed, are their characteristic and, especially as compared with France and Germany, distinguishing features.

Between ten o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon there is no drilling, and the soldiers are kept in camp, out of the sun and the manifold temptations of the town. After four there is more marching and drilling and inspection, while the regimental bands put martial spirit into the on-lookers, and the drum-major seems to be the most important individual in sight. The infantry are camped in one of those sandy stretches of scattered piny woods so plentiful throughout the South; the artillery and cavalry have the sand without the pines, though their location on the bay of Tampa gives them cooler nights. No place anywhere around Tampa is other than hot at night, not to mention the day.

A visit to these camps is a never-to-be-forgotten object-lesson in the business of war—which means the mere transportation of men, animals, fodder, the provision of rations, wood, water, etc. We are so prone to rattle off figures without appreciation of their meaning. There are in the infantry camp about 6500 men, and I am convinced that the average layman, viewing the spread of tents, the freighting outfits, and the stacks of fodder and provisions, would set down the number at not less than 15,000. So also the 1400 artillery and cavalry, whose camps adjoin, seem at least four or five times as many.

When the energy and money expended within the last few weeks to mobilize these men, and the further fact that it will take a fleet of about a dozen steamers, such as *Olivette*, to transport them to Cuba, are considered, some idea may be gleaned of what it means to move troops.

If the remaining six of the proposed fleet of ten transports were at Port Tampa, the army of invasion, or pacification, or whatever it may be called, could set sail within two days. There is an inlet twenty-two feet deep at Port Tampa, and long enough to accommodate certainly six to eight ships at a time, so that the actual loading would occupy comparatively little time. But only one at a time can coal and water. One would suppose that pending the arrival of the other transports those now here would be coaled and watered. But they float at anchor as unconcernedly as though laid up for the season. The balance of the fleet is reported due to-morrow, and perhaps we shall then see some activity in this direction. Everything else here is ready, and the troops and cattle are rationed up to June. There seems to have been much ostensible haste in the mobilization of this little army, but great leisure in the consummation of complementary details.

Two or three days ago the absorbing topic was where we are to land on Cuba; to-day all speculation is centred on when we are to start. It is idle to dwell on the subject here. New-Yorkers get more intelligence out of their morning papers than any correspondent from Tampa can give them while this masterly inactivity of the army continues. This campaign is being manipulated from Washington. It is fair to presume that General Shafter, who is in command here, has been taken into the confidence of the administration; but if so he guards the secret closely, for the officers here are as much in the dark concerning the immediate future as even the war-correspondents.

A handful of Cubans on a tug left Key West several days ago to make a landing and reach Gomez. About two hundred assorted sizes of Cubans, with two rifles among them, came up yesterday from Key West to join a Cuban regiment that is organizing here. Its departure is a standing announcement in the local morning paper. Some more Cuban patriots came down from New York two days ago, and they too are yet here.

It is a great thing for the shops and hotels of Tampa—this halting war policy.

There can be no conjecture on the fact that the administration's policy is a waiting one. President McKinley and General Miles too, if what I am told on good authority is correct, are disinclined to put troops into Cuba if Spain can be conquered without doing so. Evidently it is believed the war can be closed without the aid of the army, and if Spain's fleet is really heading for Cuban waters, or waters within reach of our ships, there will come a speedy end to hostilities. Such a defeat in Western waters as Spain received off Manila would probably be followed by the capitulation of Havana. That is obviously the opinion of the administration and of many others less competent to judge. On the other hand, I have talked with well-posted men who are recently from Cuba and familiar with the situation, and they affirm that Blanco will make as desperate a resistance as he can in order to achieve at least some personal glory out of an inglorious war. Certainly the Spanish troops will be between the devil and the deep sea, preferring to be killed fighting than to be shot (as they suppose they will be) when taken prisoners by us.

There is a continuous and strong tendency on the part of the press to underestimate the Spanish forces in Cuba. From all I can learn, after painstaking inquiry, there seems, on a conservative rating, to be upwards of 175,000, of whom 70,000 are regulars, 40,000 conscript men, who have served several years, and the balance volunteers. Some place these figures much higher. But the army is said to be poorly organized, underfed, and ill equipped for rapid mobilization or quick movement from one part of the island to another.

When we do land in Cuba undoubtedly these facts will be considered, and a point chosen accordingly. That is one reason why Matanzas has been viewed by so many as the prospective landing-point of the American force. The harbor is so situated as to facilitate co-operation between our troops and fleet, and equally important is the further fact that the town is quite a railroad centre,



ADMIRAL PATRICIO MONTOJO Y PASARON, Commanding Spanish Naval Forces in the Philippines.

by holding which we could cut off communication between the Spanish troops in Havana and those to the east. Furthermore, Gomez is said to now be in the extreme western part of Puerto Principe and marching towards Matanzas, so that he could be relied upon to harass what Spanish forces there are remaining in the province of Santa Clara. Practically all of Spain's strength is in the provinces of Havana and Matanzas, and a foothold once gained in the latter province, although likely to lead to some lively fighting, will unquestionably give us such strength of position as, with the aid of our navy, will make a short road to Havana.

It is hardly likely there will be any movement of the invading army until the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet are learned, and, if in these waters, fought to a standstill.

The heartfelt wish of this community is that the fleet may be speedily sighted. CASPAR WHITNEY.

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY.

COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, who will go into history as author and executant of the first great stroke of the war with Spain, was born in Montpelier, Vermont, on December 26, 1837. He came of the best New England stock, his father being Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, one of the first authorities on life-insurance in his day, and a man held in high esteem in the business community. At the age of seventeen, after a preparatory course in the Northfield Military School, young Dewey was appointed a cadet at Annapolis, in the class which was graduated in 1858. A practice cruise on the *Wabash* followed, and he was resting at home when the civil war broke out. At once he was commissioned a Lieutenant and assigned to the *Mississippi*, a seventeen-gun steam-sloop of the old side-wheel type, under Commander Melancthon Smith. His first serious taste of war was when the West Gulf squadron, early in 1862, forced a passage up the Mississippi River ahead of Farragut. How exciting this expedition was at times may be judged from the fact that in passing St. Philip the ship was so near the shore that the gunners aboard her and the Confederate artillery in the fortifications exchanged oaths as they discharged their volleys at each other.

A later enterprise on the same river resulted in the grounding of the *Mississippi*, in the middle of the night, opposite Port Hudson, where she was riddled with shot and set afire by the enemy's batteries, so that officers and crew had to abandon her, and make their way as best they could to the other shore before the flames reached her magazine and she exploded. One of the crew recalls an order given by Dewey that night for the whitewashing of the decks. The gunners were thus able to see to do their work, for until the ship was fired all lights were forbidden, the plan being to slip past the forts without being discovered. This reminiscence is of special interest now in view of the way Dewey made his entrance into the harbor at Manila in the darkness a fortnight ago.

Other notable engagements in which Dewey figured during the civil war were at Donaldsonville in 1863, where he was on one of the gunboats, and at Fort Fisher in the winter of 1864–5, as an officer of the *Agawam*. Receiving his commission as Lieutenant-Commander in March, 1865, he served for two years on the *Kearsarge* and the *Colorado*, and was then attached to the Naval Academy for two years more. In 1870 he was given command of the *Narragansett*, and during his five years' charge of her rose to be a Commander. He was then attached to the Light-house Board, and in 1882 took his next sea duty in command of the *Juniata*, of the Asiatic squadron. On reaching his Captaincy in 1884 he took charge of the *Dolphin*, one of the first vessels of the "new navy." From 1885 to 1888 he commanded the *Pensacola*, then flag-ship of the European squadron; and this service was followed by a shore duty of considerable length, in the course of which he served first as chief of the Bureau of Equipment at the Navy Department, and afterward on the Light-house Board for the second time. Two years ago he was promoted to be a Commodore, and made head of the inspection board; and at the beginning of the present year he was given command of the Asiatic squadron, and the chance to distinguish himself which he has so brilliantly improved.

Commodore Dewey's wife, who was a Miss Goodwin, daughter of the war Governor of New Hampshire, died in 1875. Their one son, George Goodwin Dewey, is in business in New York. The Commodore enjoys the unusual honor of having had a town named for him before he became in any wise famous. As a young man he was sent to Ohio to select a site for a stave-manufacturing plant, in which a relative was interested, and the place he chose was christened Deweyville.

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CHICKAMAUGA.

FROM the tiny stream that runs along the base of the camp a low hill rises in a series of natural terraces to the fringe of low trees *on* the summit, and on these terraces sit officers and men, according to rank. From the kitchen-tent at the bottom the white tepees *of the* privates and their tethered horses—camped in columns of troops—stretch up the hill, and highest up is the tent of the *sergeant*. On the first terrace above and flanking the columns are the old army tents of company officer and subaltern, and the *guidons* fluttering in line, each captain with his lieutenants at the head of a company street. Behind and on the second terrace *camp* the majors—three—each facing the centre of his squadron. And highest up on top of the hill, and facing, theoretically, the centre of the regiment, the slate-colored tent of the colonel commands the camp. To his right, the lieutenant-colonel; to his left, the adjutant, the acting quartermaster, the surgeons—senior and junior—and, last on the line, the civilian. Such is the camp of the Third Regiment of the United States army at Chickamauga. And to that regiment—from the cook over his Buzzacot oven at the bottom, to the colonel under his tent-fly on top of the hill—one serious little word, that the civilian caught from the army's tongue:

"How?"

A blast from a bugle at the break of dawn, and the civilian started up from his cot and lay down again. The air was chilly, the ground under him was wet with dew, and the flaps of his tent were yellow with the rising sun. That blast was for the private at the foot of the hill. The superiors above slept on; and being attached temporarily to the same, I, too, slept on—but not for long. A dozen trumpets suddenly rang out an emphatic complaint:

I can't git 'em up!
I can't git 'em up!
I can't git 'em up in the morning.
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up at all!
The corporal's worse than the sergeant,
The sergeant's worse than lieutenant,
And the captain's the worst of all!

This is as high up, apparently, as the private dares go, unless he considers the iniquity of the colonel quite beyond the range of a bugle; but the pathetic appeal was too much for a civilian, who was already a trifle uneasy as to just where—in the midst of salutes, rank distinctions, rigid ceremony, and other pomp and circumstance of war—he stood; so I got up, stepping from a nice cold foot-bath of fragrant dew to a dapple-gray wash-basin that stood on three wooden stakes outside. Just then the trumpet again:

Go to the stable,
All ye that are able,
And give your horses some corn.
For if you don't do it,
The captain will know it,
And give you the devil,
As sure as you're born!

The flaps of the quartermaster's tent alone were open; he had gone off at three o'clock that morning to get the Ninth Cavalry—the "black war-cloud"—off to Tampa; so I made for the foot of the hill to see the first stir of the camp.

It must have been a joy to Mr. Berg to go through a camp of cavalry, for in that camp there is no sterner law than horse ever first and master afterwards. Each horse had his nose in a mouth-bag and was munching corn, while a trooper affectionately curried him from tip of ear to tip of tail. Man and horse were in perfect condition, and the camp was as clean as a Dutch kitchen.

"I suppose you've got the best colonel in the army?" I said to the old sergeant, having learned that the colonel of each regiment, like the captain of each company, was always the best.

"Yes, sir," he said, quickly, and with perfect seriousness. "We have, sir." The sergeant had a kind face, a kind voice, a keen blue eye, and his name was Murphy; he was a Kentuckian, a sharp-shooter; he had seen twenty-seven years of service, and is known throughout the regiment as "the Governor." The sergeant's ambition was to become sergeant of ordnance; he passed his examination finally, but he was then a little too old. That almost broke his heart.

It was mess-call now:

Soupy, soupy, soupy—
Without any beans!
An' coffee, coffee, coffee—
The meanest ever seen!

Only the coffee was very good. That day the soldiers were to have "slum." Sometimes they get hardtack fried in bacon grease, and they give it a name that means slaughter if applied to a man.

"An' I've got the best captain, too, sir," said the old sergeant, as I turned away.

And everywhere I found an unfaltering loyalty, running up from the ranks and concentrating on the colonel, that must mean a telling *esprit de corps* for discipline in camp and fighting power in the field.

Colonel and staff were making matutinal ablutions in the full glory of the risen sun when I got back to headquarters, and when we went into the mess-tent for breakfast the trumpeter was calling the sick—who on the field are really sick, who in post and garrison are often merely weary:

Come and git your quinine,
Quinine, quinine, quinine!
Come and git your quinine,
And your pills!

Soon martial music came crashing across the hollow from the camp on the next low hill, followed by cheers, which ran along the road, and were swollen into a mighty shouting when taken up by the camp at the foot of the hill. The "black war-cloud" was rising, and through the smoke and mist the column moved into sight, headed by a mounted band.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The boys are marching!

Along the brow of the hill and but faintly seen through the haze came the Nubians, with guidons fluttering along the column, and a train of big ghostly army wagons behind. The musicians of the Third started up with a rousing march, when the mounted band stopped, and the cheers passed after the marching troopers through the park.

"I must stop those yahoos of mine," said the colonel, mildly.

There was no mounted drill when the hour for "boots and saddles" came. It was the last day of the month, and muster-day for the regiments, attended with a review and a rare ceremony for the ever-scattered troops of a regiment—the "escort to the standard."

There had been no escort to the standard of the Third since '61—the last time the various troops were together—and the colonel said that never in his life had he seen the ceremony. He courteously asked the civilian to go with his staff. The civilian in innocence agreed, and a few minutes later a black war-horse stood at his tent. The orderly called him Nigger, and cautioned me not to pull him hard, for when pulled Nigger had the playful habit of rearing and falling over backward. As a captain of cavalry had had his leg broken the day before in just that way, this was not cheering news. Before the colonel's tent stood the horses of the staff, around the colonel's big, handsome, coffee-colored hunter, rich in trappings of much splendor. On the earth the colonel stands heavy, but in the saddle he is a feather-weight, and he made a brave picture as he rode away from the woods with three or four superb horsemen in his rear. At the edge of the drill-ground we were joined by a young English officer of the 14th Royal Artillery in a picturesque uniform. With his short stirrups and hunter's seat, he was a marked contrast to the subalterns at his side, who stood straight from their stirrups. Across the long drill-ground stood the regiment, and from it Captain Hardee, the "riding captain" of the Fourth Troop of the Second Squadron, was directed to fall out, move by rear of the regiment, and receive the standard and escort it to its

(*Continued on page 478.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

INFANT HEALTH.

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The Wanamaker Store.

Some Important News of Dress Goods and Silks

Economic conditions now work to the advantage of the economical. Here are prices on Summer dress stuffs which we could not have matched a year or more ago, when wool was ever so much cheaper than now.

The reduction in price from regular figures is really a reduction, and not merely a compensation for lack of amount or variety. The lines are complete in almost all cases.

At 30c.—Figured Vigoreaux, five different mixtures, 39 in. wide. An honest 50c. quality.

At 30c.—Two-toned Jacquard Suitings, in five combinations, 42 in. wide. A 50c. quality.

At 31c.—All-wool fancy Check Cheviot, 40 in. wide. A 50c. grade.

At 50c.—Fancy Worsted Checks, in 15 colorings, 44 in. wide. A 75c. grade.

At 50c.—Diagonal mixed Cheviots, in 7 patterns, 46 in. wide. The usual 85c. quality.

At 50c.—A regular dollar grade of two-toned all-wool Grenadines, in five different combinations, 45 in. wide.

At 50c.—Wool Bayadere satin-striped Coverts, 44 in. wide. A 65c. quality.

At 75c.—All-wool Coverts, in five colors, 50 in. wide. A full $1.25 kind.

Fourth Avenue.

Spring and Summer Dress Silks

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75c. grade for 50c.
720 yard sombre-striped Taffetas; choice of colors.

85c. grade for 55c.
5280 yards rich check Taffetas; ¼-in. blocks; choice of 11 colors.

90c. grade for 60c.
840 yards brocaded glace Twills, for entire dresses.

$1 grade for 65c.
1320 yards glace Taffeta Pekin; triple stripes in color on color; 11 colors.

$1.25 grade for 70c.
980 yards rich evening silks; bayadere stripes in waves of embroidery; 5 colors.

$1 grade for 75c.
480 yards rich white Taffetas; ombre and canale stripes; 4 colors.

$1 grade for 75c.
600 yards hair-line-plaid Taffetas; pretty colors on white, with raised dots or figures; 8 colors.

$1 grade for 75c.
120 yards stripe Taffetas; black shaded lines on white; gray ombre lines on white.

$1.25 grade for 75c.
720 yards barre Pekin Plisse; all silk; all colors on white; for blouses.

$1.25 grade for 80c.
360 yards guipure-lace Taffetas; a new stripe for evening dresses; 6 colors.

$1.25 grade for 80c.
1200 yards chameleon Pekin Taffetas, with canale of satin dividing; 6 colors.

$1.10 grade for 85c.
3780 yards ombre check Taffetas; 18 new colorings.

$1.15 grade for 85c.
600 yards ombre check Taffetas; raised dots of satin sprinkled over; 7 colors.

$1.35 grade for 85c.
510 yards barre Pekin Plisse, in evening tints; also in black.

$1.50 grade for 90c.
270 yards pompadour Pekin Plisse; some stripes are black with color; others white.

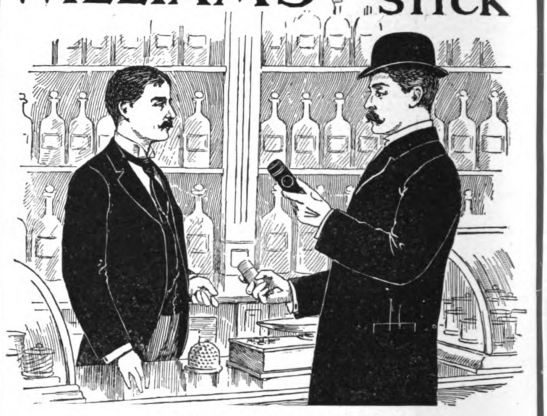
$1.50 grade for 90c.
150 yards pompadour Pekin Pebble Plisse, with barre cord of white across; for evening wear.

$1.25 grade for 80c.
1170 yards rich satin stripe Plisse; satin stripes of color bordered with hair lines of black on white, on blue, on yellow, on pink, on turquoise, on lavender, on cerise, on navy blue; all black if you wish.

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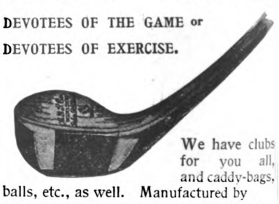


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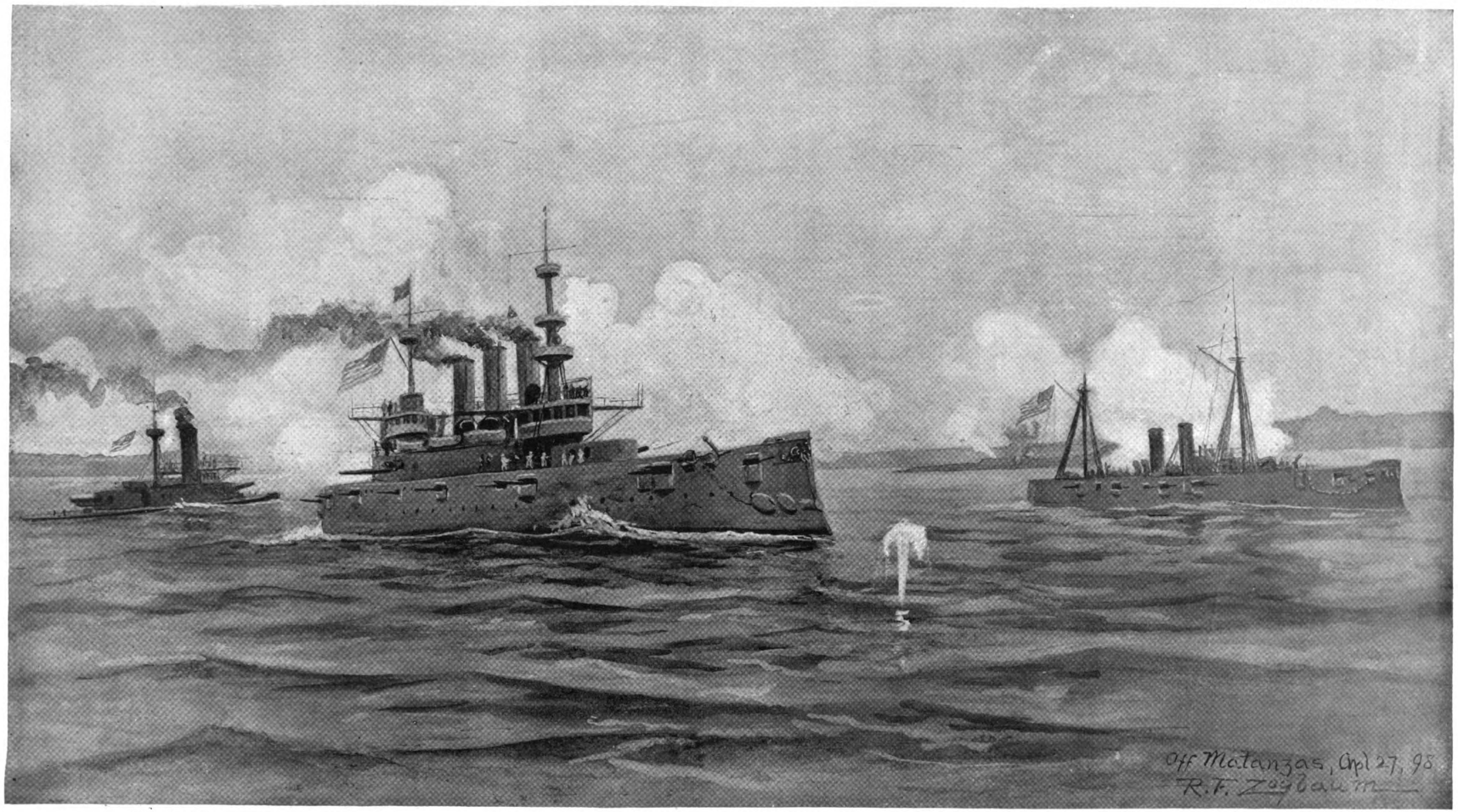
L. LEGRAND (ORIZA-PERFUMERY). 11, Place de la Madeleine, PARIS.

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Punta Gorda.
Matanzas lies in behind this Point.



U. S. S. "Puritan." U. S. S. "New York." U. S. S. "Cincinnati."

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE BATTERIES OFF MATANZAS, APRIL 27.

DRAWN BY RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," ON BOARD FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK."

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(Continued from page 475.)

position in line. In column of platoons the troop wheeled prettily around. A gleam of sabres acknowledged the honor of presentation to the standard, and the line wheeled and escorted the color-guard to the centre of the regiment. Then came the review, and the colonel's staff dashed to the centre of the field. Meanwhile Nigger's war blood was rising. He could go forward, backward, and sidewise with equal ease and about the same speed, and he wanted his accomplishments known. As the civilian had no spurs to check his backward course, and knew no checkmate to his side shuffle, Nigger went those gaits when he pleased; and instead of being with the colonel on inspection of the regiment, the civilian found himself occasionally on exhibition before the same.

It was a brave sight, that flash of sabres along the long length of the drill-field, like one leaping horizontal flame. Then the regiment, led by the stern lieutenant-colonel, who has the best seat I saw at Chickamauga, moved past the staff at a walk and then at a trot, and drew up a solid mass of silent living statues. The little Englishman grew enthusiastic. "I would like to see them in action," he said. "They would go through the Spaniards like a dose of salts."

Just then the colonel's spurs glistened; the coffee-colored horse sprang into a swift gallop to the head of the regiment, and the colonel wound in and out of the columns of troops. After which came the closer inspection of side-arms; and then the roll was called to know the men who could draw a month's pay from Uncle Sam, and the muster was done.

In the afternoon there was a baseball game between the famous club of the Twelfth Infantry and the club of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. It was a stormy crowd of whites and blacks, and a stormy game; but the whites won with the greatest ease. After the game I walked through the camp with the colonel. The men were big fellows, and some of them splendidly made, and the invariable testimony of the officers is that they make good soldiers. As cavalrymen they are apt to be heavy-handed and to lounge in their saddles, which on long marches makes sore backs.

"I got completely tired of answering one question coming down here," said the colonel—"'Will they fight?' and finally, at Nashville, I called up a big six-feet-two sergeant, who is a very intelligent fellow, and I got the civilian to ask him the question that he had asked me. The sergeant drew himself up to his full height. 'Sir,' he said, 'I refer you to the history of the late war;' and he said no more. In that war they led a forlorn hope, at Nashville" (I think); "they lost their officers in one charge against a battery, were forced back, rallied and charged up the hill without officers, and took the position. I know of no other similar instance in the war. General Grant said that if at Petersburg the negro troops had been properly supported he would have marched to Richmond. Nor is it true that harsh talk and harsh means are necessary to properly discipline them. I find them sensitive to kindness and appreciative of good and just treatment. As to their fighting qualities, I believe that in the Indian troubles they fought as bravely as the whites, did as gallant things, and were even less considerate of their lives. The trouble is going to be to restrain them when their blood is up."

Apparently this may be true.

"I want to see a heart beat," said one small, black, savage private. "I've always wanted to see a heart beat, and the fust Spaniard I ketch I'm going to cut him open and look at his heart beat."

The members of the Ninth, the "black war-cloud" (and, by-the-way, the officers of that regiment modestly disclaim this title), were keen to get to Cuba. The negro regiments left at Chickamauga are chafing to start; and it is odd, but they seem to think that the colored regiments of the army alone can drive the Spaniards from the island.

It was guard-mount when I got back to the camp of the Third. Out marched the band in full uniform and the corps of trumpeters. Out came the relief guard, and out marched the adjutant from his tent on the hill. It is not often that the regimental band has the opportunity to play other music than a march, and while the guns flash during inspection there is always a slow tune of pathos that must be greatly responsible for the hold that the ceremony has on the hearts of soldier and civilian. There is no band in the camp that is superior to the Third, and certainly no chief trumpeter who, in lieu of the drum-major, can swing his naked sabre with more dash and vim, while the band performs a few evolutions before it sinks into silence, and, as the relief guard marches toward the woods, withdraws for the night. The sun sinks rapidly now. The dusk falls, and the pines begin the dirge of the many dead who died under them five-and-thirty years ago. They have a new and ominous chant now—a chant of premonition for those who may die, for the gallant soldiers who are eager to show that the heroic mould in which their sires were cast is still casting the sons to-day. Now from the darkness glow camp fires far and wide over the battle-field.

Around the little fire on the hill sits the colonel, with his fine, kind Irish face, Irish eye, and Irish wit of tongue. Near him the stern old Indian-fighter Chaffee, with strong brow, deep eyes, long jaw, firm mouth, strong chin; the adjutant, a kindly, courteous Southerner; and the acting quartermaster, a superb specimen of Kentucky manhood. The two colonels are telling war stories, while the rest listen. Every now and then a horse looms from the darkness, and a visiting officer swings into the light. Then comes tattoo, and finally, far, far away, a trumpet is sounding "taps," then another, and another, and another still. At last, when all is quiet, taps rises once more out of the darkness somewhere to the left. This last trumpeter is an artist, and he knows his theme, and he knows his power. The rest have simply given a command:

"Lights out!"

Lights out of the soldier's camp, they say. Lights out of the soldier's life, says this one, sadly; and out of his life just now, perhaps, something as dear as life itself:

"Love, good-night."

It is a dirge that leads the dead soldier to his grave. But after "taps" is sounded over him, it is always a stirring march that leads his fellows back to camp. And so, from the colonel on top of the hill back to the trooper at the bottom—from the civilian to the Third, once more, and with good-luck ever,

"How?"

John Fox, Jr.

KEY WEST.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

May 2.

Around the fair Cuban coast is drawn the stern cordon of blockade; all day in sight of town and city or cruising far out at sea, ever watchful and ready, are the lead-colored ships of the North Atlantic Squadron. Rolling in the heavy swell when the north wind whips the strong Gulf current, or drifting slowly in the white heat of still tropic days, or lost in the gloom of night, they are as constantly present. The stroke of the engine-room gong will send them forging ahead in an instant for the suspicious light, or trailing smoke of passing steamer, or fleck of distant sail on far horizon. To officers and men this is a wearying task, taxing strength and tiring the watchful eye. The hail of the lookout and prospect of sharp work would be welcomed with joy. And things have happened during the week that are worth telling about, and one that brings a smile of calm amusement to our officer's face is the tale of how the *Mangrove* captured the *Panama* of Barcelona richly laden for Havana, and known since last Wednesday to be *en route* from New York. Armed and equipped, and with speed sufficient to run away from more than one of her foes, "some torpedo fellow will get her," no doubt; but the race was not to the swift in this case. On Monday afternoon about 5.30 o'clock the innocent-looking and comfortable light-house-tender, converted into a man-of-war by mounting two 6-pounder guns on her forward deck, her big derrick boom in its usual place, and the big hoisting machine that was not meant for hoisting Spanish ships out of water, but at least looked dangerous to our Spanish captain, Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Everett, pacing the deck of his improvised fighter, discovered the approaching *Panama*, and chased after her, and might be chasing her yet but for the sharp ring of his 6-pounder gun that sent a solid shot after the fleeing ship, and then two more, aimed to be sufficiently near to be heard but not felt. Getting near enough by this time, Lieutenant-Commander Everett hailed the *Panama*, and informed her captain that if he did not stop, the next shot would be through his ship, and not over it. How that was translated we don't know, but it had the desired effect, and her engines were promptly reversed. There was a big crew and a lot of passengers on the *Panama*, and also two 14-pounder guns mounted amidships, and a machine-gun on the bridge, all of which her captors noted.

The crew of the *Mangrove* all told amounted to thirty-five men, and there was but one pistol on board, and no other small-arms except officers' swords. So Ensign Dayton buckled his bravely on, borrowed the pistol, and with a couple of sailors climbed up the black sides of the prize and took possession. Both ships then moved off in search of the *Indiana*, from whom Commander Everett purposed borrowing a prize crew, for he had no men to spare, and if his prize took a notion, she might try to get away from so small a force. So the guns were kept pointed at her, and after a while the *Indiana* was found, and a prize crew furnished for the *Panama*, while the Jackies grinned with joy at the discomfited Spaniard. After reporting to the flag-ship, Commander Everett convoyed his capture into Key West.

Paymaster Simpson had a lively experience in bringing the schooner *Tres Hermanas*, with eighty tons of sugar, into port. She was captured Tuesday, off Cardenas, her crew taken off, with the exception of her Captain, who made himself very useful as cook. Paymaster Simpson, with three sailors as prize crew, took charge of the *Tres Hermanas*, and made sail for Key West. On Wednesday they struck a gale of wind with heavy head-seas, and for four days had plenty to do keeping the little schooner afloat. They finally brought her in safe on Saturday.

On Wednesday at 8 A.M. the *Terror* again made a capture, this time the fine steamer *Guido*, from Corunna, Spain, to Havana, with 750 tons of canned provisions. The *Terror* was about seven miles off Cardenas when the *Guido* came along with her lights out, and running away as fast as possible from the *Machias*, which had first discovered her. Two shots were fired at her, and she refused to stop, when a 6-pounder was aimed for her bridge, and struck fair, knocking out her standard compass and injuring the man at the wheel. This stopped the *Guido*, and Lieutenant E. F. Qualtrough and Carpenter Williard, with four marines and three sailors, took her in charge and navigated her to Key West, where she was anchored in Man-of-War Harbor. On Thursday night the injured sailor was taken to the hospital and cared for.

The *Ambrosio A. Bolivar*, with about $70,000 in silver on board, was also captured by the *Terror* and brought to Key West. The silver was hidden, and came to light in looking over the ship's cargo; it is mostly in small coin.

On Friday afternoon the *New York*, accompanied by the torpedo-boats *Porter* and *Ericsson*, left the Havana station and went off Mariel, twenty-four miles west of Havana, where the *Castine* is keeping guard over two small Spanish gunboats. There was an intention of bombarding the place, but we were disappointed, as nothing occurred, and the *New York* and torpedo-boats went on as far as Cabañas, off which place we arrived about six o'clock. The *New York* a little in advance, with the two torpedo-boats lying near, was fired on by a coast-guard of cavalry. The shots did no harm, however, and were answered in a minute by a puff of pink smoke from the *New York's* port battery, followed in quick succession by twelve shots from her 4-inch guns, when the cavalry disappeared, but came back again as the *New York* moved off, when she again opened fire with an 8-inch gun, the last two shots being aimed by Captain Chadwick himself, and all struck fairly in the midst of the troopers, the last shot sending a group of them flying in seventeen directions. It was nearly dark by this time, and the ships then turned back for Havana.

The *Panther*, with 700 marines on board, arrived on Saturday, all in good order. On Sunday the *Vicksburg* and *Wasp* arrived, having been well shaken up in the rough weather outside, and the *Vicksburg* losing a man overboard. The *New York*, *Indiana*, *Iowa*, *Detroit*, and the Monitors *Puritan* and *Amphitrite* are off the port for coal and fresh provisions, and when they move out again the cry and hope is "on to Havana." The navy to a man is ready and impatient, and only waits the order to open the second chapter in this war of expulsion.

Carlton T. Chapman.

MAJOR-GENERALS OF THE VOLUNTEER ARMY.

In the appointment of officers for our new volunteer army four major-generals were taken from civil life, but three of them are graduates from the West Point Military Academy, and all have won distinction in military service. It is a noteworthy circumstance that in the civil war, which is separated from the present time by a full generation, two of them were prominent officers in the army of the Confederacy which was trying to destroy the Union, and the other two served with equal zeal and little less prominence among the defenders of the Union. The appointments may be regarded as one of the evidences of a complete reunion between North and South.

The new major-general whose name is most familiar is Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia, late Consul-General at Havana. He belongs to a distinguished family, being a great-grandson of General Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry" of Revolutionary fame, and a nephew of Robert E. Lee, the most conspicuous military figure of the "Confederate States." His father, Sydney Smith Lee, served thirty years in the United States navy. The present General was born at Clermont, Fairfax County, Virginia, November 19, 1835, and entered the Military Academy at West Point before he was seventeen years of age, being graduated in 1856. When the war broke out he "went with his State," and resigned from the army to take service in the Confederacy. He was first Adjutant-General on the staff of General Ewell, but in September, 1861, was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry. He was soon promoted to be Colonel, and became a Brigadier-General in July, 1862, and Major-General in September, 1863. In the battle of Winchester, in September, 1864, he had three horses shot under him and received a severe wound, which disabled him for several months. In March, 1865, he was placed in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and had occasion a month later to surrender to General Meade. General Lee was under thirty years of age when the war closed, and was among the first to accept the result with cheerfulness and good faith. He delivered a patriotic address at the Bunker Hill celebration in 1874, which attracted wide attention. He afterwards served in Congress, and in 1885 was elected Governor of Virginia, and became an exceptionally popular chief magistrate. He was appointed Consul-General at Havana by President Cleveland, and was retained by the present administration in consequence of his able, zealous, and discreet service at that difficult post until impending hostilities with Spain led to its abandonment.

General Joseph Wheeler was another of the dashing cavalry officers of the Confederacy. He was born at Augusta, Georgia, and was graduated at West Point in 1859. He resigned to enter the Confederate service, and was at once made Colonel of the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry, serving in the Southwest. He commanded a brigade at Shiloh, but in July, 1862, was transferred to the cavalry and placed in command under General Braxton Bragg in the Kentucky campaign of that year. He had charge of the cavalry in a persistent contest against the advance of Rosecrans. He became a Major-General near the beginning of 1863, and commanded the Confederate cavalry at Chickamauga, and afterwards captured the national line of communication in the rear of Rosecrans, doing much damage in the raid. He was the most active and energetic of the commanders fighting Sherman's advance through the South, and made a vigorous effort to destroy his communications. Failing in this, he undertook the defence of Savannah, and tried desperately to check Sherman's triumphant progress. He was promoted to Lieutenant-General in February, 1865, and was in command of the cavalry under Joseph E. Johnston at the time of the surrender. After the war he engaged in cotton-planting in Alabama, and also became a lawyer, and has served several times in Congress, being still a member.

General James H. Wilson was born at Shawneetown, Illinois, September 2, 1837, and was graduated at West Point in 1860, and assigned to the corps of topographical engineers. He took part in the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, and, as aide-de-camp of General McClellan, was present at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. He was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers in November, 1862, and as Chief Topographical Engineer and Inspector-General of the Army of the Tennessee took an active part in the siege of Vicksburg. In 1863 he became Captain of Engineers and Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was engaged in the operations about Chattanooga. In 1864 he was transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and had command of a cavalry division under Sheridan during the Shenandoah campaign. Later in the year he was placed in command of a cavalry corps in the Department of the Mississippi, where he effectively supported Generals Thomas and Sherman, and especially the latter on his famous march of destruction and occupation toward the sea. It was a part of his force that captured Jefferson Davis. Wilson was a Major-General of Volunteers at the end of the war, and received a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. He left the army in 1870, and has since been engaged in railroad and engineering operations.

Major-General William J. Sewell, of the volunteer army, is the well-known Senator and political leader of New Jersey, where he has long been prominent in railroad and other business enterprises, as well as in politics. He was born in Ireland, December 6, 1835, but came to the United States, an orphan, in 1851. He was engaged in business in Chicago when the war broke out, but happening to be in the East at the time, he took service as Captain in a New Jersey regiment. He became a Colonel in October, 1862, and General Mott being wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, he commanded the brigade, and was himself wounded while leading a brilliant charge. He was also wounded at Gettysburg, and served bravely on various battle-fields. He was made a Brevet Major-General at the end of the war, for his gallant and meritorious services. He settled at Camden, New Jersey, and served a number of years in the New Jersey Legislature, being President of its Senate during three sessions. He has been a delegate in every Republican National Convention since 1876, and has served long on the National Committee of the party. He is a United States Senator for the second time.

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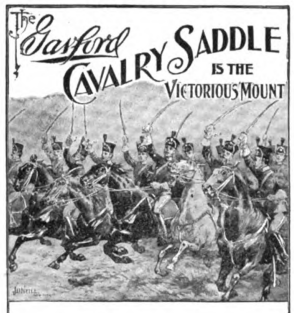


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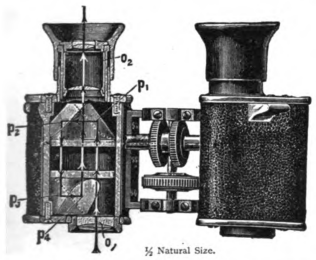

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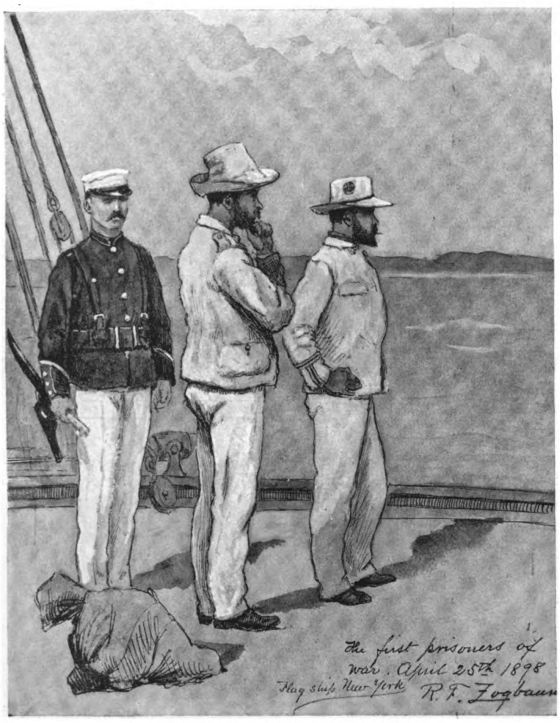
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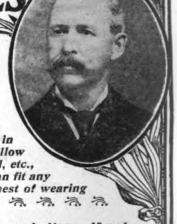
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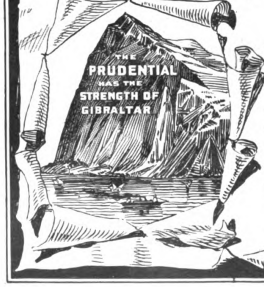
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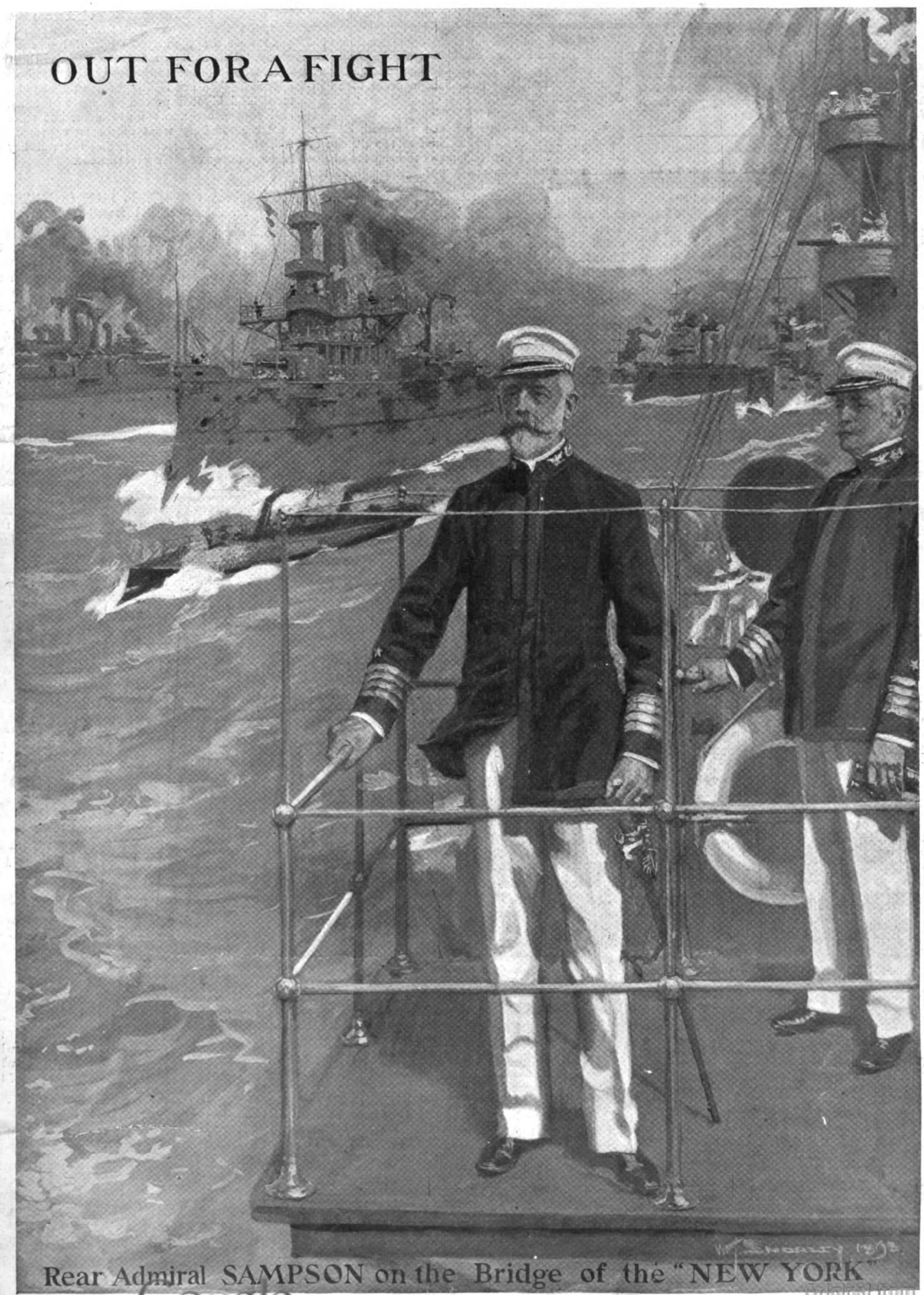
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2161. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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OUT FOR A FIGHT



Rear Admiral SAMPSON on the Bridge of the "NEW YORK"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 21, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
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T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, will contribute a Series of Articles, begun last week, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War.*

THE history of the conduct of the war to this date has furnished a number of illustrations of the incapacity of Congress to command the military forces, and the folly of its control of the fate of the nation in war. By reason of Congressional disregard of the military service, the army was entirely unfit to enter into the war when Congress declared it, and now that the troops are in the field, it is found that provision has not been made for their comfort, or even for the care of their health, nor is it being made with much intelligence. We do not make a special point of the appointment to staff positions of a number of young men who are absolutely unfitted and unqualified for the places to which they have been named, because influence, nepotism, political pulls, and all that sort of thing are to be expected to be peculiarly and offensively obvious whenever a democracy goes to war. Moreover, we think that Mr. MCKINLEY has done pretty well in this respect. But it is clear, from all that has happened, that history is to repeat itself, and that if the war is not ended quickly, we shall learn again the old lesson that instructed officers and disciplined men are essential to the proper conduct of a war. This lesson we have invariably learned thus far only after a serious disaster, the result of ignorance and incompetency. Fortunately, in this war the navy begins, and the naval commands are, at any rate so far, beyond the reach of men with nothing but social or political influence to recommend them, seasickness being a great deterrent to the naval ambitions of soft civilians.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND added to the forest reserve, increasing the gross area from about twenty millions to forty millions of acres. Since then the politicians from the lumber States have been trying their utmost to secure the revocation of the order, and having failed to prevail upon the Executive to work this wickedness, they finally persuaded the Senate to resolve that it ought to be done. The House, however, refused to agree, and it is to be hoped that the scheme will be finally defeated in conference committee. These reserves were made in accordance with the recommendation of the Forest Commission of 1896. They are for the benefit of the agricultural regions of the Northwest. All of them are upon mountains, except those in the extreme northern part of the West and those in the belt near the Pacific, and the preservation of the forests upon them is partly for the purpose of promoting the irrigation of the otherwise dry lands at the foot of the hills. It is not intended that the reserved lands shall be withdrawn from use, but that the danger to them from fire and unscientific cutting shall be minimized. The agricultural interest of the dry regions demands that the reserves shall be maintained as they were fixed by Presidents HARRISON and CLEVELAND. Those who suggest the rescinding the order are the men who want to steal the lumber.

WE call attention once more to the reports published in some of the daily newspapers as to the proposed movements of troops and fleets. Perhaps the government is deceiving the newspapers for the purpose of misleading the enemy, because naturally all the plans of campaign that appear in the daily press are read in Madrid within twenty-four hours of their publication here. This view is strengthened by the self-contradictory character of the newspaper plans of campaign. If the government has taken this method of minimizing the efforts of the yellow journals to defeat the country and bring success to the Spanish arms, well and good; but if it be true, as a Washington correspondent of one of the New York dailies has stated on more than one occasion, that he and his newspaper are discovering and printing news of the actual intentions of the military authorities, he and the managing editor of the paper, if not the proprietor, ought to be treated as Spanish spies. They are doing the work of spies, and much more efficient work than spies ordinarily are capable of, provided always they are telling the truth when they point out the spot at which our troops are to be landed in Cuba, and designate the time when the landing is to take place. Not many days ago a reporter of one of the New York dailies endangered the lives and risked the success of a small landing party in Cuba by premature publication of its designs. Why would not the summary incarceration of a babbling reporter or a consenting editor be a timely warning against the severer methods that must be resorted to if this practice continues to be indulged in?

WE regret to hear of the removal of Mr. WORTHINGTON C. FORD as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. Mr. FORD has made the reports of the bureau the most valuable publications that the government has ever issued. His work has been entirely that of a statistician, and of an extremely able statistician. Since Mr. DAVID A. WELLS was a government official no one has contributed so much as Mr. FORD has done to the economic knowledge of the world from a study of the transactions of the government and of commerce. Nearly all of his predecessors have used their office for partisan purposes, and the statistics of the government have generally been simply contributions to party literature. The government loses a devoted and valuable public servant in Mr. FORD, while the Bureau of Statistics again becomes practically worthless. We understand that Mr. AUSTIN, who succeeds Mr. FORD, has been appointed solely because he was of assistance to Mr. HANNA in the Presidential campaign of 1896. Mr. FORD'S removal, or his enforced resignation, was the result of a particularly contemptible bit of political management. He was protected by the civil service law, and his place could not be filled except through a competitive examination or by the transfer of some one already in the Treasury Department. Consequently a place was made for Mr. AUSTIN, in order that his appointment might be technically a transfer.

BOTH President and Congress have recognized the value of Admiral DEWEY'S victory at Manila, and the thanks of Congress and the promotion which is so richly deserved possess the fine flower of promptitude, so essential an element of true gratitude. When Admiral DEWEY'S full report reaches the country it will undoubtedly be found that there are other officers, and perhaps some sailors, worthy of distinguished merit for that occasion. The victory at Manila ranks very high among naval victories because of the thorough and workmanlike manner in which the battle was fought. Admiral DEWEY'S entrance into the harbor, notwithstanding the mines planted there and the forts that defended its entrance, was an act of great boldness. His work was quick, sharp, and decisive, and the American fleet being once in the harbor of Manila, the result that followed was almost inevitable. Nothing but ill luck could have prevented the victory. Admiral DEWEY'S certainty and quickness were not the work of the moment. They were the consequences of long and careful preparation. More than a year ago he determined that in case of a war with Spain work was to be done at the Philippines, and that there probably the first blow would be struck. With this in his mind he made a thorough study of the islands and their harbors, and determined precisely the character of the first attack. Then he applied for command of the Asiatic station. The victory at Manila, in the light of these facts, not only affords another example of the skill and courage of American officers and sailors, but is a new illustration of the value of preparedness in military operations.

WE are hearing a great deal about Spanish honor and Spanish valor from Spanish statesmen and their European admirers, and from some of our own writers of the press. Frankly, we do not believe that the Spanish people, as a people, are distinguished for courage beyond other people, and we know that their own boastings about their honor are as idle as the boastings of the New York daily press about its achievements. Many of the Spaniards are cowards, and most of them are treacherous. The conduct of the commanding officer at the arsenal at Cavité, after he had raised a flag of truce, is characteristic of the Spaniard. Commander LAMBERTON, seeing the flag of truce, went ashore to receive the surrender, when he was told that the flag of truce meant nothing, and he was surrounded by an armed guard while he conversed with the Spanish commander. If the guns of the *Petrel* had not been trained upon the arsenal, we have no doubt whatever that the Spaniards, having lured the commander and his officers and men ashore by the flag of truce, would have murdered them. That they did not murder them, and did actually and finally surrender, was due to the fact that they were afraid to carry out their desires. Another incident characteristic of Spaniards was the attempt to lure the American squadron into a narrow channel on the assurance that there were no torpedoes there. As a matter of fact, the channel was found to be as full of torpedoes as the Spaniards were of lies and treachery. It is always better to recognize the truth, even when the truth injures the reputation of one's enemies. We are fighting a contemptible, mediæval, and bigoted power, among whose soldiers and sailors are many brave men, but who, as a race, are precisely what might be expected from their bigotry, their cruelty, and the venality and incompetency of their government.

THOSE WHO HELP THE COUNTRY, AND THOSE WHO DO NOT.

THE war has begun, and the country has the support and the services of all of its best citizens. Now that the call to duty and to sacrifice has been made, there is no longer any hesitation, especially on the part of those who thought that war might have been avoided, and that the substantial gains of the President's diplomacy ought to have inured to the benefit of the country, and to its protection against the evils and losses of war. But all the efforts of those who wished to avoid the evil day were in vain, and war came. We ventured to predict not only that the patriotism of those who dreaded war would at once be manifested in the most significant manner the moment the necessity was presented, but that those who were most noisy and most efficient in bringing on the conflict would be the last to risk their persons at the front. We excepted Mr. ROOSEVELT from the general mass of Jingoes, because we think we are familiar with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S leading trait. He is an Anglophile of the most extravagant kind, and is consumed with a burning, and what we hold to be an unwise, desire that this government shall abandon its ancient traditions, and even modify its form and purpose, in order to imitate colonizing Great Britain. Mr. ROOSEVELT is as earnest as he is un-American, and mingled with his love of English methods and his mania for imitating them is a strong inherent passion for the fray. We do not agree with Mr. ROOSEVELT, but we respect his sincerity and his courage, and have therefore excepted him from the shouting company in which he found himself in the preliminary stages before the war.

At present he is shoulder to shoulder with those who dreaded war and its evil consequences, and who tried to avoid it to the best of their ability, but who are now behind the country in its evil day with their possessions and their lives. There is no organized body that better represents these conservative citizens than the Chamber of Commerce of New York. Other like bodies are equally representative: but this one has spoken, and what it has said is expressive of the sentiments and the purposes of the industrial body throughout the country. Our merchant guilds have never failed the country when they have been called upon to make sacrifice or incur danger for her. The merchants of the land are themselves representatives of its Americanism. The bankers, the professional men, the farmers, the mechanics, the working-men, and the merchants make up the body of our citizenship; and whatever may be their differences of opinion in times when peace permits of difference, they are always united when the country needs them for its defence. For all these the organized merchants usually speak—at least what the merchants say at such a time is usually what is thought by all who make the prosperity of the country; for the merchants speak not as merchants, but as citizens, and what they express is the feeling and thought of good citizenship.

Not many days ago the Chamber of Commerce spoke its word on the subject of the war. It had been for peaceful measures, and it had given its support strongly to the President in his efforts to find a peaceful solution of the fast-crowding difficulties between the United States and Spain. When, however, peaceful efforts had failed, it had to say, on motion of Mr. SETH LOW, that the "people

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of the United States, by the almost unanimous action of their government, are at war with Spain for the purpose of securing for the people of Cuba a free and stable government"; "that every instinct of humanity and patriotism demands that in such a controversy the people sustain the government with all their power"; that the Chamber of Commerce, "mindful of its own loyal and patriotic past, pledge its unqualified and hearty support to the President and Congress"; that the Chamber will "willingly and heartily bear its share of the common burdens, whatever they may be, to the end that such a peace may speedily be obtained as will inure to the benefit of our Cuban neighbors, and to the domestic quiet and prosperity of the United States." A committee of distinguished men was appointed "to take such action as may from time to time be necessary in order to give to this action of the Chamber its greatest possible efficiency and value." Then the Chamber passed a vote of thanks to Commodore DEWEY and to the gallant officers and sailors of the Asiatic squadron.

Among the members of the committee appointed "to give to this action of the Chamber its greatest possible efficiency and value" are Mr. LOW, ex-Governor MORTON, Mr. CARL SCHURZ, Mr. ABRAM S. HEWITT, and Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD. They are not Jingoes, and they had hoped for peace, but all who know them and their associates will entertain no doubt that so long as the country is at war they will stand ready to devote themselves—all that they are and all that they have—to her service. And they will do this because they are good citizens and gentlemen to whom duty is always the first consideration, and who believe profoundly that the maintenance and defence of the republic constitute a sacred duty. The merchants of this country, and the great body of producers and distributers—the industrial army that has made this country great and prosperous—upon whom republican institutions must depend in the troublous times that, we fear, are coming to us, and for whom the Chamber of Commerce spoke as absolutely as it spoke for itself—these are the men whose forebears fought and suffered with WASHINGTON to make the republic and with GRANT to save it. From the ranks of industrial and quiet men are now coming the volunteers who must bear the burden of this war, and out of the savings of the same people must come the money to build the ships, to buy the arms, and to clothe and feed the soldiers and sailors who are doing the fighting. These men must now sustain the credit of the country, as they sustained it in the early days of the war of secession, and again, five years ago, when the advocates of free coinage and irredeemable paper brought upon the country a panic which seriously involved the government itself. The money and the troops are coming from the sober citizens of the land who, like the Chamber of Commerce, recognize that, after all, the war was inevitable. They know now, as Mr. LOW expressed it, that "events beyond our control have created in both countries a public feeling which has rendered the people of each country, for the time being, probably incapable of doing full justice to each other. Under these circumstances," he added, "war has come; and, in view of these circumstances, it seems to me it may justly be said that war was inevitable." The people, as we have said before, believe in the righteousness of their cause, and now that they are actually face to face with the Spaniard, whom they despise, and whose barbarous and venal government they abhor, they will fight with the consciousness that they are carrying on a holy war; that, to quote again from Mr. LOW's speech in support of the Chamber of Commerce resolutions, "they are fighting the battle of humanity and the battle of civilization." The promise that the Chamber of Commerce has made will be fulfilled.

In the mean time what do we hear from the Jingoes who lashed the country into the war, who filled the ears of the people with lies, and who would not permit the humane objects for which we are now engaged in war to be accomplished by peaceful methods? Mr. ROOSEVELT has become a lieutenant-colonel, while Mr. BAILEY, Senator ALLEN, Senator MORGAN, Senator TILLMAN, and the rest of the gallant crew of shouters are doing their utmost to prevent the government from obtaining the means to carry on the war. They hurried us into the contest before we were ready. They brought on the war at a time when we had no troops to support the navy. They have thrown obstacles in the way of nearly every effort to make the army more efficient. They have insulted the instructed officers of the army, and have refused to provide even the necessaries of life for the volunteers. They stand stubbornly in the way of providing the money needed for the war which their shouting has precipitated. The Treasury is really without funds that may properly be used to meet the emergency appropriation of $50,000,000, and yet the Democrats and Populists insist that no money shall be borrowed. In the place of bonds they propose a burdensome and vexatious scheme of taxation, the coinage of the seigniorage on silver in the Treasury, something which is non-existent, and the issue of $150,000,000 of greenbacks. If this scheme which is recommended by the Senate Finance Committee should peradventure go through, the credit of the country would sink towards the level of Spains, and gold would at once begin to disappear. This expresses the height and substance of the patriotism of the passed Democratic leaders. They are against bonds, although bonds are necessary, because they love their monetary theories better than they love their country. They are for greenbacks and impracticable taxation, because they love their party better than they love their country. This is as we expected. The yellow journals are doing their utmost to betray the country by revealing the secrets of the campaign, and the yellow statesmen are working the war for silver and themselves. Meanwhile the conservative men who dreaded war are paying for it, and are at the front ready to fight it.

PUBLIC LIFE AS A CAREER.

THE resignation of the Secretaryship of State by JOHN SHERMAN severs almost the last link which connects the public men of the closing years of the century with the generation that occupied the stage when the civil war broke out. Mr. SHERMAN entered the lower branch of Congress in 1855, and he has been a member of one or other branch, or has held a seat in the cabinet, ever since. Senator MORRILL of Vermont, who was sworn in as representative the same day with Mr. SHERMAN, has also held office in Washington continuously for about forty-three years; but there is no other public man now conspicuous whose career opened earlier than 1861.

Mr. SHERMAN is a type of the man who, half a century ago, aspired to a career in the public service, and found conditions under which his ambition might be realized. Such a man then must needs be a person of intellectual force, capable of developing policies of government, skilful in the championship of such policies, effective in carrying them out when he should have converted the electorate to his views. It was the expectation of "the fathers" that the highest ability in the land would be attracted by the opportunities of public life, and that there would be no obstacle to the entrance of such ability.

This expectation is no longer realized. There are still men of the traditional type in high station, but they constitute the exceptions rather than the rule. Mr. SHERMAN'S successor in the Senate represents another and very different type. Without any experience in office before his elevation to the upper branch of Congress, and without any of those qualifications which were once held indispensable, MARK HANNA would have been laughed at if he had sought high place in Ohio when SHERMAN and GIDDINGS and CHASE represented the standard in that State.

The falling off is even more striking in other States. Think of New York in the Senate, with EDWARD MURPHY representing one of the great parties and THOMAS C. PLATT the other! Turn to Pennsylvania, with QUAY and PENROSE standing for the political organization which prides itself upon having by far the larger part of the intelligence and morality of the commonwealth in its ranks! Consider WILLIAM E. MASON as a successor in the Senate to LYMAN TRUMBULL from Illinois! One does not need to multiply illustrations to show that public life does not now secure the type of man that it commanded a generation ago.

What explains the change? One cause which has been at work is seldom recognized. This is the immense attractiveness and the vast rewards of an industrial career during the period since the civil war. Intellectual ability, executive talent, the capacity to bring things to pass, have found a scope for action in the United States in this field such as was never before presented anywhere in the world. The utilization of steam, and more recently of electricity; the development of transportation systems; the cultivation of great industries—these have tempted into their service not merely the born inventor, but also the man who in an age of less material activity would have thought first of public life.

This temptation from the outside has been accompanied by obstacles on the inside. The high-minded man of intellectual force, with a natural interest in the problems of government and a laudable ambition to help in solving them, has found it increasingly difficult to secure even a foothold in public life. The growth of the machine has made the very entrance upon such a career under self-respecting conditions impossible in the State of Pennsylvania, and the conditions are only less intolerable in other parts of the country. The man with a mind of his own is not wanted, and will not be endured, by the boss.

What is the outlook for public life in this country during the first half of the next century? Are the young men of marked ability, lofty ambition, and high aims, who are now coming upon the stage of action, to be found in our chief offices twenty, thirty, and forty years hence? There will undoubtedly be attractions in the industrial world to tempt them by the promise of large material rewards. But these attractions will not alone suffice to divert them. Plenty of men will disregard such considerations if they can honorably secure offices in which they feel that they can be useful and happy on incomes only a fifth or a tenth what they might make elsewhere.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Sunday, May 8.—Despatches from Hong-kong, beyond all comparison the news of to-day, amplify and, as to certain details, correct the account given under date of May 2.

Our fleet arrived at Subig Bay, about thirty miles north of Manila Bay, on Saturday, April 30. The *Baltimore* and the *Concord* were sent forward to reconnoitre. When they reported that they found no war-vessels at the entrance of Manila Bay, Dewey decided to risk the mines.

The flagship *Olympia*, the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Concord*, the *Boston*, the *Petrel*, and the *McCulloch*, in the order given, entered Manila Bay Saturday night, passing Corregidor Island at eight o'clock. When a mile beyond Corregidor, two shots were fired by the enemy, and the *Raleigh*, *Concord*, and *Boston* replied. Then the squadron proceeded slowly, so that it should be within striking distance of Manila just at daybreak. With a speed of eight knots, our ships first passed in front of the city. Two mines were exploded ahead of the *Olympia*; but, without faltering, and also without replying to the Spanish batteries (for to reply from that position would have been to send destruction into the city), the steady advance was maintained, until, at nineteen minutes of six o'clock, at a distance of 5500 yards, the *Olympia* fired her first shot at the Spanish forts, and presently the *Baltimore* and *Boston* attacked the forward vessels of the Spanish fleet. The *Olympia* steered for the centre of the Spanish line, until at a distance of four thousand yards the deep draught of our vessels constrained Dewey to change his course and run parallel to the Spanish column. Then the command was given, "Open with all guns!" Four runs along the Spanish line were made. Then the *Olympia's* navigator, finding the chart incorrect, told the Commodore he believed he could take the ship nearer the enemy. Accordingly the fifth course was run within two thousand yards. At this range even the 6-pounders were effective. The enemy's fire slackened, and it was seen that three of their vessels were burning. Action ceased temporarily at twenty-five minutes of eight o'clock, and the men had breakfast, while our ships remained beyond the range of the enemy's guns. At ten minutes of eleven "close action" was signalled, and with the *Baltimore* leading, the Americans approached to finish the work; but little power of resistance remained in the enemy's fleet or batteries. The *Raleigh*, *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Petrel* were sent into the inner harbor to bring the affair to a quick conclusion, and here the *Petrel*, with her rapid and accurate firing, showed herself particularly efficient, her light draught enabling her to approach within one thousand yards. After the battle the policy of the victor towards the city seems to be pretty accurately summed up in a phrase of the despatch dated Cavité, May 4: "Will protect foreign residents." Dewey anchored his fleet off Manila, and sent notice of blockade to Augusti. Coupled with this notice was a warning that if a single shot were fired at the American vessels the town would be bombarded.

Monday, May 9.—In his message to Congress to-day President McKinley says: "By the 4th of May Commodore Dewey had taken possession of the naval station at Cavité, destroying the fortifications there and at the entrance of the bay, and paroling their garrisons. The waters of the bay are under his complete control. He has established hospitals within the American lines, where 250 of the Spanish sick and wounded are assisted and protected." The President continues: "I now recommend that . . . the thanks of Congress be given *Acting Rear-Admiral* George Dewey, of the United States Navy."

Tuesday, May 10.—Señor Sagasta, in the course of an interview, said that the Spanish government had done "everything to avoid a conflict—more even than it should have done. Then our adversaries began to treat us with contempt; war became inevitable. . . . The situation is very simple, and, unfortunately, cannot be concealed. Spain is desolated and ruined by internal troubles. The United States *has coveted Cuba for a long time.*"

Disturbances in the Spanish provinces are increasing. A despatch from Madrid says the rioting indicates a spirit of desperation due to the high price of bread.

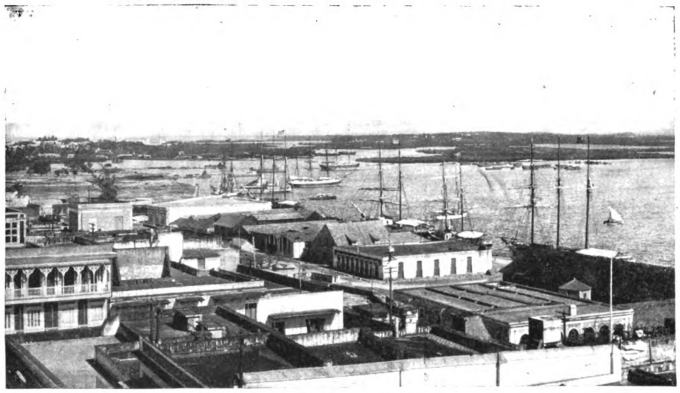
In New York and Chicago there were sensational advances in the price of wheat, especially in May and July futures, yesterday.

Information, characterized both as "official" and "unconfirmed," has been received that the Spanish fleet from Cape Verde Islands has returned to Cadiz.

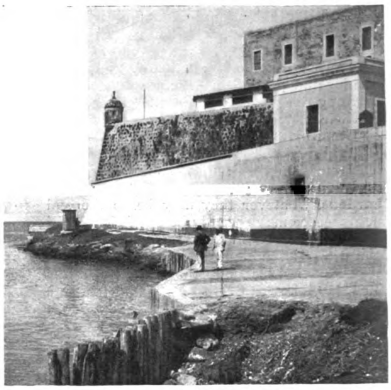
Despatches from Spain: Phenomenal fall in the exchange in favor of Spanish money, the rate yesterday having been 215, whereas this morning it fell to 195, and at the close offers were refused at 150. Rumored that the Bank of Paris and the Netherlands will provide funds for the next coupons on the bonds.

(*Continued on page 488*)

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WATER-FRONT AND HARBOR.



THE FORTIFICATIONS.



STREET OF THE CROSS.



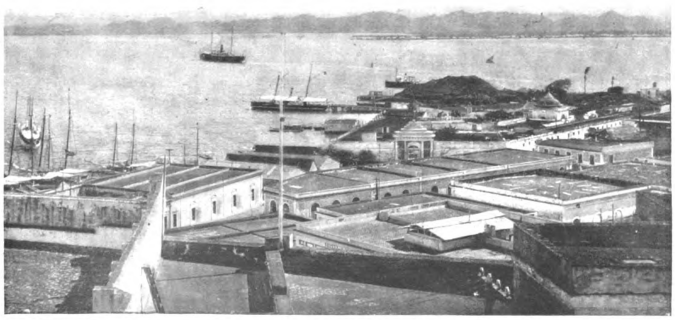
TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSES.



THE CITY FROM THE SEA-WALL.



PRINCESS PROMENADE.



THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM THE HOTEL INGLATERRA.



ANCIENT GATEWAY IN CITY WALL.

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA—SCENES IN THE CAPITAL OF PORTO RICO.

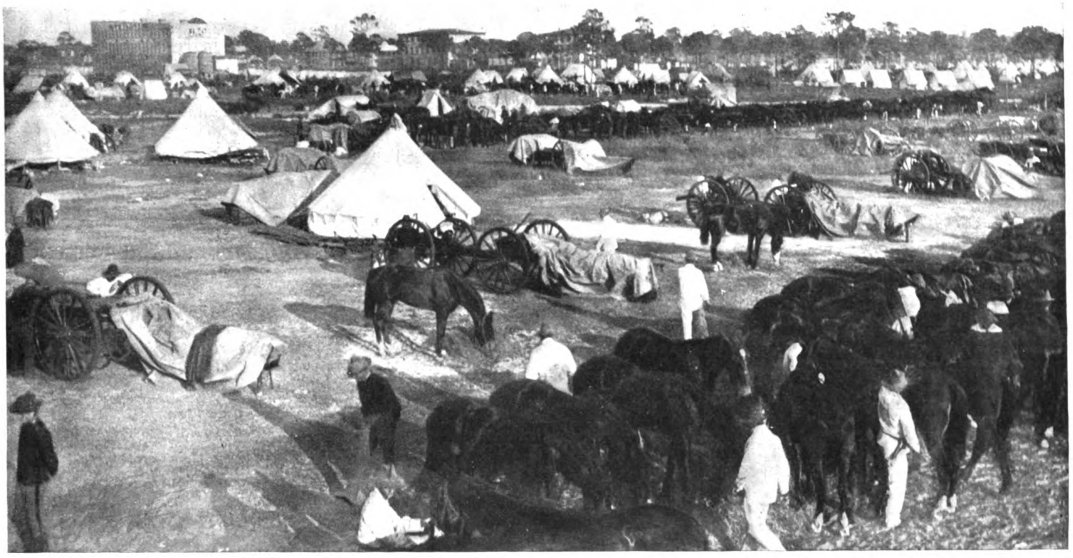
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STREET IN CAMP OF 9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED).



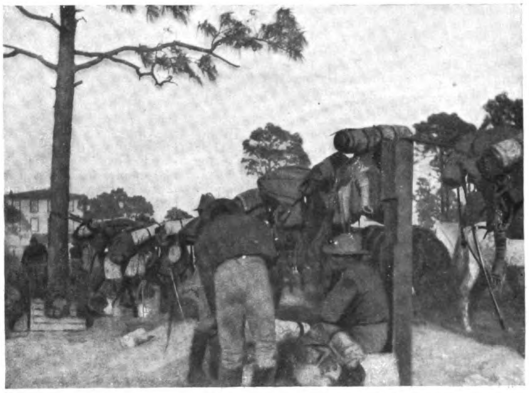
WATERING HORSES—9TH U. S. CAVALRY.



ARTILLERY CAMP DURING STABLE HOUR.



DETACHMENT OF CORPS OF ENGINEERS JUST ARRIVED FROM WEST POINT.



U. S. ARTILLERYMEN PACKING SADDLES.

WITH THE UNITED STATES REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA—BITS OF CAMP LIFE.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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LONDON.

April 30, 1898.

THE debate on foreign affairs was carried on in the House of Commons last night in the absence of any direct representative of the Foreign Office. Mr. Balfour, who spoke with his usual subtlety and charm, left upon the House somewhat the impression that they were listening to an irresolute amateur. In truth he had a hard case to sustain. But a few weeks elapsed between Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's dramatic threat of war to preserve the "open door" in China and the day when it was shut with a clang in the teeth of British protests. Mr. Balfour did not state the simple reason why the British ministry stood by and suffered the perfidy and mendacity of the Russian government to pass without other action than obtaining the reversion to Wei-hai-wei. Two ministers have explained to me in almost identical words the real reason why Great Britain permitted British men-of-war to be withdrawn from Port Arthur, the fifty-second article of the Treaty of Tien-tsin between England and China to be abrogated by Russia, and accepted without protest the falsification of the Tzar's sacred word within a week of his Majesty's pledge being given. The reason is this: Ministers believe that with the expenditure of sixty thousand lives and a thousand million of dollars Russia could have been turned out of Port Arthur. But when she had been turned out the military situation would have remained untouched, while a legacy of deadly hatred would have been transmitted to the next generation. And for what?

Port Arthur is not a trade centre, and, rightly or wrongly, ministers have decided that when England fights Russia the occasion shall be one that directly touches British interests. The theory in government circles is that Wei hai wei is an adequate answer to Port Arthur. There is much in this contention, but at the same time there is no doubt that ministers should have withheld credit from Russian assurances. They were deceived, and they ought not to have been deceived. In their favor, however, it may be said that France views Russia's advance in the Far East with growing suspicion. It is not to England's interest to do anything that would strengthen the gradual weakening of the tie between the two parties to the dual alliance. The result of the debate is undoubtedly damaging to Lord Salisbury and his nephew, and is therefore weakening to the ministry. Mr. Chamberlain is looked upon as the one strong man to whom the nation may turn in an emergency. His unpopularity in France reminds historical students of the hatred and suspicion inspired by Pitt in the minds of all Frenchmen. Lord Salisbury is a French tax-payer, and has a French home to which he continually resorts. He is a man of peace, and he is liked and respected by the tribe of Paris journalists who represent French opinion.

The conduct of foreign affairs in the centre of the British Empire at the present time is marked by features as peculiar as they are novel. Lord Salisbury, as all the world knows, is ill in the south of France. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Curzon, has also broken down in health, and has not been in his place in the House of Commons since the session began. He has two bodily ailments, either of which may cut short his career. Mr. Balfour, who, as well as being First Lord of the Treasury, is virtually acting Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons, is nevertheless compelled to add Mr. Curzon's Foreign Office responsibilities to his ordinary work in the Commons and at the Treasury. The demand on his strength is more than equal to his physical resources. Mr. Balfour, I have reason to know, is seriously anxious about Mr. Curzon's health. In a short time the chief administrative post under the crown, that of the Governor-Generalship of India, will have to be filled up. Mr. Curzon was one of the two alternative nominations contemplated by the government. It would have been an unsatisfactory and possibly dangerous appointment, partly because Mr. Curzon does not enjoy the physical health indispensable to an Indian Viceroy; and secondly, because two or three trips to India have given him a modicum of local knowledge which would probably strengthen his tendency to become his own adviser in technical matters.

The number of young men in training for statecraft is too few to enable the country to dispense with the services of one who, like Mr. Curzon, has spared neither pains nor trouble to acquaint himself with the meaning of the phrase "British Empire." His illness is producing unfortunate results in the administration of the Foreign Office. Now that both the Secretary of State and the Under-Secretary are ill, the actual work devolves upon the permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Thomas Sanderson. This gentleman belongs to the old school, and certainly he is not in touch with the modern spirit, while his immediate subordinates are not of that intellectual calibre which would enable them to make up for the deficiencies of their official chief. The Foreign Office is a close corporation. Into all the other public offices, with a possible exception of the Treasury, entrance is attainable by examination, the ablest men being first choice. In the Foreign Office a different procedure is followed. After obtaining the nomination of the Secretary of State for passing the necessary examination, the aspirant for employment in the one exclusive service still left as a preserve for the great families is sent for by the authorities. If his looks and manners, parentage and means, are agreeable to the powers that be, he obtains leave to work for several years without pay. In the course of time he is posted to a foreign embassy or legation as attaché. Promotion is extremely slow, and by the time an ambassadorship falls vacant his best years are behind him.

At no time has Great Britain been represented abroad by a larger proportion of mediocrities than is now the case. There is much, of course, to be said against the American system. At all events it does contrive to obtain virile and determined men who are not merely an amalgam of civility and sealing-wax. If the "F. O." as it is affectionately termed in the diplomatic service, and the embassies and legations are out of favor with the people, their displeasure is warranted. A few weeks ago I had a personal experience in this matter. A communication vitally affecting the interests of a considerable number of people was addressed to the Foreign Office. After waiting a fortnight without receiving an acknowledgment, a long and complicated letter on the same subject was addressed to the Colonial Office. Within six hours of its receipt the answer of the Secretary of State was in the hands of the writer. All this points to the necessity of more businesslike methods being introduced into the Foreign Department. That is equivalent to saying that more men of business must be introduced into high office. Hitherto members of the mercantile class have been permitted to attain cabinet rank as a favor. Since the Revolution the great governing families have looked on cabinet office as a monopoly for themselves and their nominees. Phenomena like Mr. Bright or Mr. Chamberlain, both of whom attained the highest position in the government of the country at one bound, are the exceptions. If the government of the empire is not to collapse, it must be conducted on business lines.

The fact that the Foreign Office in its present state of disorganization has to deal with such a government as that of France is a matter for sinister reflection. Look at the facts! The superior officers of the French army consider themselves as the depositaries of all power, but irresponsible, because distinct from and even hostile to the civil state. They plead special rights, immunity from the operations of civil law, and the possession of a separate code of honor. They are, in fact, a corporation above the law, above the courts, above the government. They are anti-civilian in feeling. They alone represent the physical force which is the dominant factor in human affairs, and override the French constitution with impunity when it so pleases them. Suspicious and disdainful of the elected civilian ministry, the latter are able to do nothing that displeases the omnipotent soldiery. To avoid "irritating the army" the French government is compelled not only to disregard, but to trample on the rights of other nations. Again and again Monsieur Hanotaux is said to have admitted the indefeasible rights of the British on the disputed question in South Africa, but he dare not yield redress or pay indemnity, because to do so would touch the pride of his military masters. The government of France to-day is a menace to the peace of the world, a rôle that has been displayed by successive forms of French government for many centuries.

The lawlessness of the French government is reflected in the press. The unanimity of objurgation against England for her attitude towards Spain and the United States is now the marked feature of the French press. The *Libre Parole* presents to the world French opinion in miniature, when it stigmatizes England as the hypocritical accomplice of the United States. "Their alliance is," it declares, "an ignominy; but it is just as well, perhaps, that they should work together, for the day upon which they will be called to account by international justice—the day when the British leech will be forced to disgorge, and Europe resolves to no longer tolerate the disgrace of allowing the law to be laid down by such assassins and malefactors as John Bull and Brother Jonathan—then it will have reason for congratulation that they will be able to invoke no excuse for mercy. They have been brothers in infamy, and history will sooner or later chastise them altogether." This language gives pointed, if undiplomatic, expression to Continental antipathies that are by no means confined to France. In Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy peoples and governments are antipathetic to the principles represented by the stars and stripes. A despatch from the Washington correspondent of the London *Times* that appeared on April 23 has attracted wide attention, because, after describing an interview with the President, the distinguished correspondent says that Mr. McKinley turns a somewhat "deaf ear to the warnings of the European Continent."

Do not let the American public make any mistake about the facts. If England is unpopular on the Continent it is partly because she is strong, and partly because she is not only free, but the friend of freedom in other lands. America is disliked among the despotisms for the same reasons. Continental powers know that the organized armed strength of the United States at the end of this war, let it end when it may, will make America a match for the great powers, whether in the Pacific or in the Atlantic. Foreigners perceive that the rescue of Cuba from Spanish brutality will introduce the United States into the circle of the great European powers. To her will fall the disposition of the Philippine Islands, and perhaps of Morocco—sweet morsels hankered after by Germany, by Japan, and by France. With the direct entry of the United States into the territorial interests of the wide world her rôle in the drama of the next century will be a leading one.

Furthermore, the policy of Spain may be to make of the war a succession of slow campaigns, and thus to render the capture of Cuba but one incident in a long struggle. European nations, other than Great Britain, regard the approach to the shores of Spain of the great Western influence with feelings of abhorrence, dismay, and surprise. They are beginning to see that while for Spain there are two ways out of the trouble that besets her, for the United States there is but one. Whatever the cost, and whatever the sacrifice, the American republic cannot stay her hand until Spain has been driven out of her colonial empire in East and West. And, lastly, they know that whatever suffering may be caused to the Spaniards, and whatever steps are taken by the United States to insure victory, and however needless the war may have been, America will command the firm friendship of England. I have taken pains to discover the qualifications of the persons responsible for the principal attacks on America that have appeared in the London press, so far as they have come under my notice. In each case I learn that the writer has visited neither Spain nor the States. Alien influences have inspired utterances which no writer of true English blood could have penned. With regard to the working-men and the middle classes, there is nothing to report. The keenest interest is taken. Newspapers are published several times a day, including Sundays, but not a single daily paper of influence is found to break the consensus of anxious solicitude for the speedy success of American arms.

Still, those London letters, to be of any value to thinking men, must form an accurate miniature or reflection of English opinion, and must not be merely an echo of pleasant things which the American public may naturally desire to hear. I have taken considerable pains to ascertain how far public opinion in this country is not unanimous with regard to the Spanish war. With the exception of one or two London journals already referred to—the *Saturday Review*, for example, which now carries no weight whatever with those able to weigh the character as well as appreciate the smartness of a newspaper—there is no organ in London that is not—ostensibly, at all events—friendly to the United States. In the provinces there is one marked exception to the general chorus of respect for the humanity and chivalry displayed by the American people in giving their sons and their substance to end the ghastly series of Cuban horrors. Mr. Joseph Cowen, the editor and proprietor of the Newcastle *Chronicle*, and for many years Member of Parliament for Newcastle-on-Tyne, is a man of extraordinary power. Memories of his eloquence still linger in the corridors of the House of Commons. As a writer he exercises a powerful influence throughout the north of England. He is a man of earnest convictions, great learning, large wealth, high character, and absolute independence. His utterances, therefore, are not to be neglected. He speaks with authority, and not as a scribe.

Mr. Cowen's newspaper publishes a daily diatribe against the United States. From early youth Mr. Cowen has been the friend of revolutionaries. When he finds himself among the majority he is ill at ease. He breathes freely only when in a minority. He was the friend of Garibaldi, of Mazzini, of Kossuth, of Krapotkine, of Stepniak, and of every conspirator who for the last thirty years has held aloft the torch of liberty. For a nation to be weak and subject to the coercion of a stronger power, in Mr. Cowen's eyes, is equivalent to the righteousness of that weak nation's cause. In the present struggle he sees that America is strong and that Spain is weak. By his favorite process of ratiocination he contends, with great eloquence, day by day, that America is wrong and that Spain is right. I have long entertained so much respect and admiration for Mr. Cowen's invincible honesty of purpose, and for the dogged courage he has shown throughout his whole life as the champion of the weak, that I cannot regard his attacks upon the motives and the conduct of the United States with the contempt that may be safely accorded to that portion of the London press which raises a jarring note in the chorus of sympathy and loyalty to our kinsmen across the sea. With all his honesty and courage, however, Mr. Cowen's judgment has been at fault before now. He was a home-ruler of the most pronounced and even desperate type, but he saw the fruits of the home-rule agitation turn to dust before his eyes. In Parliament the great distinction of his career was marred by an incapacity ever to get on with the majority. He is a friend of Turkey. Now majorities are sometimes right, and even strong nations occasionally vindicate a just cause against a nation that is neither strong nor just. With the exception of Mr. Cowen there is not one single organ of public opinion that carries weight in the country that is not warmly on the side of the States.

The payment of the sealing award is timely, and has made an excellent impression. If there has been undue delay in its payment, that delay is forgotten. A precedent of great importance has now been laid down, and the adherence of Congress to the principle of arbitration as shown in the acceptance of the verdict of the Commission has produced happy effects both on public opinion and on responsible statesmen.

At the quarterly dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club this week a pleasant incident took place that marked the brotherly relations between the men of letters employing the English language on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. George W. Cable, the author of *Old Creole Days*, was to be one of the guests, but as his steamer had only arrived at Liverpool on the day of the dinner it was uncertain whether he could attend. Mr. Cable, however, arrived in time to respond on behalf of the guests. He had never set foot in England before, and although with barely an hour's experience of London, his graceful and most feeling speech exhibited with rare felicity the reality of Anglo-American relationship by the common indebtedness of Anglo-Saxon literature to the same well-springs. Mr. George Cable's speech made a great impression upon a highly critical and distinguished audience. Mr. Asquith, the late Home Secretary, who was another of the guests, delivered an appreciation of the Persian poet which those who heard it will not willingly forget.

The private view of the Royal Academy was held yesterday. The absence of Millais and Leighton was conspicuous, but the exhibition of 1898 is considered decidedly above the average. There is but one painter, however, and he is an American by birth, whose works reveal the subtle fires of genius. It is needless to say that I speak of Mr. Sargent. His portrait of Mr. Wertheimer is simply amazing. It is a masterpiece, though by no means so attractive from the point of view of color and line as the "Mrs. Carl Meyer" of last year's Academy. Between Mr. Sargent, who is represented by eight portraits, and the rest of the exhibitors there is a deep canyon. As a portrait-painter he is Eclipse. The rest are nowhere. In the department of landscape the exhibition of 1898 is decidedly below the average. The purchases of the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest are likely to give rise to severe criticism. This trust consists in the administration of a fund for the purchase of promising pictures of rising artists on behalf of the nation. These pictures are hung in the Tate Gallery, and the honor of being chosen by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest is one that is highly prized by young artists.

I cannot refrain from expressing some sense of the difficulty I feel in recording the ordinary events of London life for the benefit of the American public when each American home into which the WEEKLY enters may be living under the shadow of possible calamity. The reports of fighting off the coast of Cuba have roused as much interest here as the recent battle of the Atbara. [illegible] towards the States is of cosmopolitan origin. It British product.

ARNOLD W

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THIS BUSY WORLD

AN interesting war measure which the newspapers record is the decision of the Boston Athletic Association to remit the dues of those of its members who go to the war. Officers of the regular army and navy are favored by most clubs in the matter of dues, and it seems proper that the same practical courtesy should be shown in wartime to volunteers.

Yale University, as has been stated in the WEEKLY, wants about four million dollars for various uses proper to its business. President Harper of Chicago University says that it will take about five millions to put his institution beyond the risk of immediate want. Its property and funds already in hand are valued at about $12,000,000. Yale's endowment is stated to be about $4,500,000, nearly all gained within the last ten years. Harvard has about $9,000,000 endowment, and her expenses are about $1,000,000 a year. These are not very large figures compared with the cost of a war, but still they are respectable. What it costs to build a battle-ship would endow a moderate-sized college very handsomely, and the cost of a fair-sized squadron would provide liberally for a full-fledged university. All round sums, however, except war appropriations, dwindle beside Uncle Sam's annual pension bill.

Ensign Worth Bagley, who was killed on May 11 on the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, in an action in Cardenas Harbor, came from Raleigh, North Carolina. His father, the late W. H. Bagley, was clerk of the Supreme Court of that State. His grandfather was ex-Governor Jonathan Worth. He was graduated from Annapolis in 1895, and was promoted to be Ensign in June, 1897. He was well known at the Naval Academy as a football-player, and was perhaps the most efficient midshipman in that line of endeavor that the Academy has had. He was on the team for four years, and contributed very greatly to the defeat of the West Point cadets in the match of 1892. His picture as a naval cadet is given herewith.



ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, U.S.N.
Executive Officer Torpedo-boat "Winslow." Killed in Action in Cardenas Harbor, May 11.

It grows harder every day for citizen sovereigns of the United States to supervise the development of their country's destinies, and still find time for the transaction of their private business. Merely to keep an eye on Congress, watch the President's appointments, and show intelligent interest in local self-government have been used to tax pretty seriously the average conscientious voter's leisure, but since the new war began, his responsibilities have been increased by the duty of following plans and movements by sea and land, and criticising new schemes of taxation, methods of getting out troops, and military and naval expedients by the score. So far the voter's attention has been taken up by concerns near home, but now a broadening of interests and responsibilities confronts him which is fit to make him curtail his hours of rest, postpone all relaxations, and bend all his energies to the assimilation of new ideas and the projection of new policies. We have got Manila; we are likely to have Porto Rico; we are threatened with the acquisition of Hawaii; we have assumed heavy responsibilities about Cuba; we may have to capture the Canaries. In a month's time our improvised drum-beat may be chasing the traditional British rub-a-dub around the world, and the sun may dodge about in vain for a corner in which to set out of sight of American territory. Truly the voter has need to open his eyes, take in more newspapers, read more books, think harder, and struggle generally to qualify himself to grasp new situations, and deal intelligently with matters affecting the interests and relations of the whole family of nations. The history that is making so fast threatens to affect the conditions of existence all over the world for perhaps a century to come, and indeed for all future time. It is mighty interesting to be alive in such a period, but the wear and tear of it is very considerable. What must impress every thoughtful person is that if we are coming out of our big shell, and are about to share in the distractions of the great world, we must manage somehow to get our ablest and best men into public life, and keep them there. Undoubtedly we have the men, and the money, and all the essentials to the occupation and maintenance of a great place, but our apparatus for getting the right men in the right places, and for putting our money where it will do the most good, does not yet work as surely and effectually as it should. The most practical conclusion that must result from the agitation of the contemporary voter's mind is bound to take the form of a conviction that it is time for the best there is in us to come out, for the really big men to be put forward, and for the bosses and the blatherskites to find their natural level.

Our Spanish neighbors seem to find special solace in speaking of Americans as "Yankee pigs." We may be pardoned if we fail to see the peculiar fitness or propriety of this epithet; but the Spaniards need comfort, and even if we could hinder them from such consolation as this calling of names gives them, we wouldn't be so mean as to do it. A correspondent of the WEEKLY thinks that possibly this apparent imputation of swinishness to all Americans is not really so insulting as it seems, but comes from the deep impression made upon the European mind by Chicago pork, and possibly also by manufacturers of that popular commodity, who, having grown affluent in their business, have chosen to enlarge their minds and those of their families by foreign travel. American pork may well have impressed Europe, but as for American pork-packers, it does not seem credible that they have gone abroad in sufficient numbers to have affected the imagination of the Europeans, nor is there reason to believe that they are unlike other American manufacturers in manners or appearance. The chances seem to be that the Spanish call us pigs because that is a contemptuous designation and eases their minds.

As an example of the present workings of the Spanish mind, here is a translation of a bit of verse entitled "A Yanquia," which is copied admiringly out of a Spanish newspaper by the pro-Spanish Newcastle (England) *Chronicle:*

Hybrid people, ephemeral folk.
Vile mixture of the dirty slag
Spewed by the ancient Continent.
Spurious race, without honor or history.
Stinking den—
Where all that is ignoble and ill-begotten
Finds its centre and natural sphere.
Filthy, beastlike, fetid nest,
Refuge of loathsome reptiles.

No incident of the present stirring times is of more universal interest than the drawing together of Great Britain and the United States. In New York one sees the American flag everywhere, the lone star of Cuba frequently, and in many instances hung out in company with both of them the flag of Great Britain. In a letter from a friend of the WEEKLY it is mentioned as an instance of the way in which the British and the American are getting mixed that Lord Sandhurst, who has held high commands in India and dealt with great efficiency with the plague in Bombay, "is a descendant of General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, who fought the British stoutly in two wars."



LIEUT. JOHN B. BERNADOU, U.S.N., Commanding Torpedo-boat "Winslow." Wounded in Action in Cardenas Harbor, May 11.

Fifty-two days from London to New York seems a preposterously long voyage. Yet the *Windward* reached New York on May 11 after being that long on the way, and Captain Reid had no particular excuses to make except that she came under sail, took a roundabout course, and had had three weeks of bad weather. The vessel, it will be remembered, is the one given to Lieutenant Peary by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the London *Daily Mail*, for use in arctic exploration. Her friends grew very anxious over the long delay in her arrival, but when she did reach port she was in good order, and had had no accidents.

Every one knows that the Seventh Regiment of New York is an exceedingly well-drilled and efficient organization, which is very proud of itself as a regiment, and with good reason. Its members recently voted almost unanimously not to volunteer as individuals for two years' service. This action surprised the public so much, and disturbed so many of the Seventh's own friends, that it is worth while to note the considerations which prompted it. *Esprit de corps* is a merit in a military body, and a regiment which has it in a high degree is the better for it. The Seventh has it in a very high degree. It is very proud of the Seventh, and very devoted to its interests. It owns its armory, and, besides being a regiment, it is to a certain extent a club, the members of which value their membership. The proposition that the men of the Seventh should volunteer as individuals seemed to them to involve the destruction of an organization which it had taken years to perfect, and which is undoubtedly of great value to the State and city of New York. There is a young man mentioned in Scripture who when a call came to him went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. The Seventh was a little in that young man's predicament when the Governor called for volunteers. It did not want to abandon its armory and the control of its organization, and it did not want to risk losing its identity. It considered that individual enlistment in Uncle Sam's service would mean the annihilation of the Seventh Regiment. That opinion may not have been well founde , but it was the opinion the regiment acted upon. It not only did not want to be annihilated as a regiment, but it believed it was too valuable an organization to be broken up. It felt a good deal as a man might feel if he had been told, "Come and enlist, but you may have to change your name, and possibly become a member of a new family." So the Seventh decided that though it would go anywhere, under orders of the Governor or President, as the Seventh Regiment, its members should not enlist as individual volunteers.

There is a possibility at this writing that it will still be ordered out as a regiment and assigned to some duty somewhere, and if that happens it will rejoice its friends and relieve the feelings of its own members. Its case is hard and unlucky, because its strong points as a military organization have, under existing circumstances, proved obstacles to its usefulness and a detriment to its credit.

When all has been said, the conclusion seems inevitable that it is less available than most other militia regiments for service such as the government needs troops for now. What is wanted is regiments that can be used according to the needs of the service; that can be broken up if necessary, officered if necessary by officers appointed from Washington, and that are made up of individual volunteers who are personally ready to serve as long as they are needed, and who can be spared from home without exceptional distress. No regiment of the National Guard could afford to go to the war as a whole—the Seventh perhaps the least of all. The right thing to do seems to have been what was done, or at least attempted—to take from each regiment called upon the men who were really available, keep the rest at home, and fill the vacancies with new men. If this process was not acceptable to the Seventh, so much the worse for the Seventh, even though the reasons why it was not acceptable have weight and are entitled to sympathy. But, whether the Seventh gets into the fight or not, it must not be forgotten that it is a very valuable regiment for emergency uses near home, and that it has proved exceedingly useful as a military school. No other regiment has furnished so many officers to the National Guard.

The twenty-fifth National Conference of Charities and Correction is in session in New York, and matters of the liveliest sociological interest are being discussed at its meetings by qualified authorities. The conference opened on May 18 by a meeting at Carnegie Hall, at which Mr. Joseph Choate presided, and addresses were made by Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Potter. The general sessions of the conference and its section and committee meetings are being held daily at the Young Men's Christian Association building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. On Sunday night there is to be a conference service at Grace Church.

The existence and activity of this conference is a notable incident of our efforts to attain a truer civilization. It grew out of meetings called informally for consultation by boards of charities of a few Western cities. These meetings proved so profitable that a national conference of charities was called to meet in New York with the American Social Science Association in 1874. Nineteen persons responded to this call, and the conference was organized, and has met annually ever since. The membership has grown from 330 in 1893 to 1180 in 1897, and includes officers and trustees of charitable and correctional institutions, officers and members of charitable societies and social settlements, professors of colleges, clergymen, and persons interested in sociology and philanthropy. There is a membership fee of $2 50 (payable to the General Secretary, Mr. H. H. Hart, 115 Monroe Street, Chicago), which entitles the member to receive the annual publications of the society. The president of the conference is Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart, of New York, and its executive committee of twenty-three members includes F. B. Sanborn of Concord (Massachusetts), William P. Letchworth of Buffalo, Philip C. Garrett of Philadelphia, Robert Treat Paine of Boston, Mrs. Charles R. Lowell of New York, and other well-known people from twenty-one different cities.

The arrangements for the present conference in New York have been made by a committee of one hundred citizens of Greater New York, appointed by Mr. Stewart, of which Mr. Joseph Choate is chairman. At the sessions and committee meetings of the conference discussions are held and papers read on such subjects as the Abuse of Medical Charities, Immigration and Inter-State Migration, Insanity, Organization of Charity, Politics in Charitable and Penal Institutions, Duty of the State to Dependent Children, and the like. A feature of the evening session on Friday, May 20, is an address by Mr. Carl Schurz. New York is represented in the conference by ninety-eight members, and there is warrant for the hope that a due proportion of the increase of knowledge which the conference begets will inure to the benefit of the city in which it has met.

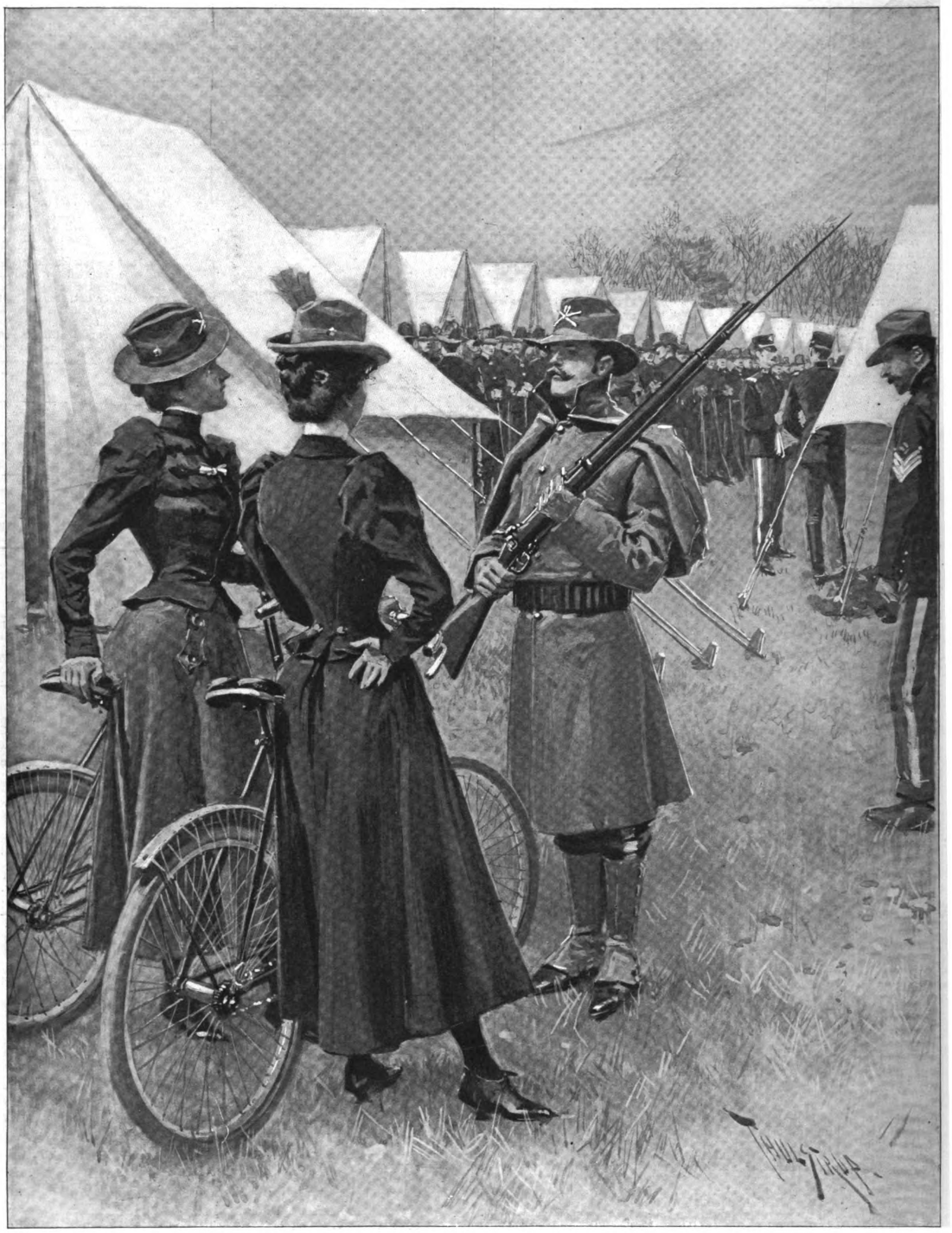


REVERSE. OBVERSE.

COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL, NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.—DESIGNED BY VICTOR D. BRENNER.

On the evening of May 11 three Harvard debaters—Messrs. Rosenthal of New York, Parke of Lynn, and White of Boston—bested three Princeton debaters, Messrs. Reeves, Ripps, and Lowrie, in discussion of the question, "*Resolved*, That the present immigration restrictions of the

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REPELLING INVADERS AT CAMP BLACK, HEMPSTEAD PLAINS, NEW YORK.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

United States are insufficient." Harvard took the affirmative. The judges were President George Harris, of the Andover Theological Seminary; President Capen, of Tufts College; and Mr. Walter Page, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. No doubt the subject for debate was chosen before the war began. It is inconceivable that debaters not under the constraint of a long-standing agreement should fail to discuss the problem of the Philippines or the final disposition of Cuba.

A friend of the WEEKLY, Mr. A. G. Hall, of Nashville, has been at pains to trace back the expression "are, and of right ought to be," which occurs in the Declaration of Independence and in the Mecklenburg Declaration, and was used the other day in the resolutions of Congress about Cuba. He finds that on March 16, 1766, the English Parliament repealed the Stamp Act and passed a "declaration act" in which it is set forth "that Parliament *had, and of right ought to have*, power to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever."

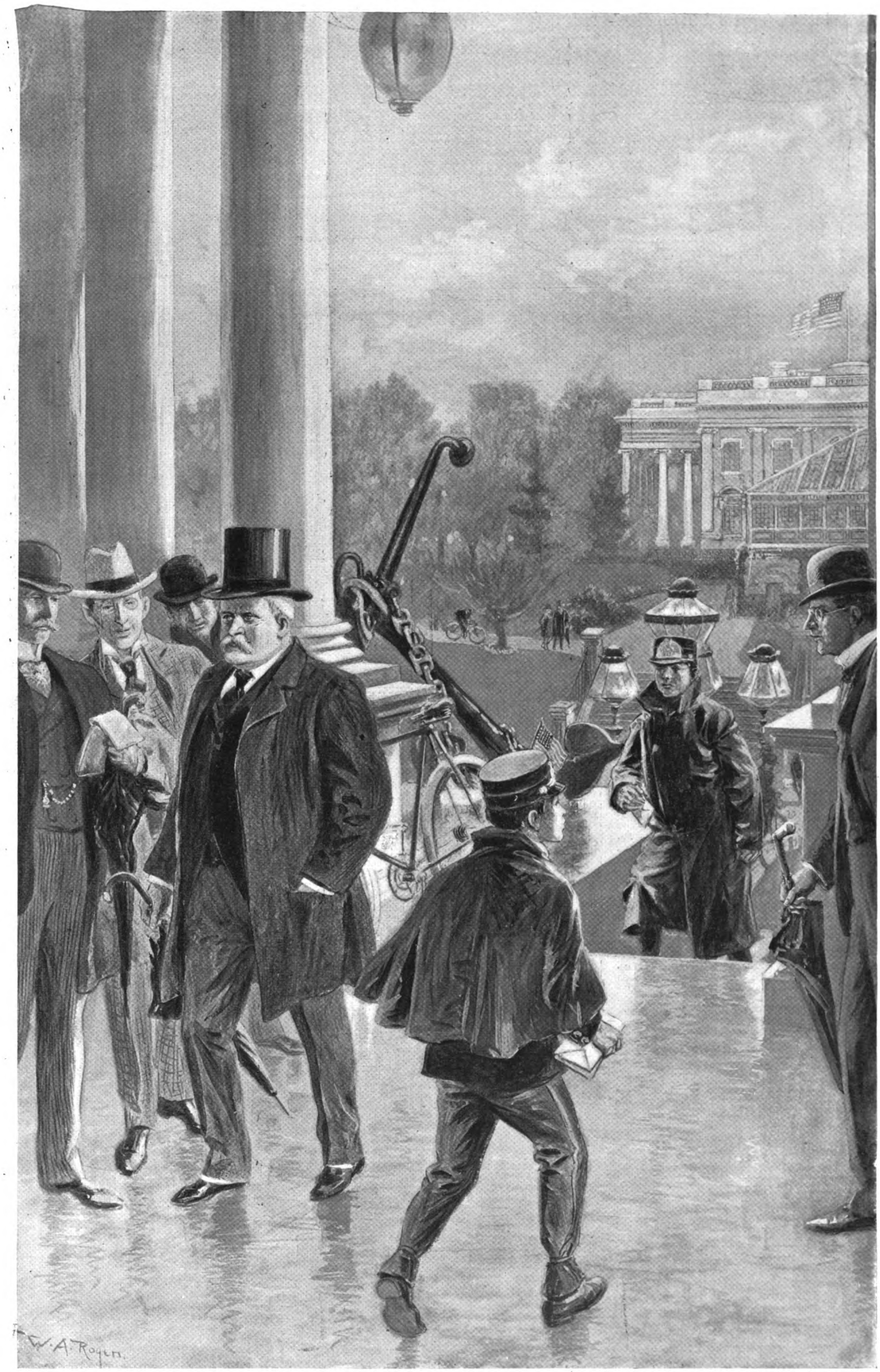
A letter from a member of the family of Mr. Gladstone, written about May 10, says that he had not been out of his room for a fortnight, and that the hope that he would enjoy the coming of the spring has not been realized. "The truth is," says the writer, "he has taken leave of all portions of the earth. He is possessed with a sense of departure. His body, mind, and soul ask for no food of any kind. His one desire is for peace."

"A lady interested in the navy," who admires some pictures lately published in the WEEKLY of the officers of the North Atlantic fleet, remarks that while the captains, commanders, and lieutenant-commanders are often pictured, the "loot'nants" seem to be neglected. She intimates that the "loot'nants" are as good-looking and as dutiful as the other officers, and asks that the pictures of all of them may be given to the world. Perhaps it will be possible to fill this lady's attractive order when the brigadier-generals, whose portraits just now fill and rejoice the WEEKLY'S presses, have been put on record.

Thomas Bram, mate of the bark *Herbert Fuller*, who was lately found guilty in Boston of murdering Captain Nash, has had two trials and wants another. His first trial cost the government $12,000; the second one between $25,000 and $30,000. His present sentence is imprisonment for life, and in asking to be tried again he runs the risk of being hanged. The Cuban question is not the only expensive and difficult case Uncle Sam has on hand.

E. S. MARTIN

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WASHINGTON—BUSY TIMES AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT—SECRETARY LONG RUNNING THE GANTLET OF THE REPORTERS.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

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NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.*

[Letter and Illustrations from Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."]

Dawson, *February*, 1898.

WHEN one is immersed in affairs that tax the resources of both body and mind, the past drops out of view, and we live in a very real present. So here, among the gloom of sub-arctic winter, chopping wood half the time to keep warm the other half, cabin-building at a temperature of forty below, undertaking, day after day, with fearful monotony, the irksome task of preparing one's own meals, it requires a distinct effort of the mind—a wrench, in fact—to recall the events of only a few months ago, and to gather up the broken-off threads of the story of happenings that may not have had their parallel in history.

I see an endless train of human beings struggling to the limit of endurance, through mud and in rain and snow, some bearing burdens, others returning empty, all as if under some hypnotic spell. The snow creeps day by day down the sides of the tall hills, still they go, their faces to the north, hurrying on to meet an arctic winter. Was ever the like seen before?

Sheep Camp, thirteen miles from Dyea, was the last place along the Chilkoot Trail where word could be had from warmth and covering. A town of tents had sprung up, scattered, to the number of several score, among spruces and along the bowlder-lined shores of the Dyea River, here a swift-running stream a rod or two across and scarcely fordable. It is a convenient stage before sending the goods over the pass, which is four miles distant. The Indians packing to Lindeman camp here the first day out. The pack-trains of ten horses each were running the round trip from Dyea, each train being in charge of two men riding spare horses. Some hundreds of other horses were being packed, and a much larger number of men. The rate of packing to this point was fourteen cents a pound. Horses had to be fed here as elsewhere, and this rate, though not large on such merchandise as parcels of cigars, made oats sixteen dollars a sack, and hay not less than three hundred and twenty-five dollars a ton.

The population of Sheep Camp may be classified as follows: those who had packed their own stuff thus far and were wavering, discouraged by the bad weather; those moving their goods right through with horses or on their backs; professional gamblers, and a great swarm of men packing over the summit. These last were mostly hangers-on from Juneau; several were deserters from the revenue-cutters, while others were men who were bound for Dawson, who had the wit or presence of mind, that few others seemed to show, to recognize a gold-mine when it came before their eyes, even if it was not a Klondike one. They were making great money. The rate over the summit to Crater Lake was 12 cents a pound; through to Lindeman, 30 cents per pound. Many of them took one pack from here over, and then made one or more short packs over the summit. In this way some of them made as high as twenty-six dollars a day. It was the hardest kind of work, though, and after a few weeks the feet and ankles got so used up that the men had to give up and go home. It was not always with full pockets that these went back, for the crap men and the faro men about a mining-camp seem special creations for the purpose of relieving certain sorts of men from the temptation to spend their hard-earned money in worse ways.

During the first week in September it was a continual downpour. It seemed a hopeless task ever to get goods dry across the pass. Horses had almost no value—just the price of the packing and no more. But it cost ten dollars for a set of shoes. Everything was the color of mud—men, horses, and goods.

The 12th of September three inches of snow had fallen on the summit, six inches being reported at Lindeman. The Indians said the lakes would not freeze for six weeks. Donkeys taken over the pass were starving to death. Horses, too, were going over. There was no longer any grazing for them. The packers, one by one, were dropping out as the weather grew worse. So the rates did not go down. Discouraged, many were trying to sell their outfits, and had set up little stores inside their tents.

The cruelty to horses is past belief; yet it was nothing to the Skaguay Trail, we hear. There were three thousand horses on the Skaguay Trail—there were more horses to kill, that's about all the difference. Sheep Camp was filling up with broken-down brutes. Their owners had used them and abused them to this point, and were too tender-hearted to put them out of their misery. Their backs raw from wet and wrinkled blankets under the saddles, their legs cut and bruised from the rocks, they were as thin as snakes, and starving to death. A Colorado man said to me, "Of all the cruelty to horses—and I've seen a good deal—the worst is on the trail; they are killing them with sticks." They were hobbling about among the tents, tumbling over guy-ropes, breaking into caches, making great nuisances of themselves. No one would take the responsibility of shooting them. Some one might come along and demand fifty dollars for the dead horse perhaps. That settled it. So we drove a batch of them out of town, where the poor creatures might find a little feed.

A wretched thin white cayuse came to my tent. He had been driven from four miles above, where his owner deserted him. It was raining a cold rain. He put his head and as much more as he could inside the tent, trying to get next the stove. He staid there all night and was around all next day, and he had nothing to eat. I am certain he never felt the 44-calibre bullet back of his ear that evening. Thereupon a general killing-off began, until carcasses were lying on all sides.

On the 14th a dozen packers took my outfit across the pass to Crater Lake. They would not touch the boat lumber. Flour is a packer's first choice, lumber last.

One by one my "partners" for each few miles of travel had fallen by the way-side. It became necessary again to secure a reliable man. I had several offers, even to pay for passage down river, but I was fortunate in chancing on a young man from Stockton, California, named Al. Brown. Brown had started from Dawson with the Leadville outfit, and been dumped at Sheep Camp by the collapse of the undertaking. He had a good outfit of clothes, no grub, and was determined to reach Dawson without delay, though I told him I should advise no one to do a thing I should not do myself. He agreed to help me on down to Dawson, and I agreed to pack his goods over and to take him down river with me. Brown had had no experience in the precise kind of life he was entering upon, but he was an expert oarsman, holding at the time the amateur championship of the Pacific coast. In the face of hardship and positive danger he was a stoic, with a confidence in my knowing what I was about that was flattering, without being justified. We started over the summit after the outfit, each with packs of stuff that we could not trust to packers, leaving the boat lumber in charge of a trustworthy man, who for thirty dollars promised to send it over after us without delay.

From Sheep Camp up the valley is a huge gorge, the mountain-sides rising steep, hard, and bold to a prodigious height. The valley here begins to rise rapidly, and the trail is very bad. A mile above Sheep Camp, on the left hand, a huge glacier lies on the side of the mountain, jutting so far over and downwards that every moment one expects a great chunk to drop off and tumble into the river. But it does not, and only a small stream of water from its melting forces its way to the bottom. A mile farther on was Stone House. A large square rock, crudely resembling a house, stood on the river's brink. At the base of the mountain is a great mass of slide, some of the bowlders being nearly as large as the one by the river. Some of these rocks have piled on top of one another so as to form caves of some size, perfect protection from rain or snow. The Indians use them for shelter. These also are called the "Stone Houses." Some one else may have the privilege of deciding which is the real "Stone House." The valley here makes a sudden turn to the right, and the trail begins to grow steep. The Dyea has forked at this point, the left-hand branch coming down the side of the mountain through a narrow gorge or canyon, evidently from some glacier on top of the mountain. The head of the valley here is of great water-and-ice-worn bowlders. The trail climbs from one to another of these. There is no vegetation, save a few alders here and there, and these cease just above Stone House.



A ROUGH RESTING-PLACE—STONE HOUSE, AT THE FOOT OF CHILKOOT PASS.

The trail enters a *cul-de-sac*. It climbs higher and higher. The valley seems to end; a precipitous wall of gray rock, reaching into the sky, seems to head off further progress, seaming its jagged contour against the sky—a great barrier, uncompromising, forbidding—the Chilkoot Pass.

Horses and men with packs were ahead of and behind us. The sun had broken clear, and shone down on a strange scene. In a pocket under the cliff were some score of tents and huge piles of baggage. The tents were held down to the earth by rocks on the guy-ropes. Men were busily at work making up the goods into packs, in loading pack-horses. Adding to the animation, the rocks were covered with bright blankets spread out to dry after the rainy spell. The men take the packs, and this is what happens: They walk to the base of the cliff, with a stout alpenstock in hand. They start to climb a narrow foot-trail that goes up, up, up. The rock and earth are gray. The packers and packs have disappeared. There is nothing but the gray wall of rock and earth. But stop! Look more closely. The eye catches movement. The mountain is alive. There is a continuous moving train; they are perceptible only by their movement, just as ants are. The moving train is zigzagging across the towering face of the precipice, up, up, into the sky, even at the very top. See! they are going against the sky! They are human beings, but never did men look so small.

Other men are coming back empty, dropping back to earth. The Scales, as the front of the summit is called, is

* This letter from Mr. Adney takes up the story of his trip at the point where he left off when communication with the outside world was cut off last fall. It consequently antedates by several months the letter printed last week, which, although mailed later, arrived several days in advance of this, and of the letter to be published next week.
Editor.

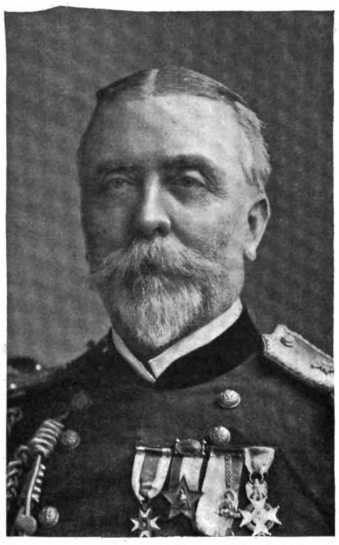


DISCOURAGED—GOING HOME.



VICTIMS OF THE TRAIL.

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MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Late Brigadier-General and Inspector-General.



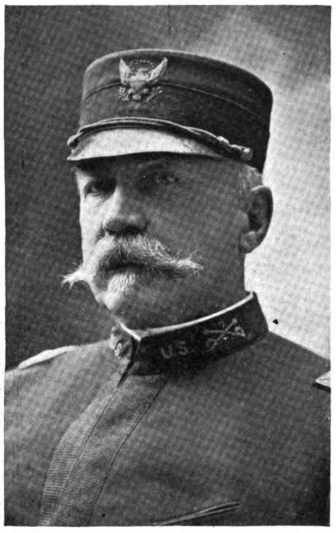
BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY,
Late Colonel 10th Cavalry.



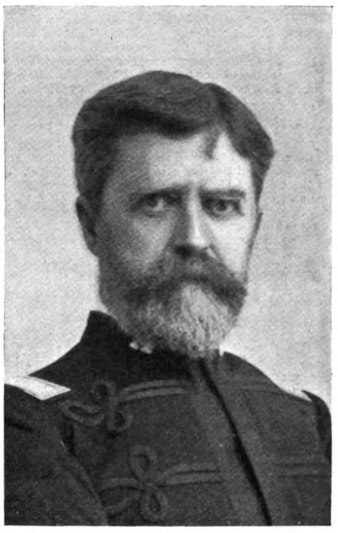
BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD B. WILLISTON,
Late Colonel 6th Artillery.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW,
Late Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOUIS H. CARPENTER,
Late Colonel 5th Cavalry.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS M. ANDERSON,
Late Colonel 14th Infantry.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROYAL T. FRANK,
Late Colonel 1st Artillery.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ABRAHAM K. ARNOLD,
Late Colonel 1st Cavalry.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL S. SUMNER,
Late Colonel 6th Cavalry.

RECENT PROMOTIONS IN THE U. S. ARMY—NEWLY APPOINTED GENERAL OFFICERS OF VOLUNTEERS.

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DIARY OF THE WAR.

(Continued from page 483.)

Wednesday, May 11.—The assertion is made in despatches from Madrid and London that "about forty thousand men of the reserves of the Spanish army have been ordered to rejoin the colors," and it is added that a formidable expedition is being organized to expel Rear-Admiral Dewey from the Philippine Islands.

An order was sent to Major-General Wesley Merritt, commanding the Department of the East, to go to Washington to-night. His selection as military governor of the Philippines is assured.

Thursday, May 12.—A report of an engagement which occurred yesterday at Cardenas, Cuba, was issued by the Navy Department to-day. Spanish gunboats and shore batteries opened fire on the blockading-vessels *Wilmington*, *Winslow* (torpedo-boat), and *Hudson*. The *Winslow* was disabled, Ensign Worth Bagley and four sailors were killed, and Lieutenant Bernadou and two others were wounded.

The first land fight of the war took place just west of the harbor of Port Cabañas, Cuba. The transport-steamer *Gussie*, which left Key West on Wednesday, carrying members of the First Infantry, with ten Cuban scouts, and rifles, ammunition, and supplies of food for the insurgents, made a temporary landing at the point mentioned, after a brush with Spanish troops.

A portion of the squadron under command of Rear-Admiral Sampson attacked the batteries defending San Juan, Puerto Rico. "The attack lasted about three hours, and resulted in much damage to the batteries, and incidentally to a portion of the city." Our losses—two men killed and seven wounded. No serious damage to any of our ships.

Friday, May 13.—Secretary Long received official advices that the Cape Verde squadron—falsely reported last Tuesday to have returned to Cadiz—had been sighted to the westward of Martinique, Windward Islands. Indications are that this fleet stopped at Martinique to take in a supply of coal and to communicate with the Spanish government.

The fleet under command of Commodore Schley, which is distinguished as the "Flying Squadron," put to sea this afternoon. It comprises the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, the battle-ships *Massachusetts* and *Texas*, the despatch-boat *Scorpion*, and the collier *Sterling*. The cruisers *Minneapolis* and *St. Paul* are ordered to follow this evening or to-morrow.

Saturday, May 14.—The revenue-cutter *Windom*, arriving at Key West to-day, brings news of a fight that occurred at Cienfuegos last Wednesday. Men from the cruiser *Marblehead* and the gunboat *Nashville*, in attempting to cut the cable at Cienfuegos, on the south coast of Cuba, were attacked by Spanish infantry hidden in rifle-pits on the shore. The cables were cut under fire. One of our men was killed and seven wounded. Spanish losses are reported to have been very much more severe.

Sunday, May 15.—The sentiment of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's speech, delivered Friday night at Birmingham, England, is cordially approved in England, while it is condemned by the French newspapers, and at Madrid is construed as being the first signal for European complications arising out of the Cuban question. In the course of his speech Mr. Chamberlain declared that war, though terrible, would be "cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the stars and stripes and the union-jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

Spain's Cape Verde squadron, commanded by Admiral Cervera, is at or near the island of Curaçao. Rear-Admiral Sampson's fleet has left San Juan, and is steaming towards Cuba, along the northern coast of San Domingo. Commodore Schley, with the Flying Squadron, is hastening southward to strengthen the blockade at whatever point it may be attacked.

All the members of the Spanish cabinet have resigned.

WANTED—A WAR.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Tampa, *May 12, 1898.*

There has been no movement of troops, to speak of, during the last week; but the movement of generals is present and considerable. Obviously the administration is determined there shall be activity in some direction.

All told, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, about 7500 soldiers and officers and a fleet of nine transports are now here; the men are rationed for a month, the boats watered and coaled, and the rainy season approaches.

The last week has been one of recurring rumor or repeated disappointment. How many times "authenticated" despatches have been pasted on the hotel bulletin-board, stating positively that the invasion of Cuba was about to begin, I should not wish to say. We war correspondents here assembled care not to dwell on the immediate past, nor even on the present; hope springs eternal, but never gets beyond Port Tampa, where the transports are apparently anchored for a lifetime.

And there has been this week some legitimate and good news—the return of Captain Dorst after his successful attempt to open communication with the insurgents, and his departure again on Tuesday for Cuba on a similar though more important mission. His first trip was made on the tug *Leyden*, with a load of ammunition and four Cubans, but no soldiers. Despite several troops of Spanish cavalry, Captain Dorst succeeded in landing his Cubans and supplies, and although eventually fired upon, escaped with no damage more serious than a bullet hole in the tug's smoke-stack. In talking of his trip the captain seemed most impressed by the contempt the insurgents showed for the Spanish troops. There were about two hundred insurgents at the rendezvous, fully half of them not armed, and every last one of them literally in rags. They appeared little like soldiers or men able to withstand the fatigues of a campaign, so hungry-looking and worn were they. Yet the known presence of Spanish cavalry in the immediate vicinity seemed no occasion for alarm. They worked with unconcern at stowing away the ammunition, and when attack came, as it did before their work was completed, they retired to the bush, and by a straggling fire drove the Spaniards beyond danger. That these half-starved, half-armed patriots can successfully and repeatedly repulse the Spaniards with the greater loss to the latter bespeaks a determination and courage of an order that comes only to those fighting for liberty.

Captain Dorst's second expedition to Cuba is more extensive than his first, and he is prepared to land, and, if need be, defend against any of the Spanish scouting parties the cargo of rifles and ammunition he is carrying on the side-wheeler *Gussie* for the insurgents. The departure of the *Gussie* Tuesday noon was known to only the officers immediately concerned and a few correspondents. Those of us in the know lingered all Monday afternoon about the wharf at Port Tampa, where the boat was loading, guarded by a picket-line. There was quite a chain of freight-cars loaded with powder, provisions, and other munitions of war, and a sentinel stood guard at each car, and at the entrance to the wharf, and at the other approaches to the transport. It looked like business. It is time we stopped playing the optimistic rôle in this war. The posting of armed sentries around the buildings in which the government has its ammunition and provisions stored is gratifying, and it would be even more pleasing if we could see our camps here also guarded against the intrusion of every one and any one who cares to wander thither.

When the *Gussie* had been loaded, electric light had just superseded daylight, and the embarkation begun of the two companies of the First Infantry (about 130 men) which Captain Dorst was taking to protect the landing of ammunition. As I watched the men march up the wharf and across the gang-plank into the *Gussie*. You could not have discovered from their appearance in any way that the unusual was about to happen—despatch and quiet marked the entire proceeding, from the beginning to the first turn of the *Gussie's* side-paddles.

Meantime those of us waiting for the "big thing," viz., the move on to Cuba, are exceedingly restive under the continued inactivity here, and sorely tempted to join these filibustering expeditions. The dread of losing any of the little excitement offering can only be appreciated by a war correspondent who has been two weeks looking for war and found no trouble more serious than incompetent hotel waiters. The game of the day seems to be to find the Spanish fleet.

Meanwhile the Spanish government appears to have no difficulty whatever in keeping thoroughly posted on the movements of our fleets and army, and the query offers if the United States cannot do equally as well. It seems strange that with our fast scouts and the number of military and naval attaches on the other side we should be unable to learn definitely just where that elusive Spanish fleet is. It is to be hoped Spain will appreciate our magnanimity, otherwise there appears to be no other reward for our indifference in Cuban waters to her industry on the fortifications. Blanco is evidently making good use of the time we are giving him, planting mines in the Havana Harbor, and repairing and strengthening fortifications, all under the very eyes of our blockading squadron, which is silent—under orders, of course.

Perhaps by the time we set sail for the Cuban shore the Spaniards will be prepared to give substantial evidence of their industry, which our blockading squadron could have halted in short order with some more of those well-directed shells.

Here at Tampa correspondents continue to arrive and the tradesman to prosper. If we do not start shortly, additional transports will be required to convey the correspondents and their purchases. Some startling outfits are resulting from the delay and the growing crop of newspaper men. I saw one a few days ago buying an armory of knives that would put to shame the heaviest villain that ever trod the melodramatic stage.

Some of these adventurers will be broken-hearted, I fear, when the word to move is actually given and the list published of those who are to be permitted to accompany the troops. The Cuban volunteers are still here, camped in a large wooden building originally intended for a theatre. This week Springfield rifles have been distributed among them, but they are yet awaiting ammunition. Some of them are hardy, earnest-looking chaps; but I confess that a great number one sees parading about the town and hotel suggest theatricals. Those ragged, determined patriots whom Captain Dorst interviewed the other day must be of different timber.

There is no material change at the camps. One regiment left last week, and another has taken its place, but the troops which the bulletins say are hurrying this way have not yet put in an appearance. A few more lemonade and frankfurter stands mark the edge of the camps, and the roads are more cut up and dustier—otherwise the view is as it was. As I am writing this, a despatch is being posted that the immediate invasion of Cuba is ordered, but it is no doubt one of those attempts to raise our hopes that have all but flown.

Postscript. *May 14.*

Despite the latest despatch on the bulletin-board, declaring that the invasion of Cuba is to be postponed until Rear-Admiral Sampson shall have met the Spanish fleet, to-day has developed more activity than we have yet seen at Tampa. The Third and Sixth cavalry arrived yesterday, and last night and this morning five regiments of infantry have come in. This makes a total force now here of 8500 infantry, 2000 cavalry, and ten light batteries with 60 guns and 700 men—in all, 11,200 men.

Caspar Whitney.

A DAY IN ATLANTA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

In the heart of the town Grady stands in bronze, no more fixedly than he lives in the hearts of the people. Across the bridge the flag waves over the birthplace of Uncle Remus; and out the other way, and on a low hill in the country, sits the home of Gordon, the Confederate General. The General was the youngest corps commander in Lee's army. He made the last charge at Appomattox; and during the truce, Sheridan said to him, grimly:

"I have received the gun that was consigned to me through General Early." Some wag in Richmond had written on a cannon that was shipped from the Confederate capital, "Consigned to General Sheridan through General Early."

"That is odd," said the General. "I have just received a battery that was consigned to me through General Sheridan."

The joke did not please Sheridan—he did not believe it—but there was the battery in plain sight. Just now the General is Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, and at reunions he rides at the head of his columns, on peaceful parade, as he once led them to the charge, sitting his horse like a youth of twenty. In the last few years he has been doing with his voice what Thomas Nelson Page began with his pen—a work that the war with Spain will about finish—and that is, making the North and South in sentiment what both have been in loyalty since the surrender—one and inseparable. The General was just back from a tour throughout the South. "I have found but one sentiment among the old Confederates," he said. "They are old; most of them are poor and with dependent families; and yet, in town or country, I have not seen a man physically able to march who was not ready to go to the front. There are no sectional or State lines now, when a common enemy is to be met."

Under the dome of the big Capitol recruits are enlisting, and pouring into Camp Northen at Griffin, forty miles away, where the militia and volunteers of Georgia are being whipped into shape. There is not room even for Georgia's white volunteers, so to give her dusky patriots a chance, two recruiting officers are here from Chickamauga to receive negro volunteers into the regular army. There is no trouble with volunteers, white or black, in Georgia. One boy of sixteen had run away from his home in Virginia to join the army. A telegram followed asking that he be sent home, but the little fellow escaped, and is now seeking enlistment at Chickamauga. One recruit tramped joyously in seventeen miles from the country, was refused enlistment, and tramped sorrowfully home. Others wept when pronounced physically unfit. One fellow attracted considerable attention by his dress. His tie was brilliant, his suit was quasi-fashionable, and his shoes were of patent-leather.

"Whoopee!" said several. "Look at him! look at him!"

"That's all right," he said, "but I'm going to give 'em all up for Uncle Sam." And the crowd cheered him.

Such enthusiasm is somewhat in contrast to the reported action of militia elsewhere.

"If I had a son who was a member of a military organization in peace," said the General, "and declined to go to war, I—I'd rather see him dead! Mark my words, no man will ever recover from a stigma like that."

Meanwhile, up from the south was coming the first consignment of prisoners from the eastern hemisphere that Uncle Sam has had the honor of entertaining since the war of 1812, and across the house-tops of Atlanta is Fort McPherson, where those guests of the nation are to smoke cigarettes and chatter Spanish until Spain takes a few American prisoners for exchange, or, which is more likely, until the war comes to an end. There were twenty of them, headed by Colonel Cortijo, a brother-in-law of Weyler; nine others being officers, and the rest enlisted men. Colonel Cortijo objected vigorously as a Spanish gentleman to being searched; only thieves and cutthroats, he said, were searched in Spain. However, he submitted, and spread out his effects with much grace and gesticulation, as did the others. When he went to bed, he said he meant to get up no more, to talk no more, and to eat no more, unless his meals were brought to him. Next morning he had concluded to talk, but would not march with the others to breakfast. Towards noon he asked the negro soldier on guard when dinner would be ready; and at two o'clock he went with the rest along the clover-scented drill-field to a long clean wooden table and a simple meal of Uncle Sam's rations in the mess hall. All the prisoners were dressed in light blue uniforms and white caps, surrounded by the big negro guards of the Twenty-fifth Infantry; they looked pigmies. Cortijo himself is low, round-shouldered, with an unpleasant face, and the "wide walk" of a cavalryman. He smoked a small cigarette in a huge holder, and with an air of cynical unconcern that was faithfully reflected by the rest of his men. After the meal the Spaniards asked for cigars and toothpicks, and were told that Uncle Sam did not furnish such luxuries. However, as nearly all of the officers had rolls of Spanish money, they will doubtless be permitted to buy such extras as may be good for them.

Naturally there was a great crowd to witness the arrival of the captured Dons, and in it were many Cuban refugees—of whom there is a settlement—of wealth and good social position in Atlanta. These Cubans love Fitzhugh Lee as they hate the Spaniards.

From the General's veranda a hand of cordial welcome is always outstretched to the passing stranger. The house fronts the line of Sherman's march to the sea, and sits on a battle-field. There were breastworks through the lawn in front, there are still breastworks through the field to the left, and there are soldiers' graves along the hill-side under the rose-garden. This garden is a favorite spot with the General's wife, who followed him through the war from the shot of the first gun to the shot of the last. She is still erect and youthful in face and figure. It is said that at Winchester, where she first saw the Confederates defeated and in retreat, that the General found her in the rear, rallying the flying soldiers. On either side she had a soldier by the arm, and was leading him back to battle. They had paid no attention to the General's orders, but they did not dare, they said, to disobey the General's wife. Under his left eye is a depression which follows the course of a bullet that came out under his right ear. This was the fifth time he was shot at Antietam in one day, and it was not until then that he would allow himself to be taken from the field.

That night there were war stories, and the General told how the Federal soldiers at Appomattox presented arms when his starved and ragged veterans filed past, and how he had hugged General Chamberlain of Maine for it when he discovered that the Maine officer was the moving spirit under this touching act of chivalry. And how, at the surrender, the Federal officers treated the Confederates with more than courtesy—with deference, indeed. And as there was nothing to talk of except the war, how the Federals spoke only of those battles in which they themselves had suffered defeat.

"And that," said the General, "is how the soldiers on each side have ever acted and felt—that is, the soldiers who did the fighting. You can usually put it down that the man on either side who exhibits bitterness in peace was not much of a soldier in war." John Fox, Jr.

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A CHANGE OF AMBITION.

HORATIUS at the bridge, and he
Who fought at old Thermopylæ;

Great Samson and his potent bone
By which the Philistines were slone;

Small David with his wondrous aim
That did for him of giant frame;

J. Cæsar in his Gallic scraps
That made him lord of other chaps;

Sweet William, called the Conqueror,
Who made the Briton sick of war;

King Hal the Fifth, who nobly fought
And thrashed the foe at Agincourt;

Old Bonaparte, and Washington,
And Frederick, and Wellington,

Decatur, Nelson, Fighting Joe,
And Farragut, and Grant, and, oh,

A thousand other heroes I
Have wished I were in days gone by—

Can take their laurels from my door,
For I don't want 'em any more.

The truth will out; it can't be hid;
The doughty deed that Dewey did,

In that far distant Spanish sea,
Is really good enough for me.

The grammar's bad, but, O my son,
I wish I'd did what Dewey done!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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THE ERIE has just issued a new and enlarged edition of its fishing-book, which will be of much interest to anglers. In addition to valuable articles on the fresh-water game fish and methods of catching them, the book contains a directory of the best localities, with concise information as to distances, rates of fare, cost of boats, kinds of fish, and largest recorded catches. The active interest taken by the Erie in maintaining a high standard of sport along its lines is shown by the great number of lakes and streams which, through its efforts, have been thoroughly stocked by the State and National Fish Commissions during the past few years. The book is handsomely illustrated, and can be obtained from ticket agents or on application to the General Passenger Agent.—[*Adv.*]

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Novelty bayadere striped silk-and-wool Grenadines, in combinations of black with navy blue, green, and rose.

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Bayadere striped Barege, in silk-and-wool stripes over grounds of gray, navy blue, cardinal, and beige.

At $2.75, from $3.50 a yd.
Self-colored silk-and-wool bayadere striped Barege, in cadet blue, navy blue, gray.

At $2.50, from $3.00 a yd.
Self-colored silk-and-wool bayadere satin-striped Barege, in three colors.

At $2.50, from $3.00 a yd.
Satin striped Barege, in self-colored stripes, edged with white; colors are Yale blue, bluet, brown, and tan.

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Silk-checked Grenadine; checks of white over grounds of marine blue, cadet blue, green, beige, and gray.

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Mohair-and-wool Ripple Crepons, in marine blue, Yale blue, brown, green, gray, and beige.

At $1.50, from $2 a yd.
Self-colored silk-and-wool Crepe Barege, in seven colorings.

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At $1.25, from $1.75 a yd.
Fancy bouretted chevron striped Melange, in eight combinations.

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Fancy mixed check Suiting, in various color combinations.

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Fancy two-toned granite mixtures, in six combinations.

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At 30c., from 50c. a yd.
Figured Beiges, in brown and gray mixtures.

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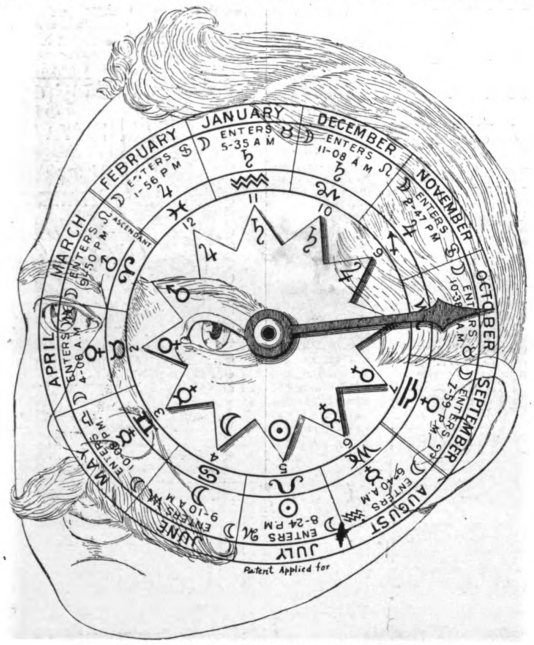
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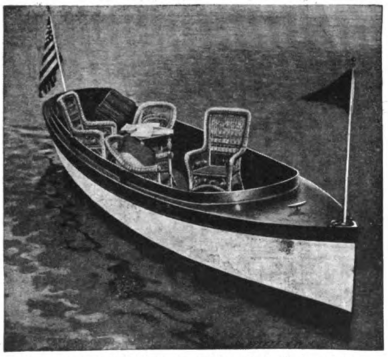
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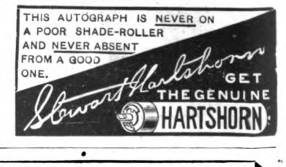
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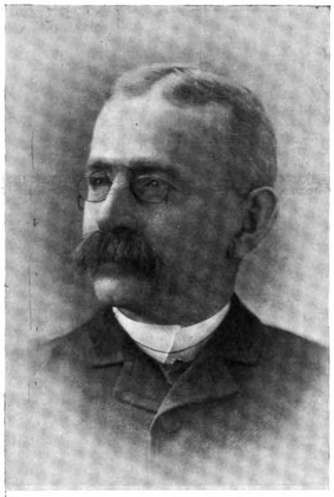
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THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

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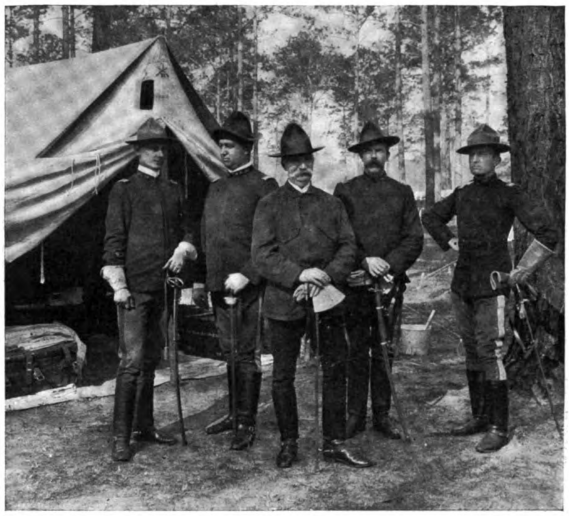
THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.

U. S. FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK," OFF HAVANA,
April, 1898.

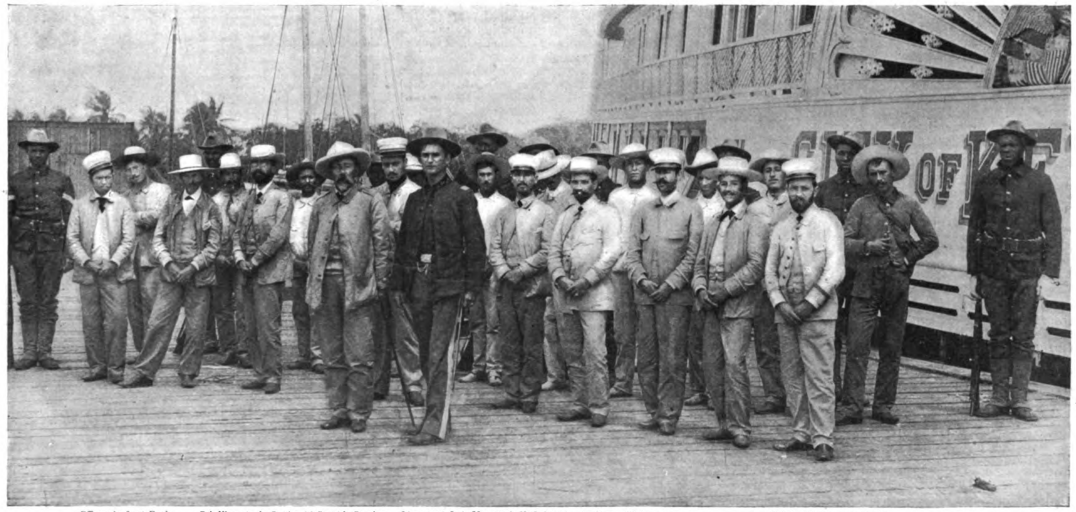
IT seems much like the usual summer cruising this bright morning, and the scene is similar to what I have witnessed again and again when with the fleet off our own land far to the northward. It is not uncomfortably hot on deck. On our starboard beam the "Ever-faithful Isle" looms dimly through the haze; the blue water, flipped and flawed by a fresh breeze which drives the white clouds across the sky, tumbles merrily away to the horizon ahead, astern, and to port, and it is hard to realize, as I lean on the sill of an open window in the chart-house, looking out over the sea, that war is upon us, and that from the blue heights of the shore hostile eyes are watching us, hostile lips are cursing us, and that we ourselves are but waiting the opportunity to strike.

But the ship has changed her clothes. Dull gray from truck to water-line, where formerly spotless white and glistening bright work shot back the sun's rays, she is stripped of everything not necessary for the work for which she is designed. Davits, stanchions, and rail have disappeared; no boats hang at the sides, but are clustered canvas-wrapped, on the top of the superstructure; forward the huge anchors, dripping with the spray that showers over the bows, lie ponderously on the bill-boards, while stretching out from turret and sponson the long dark guns sleep in the sunlight, lazily awaiting the touch of the master's hand that soon is to awaken "the like to kill that is inside them."

Gradually we near in towards the land. Heights and rolling hills thickly covered with dense green masses of foliage almost to the water's edge meet the white surf breaking on shore; clusters and rows of tall graceful palms raise plumed heads; here and there the light-colored walls of a house appear, but everything seems void of human life, and apparent quiet reigns. In the distance two of our ships are lying. "It's the *Puritan* and *Cincinnati*, sir," says the quartermaster, who, glass to eye, has been peering out of the next window for some minutes. "They're pretty close in, and I think that's Matan-



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN J. COPPINGER, U.S.A., AND HIS PERSONAL STAFF, MOBILE, ALABAMA.



Officers in front Rank. Col. Vincente de Cortijo, 3d Spanish Cavalry. Lieutenant J. A. Moss, 25th U. S. Infantry, in charge of Prisoners. Enlisted Men in rear Rank.

SPANISH PRISONERS OF WAR CAPTURED APRIL 29—NOW IN CONFINEMENT AT FORT McPHERSON, GEORGIA.

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zas Harbor. Those two ships are patrolling that part of the coast—so I hear." We approach rapidly; the bright colors of the signal-flags flutter out from the yard; all the ships are moving, the *Puritan's* decks all awash, the water dripping and splashing off her sides as she ploughs through the water and rises and falls to the lift of the sea. She is a powerful-looking monster, the very ideal of all that is strong and terrible, her dark and forbidding appearance relieved only by the dear bright bit of bunting flying from her mast. Slim and long, graceful in shape and motion, *Cincinnati* rides lightly on the waves; her signal-flags are flying in long streaming lines, while the smoke rolls in black volumes from her chimneys. On the land over there the hills roll back, the haze of a town appears behind a sandy point stretching before us, where, half-way between its end and the wooded banks further on, a yellowish mound marks the presence of a battery.

"Sound general quarters!" Quick and sharp comes the order from the forward bridge above me, and quick and sharp the trumpet calls the eager crew to the guns. See the bluejackets jump to their stations! their eyes blaze, their rugged faces glow with excitement, but order and discipline maintain their rule. Slowly, smoothly, without a hitch, the great turrets swing around; the guns move up and down, sway slightly this way or that, greedily seeking their point of aim. Slowly, smoothly, the ships glide into position; a moment's pause, and with a crash that shakes the decks, followed by the roar of the projectile, the eight-inch rifle on the port side sends forth its hostile messenger. Instantly its mates take up the refrain, and the thunderous song of battle swells into chorus, the rolling beat of *Cincinnati's* rapid-fire mingling with the deep booming bass of *Puritan's* monster guns. Dusky clouds of earth and sand mark where the shots have struck; there is evident consternation and confusion, perhaps surprise, on shore, for it is some moments before, with a flash and a cloud of white smoke from the battery, and the whir of his shell through the air above us, the enemy answers our challenge.

For several minutes the fire continues, steadily maintained by one ship or the other, replied to only at intervals by the Spaniards. Some of the hostile shots fall near, but not a vessel is struck; and the object of our attack—the annoyance of the enemy in the construction of new fortifications—having been accomplished, our ships slowly withdraw, followed by one last defiant shot from the hostile lines.

Such, as I saw it, was the first engagement in the present war with Spain. Of little or no importance in comparison with what the future will undoubtedly bring to us, still it marks an epoch in the history of the war; and the splendid spirit displayed by the men, the perfect discipline and order that prevailed among those who, with but very few exceptions, heard the "shot fired in anger" for the first time, show beyond a doubt that, whatever may happen hereafter, no disgrace at their hands will come to the flag they serve.

ON PATROL ALONG THE CUBAN COAST—THE SKIRMISH AT MARIEL.

How quiet everything is to-night! Nothing but the subdued thud of the propeller, the drowsy hum of the engine, and the swish of the water on the sides as the ship glides through the water. Some of the youngsters in the junior officers' mess were laughing and singing a little while ago, but now all is hushed and silent. No tattoo or taps; quietly the men off watch have gone to their hammocks, or are lying on their blankets spread upon the deck. Hardly a light shows anywhere; only the battle-lanterns burn dimly through their screens. Around the shotted and ready guns the men on watch are gathered. shot, shell, and cartridge lie near by, while, loaded rifle on shoulder, the vigilant sentries pace to and fro. Up on the high bridges shadowy figures loom against the sky. The ship is cleared for action; the decks are swept clean of all obstructions, battle-hatches hide the skylights; every port is covered. Away off yonder the coast, faintly visible against the starlit sky, stretches along the horizon. A great fire is burning there on the hill-side, and to the westward a faint flash of silvery light, moving to and fro in a long shaft, marks where the enemy lies at Morro.

So many miles to the eastward, then over with the helm and back again so many miles to the westward, the watchful patrol goes on. The ship, a mere shadow against the dark waters and scarcely lighter sky, moves silently; everywhere wakeful eyes peer through the night, on the watch for the least suspicious object. The slightest blur on the surface darker than the surrounding waters, the faintest gleam of light, is immediately reported to the officer of the deck, and guns are trained in the direction where light or shadow has been seen. Anxious times for all hands these night-watches, for it is reported that some of the enemy's torpedo-boats are out of Havana Harbor, and no one can tell whence an unexpected blow may come. Sometimes there is a momentary blaze from the electric lamps on the foremast, just two or three lights showing for a second, then extinguished again. Far off in the gloom an answering gleam shows, as another of our patrolling ships passes, saying "Friend!" to the challenge of the private night signal. Drifting clouds cast great shadows over the sea; now and then a wave breaks into foam, showing for a second in startling contrast with the surrounding inky blackness. The breeze hums in mournful musical tune in the muzzles of the four-inch guns over the sides there, like revengeful spirits longing to break loose. The mind wanders far away to the Northern home where the dear ones are. Heigh ho! *Che sarà sarà!* I'm going to turn in!

Something has disturbed my sleep, and I lie there in a semi-unconscious state for a moment or two. Chur-r-r-*chunk!* chur-r-r-*chunk!* in quick rhythmic steady motion the engines are working. Hello! we're hitting it up! There must be a chase on, and I raise myself up on elbow, broad awake now, and listening to the rush of the waters alongside. The good ship is trembling, and I feel the leap and bound of her hull as she speeds along like a race-horse on the homestretch. Hark! there goes the bugle for'ard. Ta-ta-ra-ta! breaking out loud and shrill again further aft. General quarters, by Jove! Turn out, every mother's son of you! Just as the sleepy mess-boys come trooping in through the mess-room doors, and the ammunition-hatch gapes open, I hastily pull some outer clothing over my pajamas, thrust my feet into my shoes, and make my way on deck. Everybody is astir. Officers, some all equipped, others with sword and revolver buckled on over their night-clothes, feet in slippers, are all ready at their posts; the men, just as they have been routed out of their hammocks, barefooted, bareheaded, accoutrements on, stand at the guns. The for'ard search-light is working, sending a shaft of brilliant light out over the starboard bow. Bang! there goes one of the forward guns. Hark to the shriek of the shell. "Turn on the starboard waist light!" and another bright ray darts into the gloom, and there in huge bulk, answering in graceful roll to the touch of the sea, a steamer lies, and streaming from the staff at her stern the friendly red flag of Britain flutters in the breeze. "What ship is that?" comes the hail from the bridge. "*Strathdee*, of Glasgow," the prompt answer comes back. "Stand by! I shall send a boat aboard," is the order from our ship. The stranger's crew is gathered on her forecastle, gazing curiously on the Yankee man-o'-war, while on her bridge her officers stand, awaiting the arrival of our boat, now tossing and tumbling on the waves between the ships. Our visit is short. Friendly sentiments are exchanged between our boarding officer and the steamer's skipper, who praises the vigilance of our warships, stating that he had already been held up twice before that night.

Daylight now, a bright, breezy afternoon, and close in to the coast. What a beautiful land this is that stretches before us, as, lazily steaming along, we open out one little cove after another. We have passed close to the block-aded city, so close that the powerful new batteries that defend the entrance to the harbor and far-famed Morro Castle were in plain view; and bathed in the afternoon light, the bright-hued houses of Havana rose tier on tier on the surrounding uplands. Although within range, the Spanish guns maintain sullen silence.

Closer and closer we draw in to the coast, *Porter* and *Ericsson*, our two accompanying torpedo-boats, dancing merrily on either quarter. Over a point tipped by an ancient white Martello tower, the red-roofed houses of a large town—Cabañas—appear, and a beautiful little bay, Mariel, lies before us. We see long tile-roofed lines of buildings—warehouses probably, to judge from the docks hard by; and on a wooded hill on the right of the harbor's mouth a block-house rises above the trees surrounding. Save for a little white vessel—a Spanish gunboat, no doubt, which goes scurrying away behind what seem to be islands—there are no signs of life that I can make out, although like enough there are panic and fear in the streets of the town beyond. The masts of some vessels can be seen faintly outlined against the houses, while on the beautiful hills, where graceful palms sway and thick masses of dark green foliage melt and fade into the distance, smoke is rising. For some time we lie there; up on the bridge the admiral and the officers of his staff are busy, their glasses sweeping the land from point to point, and evidently in consultation—what about is none of my business.

Very slowly we take up our course again; outlying houses appear on the heights, some of them in ruins, others evidently the buildings of some large estate. A great yellow house in a grove of trees is conspicuous, we can see some moving objects, which our glasses show to be horsemen, quite a large number, the enemy's cavalry apparently. No further notice would be taken of them, but they are evidently very desirous of attracting our attention—a wish which we afterward proceed to gratify, let us hope, to their full satisfaction—for it is not long before rolling little clouds of smoke and the faint distant prutt of volleys of small-arms show that they have opened fire upon us. Quickly some of our four-inch guns are manned, biff! biff! a shell, then another and another, humming and buzzing like hornets, return the compliments of the ship to our friends ashore. Right in among them we drop our cards, so to speak, and the gentlemen "stand not on the order of their going, but go at once." Perhaps they will not be so eager to make themselves too openly conspicuous to an American man-o'-war again, and probably, if the story were told to them, they would appreciate the ancient tale in which the principal characters consisted of a monkey and a buzz-saw.

R. F. Zogbaum.

SPAIN AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The history of the Philippine Islands since Magallaens took possession of them, three hundred and seventy-seven years ago, in the name of Charles I., has shown all the worst defects of Spanish colonial government, except perhaps its cruelty. For the first hundred years the Spaniards cannot be held altogether accountable for the internal condition of the archipelago, having as much as they could do to keep their hold on the islands against the attacks of the Portuguese and the Dutch and the ceaseless filibustering expeditions from China and Japan. But the opening of the seventeenth century found them firmly in the saddle, with no outside complications to distract them from the work of developing the colony. Except for the British invasion in 1762, they have been left unhampered by any foreign power for the last two hundred and fifty years. If in that time, with a clear field to work in, they have been unable to maintain order among the natives or to build up a flourishing dependency out of the most favorable materials, the inference is fair that, however fitted they may once have been for conquest, the art of colonizing is not in them.

They made the initial mistake of never thoroughly conquering the wild tribes they set out to rule. Manila to them was but the basis and starting-point for conquest. They aimed at nothing less than the subjection of China and Japan. And when repeated failure had taught them the impossibility of its fulfilment, they fell back at last upon the Philippines, and endeavored to make good their years of neglect. But the golden moment had passed. The terror of their first victories had died away. The fierce savages of the mountains and the Mussulmans in the Sulu Archipelago repulsed every effort to subdue them. To this day, of the 7,000,000 natives who inhabit the Philippines, it is judged that at least 1,000,000 are independent of Spanish control.

Spain's conquests three hundred years ago were as much religious as military. No expedition left her shores without the blessing of the Pope, and no territory was added to the empire the government of which, as a matter of course, was not equally divided between the Church and the state. The Roman Catholic Church, as an agency of colonial administration, has been the strongest of Spain's reserve forces and the cause of much of her civil weakness. It has bred jealousies and disputes, and destroyed the possibility of a strong central administration; but it has at the same time, by its controlling influence among the native converts, kept them loyal and obedient, in spite of every form of official rapacity and misgovernment. Of late years, with increasing opportunities for self-education, the natives, too, have begun to clamor for something more than the satisfaction of their spiritual needs, and no longer yield the same passive obedience to the temporal authority of the Church. Needless to say, the civil officials have fought continually with the monks. The Church in the Philippines exercises all the powers it held in England before the Reformation, and of course with far greater effect. It claims to be the supreme governing authority of the colony, deriving its title from the pontiff, and it demands also a complete immunity from civil courts of justice. The resultant conflicts are only what might have been expected.

One may trace a further reason for Spain's failure to colonize successfully in the character of the population she has allowed to grow up in the Philippines. To govern an archipelago of 1000 islands, even without the embarrassment of an antagonistic Church, would be difficult enough. It was made more difficult for Spain by her short-sightedness in not conquering all the native races. But the intricacies of the problem were vastly increased by the presence and propagation of half-breeds. In the Philippines, as in Cuba and Mexico, Spanish authority has found its fiercest opponents in the half-castes, whom official foolishness has permitted and even encouraged to multiply. The population of the Philippines consists roundly of 7,000,000 souls. Of these sixty-seven per cent. (about 4,700,000) are pure natives, split up into numberless tribes, and speaking about two hundred dialects, but in character and disposition not unlike the Southern negroes. They are peaceful and indolent fellows, who work as field hands and day-laborers in the intervals of cock-figluting. About thirty per cent. of the entire population are Chinese or Chinese half-breeds—that is to say, over 2,000,000; three per cent. are Spaniards, creoles, and Spanish half-breeds, about 200,000; and only one-hundredth of one per cent.—under 1000 in all—are Europeans or Americans. The encouragement of mixed marriages in the hope of raising the intellectual status of the natives has always been a favorite policy with the Romish Church in uncivilized countries. But the small gain has been dearly purchased by the perpetuation of a class which, despising the natives and despised by the pure Europeans, fills an intermediate position, from which there is no escape but by revolution. Spanish authority, and with it the temporal powers of the Church, have in every country been undermined first of all by the half-castes. In the Philippines the enormous number of Chinese half-breeds has proved a peculiar menace to the government, the Chinese merchants having practically all the retail trade of the colony in their hands, and being animated by their usual hatred for Europeans. Six rebellions in the present century have been directly traceable to their influence.

One may enumerate these difficulties and mistakes without end and yet miss the real secret of Spain's failure. It lies in the multiplicity and venality of the Spanish officials. All the evidence goes to show that if Boss Tweed's system of government were to be extended to every department of colonial and provincial administration the result could not be much worse than Spanish rule in the Philippines. And with this open corruption, as a necessary corollary, have gone excessive taxation and a neglect of public works—so much so that of all the colonies subject to a European power the Philippines of late years have been the most backward and the least provided with the ordinary improvements of civilization. It is a small but significant fact that travellers report 70 per cent. of the roads impassable during the rainy and 40 per cent. during the dry season. Spain has never been a nation of commerce, and had it not been for the enterprise of British and American merchants Manila hemp and sugar and tobacco might never have been heard of. It is only during the last forty or fifty years that the Philippines, in spite of the Spanish, have become known to the markets of the world. Since then some small concessions have been grudgingly made to foreign traders, but the Spanish mind is still as far off an enlightened fiscal policy as it was three hundred years ago. Spain has thrown away a glorious heritage by sheer inability to turn it to profit, and her successors will have a difficult task in rectifying the mistakes of the past. Fortunately there is the consolation that any change in the government of the Philippines must be for the better.

Sydney Brooks.

SOLDIERS WHO CRY.

Yesterday I called at the Ninth Infantry camp, and Colonel Powell told the following in the course of conversation, and it struck me as a new note. This regiment came from Plattsburg Barracks, New York, and when the order came to go the colonel asked his captains to draw up small details out of the companies which should be left behind to guard and look after the property of the government at Plattsburg.

The colonel drew these details up in line to instruct them in their duties, which he did at some length. He said he noticed tears running down the faces of some of the men, but it did not strike him seriously at the time. He dismissed the squad and left the building; but in a string behind him came the men, crying like children. One old mustached and grizzled chap was bawling as though at his mother's funeral; he begged, he pleaded, he implored the colonel by all his gods not to leave him behind. Others did the same, standing there crying, blubbering, and beseeching Colonel Powell not to make them stay behind. The old colonel was quite taken aback. He did not know just what to do. He liked the spirit, but the discipline had never had just this sort of a shock before, and it upset him. He told the men they had been detailed by their captains to stay behind to guard property because they were steady men. It did nothing but cause more pleading and blubbering, and the colonel walked away. He did not tell me if he had a tear in his own eye when he turned his back, but the men had to be rounded sharply up and regularly made to stay. That is the kind of boys to follow the band, I say.

Frederic Remington.

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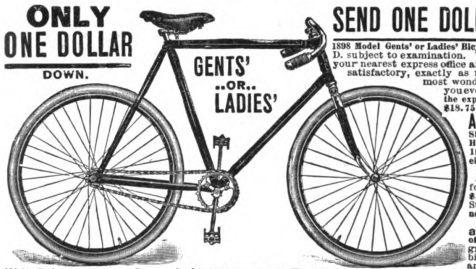
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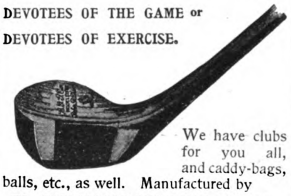
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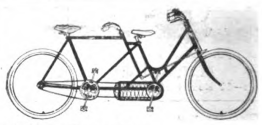
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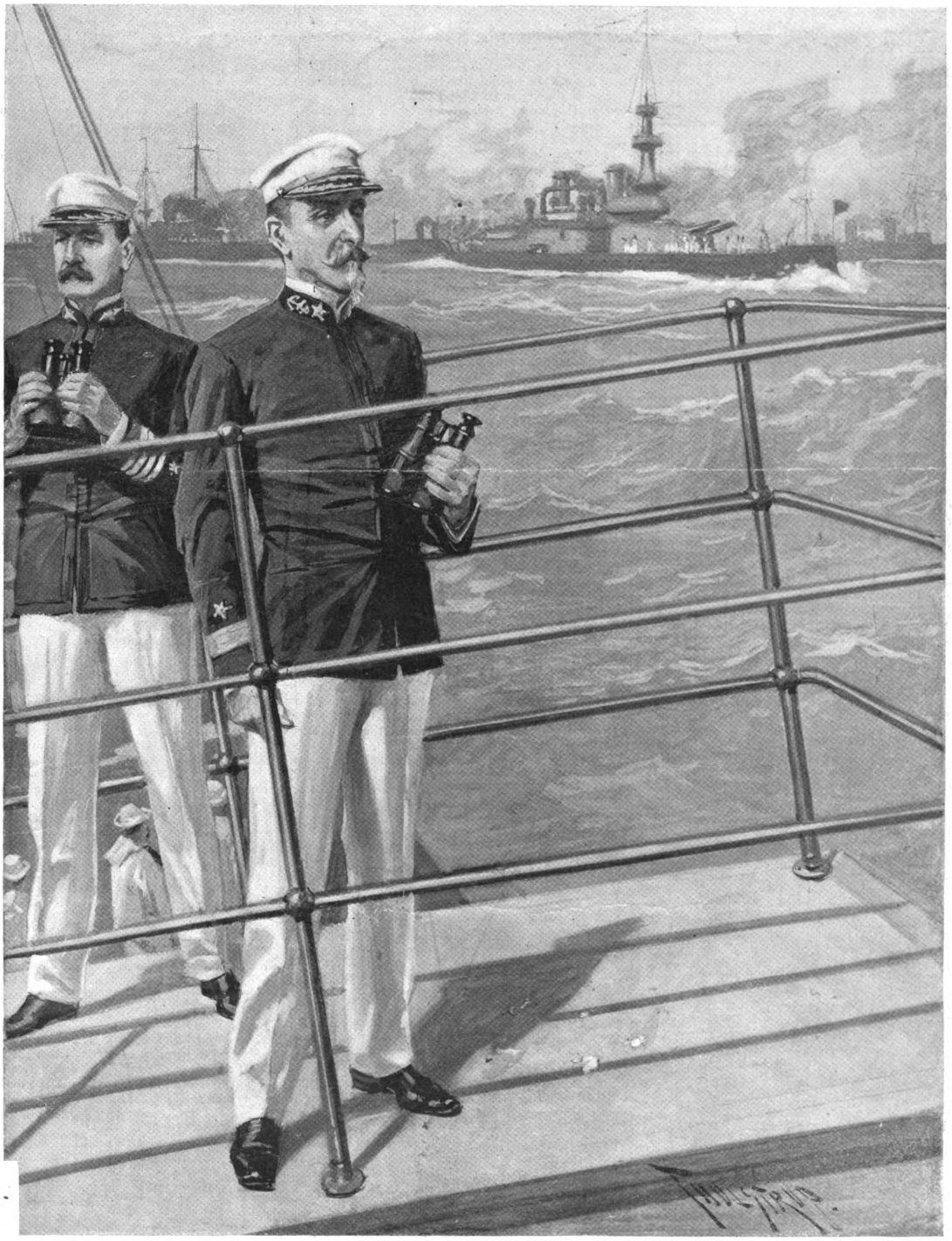
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2162.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1898.

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(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

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POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

THE daily newspapers assert that a large number of army biscuits are being made with the legend, "Remember the *Maine*." One of the unfortunate features of this war is that the loss of the *Maine*, and the general belief that it was the result of Spanish treachery, and that it was, in fact, a Spanish crime, created a public sentiment which eventually forced the country into war. The feeling that the sailors of the *Maine* had been murdered by the Spanish, added to the horror created by Spanish rule in Cuba, and by the terrible condition of the reconcentrados, was sufficient to turn the scale, and the war came. This fact takes away somewhat from the more general feeling that the war was necessary in the interests of humanity, but the legend on the biscuit has a good deal of truth in it, and the memory of the loss of the *Maine*, and of the deaths of her officers and sailors, is doing much to nerve and inspire the men who are fighting.

WE are glad to hear that the government has finally determined that news of its military and naval affairs shall not be given to Spain by way of the press. If the statements of operations that have thus far appeared in the newspapers are at all true, it is a wonder that a censorship of the cable and telegraph lines was not established long ago. Some of the newspapers seem to think it very curious that the movements of our own fleet are known in Spain, and they are inclined to criticise the government, and to contrast its frankness with the reticence of Spain, little dreaming, apparently, that it is not the government, but a babbling press which is the source of information to the Spanish authorities. Now, however, that the government proposes to put its hand upon the means for distributing news, we shall probably be spared the unpleasant spectacle of the shooting or hanging of Spanish spies who have been masquerading as newspaper reporters.

TWO invasions by the army are contemplated, one of Cuba, and one of the Philippines. We trust that neither will be undertaken at a wrong season of the year, or without preparation. The army is not ready to invade Cuba. It has not even the necessary clothes for a campaign in the island. The Spaniards cannot be driven out of Cuba in a short time, and Havana cannot be taken except after a siege, and until BLANCO'S supply of food is exhausted. Moreover, the army that we now have is not ready for any campaign whatever. Most of it is composed of raw recruits, whose officers are amateurs. They need a season's drilling. This will make the war longer, to be sure, but we entered upon it before we were ready, and we must pay the cost of getting ready after its declaration. We trust that General GRAHAM is right, and that no invasion of Cuba will take place before October. If the movement should be made before this, we are very much afraid that the country will lose more men by yellow fever and other diseases than by Spanish bullets. So far as the Philippines are concerned, General MERRITT is right in demanding a sufficient force of regulars as a core. Five thousand regulars are certainly few enough to take the islands, and if he has a force of less than thirty thousand, his complete success in governing the islands will be very doubtful.

WE trust that if the State of New York is to raise any more volunteers, it will take better care of them than it took of the men who have just gone to the front. The haste with which these volunteer regiments were raised is no excuse for the treatment which the men received at Camp Black and Camp Townsend. A decent cattle-raiser treats the beasts under his charge with more humanity than the State of New York showed for the soldiers that it was sending into the service of the country. The State left the soldiers without food, with insufficient shelter and medical attendance, and without proper clothing; and if the men had not been patriotic Americans they would have gone to meet the enemy in a very dangerously unpleasant frame of mind. The United States government did not treat them much better for a short time after they finally reached its service. One regiment, the Seventy-first, was quite twenty-four hours without food after leaving Camp Black and before finally starting on the way to Tampa, and in the mean time the men were bunked in cars that were more crowded than cattle-cars usually are, and they were forced to do hard labor notwithstanding their famished condition. It is a wonder that there were no desertions, and that the men got off in comparatively good health; but they will doubtless be happier in Tampa, where they will be cared for and nourished under the auspices of regular army officers.

IT is very clear that Congress will be obliged to authorize the issue of bonds, and that any attempt of the Democrats and Populists to prevent this action will fail. Certainly the House—no matter what the Senate may do—will not agree to the proposition to issue $150,000,000 of greenbacks. Stated in its fairest terms, this proposition is to compel the creditors of the government, who are to fight for it and sell their goods to it, to accept pay in non-interest-bearing notes, which will certainly, soon after their issue, be worth much less than their face value. It being evident that the House will not consent to this delusive scheme, and that it will not agree to the coining of the fancied seigniorage of silver now alleged to be in the Treasury, the longer the Democrats and Populists of the Senate wait before abandoning their effort to bring about the impossible, the more certain will be the defeat of their party at the coming election; and this defeat will be a lasting one. The Democratic party was so tarred with the reputation of dislovalty after the war of secession that it remained out of power in every branch of the government for nine years after the close of the war; and, in now opposing the prompt passage of a measure needed for the raising of the necessary funds for the prosecution of the war, it is inviting like contumely and defeat. Now that we are in a war, the people are in favor of finishing it, and of taking all the steps necessary to the speedy accomplishment of that end. Any man or any party that stands in the way is likely to be crushed.

WE trust that the House of Representatives will refuse to pass the joint resolution annexing Hawaii, at least at the present session. Nothing new in the way of argument in favor of annexation is advanced in the report of the Foreign Affairs Committee, and the fact remains, on the other hand, that public opinion prevented the Senate from ratifying the treaty of annexation, which is still pending, and if public opinion has accomplished that much in a body which, at the beginning of the session, was supposed to be strongly in favor of the treaty, it ought certainly to be still considered, and to be reckoned with before a circuitous method of securing annexation is attempted. The frank and honorable method for the annexationists to pursue is to adhere to the treaty which has been negotiated and favored by the administration, but which its friends in the Senate were afraid to bring to a vote because of the opposition developed by discussion, especially by discussion in the public press. To abandon the treaty and bring forward this resolution at a time when public attention is distracted by the war with Spain is not fair to an opposition which has shown so much strength in quieter times. The annexation of Hawaii is a distinct departure from our traditional policy, and if the departure is to be made, it should be at a time when the public mind is calm, and when its attention is not taken from the question involved in the important proposition that the United States shall embark in the business of possessing and governing colonies by a more engrossing subject. While the ratification of the treaty would require a two-thirds vote of the Senate, a resolution may be passed by a majority vote of the two Houses, and this is an additional reason why the resolution should not be urged at a time when the country is not inclined to think of anything but the war which is in progress. A decent sense of fair play ought to encourage the Speaker to stand by his convictions, and to prevent, if possible, the consummation of an enterprise which he believes will be harmful to the country, and which, at the very least, should not be accomplished through a snap judgment.

IT is pleasing to note a certain change of tone towards the United States in some French newspapers. Whether it is in response to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech in favor of an Anglo-American alliance, or in consequence of the resentment expressed by the people of the United States, is a matter perhaps of little importance. But the French have gone a little too far to retreat easily. We do not take into account the insolent vilification of their newspapers, because we know that most of the newspapers of Paris are venal and that they publish what is paid for. But we know also that a large part of the French people are pecuniarily interested in Spain, not only in Spanish bonds, but in Spanish mines and railroads and industries, and that their rage and insolence against the United States are caused by the fact that the war endangers their pecuniary interests. It is a fact, too, that their new politeness, as expressed by *Figaro*, is due to fear that the French bourgeoisie and Parisian hotel-keepers will lose money if the American resentment be lasting. Now, as a matter of fact, the people of this country have no reason to object to French sympathy with Spain, but they cannot endure with equanimity the kind of insolence that has been poured out upon them by the French press and by some of the French people. They will respect a difference of opinion even when it injures them, but they realize now that a very large part of the French friendship for America in the past has been dictated by the French pocket, and that traditional friendship has been worked for all that it is worth to the Parisian innkeeper and shopkeeper. The French have not only sided with Spain against the United States, but they have shown a virulent enmity towards us. They can still have our money, because they grow and make what we want to buy, but, for the time at least, they have lost our regard. In vilifying us on account of our war with Spain they have shown the hollowness of their republican professions, and they have revealed a disgusting sordidness which heretofore they have been able to conceal under a superficial appearance of friendship. This is our feeling towards France at present, but it is untrue, as the *Journal des Débats* has said, that it has been inspired by Great Britain. It has been created by the French themselves.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

AN alliance between Great Britain and the United States—that is, between all countries and peoples speaking the English language—is now fully within the contemplation of practical politicians. Whether a treaty will soon be negotiated is another matter. Politicians on both sides of the water are at least preparing their own minds and the minds of the people of England and America by considering and discussing the possibility of such an agreement. By the very act of doing so they have brought the people of the two countries nearer together, and in England a strong popular sentiment already exists in favor of a union. It would be difficult to fix the period at which this English sentiment of decided friendliness towards America began its present strong and gratifying manifestation, but, paradoxical as it may seem, we are inclined to credit the Venezuela incident with the awakening of that respect for us which is so obvious an element of the existing feeling of the British press and public towards Americans. At least there is no doubt that English public men and English society did not look upon Mr. OLNEY'S despatches to Mr. BAYARD, and upon Mr. CLEVELAND'S message, in the same way as they struck some of us in this country who did not agree with the President and his Secretary of State. Be this as it may, the fact that an international alliance is desired by Englishmen of all parties is now one of the foremost facts of international politics. If it had not been so before by reason of the frank confessions of English sympathy for us in our war with Spain, and by active and material aid afforded us by the government at a time when the Continental nations intended to prevent war by an unfriendly demonstration against us, it is now certain by reason of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S strong declaration in his Birmingham speech in favor of an Anglo-American alliance.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S words are an inspiration to every one who realizes the full significance of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States. It would be an alliance of the democratic peoples of the world, and that there may be speedy need of it, if the world is not to move backward, is clear to all who are watching the course of the

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ENSIGN ARTHUR L. WILLARD, U.S.N.,
Of U. S. Gunboat "Machias." The first Man in this War to raise the American Flag in Cuba.

THIS BUSY WORLD

War is a sore trial, yet the officers of the American army and navy are excusable if they protest that once in a generation at least they ought to have an inning, and occupy the front of the stage. For thirty years they have had a comparatively humdrum time of it, and except for some mighty disagreeable Indian fighting, abounding in difficulties and risk, and yielding meagre returns of promotion and distinction, they have been in great measure out of the game. Whatever professional zeal they may have felt, there has been very limited occasion for its display. While their brethren in civil life have been busy with "real work," in which they have been spurred on to extreme effort by competition and the hope of winning the prizes which wait on diligence and talent, they have seemed to be shut off from the opportunities that commonly stir ambition, and to be relegated to the performance of prescribed duties hardly severe or strenuous enough to save them from seeming to belong to a leisure class.

Now, for a time, it is all different. The practical men of the country are its fighting men. Their job is the one that is all-important; their ability and energy are what the country depends on; their performance is what every one watches; their preparations, plans, desires, intentions, and exploits take up all the space in the newspapers, and the poor drudging man of peace pegs away at his inglorious trade, with little attention from any one, even from himself. Every dog should have his day. As long as in the course of human affairs it is necessary for nations to maintain armies and navies, we must expect periodical returns of agitation and profuse expenditure and the incidental projection of the war lords to the front. We are spending money fast just now, but it is an instructive expenditure. We shall have learned again before we get through what a navy is, what an army is, what it is worth to us to have them, and what we may reasonably expect them to do.

The London *Saturday Review*, which is having more fun than any one else over our war with Spain, observed, in its issue of April 30:

> America, having made no preparations for completing the task she so arrogantly undertook, has no power to lay the storm she raised. Her finances are disorganized; her national army is a mere mob; her navy is heroic in bombarding earth-works from a safe distance.

Dewey's victory seems to have left it of the same opinion still, for it says, in its issue of May 7:

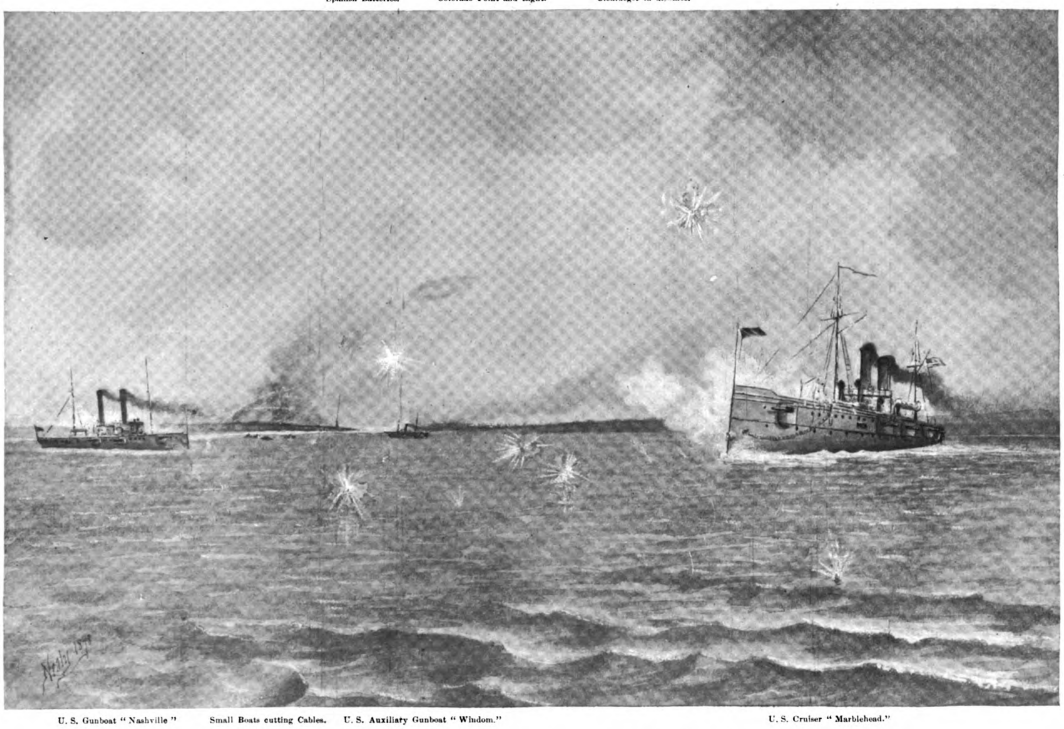
> At Manila the Spanish ships were all wooden—there was not one protected cruiser—and mostly about one-fifth of the size of their opponents.

A critic so signally superior to facts as the *Saturday Review* has the advantage of being able to promulgate its views without any fear of the commentary of events.

As one reads of regiments from Ohio and Illinois and Michigan at the Chickamauga camp, and of the inundation of the same big muster-ground by train-loads of Eastern soldiers, the expectation is encouraged of good and valuable results from the intermingling of all these Americans from different parts of the country. The East and the West especially have shown of late years a decided need to touch elbows and rub together. It is an excellent thing that men from New York and Massachusetts should be thrown for a time into closer relations with men from Texas and Kansas and Missouri. The men of all others who need to be brought together are the men from the extreme East and their fellows in the extreme Northwest, and it will be matter for regret if the volunteers of the Pacific coast are sent away to Manila, and thus lose the chance of scraping acquaintance in Cuba with Eastern soldiers whom they ought to know. On this score it must be regarded as matter for regret that there is not at present a better prospect of seeing in the field that exceptionally representative New York regiment—the Seventh. No kind of American is likely to profit more by an extended acquaintance with a variety of his fellow-citizens than the man who was born and has grown up in New York. The interests of this place are so engrossing, and its life is in many respects so artificial, that it is particularly wholesome for men who live in it to be separated from time to time from their haunts or occupations and put in the way of finding out what the rest of the country is like, what sort of citizens it produces, and what sort of opinions those citizens entertain. War is a very practical school. Going to it at the right age and with proper preparation is held by many veterans of the civil war to make more for the



LIEUT.-COL. WALLACE F. RANDOLPH, U.S.A.,
Commanding Field Artillery Brigade (ten Batteries), Port Tampa, Florida.



CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH CABLES AT CIENFUEGOS, CUBA, UNDER FIRE OF SPANISH BATTERIES.—Drawn by S. H. Nealy.

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enlargement of the mind than going to college. Young volunteers who don't drink whiskey, or catch fevers, or sustain serious physical damage, are likely to come out of this present war materially wiser than they went in, and better qualified in important particulars to be useful citizens.

The Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts finds reasons which seem to its friends satisfactory for thinking itself to be the promptest militia regiment in the country. Colonel Woodward had anticipated Governor Wolcott's order which followed the President's call for volunteers, and it is stated that it took him no more than thirty minutes to raise and report a full regiment to the Governor. It was the Sixth, as will be remembered, that made the memorable march through Baltimore in 1861, and Captain Marshall, now of the regiment, was a sergeant in it at that time. Finally, the Sixth includes a Concord company, in which are many descendants of the Concord minute-men who were in the first fight of the Revolution, so that the regiment feels warranted in filing a claim to have been



C. E. AKERS,
Correspondent of the London "Times," at Tampa.

first in three wars. It may be disputed, yet no better claim to this particular distinction seems likely to be offered.

It was reported the other day that steps had already been taken to raise a monument at Raleigh, North Carolina, to Ensign Bagley, who was killed in the engagement off Cardenas. That was a case of prompt action, yet there was evidence the other day that North Carolina has a long memory for her sons who have fallen in war. On the 6th of May, at Oak Ridge, the students of the Oak Ridge Institute unveiled a granite cenotaph bearing a bronze tablet in memory of the bugler-boy, Gillies, of "Light Horse Harry" Lee's Revolutionary troop, who fell on February 12, 1781, in a skirmish with Tarleton's Dragoons, near the Guilford Court House battle-ground. It is thought to be the only monument ever erected to a boy of the Revolutionary times. All the schools in the county were represented at the ceremony of unveiling.

An Ohio veteran, Captain Theodore F. Allen, is promulgating among the other veterans the suggestion that "the survivors of the Union army shall of their own accord return the trophies of the civil war to the survivors of the Southern regiments." Captain Allen thinks the time to do it will be the occasion of the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic in Cincinnati next September, which, he thinks, "will probably be the last *great* gathering of veterans of the civil war."

Inasmuch as there is no reason to think that the storage of the trophies of the civil war as at present arranged is any hinderance to unity between North and South, Captain Allen is pretty sure to run up against a strong sentiment in favor of leaving those trophies alone. They are harmless where they are, and have little significance any longer except as historical relics. The proposition to give them back, if seriously taken, is sure to provoke discussion, call out harsh comments, and make trouble. The experiment has been tried before, with results that ought not to be risked again. The thing to do with the flags is to let them alone, and keep them out of discussion. In the Lord's good time they will disappear.

Moreover, Captain Allen's opinion that the Grand Army reunion at Cincinnati next September will be the last great one seems hardly to accord with reasonable expectation, the more prevalent belief being that there will be great G. A. R. reunions for at least ten years to come.

Lieutenant Totten is still prophesying ten hours a day, and is doing good work. In spite of appearances, he says, our real enemy is not Spain but Russia, and the scene of the final outcome of contemporary disturbances is to be Palestine.

The next most confident prophet to Lieutenant Totten seems to be President Andrews of Brown University, who is quoted in the newspapers as proclaiming and reiterating at various times and places his belief that the greatest war the world has known is imminent, and will be precipitated by our war with Spain. Dr. Andrews's arrangement of the parties to this great international conflict varies from week to week. On May 7, in addressing the Lathrop Club at Beverly, Massachusetts, as reported in the Boston *Transcript*, he matched Germany and Russia against England and France, but a week later, at Providence, in addressing the Brown cadet battalion, he joins Germany, Russia, Italy, France, and Spain against England and the United States. If there is to be so much fat as all that in the fire, it is as well that the President should call for more troops.

Prophecy, however, is not now the sure thing it was in Bible times, and even the diligent and attentive professors in Wall Street find many a surprise between the forecast and the event.

The Municipal Art Society of New York, organized in 1893, has lately been incorporated under the laws of New York, and by its new constitution enjoys increased powers to institute and control competitions for works of art to adorn the city. Two pieces of decoration that it has already accomplished, through funds provided by its members, are the allegorical paintings by Simmons in the Appellate Court room of the Criminal Courts Building, and the "Hunt Memorial" (to be completed this summer) in the Fifth Avenue wall of Central Park. It hopes presently to hold a competition for the decoration of the ceiling of the new municipal assembly-room in the City Hall, for which $10,000 has been voted by the city, and another for a design for a city street lamp to be used by the department which controls the lighting of the city. These competitions, it hopes, will be followed by many others of analogous scope and import, so that the city may constantly grow more beautiful, and worthier of the handsome and highly estimable and intelligent persons who live in it.

Chaplain Orville Nave, at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, sends word that he will be glad to receive copies of illustrated papers and magazines for distribution in hospitals and regiments serving in the field. There are Spanish prisoners of war at Fort McPherson, and doubtless use could be found for a little of the literature of Spain.

Princeton, a university lying well inland, and protected from invasion by the hosts of ferocious mosquitoes on the coast, is receiving favorable attention from investors in education. By the will of Mrs. Annie S. Paton, late of New York, who died May 10, the university is eventually to receive $100,000, the income of which is to go to two of Mrs. Paton's sons during their lifetime, and at their death is to endow lectureships at Princeton in Ancient and Modern Literature.

A matter of great moment to Boston is in a fair way to be settled. It is disclosed that the two branches of the Massachusetts Legislature have come to an agreement as to the proper height of buildings around Copley Square. The arrangement is that the limit to the walls of buildings on the north side of the square shall be 100 feet, on the other sides 90 feet. Spires, cupolas, balustrades, and other ornamental structures may exceed these limits. It is expected that a bill embodying these limitations will become a law.

One has to go a long ways just now to get away from war and rumors of it—especially the rumors—but Mr. Walter Wellman seems likely to reach a region of absolute peace. He sailed on May 10 for London, on his way to the north pole, or thereabouts, *viâ* Tromsoe, Cape Flora, and Franz-Josef Land. His plans provide for an absence of a year and a half, and for a dash towards the pole with six companions from the northern end of Franz-Josef Land, between February and June of next year. He hopes among other things to find some trace of Herr Andree, though his expectation of finding him alive seems to be faint. The sea part of Mr. Wellman's trip will be made in the Norwegian steamer *Frithjof*, which will take him to Cape Flora, and establish there his supply station. With him will go Professor Harlan of the Columbian University in Washington, Lieutenant Baldwin of the Weather Bureau, and Dr. Hofma of Michigan; and Professor Cope of Washington goes with them as far as Cape Flora. Besides the three Americans, three Norwegians, recommended by King Oscar of Sweden, will share the chances of the dash towards the pole. Let us hope that these adventurers may all get safely back, and find something left of earth in the temperate regions, and a population sufficiently pacified to be interested in their story.



CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. LEE, R.A.,
Representing the British Army with the United States forces at Tampa.

The American School of Classical Studies at Athens has in its gift three fellowships in Classical Archæology to be awarded next spring. Two of them, to be held for one year, have incomes of six hundred dollars each, and are open to competition of American students, men or women. The award will be made chiefly on a competitive written examination, which may be taken next March at Rome, Athens, or at any one of a score of American universities and colleges. The third fellowship, with an income of $1000, also to be held for one year, will be awarded to the woman whom the committee thinks most fit to receive it. There will be no examination in this case, but candidates should send the committee evidence of the work they have done. Full information about the conditions of these competitions may be had from the chairman of the committee, Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Ithaca, New York.



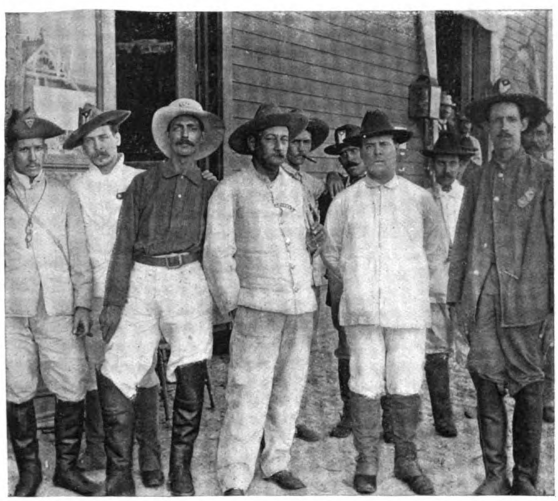
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,
Correspondent of the London "Times," at Tampa.

The number of veterans of the civil war who are available for active duty now is comparatively small, but the amount of civil-war experience which is available is great. Most adult Americans of average intelligence know the history of the civil war fairly well, and remember or have read about the preparations for it, and know what a tangle military matters were in at the start, and how long it took to get them straightened out. They know about the "On to Richmond" cry, and how eager many inconsiderate folks were to have great results achieved without any proportionate apparatus. All that knowledge makes for patience now, and helps to win indulgence for our military authorities in their efforts to muster and equip troops, and so to mix militiamen and green recruits as to turn them out in a few weeks seasoned soldiers fit for campaigning. So far we have had lots of war and scarcely any fighting. We should be more restless and unreasonable than we are if our history lesson was not so fresh in our minds that we cannot forget it.

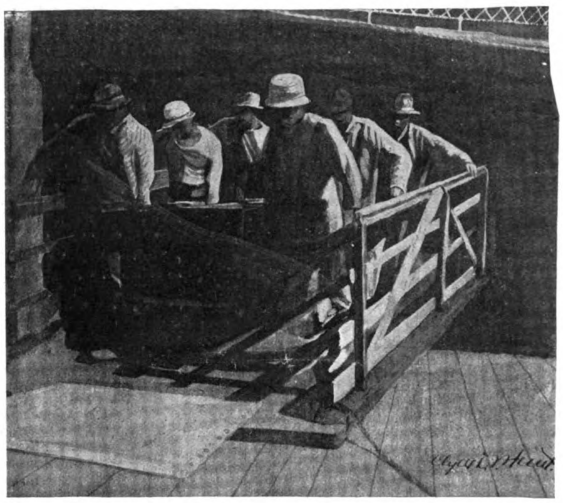
The patriotic women in and near New York are busy organizing and carrying on auxiliary Red Cross societies, for the mitigation of the miseries of war by relief to the wounded and sick. These auxiliaries, as they come into being, take unto themselves various special duties. On May 15 five of them were already at work. No. 1, the First New York Ambulance Red Cross Equipment Society, hopes to furnish and equip fifteen ambulances at a cost of $2000 apiece, and is gathering subscriptions and working to that end. Its treasurer is Miss Louisa Morgan, No. 219 Madison Avenue. No. 2 is the Woman's Conference of the Society for Ethical Culture; No. 3, the Hospital Equipment of the National Red Cross; No. 4, the Yonkers Auxiliary of the American National Red Cross Relief Committee; No. 5, the Metcalf-Bliss Hospital Cot Equipment of the National Red Cross. It is evident from the names of these societies that some were organized expressly for this work, and others were organizations already in being which took up the work. All of them, and the new ones which have since been started, are under the direction of the Woman's General Committee on Auxiliaries, of which the secretary is Mrs. Paul Dana, 1A Fifth Avenue. That committee in turn is tributary to the American National Red Cross Relief Committee, of which ex-Governor Morton is chairman. All these various Red Cross relief committees and their auxiliaries are intended to supplement and promote the work of the American National Red Cross Society, of which the best-known officer is Miss Clara Barton.

The Philadelphia work of the same sort is being done under the supervision of the National Relief Commission. It was proposed to unite this commission

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THE CUBAN VOLUNTEERS—GENERAL LACRET AND STAFF AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.



BRINGING ASHORE THE BODY OF ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, U.S.N., PORT TAMPA, MAY 15.—DRAWN BY CLYDE D. V. HUNT.

with the New York Red Cross organization, but the executive committee of the commission determined on May 10 that the combination was inexpedient. The Philadelphia organization has issued an appeal to the people of the country saying that its purposes are the same as those of the Sanitary and Christian commissions of the civil war, and inviting the formation of auxiliaries in all parts of the country. The treasurer of the commission at Philadelphia is George C. Thomas, Esq., of Drexel & Company.

So far as at present appears in these parts, these two organizations—the American National Red Cross Relief Commission, with headquarters in New York, and the National Relief Commission, with headquarters in Philadelphia—are likely to be the chief centres of the relief-work of the country.

Meanwhile in many communities which have sent volunteers to the front have sprung up associations whose object is to look after the families of soldiers who have gone to the war, and to see that they do not suffer. These societies have the present advantage of having their work ready to hand.

When the women of the country fairly get at the war we shall begin to realize that there is something out of common going on, and something more for every man, woman, and child to do than to read the newspapers, discuss strategy, and wonder whether Samson will ever catch up with the Philistines. E. S. MARTIN.

BLANCO'S INDUSTRY.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, *May 20, 1898.*

I HAVE just returned from Cuban waters, where for the past week I have been cruising after Sampson's fleet, the Flying Squadron, or anything, in fact, that would stir the blood a bit and give me something to write about. Even the appearance of that elusive Spanish fleet would have been pleasing, despite the chance of its taking us in tow. I think I never before quite realized how large a body of water the Caribbean Sea is.

Except for being held up several times by one or another of the ever-watchful Blockading Squadron and filling the rôle of target for a distant impotent fusillade by some Spanish cavalry, my hunt was entirely without incident. There must be a sense of humor in the Spanish nature which we of the more practical Anglo-Saxon temperament fail to appreciate. The troop that fired on us had only rifles, and we were at least a mile off shore. Yet they blazed away for several volleys. Maybe it is their way of showing their intrepidity.

The only real excitement of the week was furnished by chase of a strange war ship, which proved to be the German cruiser *Geier*. Incidentally it developed what to do. To a landsman it seemed decidedly discourteous on the part of the German commander. The *Geier* was hull down when discovered, and going full speed for Havana; notwithstanding that, two American vessels headed straight for her.

She slackened not her pace nor displayed signal until the *Mayflower*, after several miles' steaming, was on her beam, and recognized her as the cruiser of whose intended visit (to take German refugees out of Havana) the Blockading Squadron had received notice a week before.

The *Geier* repaid America's courtesy by an attempt to sneak through our fleet like a blockade-runner, but, having entered the harbor of Havana, the reports of heavy guns rolling out to us over the water told of Morro's acknowledgment of the *Geier's* salutation.

Perhaps the "mailed fist" was abroad, hurrying to preach that famous doctrine. There has been nothing of a stirring nature in Cuban waters since the gallant work off Cienfuegos on the south coast and off Cardenas on the north. Both were equally courageous. One resulted in cutting two or three cables under a galling and persistent fire from the Spanish; the other in the capture of a signal-station and the demolition of some fortifications. At Cienfuegos the Spanish bullets flew wide of their mark, and it is said our gunboats killed 300 at Cardenas. Ensign Worth Bagley rode to his death on the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, while Ensign Arthur Willard achieved glory in planting the first American flag on Cuban soil—death for one, glory for the other, and honor for both; nor is the honor roll complete until to it have been added the names of the *Winslow's* commander and crew, and those of the *Hudson's* officers and crew who so bravely rescued the torpedo-boat from certain destruction. One needs to visit that riddled little boat here in dock to appreciate the unequal battle she waged, with her 3-inch body and 1-pounders against the hidden batteries and heavy guns of Cardenas. The wonder is she rode out so furious a storm. Lessons are dearly bought, but often they are worth the price. No more such unequal combats will be deliberately entered.

There can be no doubt that the Spaniards have made excellent use of the four unmolested weeks we have been good enough to give them. Every fort on the coast from Mariel on the west to Cardenas has been strengthened materially, and this is especially true of Havana. To the west of Havana, and all within two to three miles of Morro, I counted fourteen shore batteries, twelve of them of recent construction. To the east, and no farther away, are the two large Santa Clara batteries, also considerably enlarged. Now the query occurred to me the other day, as I viewed this result of Spanish industry under an American protective high tariff, that if the accumulation of ammunition aboard the ships of the Blockading Squadron became burdensome, would it not have been more wisely expended against the industry in daily evidence on the immediate east and west sides of Havana, for instance, than against signal-houses and other old houses that are not of the Spanish renaissance, and, to descend to slang, "cut no ice" in this war?

Our army, however, need not be disturbed by this industrial effort of the Spaniards, since all the batteries face the sea and are quite on the shore. Indeed, Blanco appears to have directed all his energy and the contents of Spain's Cuban arsenal to coast fortifications. Apparently he, too, with the war correspondents, has given over all thought of our army moving. In addition to strengthening the fortifications, Blanco has established a signal system from Havana to Cardenas, by which means the troops scattered along the coast can be concentrated at a threatened point. East of Cardenas we come once again to a condition of things as they were before our peaceful blockade quickened Spanish industry. Here ends Blanco's signal system and the new fortifications; and in their stead are the Latin siesta and the wandering insurgent. Those who seek the distinction of being pictured and exploited can here attain more notoriety with less personal discomfort than elsewhere.

You go ashore; you meet an insurgent; perhaps miss a meal or two; or even perchance get your feet wet; but—you "reach the insurgents!" and you come out again to the coast, and behold! you are a daring adventurer, the darling of the sensational press, the Poo-Bah of humble aspirations and, on occasion, privy counsellor to the government. I think I have said that the number of Spanish troops in Cuba has been persistently underestimated, and I wish now to add that the number of insurgents has been as persistently overestimated. Captain Dorst's second expedition, although failing of its initial purpose, demonstrated three things that are perhaps even more valuable at this stage of the game than supplying Cubans with arms: 1. That an effective co-operation of insurgents cannot be depended on. 2. That landing on the western coast of Cuba is not so easy as was expected. 3. The imperative need of muzzling the press.

It is too bad that self-respecting, discreet, honorable journalists must be classed with sensationmongers and "yellow-news fakirs," but the present is no time for fine distinctions. The censorship here and at Tampa was not established soon enough. That the Spanish fleet gave Sampson the slip off Martinique there is no doubt; that it is now caught in the Caribbean Sea, however, seems equally true. If reports may be depended upon, the Spanish ships of war are to-day at Santiago de Cuba; and with Sampson making east along the north side of Cuba, with Schley hauling for the east on the south side of the island, and the *Oregon* coming up from the south, it looks as if the days of the Spanish fleet were numbered. Apart from the ships with Sampson and Schley, there are enough left at Key West and vicinity to make a sufficient convoy for the troops at Tampa; but although there are now thirteen transports at Port Tampa coaled and watered and ready for the men, horses, and guns, and nine other transports have within the last few days come in here, yet there is not one chance in ten thousand the invasion of Cuba will be ordered until that Spanish fleet is wiped off the face of the sea. CASPAR WHITNEY.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 507.*)

The battle-ship *Alabama* was launched at the Cramps' ship-yard, Philadelphia, at 12 50 P.M.

A despatch from Gibraltar states that the Spanish fleet now at Cadiz, consisting of a battle-ship, four armored cruisers, four auxiliary cruisers, and three torpedo-boats, is ready for sea.

Secretary Long announces that a cablegram has been received from Captain Clark, commanding the *Oregon*, reporting the safe arrival of that battle-ship at a port in the West Indies.

Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, addressing the Junior Constitutional Club, said that Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech at Birmingham last Friday, really meant to ask, not for an Anglo-American, but for an Anglo-German alliance. As for the former, he declared, he sympathized with that idea also, but to him it seemed premature. In this connection it is well to note that an Associated Press despatch from Friedrichsruh, Germany, quotes Prince Bismarck to the effect that closer Anglo-American relations are doubtless feasible, but an alliance "improbable and unserviceable to both." Apparently an Anglo-American-German league of some sort would be a more agreeable suggestion to both Lord Beresford and Prince Bismarck; and as for Mr. Chamberlain, it is certainly more reasonable to suppose that he said what he meant, though not *all* he had in mind.

Thursday, May 19.—A despatch from Paris to-day says that Señor Leon y Castillo declines the Foreign Office portfolio in the reconstructed cabinet of Señor Sagasta, feeling that he may be more useful in his present position as ambassador to France than as a member of the government. The Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* makes the following comment:

Recent events, especially Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham, have opened up new political horizons. Spanish statesmen anticipate the possibility of a universal conflagration, wherein Spain would find efficient allies. Their eyes naturally turn toward France and Russia. Therefore it seems important that Spain should be represented at Paris by an ambassador well acquainted with the tangled skein of European diplomacy and *persona grata* to the French government. It is believed that Señor Leon y Castillo will fulfil these conditions. Hence Señor Sagasta's hesitation to recall him.

Admiral Cervera's squadron has arrived at Santiago de Cuba.

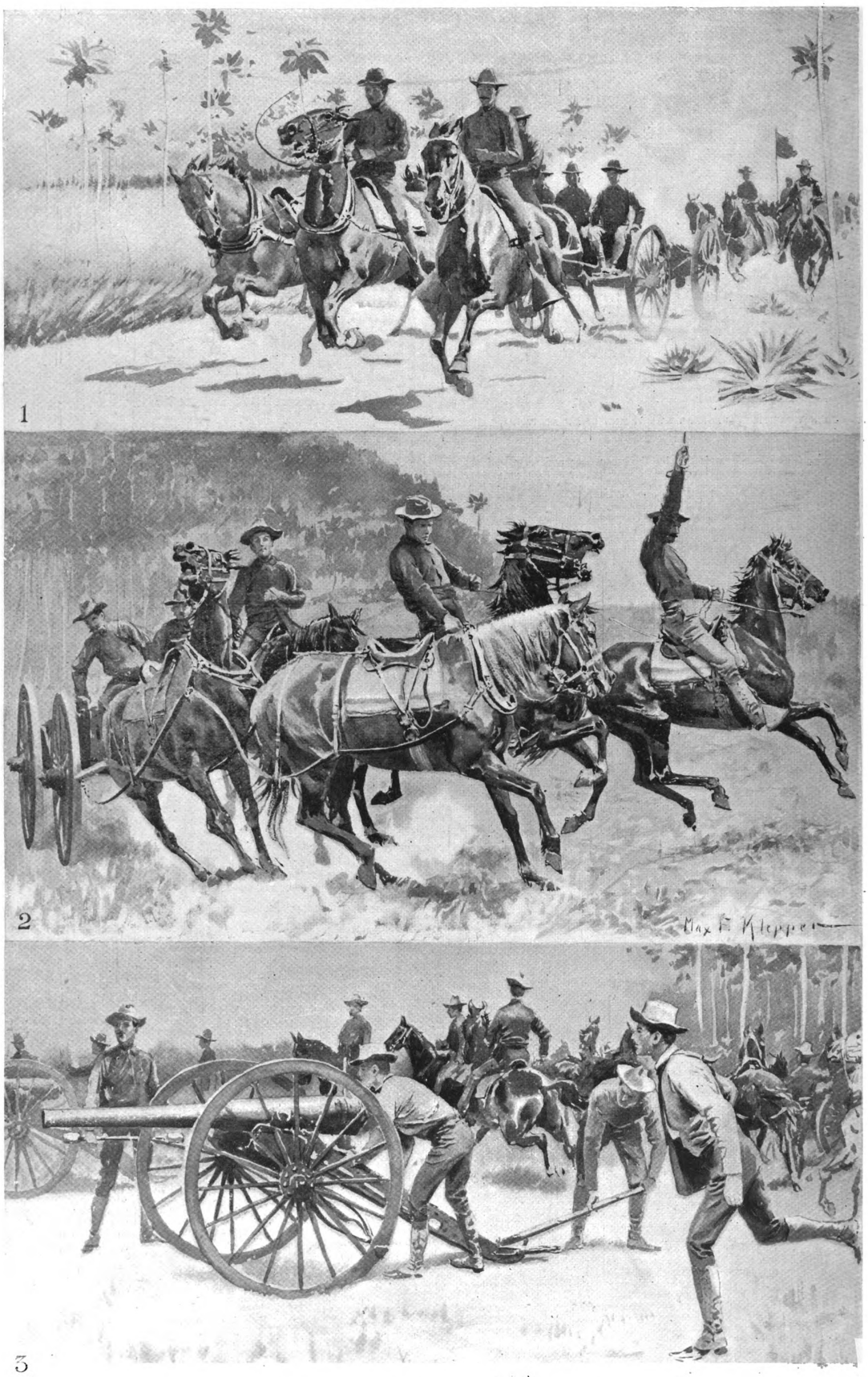
More than one hundred thousand volunteers have now been mustered into the United States army. "Better raw material for a magnificent army," General Miles observes, "was never collected together; but more than that is required for effective operations in a hostile country under adverse climatic conditions. . . . The army is not now in shape for the invasion of Cuba, and a great deal of hard work will be necessary before it can be put in proper condition for such a campaign."

Friday, May 20.—Despatch from Madrid: It is evident that the new Spanish cabinet intends to push the campaign vigorously. Despatch from Barcelona: Between eight and ten thousand troops, drawn from Catalonia, Andalusia, Aragon, and Valencia, are embarking here for the Philippine Islands.

The latest news from blockaded Havana (a letter forwarded *viâ* Vera Cruz) holds attention with several vivid sentences. For example: "New intrenchments have been thrown up, and more heavy artillery has been mounted." "They say that Havana is so well fortified that an army of fifty thousand men will be needed to reduce the place." "Posted on the corners of houses, all over the town one may see ironical notices offering women's garments for sale to 'the men who are abandoning the island of Cuba.'" "The squadron from Spain is expected at almost any moment, and day and night signals are ready to guide it safely into the harbor."

Saturday, May 21.—Spain was looking for the East Indies four centuries ago when she found the West; now we, when looking after the West Indies, have found our problem in the East. General Merritt has started for San Francisco and the Philippines; the *Monterey* has been ordered to re-enforce Admiral Dewey. Odd if the East Indies, which lured old voyagers to the discovery of our continent, should stand on the threshold of a new policy.

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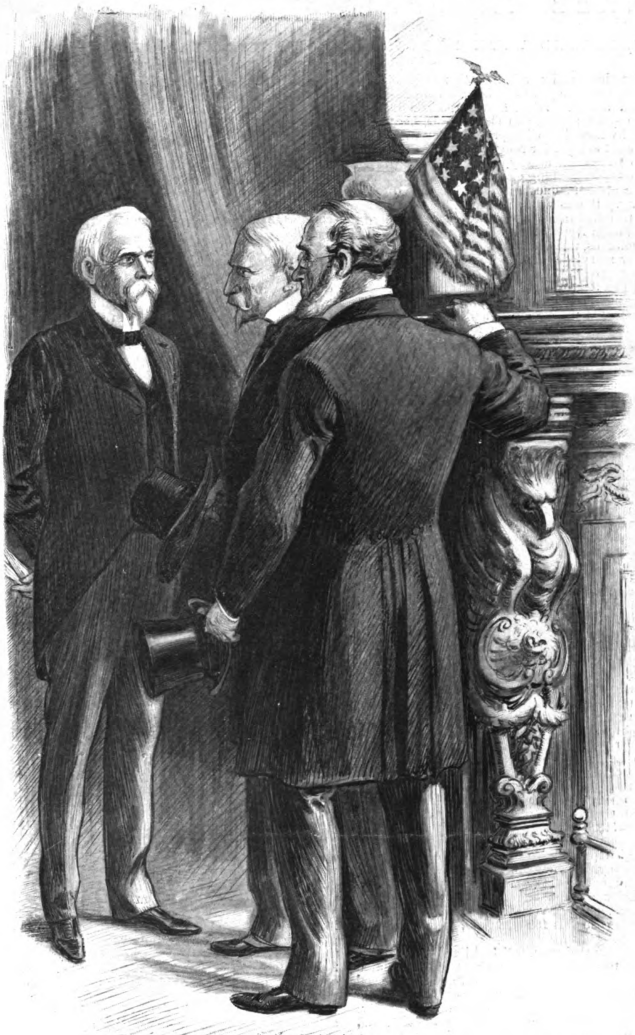


LIGHT-ARTILLERY DRILL OF U. S. REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

1. "Gallop; March!" 2. "Halt!" 3. Loading and Firing.

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Tendering his Services to the Secy of War



Gen Longstreet visits the Adjutant General



Planning the Cuban Land Campaign
Gen. Miles and Gen. Lee

BUSY T[illegible]GTON—SKETCHES IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

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A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

II.—OUR FIRST DAY OF SPANISH ROADS.

SAN SEBASTIAN being a sort of Potsdam or Versailles to the Spanish aristocracy, we hastened to get away from it as soon as possible. We had wasted the forenoon in learning nothing from the cycling chiefs of the place, but still had ample time to reach Tolosa that same afternoon. It had rained the previ-



WINE-FREIGHTING TO ALICANTE.

ous night, but having been assured that the Basque roads were the best in Spain, we looked forward hopefully to the next stage. The mud, however, was something unknown in other parts of Europe; it reached entirely across the broad road, and we could but trundle our bikes laboriously ankle-deep in a clinging mire. There was a narrow sidewalk on one side of the road, but this being the afternoon hour for the promenade, we dared not risk an invasion of it, particularly as we had seen some gendarmes. Finally, however, the limit of pedestrianism appeared to have been reached, for the citizens of San Sebastian as well as for ourselves, and I therefore accosted a well-dressed gentleman:

"Pardon me, señor, but is it permitted to ride one's bicycle on the sidewalk?"

"Why not? There are probably no more gendarmes out in this direction."

His reasons would not have been conclusive in an Anglo-Saxon community, but they satisfied us completely. We met no more policemen that day, and such of the population as we passed wished us good-evening, and evidently regarded it as quite natural that we should travel in the manner best suited to our condition. Subsequently, in Madrid, where I biked in the park with ladies every morning, it struck me most agreeably that pedestrians and cyclists used all the paths in common, each courteously regarding the other's comfort. One saw no scorching, or rude attempts to crowd foot-passengers out of the way. Bells were never sounded needlessly and violently, after the Anglo-Saxon fashion, for the purpose of alarming timid old ladies. The Spaniard is decidedly on a higher plane of civilization, in so far as street etiquette is concerned, than the American or the Englishman. How often have I ploughed along in the mud of our roads while at the side ran a smooth and clean sidewalk wholly unoccupied! Had I ridden on that walk, my tires could but have improved it, while in the event of meeting foot-passengers I would of course have dismounted rather than cause them inconvenience. How the Spaniard must despise us for our barbarous manners!

One day, in Madrid, while biking on the sidewalk of the fashionable promenade, not in the park, and therefore contrary to municipal law, a well-dressed Spaniard stopped us, and raising his hat courteously, reminded us that it was against the law to ride upon the walk at that particular place. He deemed it necessary to apologize for his apparent disposition to meddle by telling us that he was a member of the city government, and consequently compelled to notice such matters. He did not stop us for the purpose of causing us inconvenience. He merely gave to us, as strangers, a kindly hint that might save us from the consequence of ignorance. We of course thanked the courtly hidalgo, and parted with mutual marks of friendship. And this little experience made me feel that New York might become a sweeter abiding-place to the casual stranger if a certain proportion of our police force were to be sent each year, at the city's expense, to learn in Spain that the manners of the Bowery and Limerick are not the only ones useful in every-day intercourse with the free people of a great metropolis.

We punctured a tire on the way to Tolosa. It made some sensation at the time, because of its being our first accident; because it made a noise like the explosion of a dynamite bomb; because it called about us a large population of sympathizers, who thought there must have been bloodshed; because that population grew so dense and breathed so much garlic at us that our attention was distracted from the repair work. This matter of puncture I dismiss here once for all, as these little notes are meant to be of political and social interest—not a cycling record made up of mileage and mechanics. One reason for dismissing this subject is that it is to us a painful one. No day passed without one or more punctures to some member of the party. It was always an easy matter with a single-tube American tire to mend the ordinary puncture in five minutes, but with the double tube it was more complicated.

As for the machines of my two companions, they reached Madrid so much battered up that they had to have each a new wheel and tire, and one of them had the frame a bit broken. We charitably unscrewed the plates bearing the names of the American makers, partly from patriotic considerations, and partly for other more obvious reasons. To be sure, we gave our bikes such tests as no bikes ever had before. Mine, however, stood it admirably. I take some pleasure in stating this, because in Europe generally there is a widespread feeling that American bicycles are too light for rough work.

Our road to Tolosa was mostly heavy mud, and when at intervals there was something else, it was a scatteration of loose broken stone that was almost as discouraging. It was well after dark, therefore, when we trundled into the narrow streets, looking for the Fonda Agueda. A courteous native offered to pilot us, and stopped before a house whose lower story appeared to be the workshop of a lithographer. This did not seem just the thing, and I expressed my feelings to this effect. But he assured me it was all right, in token of which he shouted up the stairs, and received answers from different floors of a lofty house. Pretty soon there appeared a woman with a baby on one arm and several children at her heels. She gave us a warm welcome, and shouted to some other occupants of the house, who soon made their appearance, and assured us that this was the famous fonda of Tolosa where the señores of the Club Veloz always came for recreation. With some misgivings we asked for beds, and at the same time for a place where we might store our muddy bikes. The house party first escorted us in a body to a workshop in the rear of the building, where, between lithographic presses, we were invited to leave our machines. This struck us as an odd stable for an inn much frequented by wheelmen, but I am now more hardened to surprises.

We next went up stairs—two flights. At the head of the first appeared to dwell several families in tenement-house style, half in and half out of their rooms. The hotel proper therefore commenced only with the third floor of the house.

We had an excellent dinner of four meat courses, and our beds were good. What more can a reasonable man want? The red wine of the country went free with the dinner; and the bill next morning, including breakfast, was five pesetas, which, at the then current rate of exchange, made sixty-five cents for the night. And all this, be it remembered, at a town within easy biking distance of the most fashionable summer resort of the peninsula.

The only other guest in the little inn was a commercial traveller from Leipsic, who talked Spanish with a painfully German accent, and expressed much contempt for the industrial apathy of the country. He was interested in wood pulp, which he sold to the paper-mills of Tolosa, but told us that though this was one of the most important paper-manufacturing towns of Spain, it did not consume as much wood pulp as one single house in England. As a German, he deplored also the absence of family life here; that is to say, he would have preferred living in a private Spanish family, as strangers commonly do in Germany. Our Leipsic friend had found this quite out of the question here, and felt very lonely at being forced to spend his evenings in this fonda, where, he said, he paid six pesetas a day.

As he was an educated man, and had lived much in the country, I tried to get his opinion about public opinion in Spain touching Cuba and the United States. He soon gave me my answer—there was no public opinion in Spain excepting about the bull-ring. He said, contemptuously, that the Spaniard cared not a snap about politics, and would scarcely know if a war should break out to-morrow; that he was never consulted in those matters, and did not wish to be.

And so we went to bed.

III.—AMONGST THE BASQUES—A SPANISH VIEW OF CUBA.

With glorious sunshine overhead, and the memory of smiling God-speeds from the population about the Fonda Agueda in Tolosa, we set our faces towards Vitoria, and arrived there the same night, after the usual proportion of



SPECIMEN OF SPANISH HIGHWAY, ALICANTE.

punctures. Our night at Tolosa had taught us an important lesson—that, in Spain at least, the traveller should not be discouraged by appearances. We had been taken to an inn which, to our American understanding, bore the outward marks of a disreputable lodging-house in the slums of New York; and our welcome had been at the hands of people who rather encouraged this disheartening opinion. We accepted our fate out of sheer necessity, for had it not been so late we should certainly have pushed on. As it proved, however, we passed a most clean and comfortable night, and paid the modest bill gratefully, our consciences pricking us the while for having cherished suspicions at the outset.

We started from the frontier with the purpose of studying the life of the plain people of the way-side, and bound ourselves to spend no more than one dollar a day for all expenses. We could have done it for less, but inclined to the more generous allowance from sheer epicurean weakness. We had to spend much more than that, of course, in Madrid and the big towns. Our bicycle-repair bill was always sure to be a serious item; and our barytone member bought church lamps and savage daggers until his bike was loaded like a Cossack pony returning from the war. But, outside of such matters, I have the testimony of our treasurer, the tenor, that we never spent beyond our dollar a day, so long as we lived, after the fashion of the country, at small inns; and that in many cases we could not spend even so much, though we never bargained as to price, and ordered all the luxuries the respective inns could afford.

Baedeker's guide-book of Spain we found thoroughly reliable for the usual tourist resorts; but of course it could take no notice of the many villages where the tired cyclist would have to inquire for a night's lodging. There is a great need of a cyclist's hand-book of Spain, on the plan of that published by the Touring Club of France. In Madrid I was told that such a work was in contemplation by the Union Velocipedica Española, which is the L. A. W. of Spain. I had the honor of being made a member of that society while in Madrid, and found that in large towns the discount on my hotel bill paid for the cost of initiation and annual dues several times over.

The road improved as the mud dried, and, indeed, all the way to Madrid there was no part of the road that need have discouraged an American tourist. In wet weather the roads are very muddy, and in dry weather very dusty; but in the intermediate stages they are fairly good cycle tracks, barring the times when the government goes through the forms of road-repairing, which means covering the whole surface with sharply pointed pieces of broken rock, each one threatening a puncture. We were there in the road-repairing season—so that I am drawing somewhat on my imagination for a picture of the Spanish roads when they are good for the bike.

It is a beautiful country all the way to Vitoria—tumbling streams through fertile valleys, lofty snow-clad mountains in the distance, flocks of sheep and goats on the hill-sides, creaking ox-wagons with wheels made of one solid piece of wood, ploughs that were fashionable in the time of Pharaoh, and from every peasant a salute of "Adios," or its equivalent. We did not care to make speed in such a beautiful country as this, and so we did not grumble much at the long climbs where we were forced to walk. That day we climbed over a mountain pass officially stated to be 1740 feet high, but there was a glorious coast on the other side, and plenty to occupy our minds on the way up.

For lunch we bought a loaf of bread, a litre of wine, and a piece of raw chocolate, with a few peanuts and oranges. This cost us a trifle under ten cents apiece, and was ample for our purpose. We ate it stretched out in the sun on the top of the low wall protecting the road passengers from falling over the bridge into a torrent beneath. The heavily laden donkeys peered curiously at us as they passed by, but their owners looked upon it as quite natural that sensible men should eat their lunch by the road-side, whether they chose to carry their packs on the backs of asses or on the handle-bars of bicycles.

The further we penetrated from the frontier, the more did we find our bikes the subject of wonder to the mules and asses. Finally we reached territory where no bicycle had probably ever been before; I refer more particularly to the savage coast-line on the Mediterranean, between Alicante and Valencia, where the people still look like Moors who ruled the country long ago. No railway has penetrated to that coast, and until the irruption of our three bikes I doubt if the people there had ever seen so much of mechanism at any one time. I surmise this because whenever we came upon a mule train our appearance produced something of a panic. We made every effort to give notice of our approach by voice and bell, but this could not prevent the beasts of burden from wheeling sharply, and frequently spilling the rider, whom we often caught dozing. We did not do all this mischief for the mere fun of seeing a "circus"; indeed, we were rather apprehensive lest we might draw down upon ourselves a vengeance of the proverbial Spanish kind, for the blood of the Moors is hot, and the knife is a handy tool. We did in the beginning seek to mitigate the desolating character of our incursion by dismounting upon sighting what promised a panic, but we discovered, with some alarm, that the act of dismounting struck mules and asses alike as more uncanny than merely keeping normally on our way. It puzzles me, as I pen this in cold blood, to say why we succeeded in getting through Spain without a fight of some sort with the outraged muleteers, who form the great bulk of the wayfaring population. It may be that they were mostly smugglers, and therefore uneasy in their conscience as against strangers, who might prove to be inspectors in disguise. It may be that we owe our escape to the happy habit current in Spain of always holding the pack-animal responsible for all that befalls; and therefore, before the muleteer had finished flogging his innocent beast for shying, we, the real culprits, were well out of reach. In general, however, I am satisfied to attribute all the good that befell us to the ineradicable dignity and courtesy of the Spanish peasant. We tested it severely, but it has come out triumphant.

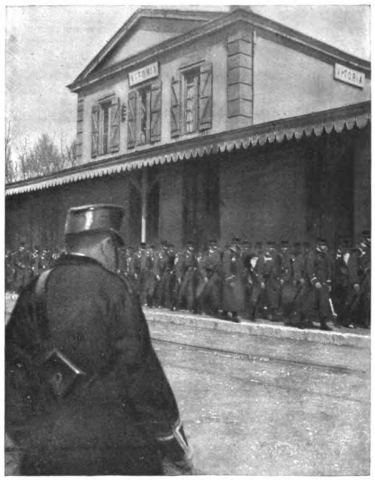
At Vitoria I was so fortunate as to make the acquaint-

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ance of a Spanish gentleman of social and political note who was an officer in the Cycling Club of that town, and offered his services to us in the objects of our journey. He took us to see the headquarters of the cycling fraternity, where I counted fifty bicycles—nearly all English of the best makes. There was but one American, three German, and not half a dozen French. Our host told us that the Germans were very energetic in pushing their wares, not merely bicycles, but all other things, but that they did not put such good work into them as the English. The members of this club were mainly gentlemen of social position and property. There was no touring in Spain, I am told, but the bicycle was a fashionable recreation for short excursions in the neighborhood of the town.

My Spanish friend took me a walk about this beautiful place, particularly interesting because he took me over the battle-field where in 1813 the French were defeated by Wellington so decisively as practically to put an end to the Peninsular war. Napoleon at the same time was marching in Germany to his great defeat at the hands of Blücher on the plains of Leipzig. It gives one an idea of the gigantic combinations attempted by that monstrous-minded man in the days when bikes and railways did not exist, and even common roads were few and bad.

Our talk passed from the wars of Napoleon and Wellington to the present war in Cuba, and my host was



ENTRAINING TROOPS AT VITORIA FOR BILBAO, MARCH 15, 1898.

offered abundant opportunity for a diatribe against the United States in harmony with the jingoism manifested by the *Imparcial* of Madrid and other organs of the war party. But he showed no taste whatever for war or swagger. His words, as I noted them down soon afterwards in my memorandum-book, were substantially these:

"What a sad thing is this Cuban matter! We Spaniards cannot conduct such a war with satisfaction, for the Cubans, after all, are they not fighting for liberty? We are very much discouraged over the situation, but the government dares not confess its failure. I hear that already more than 200,000 troops have gone to Cuba, and more than 30,000 are in hospital. The men go cheerfully, or at least obediently, to their hopeless task, for so far I have not yet heard of any troops refusing to embark. But it is a bad business, and I wish we could close it honorably."

I asked him how he regarded the attitude of the United States. He answered, to my surprise, without anger:

"The Yankee government has not acted generously towards us, for they have undoubtedly done much to encourage the Cubans and prolong the war. And yet we cannot blame them altogether. Cuba is so close to them that this war must disturb their commerce very much."

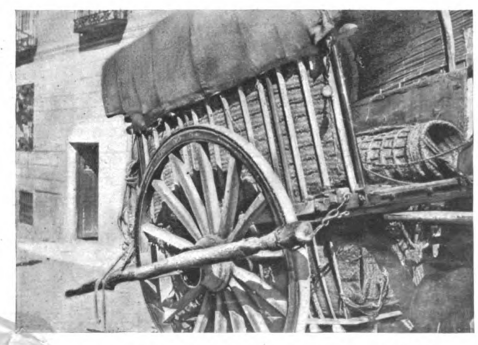
This little bit of a most interesting conversation I repeat without mentioning names, because of the moderate spirit manifested, because this gentleman may be regarded as a typical Spaniard of property, and because it is the tone I have met with almost without exception when talking on this subject with men of consequence in different parts of the country.

Our walk led us past the new barracks of the infantry, and I, of course, expressed curiosity to go in and take a look at them. My friend deprecated the large amount of money being spent on barracks when so many loyal Cubans were suffering for lack of the necessaries of life. The barracks are of stone, very well designed for light and ventilation, and altogether massive ornaments to the little town. The workmen were still at the task of completion, but I could already form some notion of the number of men that could be housed here. Assuming that the men were bunked one on top of the other, allowing bunks at the rate of four to each of the 608 windows of the two buildings, I made out that this new set of barracks could accommodate about 2500 men comfortably. Before the Cuban war the garrison of Vitoria was 4000 men; now it is reduced to 2000—so said my friend, who appeared well posted. Not far from this we passed the artillery barracks, and watched a mule mountain battery drilling in the yard. One misses here the sharp, energetic manner of the German drill-ground, the precision in detail of Tommy Atkins in London; yet a recent military attaché in Madrid, who served in the American civil war, assured me that the Spanish infantry is the best in Europe—when properly led. Recent events in Cuba point to a distinct want of leadership, if this opinion is to be accepted.

I made an application to visit the barracks of the artillery, but was told that such an application must be made to the military governor of the place—which would have been too formal a matter for us. My host next took me to see his club, which occupied the whole of one floor in one of the chief houses of the town. There was not much to suggest a club of New York or London; it seemed rather like the waiting-rooms of a country hotel, or a German water-cure establishment. It is only a gathering-place for members who drop in of an evening to gossip and play a game of cards. There are 500 members to this one, and two more clubs equally large, if not so select. This particular club is loyal to the government, and is the military club of the place in consequence. Of the two other clubs, the one is very radical, not to say socialist; while the other is Carlist, and therefore frankly revolutionary. It seemed, in contrast to Germany, odd to find soldiers and civilians associating together in a common club; and still more strange that a government with so strong a military force at its disposal should permit the open existence of political societies whose programme is revolution.

My friend guessed my thoughts, and said, sadly: "Yes, it is all wrong. We should not be so tolerant towards revolution. We are encouraging civil war. Spain has too much liberty."

I went to sleep that night with these strange words in my ears—words which must sound paradoxical to a Cuban: "Spain has too much liberty."



THE CART OF THE COUNTRY, ILLUSTRATING THE BRAKE.

THE FLYING SQUADRON—TARGET PRACTICE.

FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA, *May 13, 1898.*

THE order that took Commodore Schley's ships out of Hampton Roads this afternoon was a blessed relief to officers and men alike. For weeks now these ships have been ready for battle. From Commodore to Jack-o'-the dust, every man has been waiting for the chance. As the days went by, and the order did not come, the nervous tension grew greater. Then there occurred on the ships that which enlisted the sympathy and excited the admiration of the on-looker. The strain on nerves grew to a point where ordinarily one might look for trouble, but not a sign of giving way has there been, and not a sign of outward complaint. Surely there is no military requirement so hard to bear as being ready and having to wait, but in the language of Commodore Schley, whose position was the hardest of all, that "ought not to form the basis of complaint to trained and organized forces," and his officers and men have shown that they believe him.

The weeks of waiting were put in to good advantage. Every day increased a little bit the already surprising efficiency of the ships. Most of this time was put in at subcalibre practice. Thousands of rounds were fired, and every man who was at all likely to be called on for service at a gun had plenty of chance to practise shooting that gun. Words cannot tell the deadly, dreadful accuracy of the shooting. To believe it one must see it. But here are some of the results. At 1200 yards subcalibre, equivalent to about 6000 yards with 8 inch rifles, the men on the *Brooklyn* in one day put 110 bullets into the target. The target consisted of a small keg, in one end of which there was set a staff bearing a red flag perhaps a foot and a half square. When this target was brought in there were 24 bullet marks in the staff alone. Such shooting as that in actual battle, at a distance of 2500 yards, with the full service charge, would disable guns as regularly and easily as if it were an exhibition drill.

It is a characteristic of the American sailor-men to shoot straight. When the *New Orleans* came into Hampton Roads on Monday morning, almost the first thing Captain Folger did, after letting go the anchor, was to put out a target for subcalibre practice. The *New Orleans's* crew was composed partly of green men, and even the experienced ones had hardly had time to become familiar with the ship. But before the afternoon was half over, the *New Orleans* was using a target put out by the *Texas,* her own having been shot away.

It was just so on all the ships. Each man in each gun's crew pegged away at subcalibre to his heart's content. There was the best spirit among the men, and a keen but friendly rivalry in marksmanship. They worked faithfully and well, and all the time with the hope that they would get an opportunity to make their skill tell on some Spanish enemy. They were preparing to "remember the *Maine*" in terrible fashion. After the news of Dewey's victory was received fully, and it became apparent that wonderful gunnery was the great factor in its amazing completeness, the men of the Flying Squadron went at it all the harder. As the ships lay at anchor in front of the big hotels at Old Point Comfort, the constant report of the rifles grew to be one of the accustomed and uninteresting events of the day, and excited no more interest on the shore. But now that the ships have sailed, and seem likely to demonstrate the value of their practice, those who saw the straight shooting here will watch the more eagerly for the reports of the action. It will be hot and desperate work for those upon whom Commodore Schley's "bullies" demonstrate their ability to "remember the *Maine*."

OSCAR KING DAVIS.



THE GATE OF ALICANTE.

THE HAVANA VOLUNTEERS.

THERE lately has been considerable reference by the press of this country to the Havana volunteers. Attention has also been directed to the volunteers by rumors to the effect that General Blanco contemplated their disbanding. That this last rumor is true is attested by the fact that the volunteers were most emphatic in their demands for its denial, both from the Palace at Havana and from Madrid, and the conciliatory terms in which the denial was made were flattering to all of the eighty-six thousand men who compose this force in Cuba.

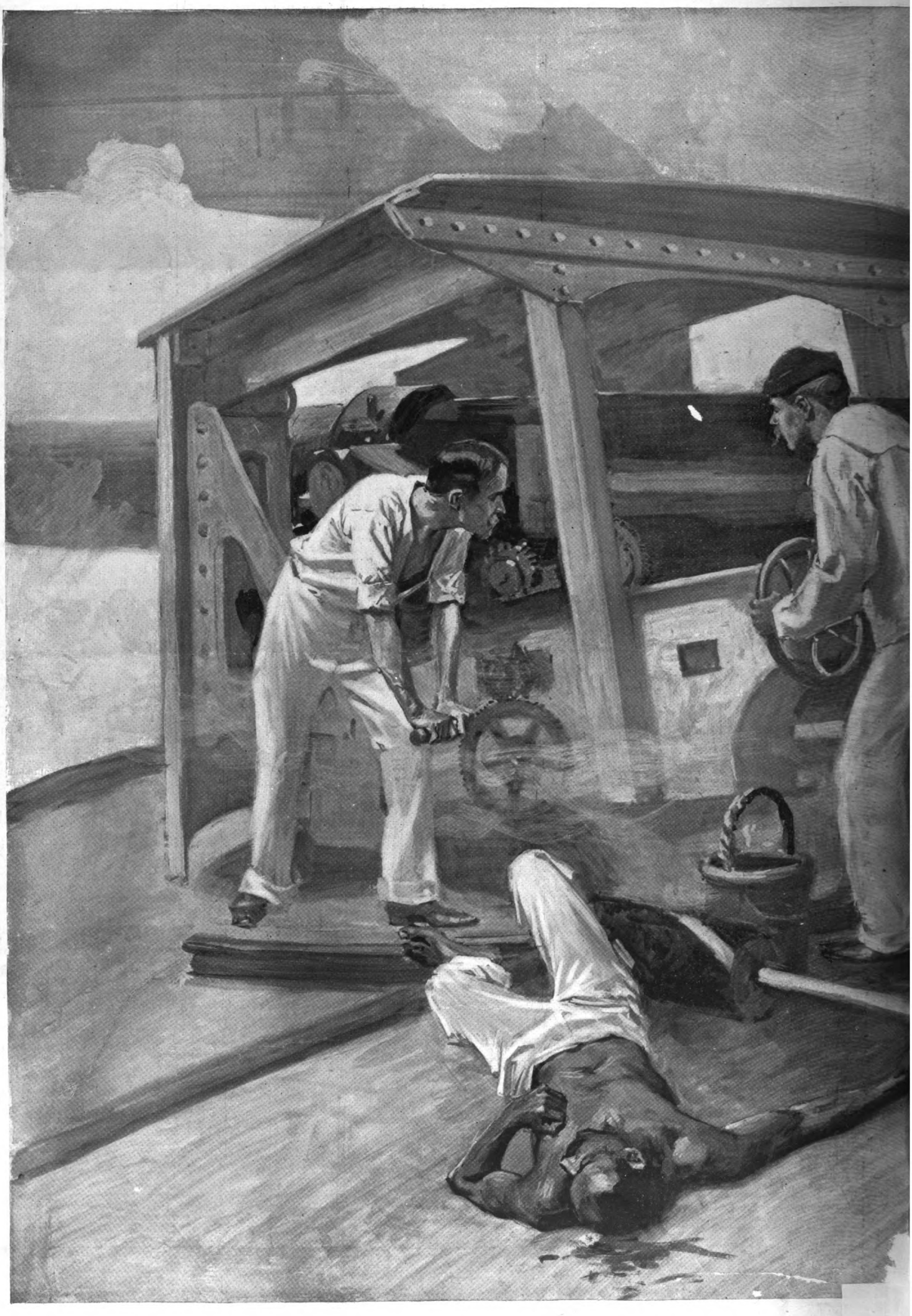
Everybody knows that the "Instituto de Voluntarios" in Cuba is the representative body of Spanish ideas, aspiration, and policy. They are all natives of Spain, and have remained in their American colony more Spanish still than the Spaniards at home. They do not admit that it might be possible to suppose that Cuba should not remain forever a Spanish possession. The volunteers were the cherished children of the terrible Weyler, whom they cherished in return, and they are dissatisfied with General Blanco, and with all the plans of autonomy which he tried to put in practice. Their organization comprises, according to the latest official reports from Havana, no less than 86,631 men and 15,165 horses, divided as follows; infantry, 2895 officers, 60,865 soldiers, and 259 horses; cavalry, 1202 officers, 13 594 men; artillery, 293 officers, 3830 soldiers, and 105 horses; military engineers, 68 officers, 1373 men, and 5 horses; marine infantry, 137 officers, and 2371 men. The expenses for the support of the volunteer corps are borne by the chiefs and officers through a monthly assessment fixed by themselves. The public treasury contributes only $200,000 annually for the payment of quartermasters and other officers attached to the commissary department.

The volunteers were responsible for the murders of the Havana students in 1871, as well as for the executions of many civilians during the ten-year revolution. In this present insurrection they have not been active. Inquiries on this score bring the information that it is because they preferred their home pursuits to field operations, and the government did not drive them to unwelcome duties. To-day each volunteer owns his arms, which he keeps in his home, so it has been impossible for Spain to surprise and control them by suddenly taking possession of armories. Keeping in mind that the disarming of this volunteer corps was the first action promised by the autonomist party, and also the signal failure of this measure, it is then interesting to hear that the colonels of the volunteers were in conference with General Arolas. This Spanish general communicated to the colonels his desire that the volunteers be well drilled and exercised in the manual of arms, in order that they be at any time prepared to render able and experienced assistance to the government. It is not surprising to learn that these expressions were received with enthusiasm by the leaders of the corps.

The ruling fear of these men, evidenced by the foregoing statements, seems to be this: they are a power within the state that cannot be controlled, as they are to-day more numerous than the Spanish army of occupation. They are opposed to all the measures which were forced upon the Spanish rulers of Cuba, and it is expected that the time will sooner or later come when the volunteers will revolt against every institution in the island—against the government, against the insurgents, and against whatever visible representation the United States may have in Cuba at the time. They are an element to be reckoned with.

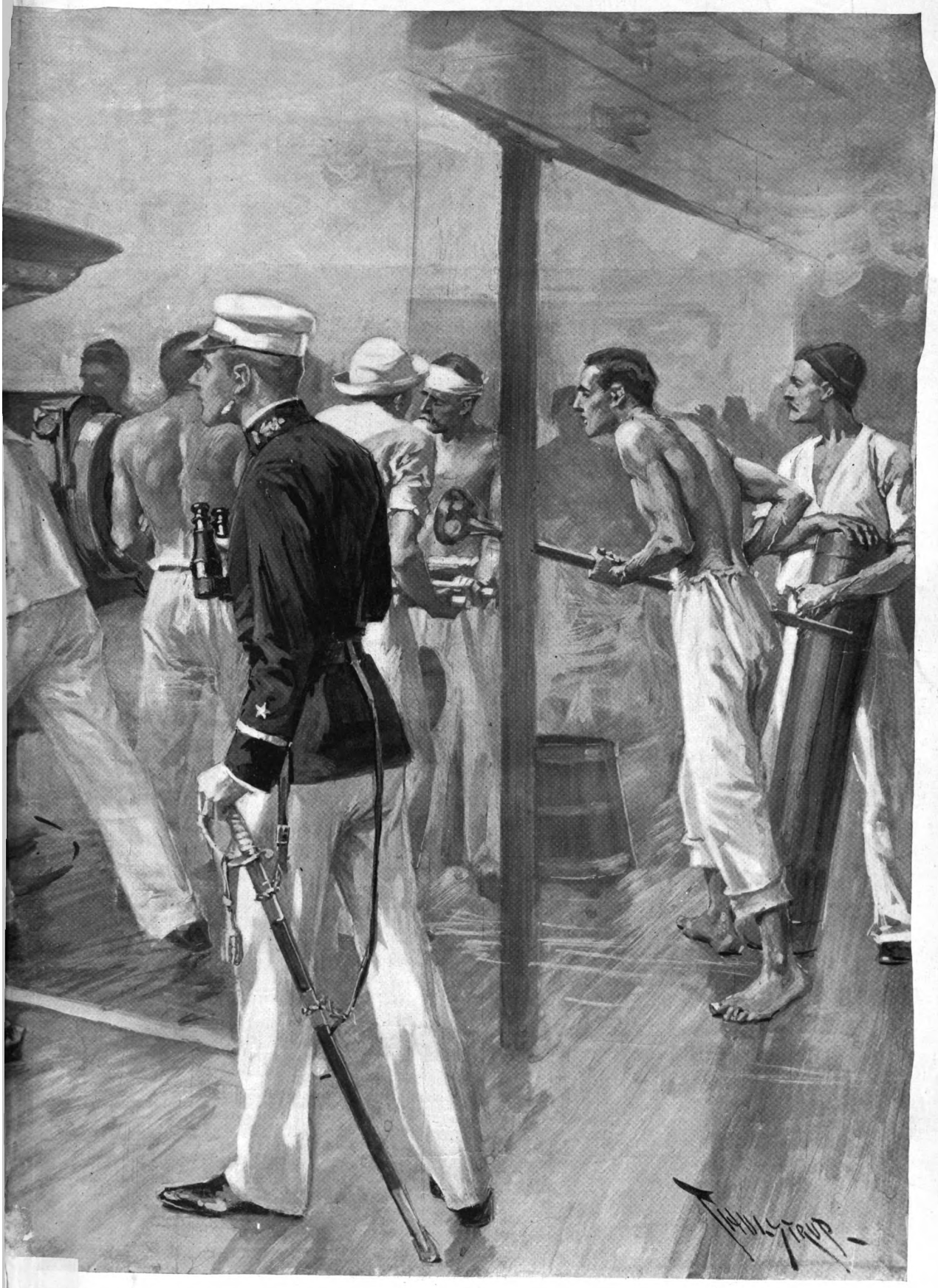
HAROLD MARTIN.

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FIGHTING UNCLE SAM'S BATTLI

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

At nine I was at the door of the dark silent house by the Weiss Thor. I sounded the knocker loudly, and with the end of the reverberations I heard a foot come through the long passages. The panel behind slid noiselessly in its grooves, and I was conscious that a pair of eyes looked out at me.

"You are the servant of the strange Doctor?" said the voice of the servitor, Sir Respectable.

"That I am, as by this time you may have seen!" answered I, for I was in no mood of mere politeness. I was venturing my life in the house of the enemy, and at least it would be no harm if I put a bold face on the matter.

He opened the door, and again the same curious perfume was wafted down the passages—something that I had never felt either in the Wolfsberg nor yet even in the women's chambers of the Palace of Plassenburg.

At the door of the little room in which she had first received me so long ago, the Lady Ysolinde was waiting for me.

She did not shut the door till Sir Respectable had betaken him down again to his own place. Then frankly and undisguisedly she took my hand, like one who had come to the end of make-believe.

"I knew you to-day in your disguise," she said; "it is an excellent one, and might deceive all save a woman who loves. Ah, you start. It might deceive the woman you love, but not the woman that loves you. I am not the Princess to-night; I am Ysolinde, the Woman. I have no restraints, no conventions, no laws, no religions, to-night, save the law of a woman's need and the religion of a woman's passion."

I stood before her, not knowing what to say.

"Sit down," she said. "It is a long story; and yet I will not weary you, Hugo—that I promise you."

I made answer to her, still standing up: "To-night, my lady, after what you know, you will not be surprised that I can think of only one thing. You know that to-day—"

"I know," she said, cutting me short, as if she did not wish to listen to that which I might say next—"I know; I was present in the Judgment Hall."

"Then, being Master Gerard's daughter, you knew the sentence before it was pronounced!" I said, bitterly. For I was sure that her father did, being certain as that I lived that the paper from which the Duke Otho had read had been penned at this very house of the Weiss Thor in which I now stood.

Ysolinde reached a slender hand to me, as was often her wont instead of speech.

"Be patient to-night," she said; "I am trying hard to do that which is best—for myself first, as a woman must in a woman's affairs, but, as God sees me, for others also. You are a man, but I pray you think of the fight I, a lonely unloved woman, have to fight."

"Will they carry out the terrible sentence?" said I, eagerly. For I judged that she must be in her father's councils.

"Be patient," she said; "we will come to that presently."

Ysolinde sat silent awhile, and when I would have spoken further she moved her hand a little impatiently aside in sign that I was not to interrupt. Yet even this was not done in her old imperious manner, but rather sadly, and with a certain wistful gentleness which went to my heart.

When she spoke again it was in the same even voice in which she had formerly told my fortune in that very room.

"That which I have to say to you is a thing strange—as it may seem unwomanly. But then I did not ask God to make me a woman, and certainly He did not make me as other women. I have never had a true mate, never won the love which God owes to every man and woman He brings into the world. I have never had so sweet a life to live that I cared day by day whether I kept it or lost it.

"Then I met you, not by any seeking of mine. Next, equally against my will, I loved you! Nay, do not start. It is as well to put the matter plainly."

"You did not *love* me," said I; "you were but kind to me, the unworthy son of the Executioner of Thorn. Out of your good heart you did it."

I acknowledge that I spoke like a paltering knave, but in truth I knew not what to say.

"I loved you—yes, and I love you!" she said, as though my words had been the twittering of a bird on the roof. "And I am not ashamed. There was no reason for my folly—no beauty, no desirableness in you. But—I loved you. Pass! Let it be. We will begin from there. You loved, or thought you loved, a maid—your playmate, Pshaw! you loved her not. Or not as I count love. I was proud, accustomed to command, and a Prince's wife. The last doubtless should have held me apart. Yet my princessdom was but as straw bands cast into the fire to bind the flame. As for you, Hugo Gottfried, you were in love with your success, your future, and most of all with your confident, insolent self."

She spoke bitterly, and because the thing she spoke was partly true, I had nothing to answer her.

"Hugo Gottfried," she said, "try to remember if when we rode to Plassenburg in the pleasant weather of that old spring you loved this girl whom now you love."

"Aye," said I, "I loved her then, even as I love her now."

"You lie," she answered—calmly, not as one in anger, but as one who makes a necessary correction; "you loved her not. You were ready to love me—glad too that I should love you. And since you knew not then of my rank, it was not done for the sake of any advancement in Plassenburg."

I felt again the great disadvantage I was under in speaking to the Lady Ysolinde. I never had a word to say but she could put three to it. My speeches ever sounded empty, selfish, vain, beside hers. And so was it ever. By deeds alone could I vanquish her, and perhaps by a certain dogged masculine persistence.

"Princess," I said to her, "you have asked me to meet you here. It is not of the past, nor of likings, imaginings, recriminations, that I must speak. My love, my sister, my playmate, bound to me by a thousand ancient tendernesses, lies in prison in this city of Thorn, under sentence of a cruel death. Will you help me to release her? I think that with your father, and therefore with you, is the power to open her prison doors."

"And what is there then for me?" cried the Lady Ysolinde, instantly, bending her head forward, her emerald eyes so great and deep that their shining seemed to cover all her face as a wave covers a rock at flood-tide.

"What for me?" she repeated, in the silence which followed.

"For you," said I, "the gladness to have saved an innocent life."

"Tush!" she said, with a gesture of extravagant contempt. "You mistake; I am no good-deeds-monger, no give my bread and butter to the next beggar-woman. I tell you I am the woman who came first out of the womb of Mother Earth. I will yield only that which is snatched from me. What is mine is more mine than another's, because I would suffer, dare, sin, defy a world of men and women, in order to keep it, to possess it."

"But," I answered, "who am I that so great a lady should love me? What am I to you, Princess, more than another?"

"*That* I know not!" she answered, swiftly. "Only God knows that. Perhaps it is my curse, my punishment. My husband is a far better, truer, nobler man than you, Hugo. I know it; but what of that, when I love him not? Love goes not by the rungs in a step-ladder; stands not with the most noble on the highest step; is not bestowed, like the rewards in a child's school, to the most deserving. I love you, Hugo Gottfried, it is true. But I wish a thousand times that I did not. Nevertheless, I do! Therefore make your reckoning with that, and put aside puling shams and whimpering subterfuges."

This set me all on edge, and I asked a question:

"What, then, do you propose? Where shall this comedy end?"

"End!" she said—"end! Aye, of course, men must ever look to an end. Women are content with a continuance. That you should love me and keep on loving me, that is all I want!"

"But," I began, "I—"

"Ah, do not say it!" she cried, pitifully, clasping her hands with a certain swift appeal in her voice—"do not say it! For God's sake, for the sake of innocent blood, do not say that you love me not!"

She paused a moment, and grew more pensive as she looked stilly and solemnly at me.

"I will tell you the end that I see; only be patient, and answer not before I have done. I have seen a vision; thrice have I seen it. Karl of Plassenburg, my husband, shall die. I have seen the black cloak thrice envelop him. It is the sign. No man hath ever escaped that omen—aye, and if I choose, it shall wrap him about speedily. More; I have seen you sit on the throne of Plassenburg and of the Mark with a Princess by your side. It is not only my fancy. Even as in the old time I read your present fortune, so, for good or ill, this thing also is coming to you."

She never took her eyes from my face.

"Now listen well and speak slowly. The Princedom and the power shall both fall to me when my husband dies. There are none other hands capable. So also is it arranged in his will. Here"—she broke off suddenly, as, with a gesture of infinite surrender, she thrust out her white hands towards me—"here is my kingdom and me. Take us both, for we are yours—yours—yours!"

I took her hands gently in mine and kissed them.

"Lady, Lady Ysolinde," I said, "you honor me; you overwhelm me. I know not what to say. But think! The Prince is well, full of health and the hope of years. This thought of yours is but a vision, a delusion—how can we speak of the thing that is not?"

"I wait your answer," she said, leaving her hands still in mine; but now as it were on sufferance. Then, indeed, I was torn between the love that I had in my heart for my dear and the need of pleasing the Lady Ysolinde, between the truth and my desire to save Helene. Almost it was in my heart to declare that I loved the Lady Ysolinde, and to promise that I should do all that she asked. But though, when need was, I have lied back and forth in my time and thought no shame, something stuck in my throat now, and I felt that if I denied my love, who lay prison-bound that night, I should never come within the mercy of God, but be forever alien and outcast from any commonwealth of honorable men.

"I cannot, Lady Ysolinde," I answered at last. "The love of the little maid hath so grown into my heart that I cannot root it out at a word. It is here, and it fills all my life!"

Again she interrupted me. "See!" she said, speaking eagerly; "they tell me this your Helene is an angel of mercy to the sick. She will be content to give her life to works of good intent among the poor. This cannot be life and death to her, as it is to me. Her love is not as the love of a woman like Ysolinde. It is not for any one man, though you may deceive yourself and think that it will be fixed and centred on you. But she will never love you as I love you. See, I would kneel to you, pray to you on my knees, make myself a suppliant—I, Ysolinde, that am a princess. With you, Hugo, I have no pride, no shame. I would take your love by violence, as a man surpriseth and taketh the heart of a maid."

She was now all trembling and distract, her lips red, her eyes bright, her hands clasped and trembling.

"Lady Ysolinde, I would that this were not so," I began.

A quick spasm passed over her face. I think it came across her that my heart was wavering. "God knows that I am not worth all this!"

"Nay," she said, with a kind of joy in her voice and in her eyes, "that matters not. Ysolinde of Plassenburg is as a child that must have its toy or die. Worthiness has no more to do with love than creeds and dogmas. Love me—Hugo—love me even a little. Put me not away. I will be so true, so willing. I will run your errands, wait on you, stand behind you in battle, in council lead you to fame and great glory. For you, Hugo, I will watch the faces of others, detect your enemies, mark the failing favor of your friends. What heart so strong, what eye so keen, as mine? For the greater the love, the sharper the eye to mark, prevent, countermine. And this maid, so cold and icy, so full of good works and the abounding fame of saintliness—let her live for the healing of the people, for love of God and man both, an it liketh her. She shall be abbess of our greatest convent. She shall indeed be the Saint Helene of the North. I will save her from death and give her refuge. I promise it. I have the power in my hands. Only do you, Hugo Gottfried, give me your love, your life, your passion!"

She was standing before me now, and had her arms about my neck. Her eyes looked directly up into mine, and whether they were the eyes of an angel or of a tempting fiend I could not tell. Very lovely, at any rate, they were, and might have tempted even Saint Anthony to sin.

"Ysolinde," I said, "it is small wonder that I am strongly moved; you have offered me great things to-night. I feel my heart very humble and unworthy. I deserve not your love. I am but a man, a soldier, dull and slow. Were it not for a man and a woman it should be as you say. But Karl of Plassenburg is my good master, my loyal friend. Helene is my true love. I beseech you put this thought from you, dear lady, and be once more my true Princess, I your liege subject—faithful, full of reverence and devotion, till life shall end."

As I spoke she drew herself away from me. My hand had unconsciously rested on her hair, for at first she had leaned her head towards me. When I had finished she took my hand by the wrist and gripped it as if she would choke a snake. I knew that our interview was at an end.

"Go!" she commanded, pointing to the door. "One day you shall know how precious is the love you have so lightly cast aside. In a dark, dread hour you, Hugo Gottfried, shall sue as a suppliant. And I shall deny you. There shall come a day when you shall abase yourself even as you have seen Ysolinde the Princess abase herself to Hugo, the son of the Red Axe of the Wolfmark. Go, I tell you! Go, ere I slay you with my knife!"

And she flashed a keen blade from some recess of her silken serpentine dress.

"My lady, hear me," I pleaded; "out of the depths of my heart I protest to you—"

"Bah!" she cried, with a sudden uprising of tigerish fierceness in her eyes, quick as the glitter of her steel. "Go, I tell you, ere I be tempted to strike you. *Your heart!* Why, man, there is nothing in your heart but empty words out of monks' copy-books, and proverbs dry and rotten as last year's back leaves. Ye have seen me abased. By the lords of hell, I will abase you, Executioner's son. Aye, and you yourself, Hugo Gottfried, shall work out in flowing blood and bitter tears the doom of the pale trembling girl for whom you have rejected and despised Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE RED AXE DIES STANDING UP.

How I stumbled down the stairs and found myself outside the house in the Weiss Thor I do not know. Whether the servitor, Sir Respectable, showed me out or not has quite passed from me. I only remember that I found myself waiting outside the gate of Bishop Peter's palace, ringing at a bell, which sounded ghostly, tinkling like a cracked kettle behind the door.

The lattice clicked, and a face peeped out.

"Get hence, night-raker!" cried a voice. "Wherefore do you come here so untimeously, profaning the holy quiet of our minster close?"

"There was no very holy calm in the kitchen t'other night, Peter Swinehead!" said I, my wits coming back to me at the familiar sound.

"Ha, Sir Blackamoor, 'tis you; surely your face has grown strangely white, or are my eyes serving me foully in the torch-light?"

Instinctively I covered as much of my face as I could with my cloak's cape, for indeed I had washed it ere I went forth to see the Lady Ysolinde.

"'Tis that you have slipped too much of the Rhenish down thy gullet, old comrade," said I, slapping Peter on the back, and getting before him so that he might remark nothing more.

At that, being well pleased with my calling him comrade, he lighted me cordially to my chamber, and there left me to the sleepless meditation of the night.

The next day was one of great quietness in the city of Thorn. An uneasy, sultry pause of silence brooded over the city. Men's heads showed a moment at door and window, looked furtively up and down the street, and then vanished again within. Plots were being hatched and plans laid in Thorn; yet while there was the lowering silence in the city, the Wolfsberg hummed gayly like a hive. Once I went up that way to see if I could win any news of my father. But this day the door into the Red Tower stood closed, nor would any within open for all my knocking. So perforce I had to return unsatisfied. I went several times to the Weiss Thor to spy the horizon round for the troops of Plassenburg. But only the gray plain of the Mark stretched itself out, so far as the eye could penetrate—hardly a reeking chimney to be seen, or any token of the pleasant rustic life of man, such as in my youth I remembered to have seen from the Red Tower. Beneath me the city of Thorn lay grimly, like a beast of prey which has eaten all its neighbors, and must

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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"GOD! GOD!" HE CRIED. "I WILL SEE MY JUDGE FACE TO FACE; I AM NOT AFRAID! I WILL DIE STANDING UP!"

now die of starvation because there are no more to devour.

The day passed on feet that crept like those of a tortoise, the sullen minutes dragging by, leaden-clogged and tardy. But the evening came at last. And with it, knocking at the door of the Bishop's quadrangle, and interrupting my long talk with Dessauer, lo! a messenger, hot-foot from the castle.

"To the learned Doctor and his servant, Gottfried Gottfried in death's utmost extremities sends greeting, and desires greatly to have speech with them."

My father's message in the hour where he had seen so many! Yet I was but little surprised. There was no wonder in the fact, save the wonder that it should all seem so natural. Dessauer rose quickly.

"I will go with you," he said; "it will be safer. For I can keep the door while you speak with your father."

So, without further word, we followed the messenger up the long, narrow, wooden-gabled street, and heard the folk muttering gloomily in the darkness within, or talking softly in the russet glow of their hearth fires. For there were but few candles lighted in Thorn that night. And I wondered how near or how far from us the men of Plassenburg might be encamping, and thrilled to think that any moment a spy might ride in to warn Duke Otho of the near approach of his foe.

But so far all was quiet at the Red Tower. The wicket gate in the angle of the wall was open, and we passed in without difficulty. As I mounted the stairs I heard the key turn behind us. Obviously, therefore, we were expected. The gate of the Red Tower had been left open for our entrance. And so soon as the birds were in the snare it was shut, and the silly goslings trapped.

We climbed up and up the dark stairs, till we came to the door of my father's garret. I pushed it open without knocking and entered.

"The most learned the Doctor Schmidt," I announced, lest there should be some stranger in the room. And indeed my precaution was necessary enough. For from my father's bed-head, disengaging himself reluctantly, like a disturbed vulture flapping up from the side of a dying steer, Friar Laurence rose out of the darkness, and folding his robe about him, stalked to the door without a word to either of us. I stood holding the edge of it till I had watched hi... -ell down the stairs. Then Dessauer relieved me at the stair-head as I went to approach my father.

I saw a change in him, very startli... -ed, to see. "In the uttermost extremity" he was, inde... ghastly pallor overspread his face; his eyes were wild, his breathing both quick and hard. The fire-light cast flickering lights over his face and on the outlines of his lank figure under the scarlet mantle which had been cast over him. One corner of it was cast aside, as if for air or coolness, and I could see a thing which gave me a cold chill in the marrow of my spine.

My father wore the dress which he only donned when some poor soul was about to die and pay the forfeit.

At first Gottfried took no notice of me whatever, but lay looking at the ceiling, his lips muttering steadily, though what the words were I could not hear.

"Father," I said at last, bending over him gently, "I have come to see you."

He turned to me as if suddenly and regretfully summoned back from very far away. It was a movement I had seen in many dying men. He looked at me, a strange, luminous comprehension growing in his eyes.

"Hugo," he said, "you have come home! The Little Playmate has come home too. We three will make a merry party in the old Red Tower. We have not been all together for so long. Lord Christ, but I have been much alone! Hugo, why did you leave me so long? Ah, well! I do not blame you, my son. You have been pushing your fortunes, doubtless, and you have, so they tell me, become a great man in Plassenburg. And the little maid is a lady of honor, and very fair to see. But now you two have come like birds homing to the nest."

"Yes, father," I said to him, "we have both come home to you, the Little Playmate and I. And now you will give us your blessing."

"The Little Playmate—say rather the little Princess," he cried, cheerfully, as, with the air of one who brings good tidings, he sat up in bed. Then he pointed to a chair on which a pillow had carelessly been flung. "Little maid," he said, looking at the cushion as if it had been Helene, "I am glad you have come back to be wedded to my boy. That was like you. I ever wished it, indeed. But I never expected to see my children thus happy. Yet I always knew you and Hugo were made for one another. You are at your sewing, little maid. Well, 'tis natural. I mind me when my own love sat making dainties of just such delicate wreathed whiteness."

He paused; and then, his countenance changing, he looked fearfully and fixedly at the chair.

"But, little maid, my own Helene," he cried, in a loud, gasping, alarmed tone, "what is this, best beloved? Why, you are sewing at a shroud! Surely such funeral suits become not bridals. A shroud—and there is blood upon it. Put it down—*put it down*, I pray you!"

The red flames on the fire crackled suddenly up about the black log, and cast dancing shadows on his face.

"Lie down and rest, dear father," I said softly to him; "the Little Playmate is not here. I, Hugo, your son, am alone beside you."

"Hugo," he said, passing a lean arm about me, "my good son, my brave boy! You will be kind to the little Princess. She loves you. There is no man so beloved as you in all the city of Thorn. Many would have loved her besides Otho. Ah, but I threw him out of the window there. I threw a Grand-Duke out of a window! Ha! ha! it was the bravest jest!"

He laughed a little, as at a tale that will bear infinite repetition. "I, Gottfried Gottfried, threw a proximate reigning Prince out of the window. How Casimir laughed! ... thing pleased him well. And the little maid, do you ... her, Hugo? How she would teach me, the Red ... how to dance that first night, and how tot-teringly she carried the Red Axe? The little one took heart that night. She will have a happy future, I know; so blessed, far away from this dark damned place of the Wolfsberg. I am glad she is not here to see me die. That is a sight for men, not for fair young loving women."

"Hush, my father," I said, touching his dank brow; "you are not going to die. You will yet live to be strong and well—a man among men."

For one tells these things to dying men. And they smile and pass us by, amused at our childish ignorance, as you and I shall one day do to others. And even thus did my father.

"Nay, Hugo, I am sped," he answered. "This night ends all. The door I have oped for so many is opening from within for me. God's mercy be on a sinful man! Ere the light of to-morrow's dawn the Duke's Justicer must face the Tribunal that has no assessor and no court of appeal."

He threw back the cloak which served as a mantle, and crying, "Give me your hand, Hugo!" Gottfried Gottfried staggered to his feet.

"I will die standing up," he said, bending his brows and gazing about him uncertainly. He pointed to the walls of the garret. The fire was flickering low, but still making the place light enough. There, beside the bed, was the Red Axe, with its shining edge undimmed, leaning against the block. There across it was the crimson bar mask, which was nevermore to bind his eyes as he did the office of dread.

"Do you see them, son Hugo?" he cried, leaning heavily on my shoulder and pointing with his finger; "they are gibbering at me, mowing, processioning by, and pointing mockingly at me. Do you hear them laughing? That horrid one there with his head under his arm—laughing as if there were no God! But I am not afraid. Mercy of Jesu! Hath God Himself no Justicer, that He should punish me because I have fulfilled my charge. I have all my life been merciful, ever giving the blow of mercy first, and the drop of stupefaction before the Extreme Question. Hence, fiends! Shapes inhuman, torment me not! For I was merciful to you and never struck twice. I *will* die standing up. The devil shall not fright me, nor all his angels!

"God Himself shall not fright me! I appeal to His judgment throne! Get hence, accusing spirits! I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat. Give me the axe, boy. I will cut down the evil; I will spare the good. Here is the Red Axe, my son. Take it! Strike with it strong and well. Strike, strike, and spare not!"

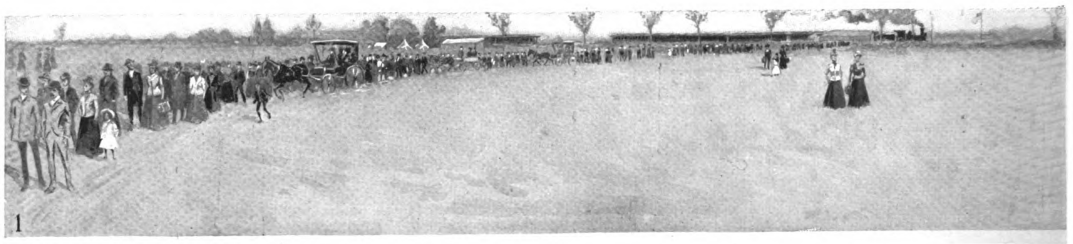
Totteringly he handed me the axe, and clasping his hands, he stood looking up.

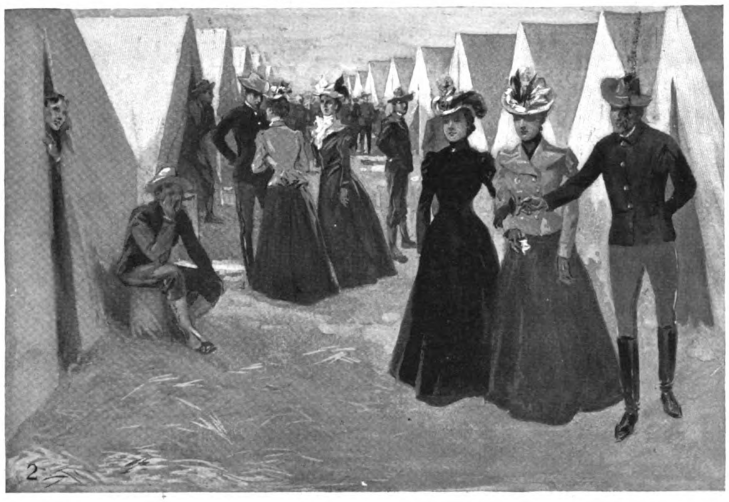
"God! God!" he cried. "I will see my Judge face to face; I am not afraid! I will die standing up!"

And in this manner, even as I tell it, died Gottfried Gottfried, a strong man, with his hands clasped, standing up and not afraid. And these arms received him, as, being dead, he fell headlong.

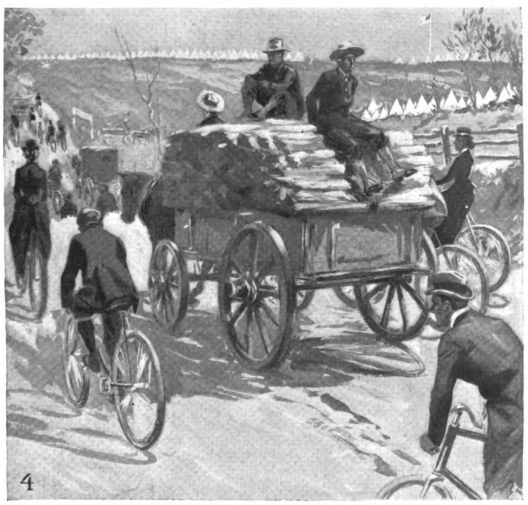
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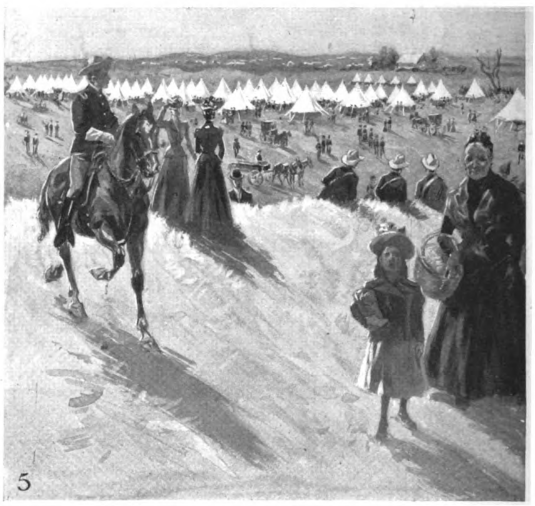
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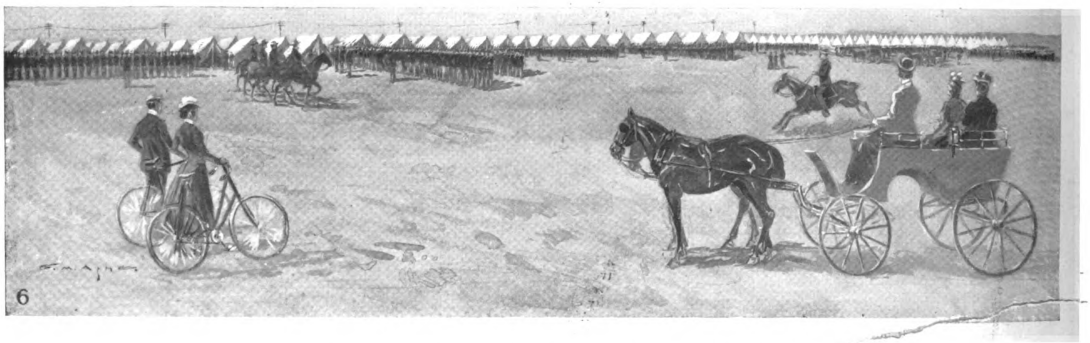








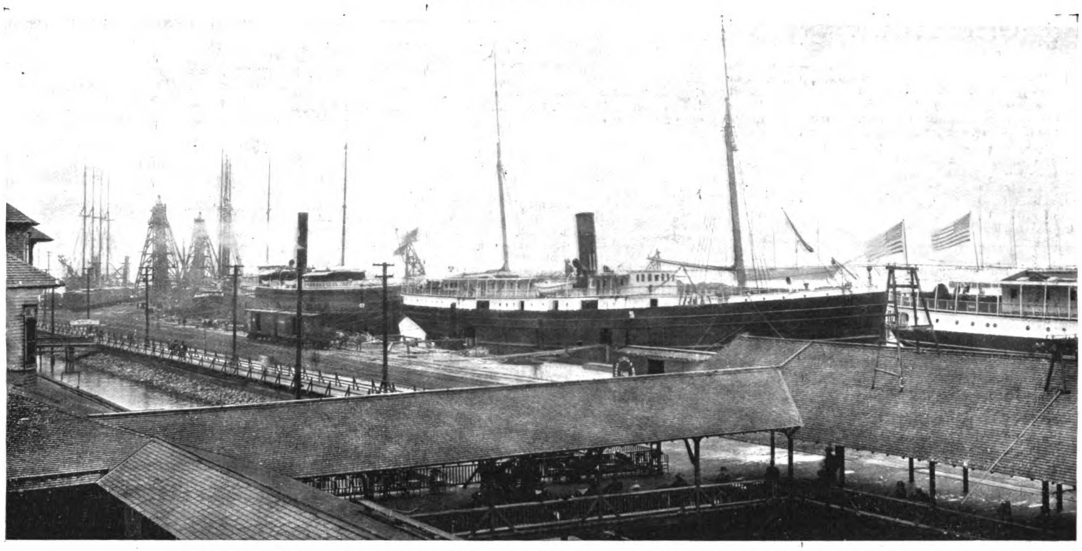




WITH THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS AT CAMP BLACK, HEMPSTEAD PLAINS.—DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE.

1. A Train-load of Visitors. 2. Showing his Sisters around Camp. 3. "Mewsic!"—a private Rehearsal by a Member of the Band. 4. On the Road to the Camp. 5. The View from Headquarters. 6. Company Drills.

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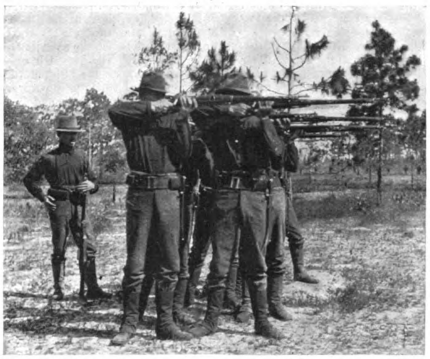
UNITED STATES TRANSPORTS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA, WAITING TO CARRY TROOPS TO CUBA.



REGIMENTAL RESERVE—"THE COLOR OF THE REGIMENT JOINS THE RESERVE."



"ADVANCE BY RUSHES!"

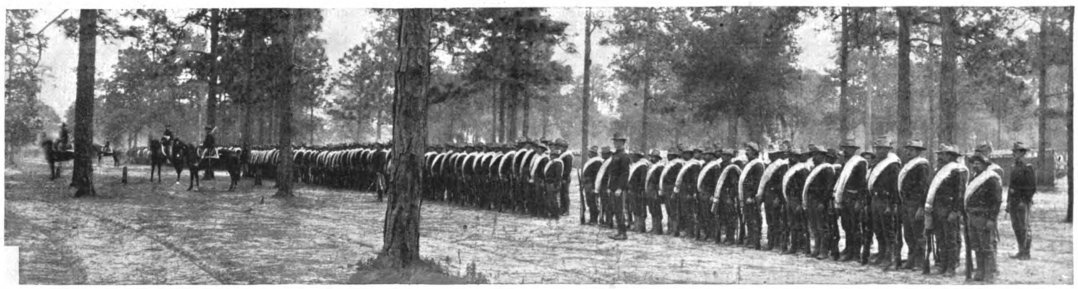


VOLLEY-FIRING BY SQUAD—"FIRE!"



ON THE FIRING-LINE.

EXTENDED-ORDER DRILL OF 5TH U. S. INFANTRY, TAMPA, FLORIDA.



9TH U. S. INFANTRY IN LINE, TAMPA, FLORIDA.

WITH THE U. S. REGULARS AT TAMPA AND PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

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GLADSTONE.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

Mr. Gladstone is dead. After such length of life, it is perhaps possible to survey his career and achievements with more impartiality and historical justice than would have been possible had he been cut down in the midst of conflict or in his prime. It is probable that Mr. Gladstone was the finest specimen of an Anglo-Saxon that ever lived. His soul was pure; his intellect unequalled; his bodily powers phenomenal. In the course of the life now ended he became, like Peter the Great, and like Napoleon the Corsican, a man in whom were incarnate the thoughts and wills of millions of human beings. This democratic force was centred in him, and he in it. For more than two generations he made it throb in the history of the world.

The incarnation of the modern spirit, the embodiment of freedom, with a passionate love for justice to nations and classes held in the firm stricture of despotism, Mr. Gladstone has left his mark upon the nineteenth century as no other man has done. Unlike Peter the Great or Napoleon, Mr. Gladstone complied, throughout the whole of his life, with the moral law. Even in those episodes of his career wherein he has been most bitterly denounced, no one competent of forming a just judgment of his motives can deny that he possessed nobility of aim. I will give an example.

As events have turned out, the English surrender of the Transvaal was probably unwise. Certainly it produced in England the bitterest feeling of humiliation and national wounded pride—a feeling in which I have always shared.

After my first visit to South Africa, when the opportunity was afforded me of seeing much of those who had suffered for their loyalty to England, this feeling of shame and indignation was redoubled. Firmly believing that Mr. Gladstone had acted wrongly in the retrocession of the Transvaal, I returned to England with the conviction that his South African policy was governed by motives of political expediency. It was in that frame of mind that I met Mr. Gladstone, in a country house, on Easter-Monday, 1886. I shall never forget the first serious conversation I had with him. He introduced the subject by referring to my recent visit to Africa. Believing that an opportunity had arisen not to be missed, I said to him, speaking in the interests of my countrymen and countrywomen who had lost their all by reposing faith in England's promise that the British flag should never be hauled down so long as the sun was in the heavens, "Sir, I think, if you had been, as I have been, in the homes of those Englishmen and loyal Dutch Boers who have been ruined for no greater fault than a foolish confidence in Great Britain—I think your cabinet would not have surrendered the Transvaal."

Taking me by the arm, and with his marvellous onyx eyes blazing with indignation, he gazed out of the window at the sky and the budding trees, and spoke for nearly twenty minutes, in a low, rich voice. He raised his arm with the gesture with which a lion raises his paw, and I realized, for the first time, the greatness of the man.

What he said, in effect, was this: "We have given back the Transvaal to its owners because it was acquired from them by fraud. A small country, a mean country, a country less sure of itself, could not have done this thing. Perhaps England alone, with her eight hundred years of history behind her, could have dared to do this act. To have done it shows the greatness, not the smallness, of England. The common people wished it. They hate injustice; they refuse to profit by fraud. The common people are always right. They were right in Macedonia; they were right in Judea;" and then he added, with a sweep of his arm so vehement that I thought he was about to crush me, "they are right now." He said a great deal more on the subject, to which I will not refer, but he burnt in upon my soul the conviction that it required less courage to destroy the Boers than to face the hatred and the contumely of those Englishmen who believed that the honor of their country had been outraged.

Mr. Gladstone, nevertheless, did not convince me of the rectitude of the policy he had adopted, and on cool reflection afterwards I detected much misty, if noble, generality in his arguments. However, that is not in question at the present time. What I want to bring out is the fact that to one who has always been, and still is, opposed to the policy of the Transvaal retrocession, Mr. Gladstone succeeded, completely and generously, in convincing him that this much-debated act was an act of courage, not an act of cowardice; the act of a great man who believed in the possibility of national Christianity, not the act of a mere politician who sought to derive party gain from the pusillanimous betrayal of a proud people.

The next time that I encountered Mr. Gladstone was over a very different matter. After considerable searchings of heart, and a few weeks' investigation of the Irish question in Ireland, I came to the conclusion that, as I knew nothing whatever about it, I could not do better, as a candidate for Parliament, than to follow my Liberal friends, whose good sense and patriotism I had then no reason to doubt. When I stood for Mile-End, in the election of 1886, I did so because I was interested in social reform, having seen a great deal of the misery of the poorer English, especially those who were inarticulate, because, being voteless, politicians did not flatter, consult, or please them. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone helped my candidature. The Grand Old Man wrote me a valuable letter for publication, lent me his carriage on the day of the election, and Mrs. Gladstone herself attended one of my political meetings, and brought with her a written message from her husband. Although this had a great effect on the electors, I was defeated, and shall never forget the impression, on the night of my defeat, of hearing a hundred thousand throats in the Mile-End road singing "God save the Queen," as though the result of the election was the defeat of a rebel by a loyalist.

Nearly two years afterwards, when Mr. Gladstone had been ejected from office, and the Plan of Campaign had been started, I was sorely exercised in my mind, along with thousands of others, as to the honesty of a device which might conduce to the political advantage of the Liberal party, but seemed to me contrary to the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." I accordingly wrote to Mr. Gladstone, the day after a speech of his in which he had, to my horror, condoned the Plan of Campaign, and told him of my thoughts. I asked him if he was not too proud to profit by a plan which had been condemned as immoral by Rome, and denounced by all good men as contrary to every principle that supports the foundations of Society. To this he answered in a somewhat passionate letter, saying that any communication from me commanded his sincere respect, but evading the point at issue, only speaking of his age, and how I had little conception of the labors cast upon him. I replied that this was not in point, but that thousands and tens of thousands looked to him for a conscience, and that if he upheld or condoned the Plan of Campaign, virtually the whole of the Liberal party would do the same; that this seemed to be not a question of political expediency, but of conscience and of moral law, and I concluded by saying that if there was any doubt as to the attitude of the Liberal party upon questions of right and wrong, I would rather shake the dust from off my feet and court the obscurity of political death. To this letter Mr. Gladstone again sent a reply, fencing with the question, and saying that if I would examine his language again, I should see that it was marked by no want of care. It was characteristic of Mr. Gladstone that he himself brought the letter to my club, and left it with strict injunctions to the hall porter to give it to me as soon as possible. I again replied, and said that I was not satisfied. He once more rejoined, again delivering his own letter. Then the correspondence closed, after my asking and being refused permission to publish it in its entirety. Now that years have elapsed, and Mr. Gladstone has gone, there can be no harm in saying that his capacity for making himself honestly believe that which he wished to believe was equalled by few and excelled by none since the creation of the world.

Of his wonderful detachment of mind, I will give another example. On July 27, 1893, when the historic fight between the Irish and the Conservatives took place on the floor of the House, before order was restored by the arrival of the Speaker, and while every one was convulsed with excitement, Mr. Gladstone went to the back of the Speaker's chair. Every one believed him to be overwhelmed with emotion. This was not the case. Meeting Sir Edward Reed, one of our great naval constructors, he engaged that gentleman in conversation on the subject of the stability of one of the recently launched men-of-war. The conversation was placidly continued, until the arrival of the Speaker, when Mr. Gladstone returned to the Treasury Bench to explain to the First Commoner of England the reason why the House had misconducted itself like the rowdy Fourth Form of a country school. Nero fiddling while Rome burned was not to be compared with Mr. Gladstone's thirst for information on the subject of naval architecture while the Mother of Parliaments was conducting herself like a drunken queen!

Mr. Gladstone would have made an ideal War Minister in any conflict with a foreign nation in which he believed that moral right was on the side of England. And yet he hated war with a depth of passionate conviction that proceeded from the large humanity of the man. The real reason why English Society hated "Mr. G."—as he was always called—I believe arose from his conception of the paramount claims of humanity, as opposed to the narrower issue of merely national or local interests. The aristocracy of a country is necessarily composed of those who are linked with the prosperity of the nation. When, therefore, in the interests of morality, Mr. Gladstone surrendered a province without fighting, as in the case of the Transvaal, or attempted to disintegrate the empire by handing over the sister island to a set of gentlemen who, to say the least of it, were not skilled financiers, or possessed of a superfluity of this world's goods, Society was as unwilling as unable to perceive the nobility of the motive that underlay the great man's action. That Society detested and dreaded Mr. Gladstone every one who met him in Society between the years 1886 and 1893, would be able to attest. The real injury that Mr. Gladstone inflicted upon his countrymen was that of confusing their minds as to the difference between right and wrong, between black and white, and between yes and no. With his vast theological experience and almost superhuman intellect, sedulously cultivated to such a point that the process of education was continued almost to the day of his death, he was able to perceive differences imperceptible to ordinary men; to justify paradoxes with a skill denied to less subtle intellects, and to rival the ingenuity of Escobar, Sanchez, Vasquez, and other lights of the historic Order of Jesus.

Of all men of the Victorian era, Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, was best acquainted with the theological side of Mr. Gladstone's character. His capacity for delicate refinements of language was often referred to in conversations I have had with his Eminence. Cardinal Manning believed Mr. Gladstone's intellect to be more remarkable for subtlety than for strength; but it must be remembered that the rarer side of Mr. Gladstone's mind was that chiefly exposed to the late Cardinal. This may be seen from the extraordinary Life of his Eminence which excited so much attention a few years ago.

One of the most extraordinary aspects of Mr. Gladstone's mind was its many-sidedness. To those who take a worm's-eye view of one of the greatest men of our race, Mr. Gladstone is a monument of inconsistency. Foolish consistency, however, is the bugbear of a weak mind. There is at least superficial justification for belief in Mr. Gladstone's inconsistency. He began as Tory member for Newark, then became a moderate Conservative, lapsing into Whiggery when member for Oxford University, then assuming the Liberal garb as member for Southwest Lancashire, only leaving an English county constituency to become Radical member for Greenwich, and finally shaking the dust of England from off his political feet to join the Celtic fringe, he ended his Parliamentary days as home-rule member for Midlothian, finding his political associates among men who were neither morally nor intellectually worthy of him. As one who believes that during the last ten years of his life Mr. Gladstone inflicted indirect but almost irreparable mischief upon his country, I can only record my conviction that in each successive change of political view Mr. Gladstone was animated by honest conviction, and that during the whole course of his life he never consciously trifled with fact. With a mind capable not only of splitting hairs, but of dividing them in filaments still finer, Mr. Gladstone has always revelled in imperceptible differences. In the celebrated discussion about the first Nile expedition, Mr. Gladstone denied in the House of Commons that Gordon in Khartoum was "hemmed in," while admitting in the same breath that he was "surrounded" by the forces of the Mahdi. Again, on the bombardment of Alexandria, and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, he refused to admit that England was engaged in "war," though allowing that the conflict in Egypt might be held to come under the head of "military operations." Many other instances of the same kind might be given, but they are sufficient to exhibit the intellectual note which is regarded by insular Englishmen as Jesuitical. Pascal, in his Lettres Provinciales, was apparently addressing himself to a Gladstone of the seventeenth century. Delicate yet scathing irony, lightness and keenness of thrust, Socratic directness, incisive argument, wedded to perfect grace and felicity of phrase and rare distinction of style, always belonged to Mr. Gladstone at his best. Although master of the weapon of grave and temperate irony, Mr. Gladstone writhed under the attacks of men immeasurably his inferiors. Perhaps the verdict of history will be that his sufferings under castigation arose from the fact that only too often his antagonists had truth on their side. Mr. Gladstone has often been the target of eloquent and sometimes of sublime denunciation, but he never appeared to surrender the absolute conviction that he was not only morally and logically in an impregnable position, but that Almighty God was with him in all he undertook, and that therefore his opponents were more than sunk in political error—they were guilty of blasphemy against the Most High.

On the subject of Mr. Gladstone's omniscience much has been written. I had the opportunity of conversing on the subject with two of his friends, the late Lord Tennyson and the late Cardinal Manning. On two or three occasions I have heard Lord Tennyson declare that Mr. Gladstone acquired a reputation for universal knowledge, which, if not fictitious, was based on the reverence paid by those ignorant of a subject to one able to discourse freely upon it. For example, said Lord Tennyson: "Mr. Gladstone knows little about either china or horses. To a collector of china he appears to have the most remarkable knowledge of equine affairs. To china maniacs, however well versed in the history of pottery of all ages, he seems to be a Homeric scholar past compare. Scholars, however, who had passed their lives in studying the Homeric Legend, and were steeped in Greek lore to their fingers' ends, profoundly believed that Mr. Gladstone's conversation on Palissy-ware or old Worcester, on Chinese Sang de Bœuf or on old Dresden, contained the last word to be said on those subjects.

During the whole of the home-rule controversy Lord Tennyson's language on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's foreign and domestic policy, which he deemed unpatriotic to the last degree, was marked by vigorous disapproval. In fact, I have seldom heard one great man speak of another with the directness and freedom used by the late Poet Laureate in reference to Mr. Gladstone. His last public utterance, however, more accurately represents his real feelings: "I love Mr. Gladstone, but I hate his policy."

After a separation of some years, Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone were brought together at the house of a common friend. At first Lord Tennyson preserved a more or less gloomy silence, but as dinner progressed, he succumbed to the witchery of conversation which has immeshed thousands of hearers in its mysterious power. In the course of the evening the two "old men eloquent" fraternized, recalled old times, and finally parted friends. On retiring to bed that night, Lord Tennyson said to his son, in a gruff voice, "I am sorry I have said all I have said against the fellow." "You will again, father," was the reply.

Among officials and subordinates Mr. Gladstone had the name of being a warm friend, but a bitter and unrelenting foe. The late Lord Rosmead, better known as Sir Hercules Robinson, perhaps the most capable and experienced of the proconsuls regularly trained in the English colonial service, has often expatiated to me on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's unrelenting memory of those who were so unfortunate as to oppose his path. Lord Rosmead himself considered that his career had been arrested by an episode of the kind. However this may be, it is indisputable that Mr. Gladstone was a great ruler of men, although perhaps not wholly gifted with the quality that enables great rulers wisely to choose their instruments. Being a great man, he was necessarily constrained to be what smaller men might term unscrupulous. I do not believe that Mr. Gladstone was ever consciously unscrupulous; but the man who honestly perceived a wide chasm between such terms as "hemmed in" and "surrounded," and who furthermore convinced himself that he was the agent of Almighty God, could scarcely be expected to consider himself in the wrong when divergence of opinion occurred with a subordinate.

In personal dealing Mr. Gladstone was quickly roused. The hawklike features—which induced a witty lady, during his last illness, to describe him as "a sick eagle"—became more strongly marked, his voice more resonant, his utterance majestic, and the magnificent onyx eyes would flash and glow.

In general society perhaps the most engaging quality of Mr. Gladstone was his old-world courtesy to every one. It was not put on or put off. It was invariable, universal, and consistent. He had the ceremonious manner of the old school. Towards intellectual inferiors his manner was deferential; careless observers might regard his humility as assumed, or even as hypocritical. It was nothing of the kind. Mr. Gladstone lived in the presence of the unseen. Like the Puritans of old, he saw the hand of God in all the events of life. To him earthly distinctions were of no account. Did he not refuse an earldom? On the rich and the eloquent, on the nobles and dignitaries, he looked down with contempt, for he was rich in a treasure that thieves cannot break through nor steal; he was eloquent in a language revealed to him from on high; he was noble by the right of an earlier creation than any inscribed in the College of Arms, and the priesthood of his life was conferred by the imposition of a mightier Hand than the successor of St. Augustine. With this panoply of spiritual armor, which shut him off from the large majority of prosperous and worldly minds, he eagerly sought information from babes and sucklings. Nevertheless, he could not bear contradiction!

Before my first introduction to him I remember being told by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to be sure not to contradict the great man. The consequence of

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this distaste for contradiction was that Mr. Gladstone, towards the end of his life, was surrounded only by fifth-rate people. His reliance on inferior, and not always ingenuous minds, repeatedly exposed him to discomfiture towards the close of his career. The well-known Dopping incident was a case in point.

But these blemishes could not interfere with the dignity, simplicity, and earnest piety of his daily conduct. Pure, consistent, and devoted, his long life remains a legacy of example, and presents an immortal spectacle of integrity to his race, and to humanity at large. I cannot do better in this connection than transcribe the letter written by him to the late Prince Albert Victor on the attainment of his majority. The Prince would have been King of England but for his untimely death.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, *January* 7, 1885.

SIR,—As the oldest among the confidential servants of her Majesty, I cannot allow the anniversary to pass without a notice which will to-morrow bring your Royal Highness to full age, and thus mark an important epoch in your life. The hopes and intentions of those whose lives lie, like mine, in the past, are of little moment; but they have seen much, and what they have seen suggests much for the future. There lies before your Royal Highness in prospect the occupation, I trust at a distant date, of a throne, which, to me at least, appears the most illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, from its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people, and from the unparalleled opportunities it gives, in so many ways and in so many regions, of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England.

I fervently desire and pray, and there cannot be a more animating prayer, that your Royal Highness may ever grow in the principles of conduct, and may be adorned with all the qualities, which correspond with this great and noble vocation.

And, sir, if sovereignty has been relieved by our modern institutions of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period of the world's history at which successors to the monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties, and by a bright example to the country. This result we have happily been permitted to see, and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew.

Heartily desiring that in the life of your Royal Highness every private and personal may be joined with every public blessing, I have the honor to remain, sir,

Your Royal Highness's most dutiful and faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone's detestation of the Turk, and the manner in which he flung himself, when over seventy years of age, into the agitation against Turkey, cannot be ignored in any review of his life. He suddenly quitted his library, forgot the studies that illuminated what he believed to be his closing years, and returned to the political arena with the vigor and enthusiasm of a thousand men in their prime. In the open air, rain or shine, he spoke with the vigor of Mr. Bryan. He published pamphlets; the horizon was dark with his denunciations of the Turk. He pushed aside Lord Hartington from his titular leadership of the Liberal party, and he won to his standard the militant Radical element.

By the Tories, the Whigs, and the plutocratic Liberals, Mr. Gladstone's action on the Midlothian campaign was attributed to mere ambition. It was nothing of the kind. This is not the place to discuss whether he was right or wrong. I believe he was wrong, but I am as sure as I am of my own existence that Mr. Gladstone was as purely animated by a sense of duty in 1880 as Henry Lawrence when he laid down his life in Fayrer's house at Lucknow.

Mr. Gladstone had the passion of humanity. The Sultanate and Pashadom are founded on a bed-rock of inhumanity, Mr. Gladstone held that the unit of the nation is the family; the mutual love of father, mother, and children, the purity of domestic life, was his ideal. The Turk is a polygamist, a voluptuary, a satyr. Mr. Gladstone, whose father was a slave-owner, was himself the friend of freedom. Slavery is an honored institution wherever the hoof of the Moslem leaves its print. Mr. Gladstone was a disciple of progress. The Yildiz Kiosk is the incarnation of blind reaction.

But, unless I am mistaken, there was another and a stronger reason which dragged Mr. Gladstone from his study at Hawarden. Decay of faith is a feature of our times. European Christianity is a byword, and is indistinguishable in many particulars from the paganism it has replaced. Christian institutions to Mr. Gladstone were not within the arena of political expediency. In default of another leader, he himself summoned to the standard of Christianity the faithful of all nations. In the Turk he saw the embodiment of the power of Antichrist. The advance of the Moslem meant the retrogression of Christ's kingdom. Misrepresentation, contumely, the imputation of base motives, fell from off Mr. Gladstone like rain from the granite crags of the Matterhorn. He threw himself into the fray more completely a crusader than the Knights of the Cross in the Middle Ages. It revolted his soul that the provinces of Christendom should be stained with the nameless infamy of Turkish rule. To him the struggle was between Christ and Antichrist, and he ranged himself on the Lord's side. This, I am convinced, is the real reason for Mr. Gladstone's emergence from private life in 1880, but we may have to wait for thirty or forty years before the truth on this subject is accurately known.

THE NAVY'S WEAPONS.

THE weapons of the United States navy are conceded to be the equals, and in many cases the superiors, of those in any foreign service. The following list gives the types of American naval ordnance, with the weights of the projectiles fired:

Calibre.	Weight of Projectile (lbs.).
13-inch	1100
12-inch	800
10-inch	500
8-inch	250
6-inch	100
5-inch	55
4-inch	33

Some of the 6-inch, and all of lesser calibres, are rapid-fire guns.

The powder charges are, roughly, about one-half the weight of the projectile.

The smaller guns composing the secondary batteries are one, three, six, and twelve pounders, mostly of the Hotchkiss and Driggs-Schroeder patterns. The machine-guns are of several patterns, including the Gatling, Colt, Hotchkiss, Maxim, and Maxim-Nordenfeldt.

The small-arms consist of the modified Lee magazine-rifle, calibre .236, and the Colt revolver, calibre .38.

The projectiles used are shells and shrapnel, the former being of two varieties, common and armor-piercing. Common shells are of cast steel, and are exploded by percussion fuses. Armor-piercing shells are of highly tempered steel, with specially hardened heads, to prevent them from breaking up on contact with armor. A small nose-cap is commonly put on the tip, to preserve the latter until it has entered the armor. Armor-piercing shells have no fuses, and are exploded by the heat engendered by the friction of piercing.

Nickel-sheathed bullets are used in the small-arm rifle, and ordinary lead bullets in the revolver.

Nearly all the torpedoes are of the Whitehead type, carrying 150 pounds of guncotton, and propelled by a gas-engine within, although there are a few Howell torpedoes, which are driven through the water by a fly-wheel rapidly revolving. Torpedoes are launched through the tubes on board ship by means of exploding a small charge of powder.

Sword bayonets are provided for the rifles, and cutlasses are still in use.

A HINT IN TIME.

BE calm, my friends, and let who will be frisky;
Do valiant deeds—not boast them—all day long.
Avoid tall talk, which smacks too much of whiskey,
And let your actions—not your words—be strong.

H. L.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

A VALUABLE BOOK.

"INFANT HEALTH," sent out by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., New York, Proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a valuable book, that should be in every home.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American Tonic. —[*Adv.*]

THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS is manufactured by C. W. ABBOTT & Co., Baltimore. Signature on label. —[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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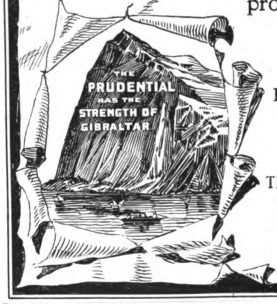


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For Our Far-away Friends

A few days ago we acquired a very extraordinary lot of silks at a very extraordinary price. We put them on sale, without saying a word about them, and they were so pretty and so cheap that they sold like the proverbial "hot cakes," or, to use a more up-to-date comparison, like steam yachts in war time.

It occurred to us that these were exactly the kind of goods that would interest some of the many thousand friends with whom we have recently become acquainted through the mails; so, just in time, we withdrew a lot of the prettiest of the silks, and held them for your orders. Here they are—five lots of them, with plenty of choice in each, and samples of any and all waiting for your request.

One lot at 80c. a yard, regularly $1
A firm, rich taffeta silk, in seven exquisite evening shades. It has a delicate pattern outlined in pin-dots over fine diagonal satin stripes—three tones of the same color.

One lot at 80c. a yard, regularly $1
Hair-line taffetas, with a bayadere satin stripe, shaded with black; an exceedingly cool, neat, tasteful style, which will impress you at sight. Seven shades.

One lot at 85c. a yard, regularly $1
Beautifully brocaded taffetas, pattern of trailing vine, delicately executed between clusters of jewel satin stripes. Shades are pink, yellow, nile green, and white.

One lot at 85c. a yard, regularly $1
Very rich white Canale taffetas, white grounds, diversified with white satin stripes and colored "canale" stripes of green, heliotrope, gray, bluet, yellow, lavender, new red, or pink.

One lot at $1 a yard, regularly $1.25
These are heavy silks for outdoor wear, effective and rich, but not too showy. In three-color combinations, beautifully blended. Two-way stripes, jewelled at intersections.

Would you like samples of these or of anything else?

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PROFESSOR MALLET ON CIGARETTE SMOKING.

In a communication to the editor of the *Scientific American* on the subject of popular prejudice against cigarette smoking, J. W. Mallet, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, writes:

"The recent publication in your journal of the results of an examination by me of some brands of cigarettes in general use has led to my receiving a number of letters of inquiry, some in reference to the mode of making the examination, some in regard to the names of the brands examined, and others expressing some surprise at the results reported and seeking confirmation of the statements which have been published.

"The examination in question looked simply to ascertaining whether the cigarettes tested did or did not contain any traces of foreign adulterating materials alleged to be sometimes introduced by the manufacturers.

"The methods of testing were simple, well-approved, and easily applied, and the results were clear and positive. In such matters a competent chemist reaches conclusions which admit of no doubt or uncertainty, and the results reported are not opinions, but scientifically ascertained facts.

"It is the more remarkable that there should be any hesitation in accepting these conclusions, and that any credit should be given to the reckless assertion sometimes made as to the general adulteration of cigarettes with opium, etc., since numerous other analyses have before now been made by other trustworthy chemists, and in all cases the same general result has been recorded. I know of no scientific evidence to the contrary.

"It is, moreover, apparent to any unprejudiced person, competent to consider the facts, that such adulterations as have been alleged could only be made out of sheer perversity, and would be in plain contravention of the business interests of the manufacturers.

"Ignorance of easily ascertainable scientific facts is, however, common enough, as is often illustrated by the brown, oily material formed in the smoking of tobacco being pointed out as nicotine, though in reality this is merely the *tar* produced by the action of heat on the woody fibre of the leaf.

"Nicotine, when pure, is a colorless fluid of somewhat oily consistence and strong peculiar, penetrating odor, but it darkens on exposure to air and light, becoming first yellow and then brown, so that it *looks*, in this darkened condition, something like the tarry matter which soils a smoker's fingers or a handkerchief through which tobacco smoke is exhaled, or is often noticed as deposited in the stem of a pipe. This tarry deposit has nothing essential in common with nicotine, and contains but traces of this alkaloid, when any at all. A part, but only a small part (about one-seventh in the experiments of Melsens), of the real nicotine of tobacco is volatilized without decomposition; the remainder is burned and destroyed in the process of smoking.

"The sensational statements occasionally made in regard to arsenic, copper, etc., as present in the paper wrappers would be at once seen to be grossly improbable if it were but remembered that the wrapper of a single cigarette weighs little more than half a grain, and that in such a minute quantity of thin, delicate white paper there could be introduced but infinitesimal amounts of such foreign adulterants without their presence becoming perceptible to common observation by the senses, aside from the positive scientific evidence that they are *not* present.

"The simple facts are, that such cigarettes as I have examined, representing a large part of those in general use throughout the United States, are made from pure, light-yellow tobacco of the high grade produced on certain special soils, prominently in certain of the southern counties of Virginia and the adjacent portion of North Carolina, with wrappers of the best quality of harmless vegetable-fibre paper, and are entirely free from the adulterants which it has been asserted are present, with no evidence in favor of such assertion, and in absolute contradiction of the scientific evidence actually available."

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is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with *Pepsalt* and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. *Pepsalt* taken in place of salt with your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.
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THE BATTLE OF CABAÑAS.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

OFF MATANZAS, CUBA, *Friday, May 13, 1898.*

THE battle of Cabañas has been fought and won, and the date of that victory goes down in history as that on which American soldiers first put their feet upon the soil of a European enemy. The First Regiment of United States Infantry furnished the one hundred-odd men who took part in this expedition; the navy assisted to the extent of one boat's crew, which brought off the last man from shore. One Spanish officer was killed, one Spaniard taken prisoner, and many wounded in the ranks of the enemy, but the forest was so dense that it was impossible to say with precision how many. This much we know, however, that fifty United States regulars, who had never before been under fire, were suddenly charged by a force of Spanish cavalry at least three times as great; that our infantry stood up to them like brave men and well-trained soldiers, held their own until the gun-vessels came to their assistance, finally drove the enemy from the field, and thus made possible a mission important as well as dangerous.

Captain Dorst had orders to bring to Cuba three members of the Insurgent Commission, who were to assist in opening communication with the rebels of the interior. For this purpose a steady but slow old paddle-boat was chartered, and loaded with fifty mules, ten horses, several thousand rifles, and one hundred-odd men of the First United States Infantry, who had just arrived from San Francisco. The hold was full of other useful cargo.

Ours was the worst boat that could have been chosen for such a mission, because she made a most expansive target, and was fit neither to fight nor to run away.

We carried a Cuban pilot who knew the whole coast well—at least we thought he did.

On the morning of Thursday, May 12, we steamed within easy gun-range of the Havana forts, and leisurely inspected their shore batteries, the light-house, Morro Castle, and the half a dozen churches that stand up from amidst the roofs of the town. The name of our vessel was broadly marked upon our paddle-boxes, and even if the letters were not visible, the boat has been so many years in the passenger trade between New Orleans and that port that with the naked eye every one on shore could readily say that this was the *Gussie*, with a landing party for the insurgents. There was nothing underhand about this trip. We might easily have landed at night or in the gray of the morning, but that did not suit. We wanted the Spaniards to understand that our ramshackle paddle-boat was invulnerable, and our troops invincible—and if we did not succeed, then the fault is with Spain.

So careful were we to do the polite, that the commander-in-chief of the expedition announced his plans before leaving Tampa, so the press of Madrid had full information of it long before we could arrive at our landing-place. We were towed out of Key West Harbor by the tug of a newspaper syndicate, which tug, by-the-way, kindly lent its assistance to the military and naval forces of the United States in this undertaking, asking nothing in return save the first and fullest news of every step in this secret mission, to the end that the same was sent first to Spain, and then cabled back to General Blanco.

The secrecy of this mission was so conspicuous a feature of the original programme that I lay perhaps more stress upon it than it deserves. When I was allowed to join at Tampa, it was under the vow of absolute secrecy; with the assurance that I was to be the only non-combatant aboard, saving Mr. Zogbaum, the distinguished war artist. The programme was observed better than some might have expected, for by the time we got clear we found that we had on board the *Gussie* only five correspondents of other papers. On the two tugs, which stuck to us all the way, the papers represented were probably not more than twenty-five.

I am inclined to think, therefore, that for secrecy this expedition beats anything hitherto attempted in warfare. We would have inserted an advertisement of the hour at which we intended to land in one of the Havana papers; but this proved unnecessary, because there is an excellent heliograph service all along this coast, and a wide-awake coast-guard patrolling it from end to end. We had obviously done all that the most exacting Spaniard could demand by way of inviting him to cut the expedition to pieces, and were ready now to let the curtain go up on the first scene in a grand spectacular pantomime.

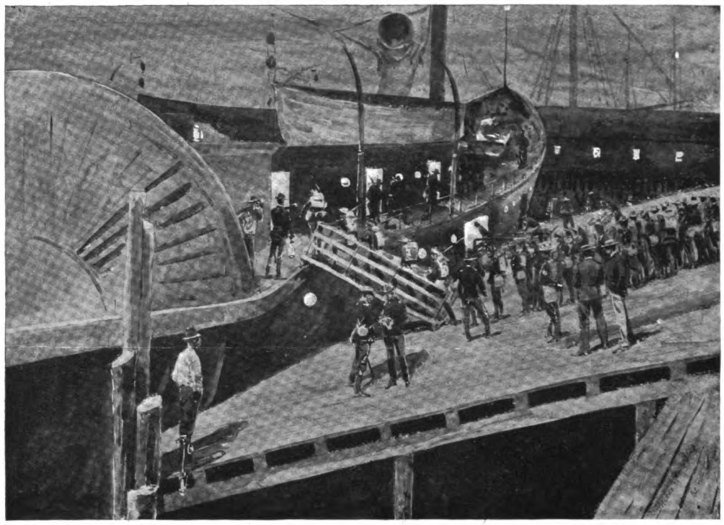
Captain Dorst is our chief—a man of the cavalry type, who is familiar with Continental armies, and has attended the best cavalry manœuvres in the world—those of Austria. He has seen real war in Greece and Turkey, to say nothing of our own wars with red Indians. He has travelled in Mexico as no other man living would dare to do, living amongst the people, and gathering for the intelligence department of the army most valuable material. Captain Dorst has done more things well than most men of his age, and now that he has fought the battle of Cabañas with a combined naval and military force, he deserves an amphibious sort of rank—half commodore, half colonel.

At exactly noon of the memorable 12th of May, 1898, our forces steamed close to the beach near the port of Mariel, with the idea of landing at that point. There were, however, already several hundred Spaniards there, as though by special appointment, amongst them several on horseback, who galloped down to the beach and commenced to shoot at us in a perfunctory manner. The soldiers on top of the hill walked about as though on the piazza of a summer hotel, until one of our escort exploded a bomb in the middle of them. We saw none of them again.

Our escorts were two little screw steamers, one a converted yacht, now named the *Wasp*, and intended as a despatch-boat or a blockader. Her men were good marksmen with their light artillery. The *Manning* also helped us. She is a revenue-cutter, and her crew need practice in target-shooting. They were very useful to us, however, for, badly as they shot, the Spaniards did worse.

We did not land at this particular place, because our object was to enable the three Cuban members of the Patriotic Committee to escape in secrecy. Of course the Spaniards had gathered on shore to welcome these patriots after their own fashion, and we therefore steamed slowly away from them, seeking another landing-place where our traditional secrecy could be more rigorously observed.

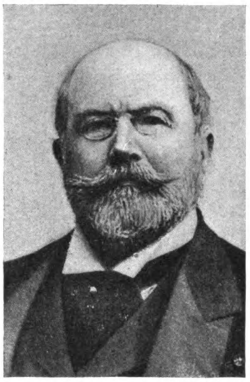
We at last got beyond the rifle-bullets of the pursuing cavalry, and decided to make a landing at the entrance of the bay of Cabañas. Our Cubans informed us that there was within a mile or two of us a Spanish garrison numbering about two thousand men. This decided us to



THE "GUSSIE" EXPEDITION—FIRST EMBARKATION OF U. S. TROOPS FOR CUBA, AT PORT TAMPA, MAY 11.
DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.



SEÑOR SAGASTA,
President, Council of Ministers.



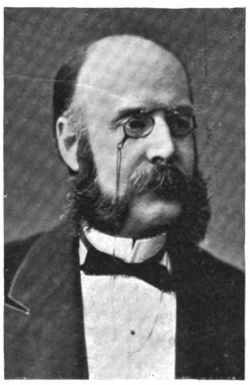
SEÑOR CASTILLO,
Foreign Affairs. (Acceptance in doubt.)



SEÑOR CORREA,
War.



SEÑOR LOPEZ PUIGCERVER,
Finance.



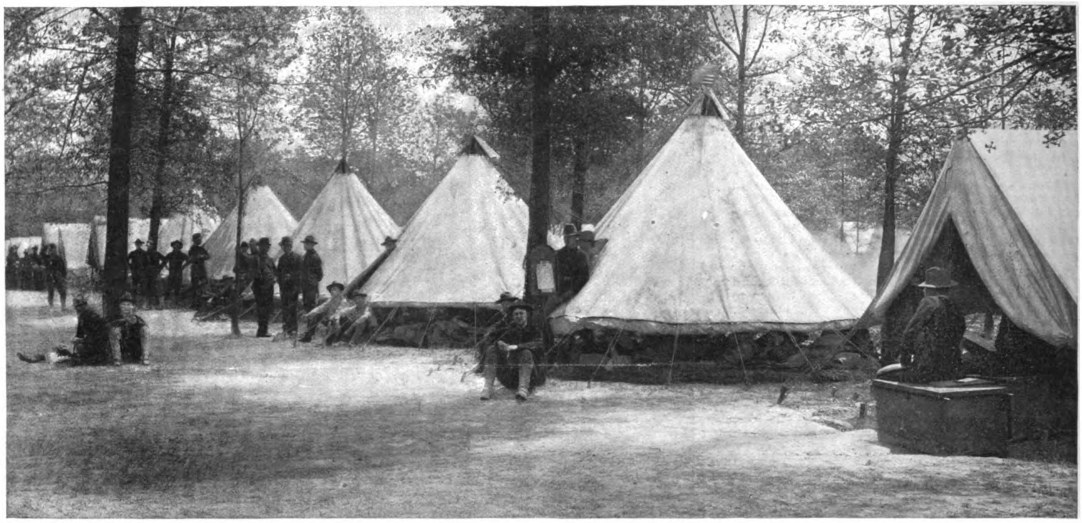
SEÑOR GROIZARD,
Justice.



SEÑOR CAPDEPON,
Interior.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW SPANISH CABINET.

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STREET OF LIGHT-BATTERY A, 1st REGIMENT, NATIONAL GUARD OF MISSOURI, AT CAMP STEPHENS, JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MISSOURI.
Photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

land. It would have been altogether too tame an affair to have brought troops all this distance and not give them a little amusement for their trouble. The place further commended itself to us by having a string of coral reefs the whole length, with heavy surf breaking violently upon all points of it. This promised splendid sport in the way of capsizing and ducking to all who sought a landing, and therefore we selected it. All the conditions for a secret and safe landing were now met. The whole of Cuba was on the lookout for us; a Spanish garrison was close by; the enemy's cavalry was already in motion toward us. It was nearly three of the afternoon, so we started a couple of boat-loads ashore.

Now ordinary commanders would have tried to find out whether there might not be an ambush in the thick shrubbery that grew close to the water's edge; a few volleys distributed along the line of our proposed advance would have established some certainty on this point.

But that, on the other hand, would have told the Spaniards that we were employing cautious methods; they might have concluded that we were suspicious of them. That would not have been in harmony with our previous behavior, so two of our boats were lowered, and with about half a dozen fighting-men in each, the invasion of Cuba commenced.

Together the two boat-loads were not much more than sufficient to intimidate the neighboring garrison; but, as though to emphasize still further the courtesy of our nature, one of the boats landed about a mile beyond the other. Both boat-loads were dumped out into the surf up to their armpits, and the whole lot of them could readily have been shot to pieces had half a dozen Spaniards been on hand half an hour earlier.

In the course of twenty minutes fifty of the First Infantry, commanded by Captain O'Connell, commenced to look about them in the dense tropical forest, and soon found themselves attacked by a Spanish force, estimated by those in the battle as anywhere between fifty and five thousand.

The sound of cracking rifles was ominously dense to us on board of the transport. The nasty little bullets went whizzing over our heads and about our ears in a manner to make us wish that our walls were of thick steel rather than of pine. The cordage was cut in several places, but fortunately no one was struck. The men protected themselves as well as they could behind some bales of hay that were on the upper deck, and we all waited anxiously for an opportunity to open fire in aid of our men on shore.

Captain Dorst was as cool as though in a sham fight, and not a man showed any sign of excitement. There was no bugler ashore, and consequently no means of calling the men together. We had no means of knowing how far into the woods their line might extend, and consequently neither we nor the supporting war-ships dared fire until some certainty had been gained on this point.

In this critical moment Captain O'Connell came off from shore in a little flat-bottomed skiff, told us our men were being hard pressed, that a thousand Spaniards were marching up as re-enforcements, and that we must open fire at a point on shore which he indicated. Then our men were happy. The whistling of the enemy's bullets was forgotten in the cheerful volleys that went over into the Spanish ranks from the well-aimed rifles of our men. The range was taken as 600 yards, and we were ordered to aim immediately to the right of the ship's boat which had landed furthest to westward. There were six volleys fired. It seemed twenty; but not one shot scratched that boat. Soon the artillery from the *Wasp* and the *Manning* joined in the attack, and for several minutes there was a din of sharp firing from this combination of army and navy. It sounded like serious work. In the midst of it I could not but think how much it resembled naval-manœuvre operations I had attended in Germany. Few of us, I fancy, realized that this was real war. There were laughing and joking when the Spaniards made particularly bad shots, and our antiquated paddler came in for a deal of chaff regarding its invulnerability and other warlike virtues.

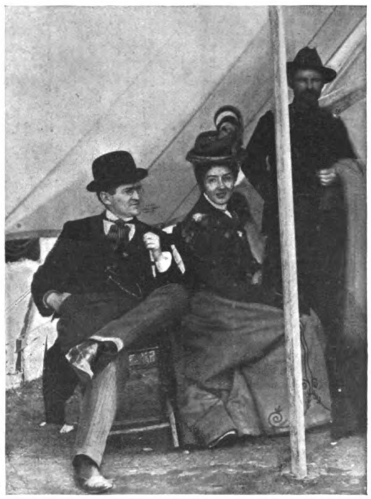
But beneath it all there was some very considerable relief when the Spanish fire ceased, and we felt that for the moment at least there was breathing-space.

Meanwhile the three horses for the three Cubans had with difficulty been tumbled overboard and made to swim ashore. They remained bunched together on the beach, in extreme surprise at the vicissitudes in their life. They finally settled down to munching something green within reach, while the bullets played freely about them.

Now, however, arose another embarrassment. Our Patriotic Commission did not like the notion of starting out into a Cuban forest whose population at that time appeared to be made up mostly of Spanish cavalry, who always hang Cuban patriots, because it costs more to shoot them. They all three said they would cheerfully postpone their proposed patriotic excursion until another day.

Captain Dorst had no sympathy with their reasons. On the contrary, he helped saddle their horses, and started them westward along the beach, while the woods within twenty yards of them were thick with those who sought their life.

But our leader acted with method. He calculated that the Spaniard would do nothing of an energetic nature at



GOVERNOR LON V. STEPHENS, OF MISSOURI, AND MISS STEPHENS, AT CAMP STEPHENS, JEFFERSON BARRACKS.
Photograph by Strauss, St Louis.

that particular moment, and so it proved. The re-enforcements were all frightened back by the volleys from the water. Not a single Spaniard showed himself upon the beach during the whole battle. How many we killed no one knows, for the Spaniards were much concealed in the bushes, and those who may have fallen were not subsequently hunted up. Our transport was anchored within rifle-range, and it was our business to get away just as soon as our mission had been successfully accomplished.

Our trophies consisted of the cockade and machete of a Spanish officer who was shot from his horse by Private Metzler of E Company. This was no stray shot, for Private Metzler is known as one who does not waste his powder. One prisoner was captured, and he has become quite a pet amongst the men. The first day he would eat nothing, for fear of being poisoned. Now he eats more than any two others on board, and tells cheerfully all he knows, which is practically nothing.

At twelve o'clock noon the first fire opened upon us, and at six o'clock Captain Dorst brought the last boat-load off from shore. Those six hours were anything but dull. We all breathed more easily when the men had all been mustered and it was found that all were present and unharmed. Captain O'Connell, a grandnephew of the great agitator, pronounced it little short of miraculous that the whole command had not been massacred while getting off through the surf. Captain O'Connell is an Irishman by birth, who served in the civil war, and rose from a sick-bed to take part in this invasion.

I could not but be struck by the fact that it should be an Irishman to lead the first American troops against the country of the most Catholic monarch of all Christendom.

Next day we smashed two shore batteries and a martello fort near Banes, about twenty miles from Havana. And this sort of thing we can keep up indefinitely.

Any old tub like the *Gussie* is just as good for this sort of work as the biggest battle-ship afloat. We have seen that the mere presence of her walking-beam causes military movements ashore, involving loss of life and waste of ammunition out of all proportion to the amount expended on our side.

By all means, let us buy up all the old *Gussies* along our coasts and set them paddling up and down these shores, after the fashion of modern vikings.

If they do half as well as Captain Dorst, we shall soon have all the Spanish ammunition at the bottom of the sea, and the survivors of the Spanish army suing for a truce.

But to do this sort of thing well, you must, like Captain Dorst, keep your plans a profound secret.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE HEROIC GUNNER.

When the order was given to withdraw from battle for breakfast, one of the gun-captains, a privileged character, begged Commodore Dewey to let them keep on fighting until "we've wiped 'em out."
—*War Anecdote in Daily Paper.*

At the battle of Manila,
In the un-Pacific sea,
Stood a gunner with his mad up
Just as far as it could be—
Stood a gunner brave and ready
For the hated enemy.

Near the Isles of Philopena
Raged the battle all the morn,
And the plucky Spanish sailors
By the shot and shell were torn;
And the flag that floated o'er them
To oblivion was borne.

Every cannon belched projectiles,
Every cannon breathed forth hell,
Every cannon mowed the foeman
From the deck into the swell,
When amid the din of battle
Rang the silvery breakfast-bell.

"Stop your shooting! Come to breakfast!"
Cried the gallant Commodore.
"After eating we will let them
Have a rousing old encore.
Stow your lanyards, O my Jackies;
Let the cannon cease to roar."

Then upspake the fighting gunner:
"Dewey, don't, I beg of you.
What's the use of drinking coffee
Till we've put this scrimmage through?
If there's any one who's hungry,
Won't this Spanish omelet do?

"Farragut would not have done it
When through Mobile Bay he sped.
Why then, Dewey, should we breakfast
Till we've plunked 'em full of lead?
Let our motto be as his was—
Damn the fishballs! Go ahead!"

J. K. B.

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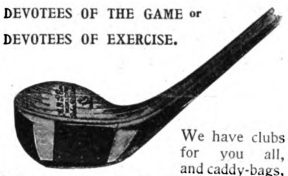
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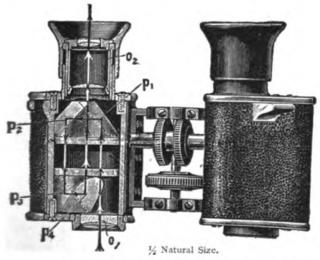
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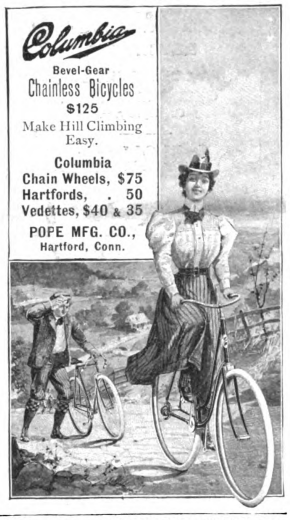
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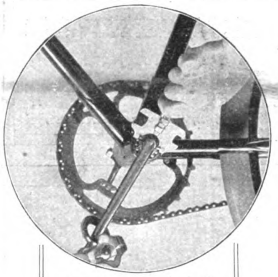
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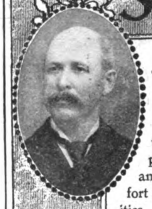
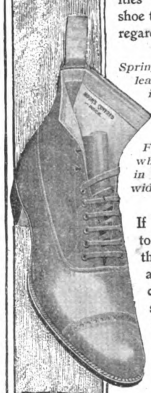
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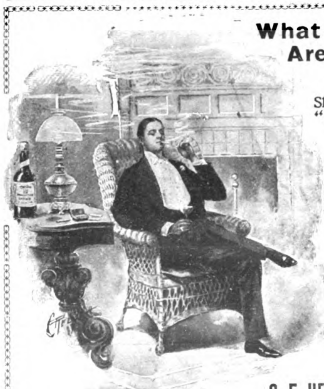
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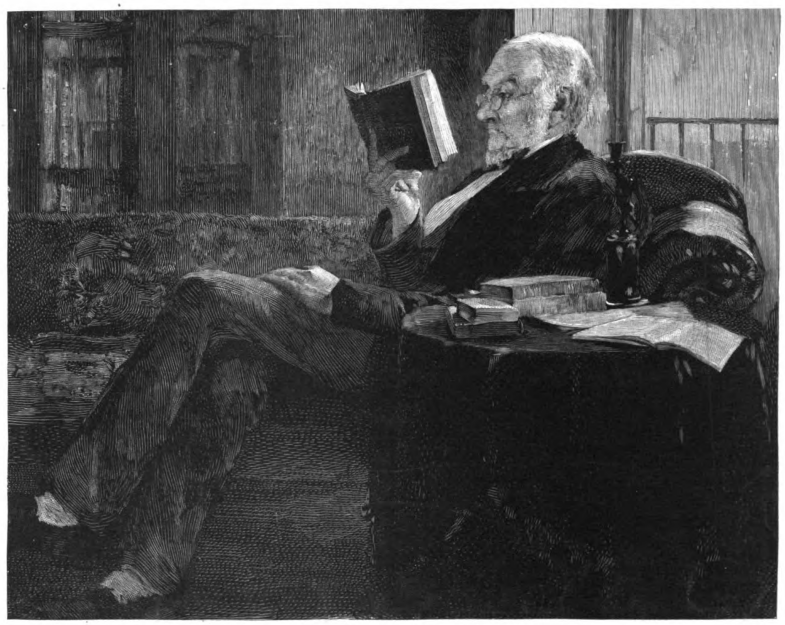
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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

WHEN the London *Times* undertook a review of Mr. Gladstone's career, at a date fifty years from its commencement, that paper remarked that such a review must of necessity be to a great extent an account of the history of Great Britain for that period. The remark was singularly just. Mr. Gladstone's political career began almost with his arrival at manhood. He was elected to Parliament when he was not yet twenty-three years old, and he became a subordinate member of the government—Junior Lord of the Treasury—when he was but twenty-four. Since that extraordinary beginning, he has been Under Secretary and Secretary of State for the Colonies, Vice-President and President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister, thus bringing his energies to bear upon varying departments of the government before employing them in the wide field of general control. But while such an experience in the executive branch of any government might well establish the claim of a public man to a place of distinction in the current history of his country, the fame of Mr. Gladstone rests on broader and deeper foundations, on the great and lasting influence that he has exerted over the minds of his countrymen from his place in Parliament, from the hustings, and with his pen.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone sprang from the great middle class of Great Britain. The family was of Scotch origin—"Gledstanes" of Clydesdale, Mr. Gladstone's father, a very wealthy merchant of Liverpool, possessed all the restless vigor and keen enterprise of the Scottish race, and the Premier was always "thankful to remember that the blood which ran in his veins was exclusively Scottish." He was born December 29, 1809, was educated at Eton and at Oxford, and at the university won considerable reputation as a debater and as a writer. As a debater he was marked by the thoroughness of his information, the clearness and symmetry of his statements, and an overpowering earnestness of manner. He came from the university in 1831, at the age of twenty-two, and travelled for some months on the Continent, particularly in Italy, whence his letters are interesting, though a trifle pedantic. He was recalled to enter political life, and, by the friendly interest of the Duke of Newcastle, was returned from Newark in 1832, having not yet completed his twenty-third year. Mr. Gladstone's father had been the intimate friend of Canning, and the son enlisted under the banner of Conservative principles. His address to the electors was a curious preface to the career that was to follow it. It warned them against "that unenquiring and indiscriminate desire for change amongst us which threatens to produce, along with partial good, a melancholy preponderance of mischief"; it declared "the duties of governors to be strictly and peculiarly religious," and it opposed "immediate emancipation, whether with or without compensation," in the West Indies. In his speeches he opposed the abolition of taxes upon knowledge, since such taxes not only assisted the revenue, but tended to prevent too great circulation of bad matter.

In the House of Commons, the most splendid and the most trying arena for intellectual combat in modern times, Mr. Gladstone made a favorable impression from the first. In 1834, on the fall of the Melbourne ministry and the accession of Sir Robert Peel, he was appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury. His utterances in his second canvass already showed a marked advance in the firmness and force of his mind. He was, of course, still Conservative, but he declared, "Concerning the reform of actual abuses, whether in church or state, I regard it as a sacred duty—a duty at all times, and certainly not least at a period like this, when the danger of neglecting it is most clear and imminent—a duty not inimical to true and determined Conservative principle, nor a curtailment or modification of such principle, but its legitimate consequence, or rather an actual element of its composition." Here is the key-note of his character. He would, to "conserve" what he thought was right, reform all that he thought [illegible] he might have closed his long [illegible] this declaration.

[illegible] ministry was almost immedi[illegible] thrown, and, curiously enough, [illegible]tion connected with the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and Mr. Gladstone re-entered opposition, to remain for six years. During this interval he made his first brilliant success as an orator, in a defence of the slave-owning planters of the West Indies, and crossed swords with Macaulay. The Whig ministry fell again in 1841, and Mr. Gladstone received from Sir Robert Peel, on his succession to power, the appointments of Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. In the canvass following the appeal to the country, Mr. Gladstone declared that there were two points upon which the British farmer might rely—first, that adequate protection would be given to him; second, that it would be given him through the sliding scale. Within five years the corn laws were to be abrogated, and free trade was to be begun under a law framed substantially by Mr. Gladstone himself. It may be mentioned at this point that in July, 1839, Mr. Gladstone married Miss Catherine Glynne, the daughter of Sir Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, by whom he has had eight children, four of them sons. His eldest son, William Henry Gladstone, is a member of the House, and enjoys much influence; the second, Rev. Stephen Edward Gladstone, is Rector of Hawarden.

It was in March, 1842, that Sir Robert Peel made the first step toward the revolution in the fiscal and commercial policy of England, in a bill for the revision of the tariff, which was almost wholly the work of Mr. Gladstone. On that gentleman fell the burden of its defence, and in the long debates which ended with its passage he spoke no less than 129 times, often for hours together. In 1843, Mr. Gladstone was made President of the Board of Trade, and carried through measures requiring the railways to give greater accommodations to working-people at low rates. In 1845 he resigned from the ministry for what, even in him, was regarded as a refinement of conscientious scruple, namely, in order to study, unbiassed by official responsibility, the question of the Maynooth grants—increased grants proposed by the ministry to a Catholic college. He ultimately supported the measure, as well as others showing a marked tendency to a liberal treatment of the question of church and state. He re-entered the government as Colonial Secretary, under Sir Robert Peel, in 1846, but without a seat in the House, the Premier's announcement of the intended repeal of the corn laws having induced him to resign his seat from Newark, the patron of which, the Duke of Newcastle, was a strong protectionist.

In 1847 Mr. Gladstone was elected to the House of Commons from the University of Oxford, on the distinct issue involved in the Maynooth grants, namely, that the intervention of the state in religion could not fairly be confined to one belief. In the session that followed he sustained the admission of Baron Rothschild to Parliament, and in the following year the bill for the establishment of diplomatic relations with the court of Rome.

From 1847 to 1853 Mr. Gladstone passed through a period of transition. After the accession of the Whig ministry, in the former year, he remained in semi-independence, in company with the "Peelites," until the death of Sir Robert, in 1850, and in the next two years fully severed his connection with the Tory, or Conservative, party. During the years 1850 and 1851, by a series of letters addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen on the condition of the Neapolitan prisons, he prepared public sentiment, not only in England, but upon the Continent, to greet with favor the insurrection of Garibaldi, which drove the King of Naples from his throne, and opened the way to Italian freedom and unity. Nothing in his long and brilliant career reflects more honor upon his character, and there are no more splendid examples of his fervid and sustained eloquence than these letters.

In 1853, the Derby ministry having been defeated on the budget measures of the year before by the scathing exposure of their weakness by Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Aberdeen formed a ministry, in which Mr. Gladstone succeeded Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He began his career in this office, in which he won the greatest distinction of any Englishman since Pitt, with a brilliant exposition of his policy, looking toward the ultimate reduction of taxation, the greater freedom of trade, and the gradual diminution of the crushing load of national indebtedness. His plans were interrupted by the Crimean war, in regard to which the most notable feature of his course was the firm stand he took and successfully maintained for the payment of the expenses of the war as they accrued, and against borrowing. The policy of the war itself he never heartily approved, and it is probably true that he weakened the government, some of the members of which, according to Mr. Kinglake, regarded him as "a good man in the worst sense of the term." There is not space in this article to follow the intricate tangle of the changes which took place during the war, and which resulted, before its close, in the resignation of Mr. Gladstone and other Peelites. Mr. Gladstone remained in opposition until 1859, and though very active on all the questions of the time, devoted much attention to purely literary labor. He resumed office as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Palmerston ministry in 1859, and retained the position for seven years. His administration of the finances was extremely brilliant. He sanctioned the commercial treaty with France negotiated by Mr. Cobden, which was one of the most substantial triumphs of the free-trade principle in this generation. He extended the freedom of trade in many other directions, notably by the repeal of the import duty on paper, which, with the repeal of the domestic tax, brought on a conflict with the House of Lords, in which Mr. Gladstone successfully maintained the right of the Commons. He reduced many forms of internal taxation, and made a beginning of the payment of the national debt, with which no finance minister before

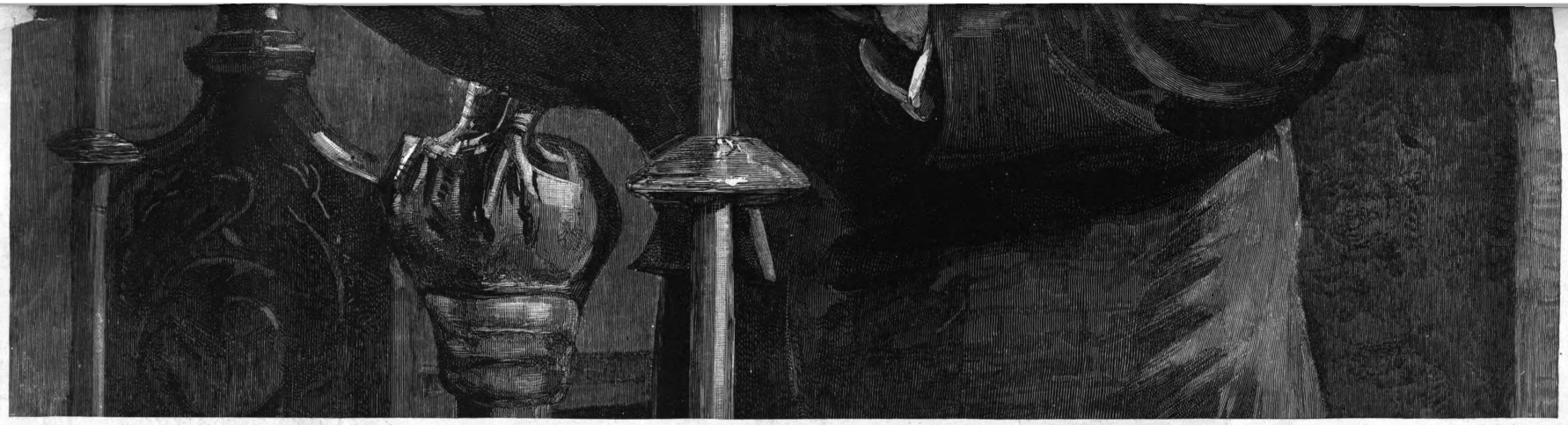


MRS. GLADSTONE.

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MR. GLADSTONE READING THE LESSONS IN HAWARDEN PARISH CHURCH.



THE NEW HAWARDEN CASTLE.

him had dared to grapple. His various speeches in presenting and defending the budgets were unique in the history of the House of Commons. They united lucidity of statement and close and solid reasoning with such a wealth of happy illustration, so fervent an advocacy of broad general principles, and such fascinating earnestness of appeal, that they held the House from the first moment to the last.

It was during this period, in 1862, that Mr. Gladstone made the lamentable error of stating in a public speech that Jefferson Davis had already succeeded in making the Southern States an independent nation. It was an inexplicable and inexcusable blunder, and one which he lived to regret, but never adequately explained.

In 1865 he lost his seat from Oxford, that highly Conservative constituency viewing with alarm the advancing liberality of his opinions in regard to the Established Church, particularly in Ireland. He was immediately elected from South Lancashire, and on the death of Lord Palmerston became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the ministry of Earl Russell, and remained so until that ministry fell in its attempt to carry an electoral reform bill in 1866. During the three years that followed, under the Disraeli ministry, Mr. Gladstone became the virtual leader of the Liberal party in the country, and when that party returned to power in 1869 he was called to the post of Prime Minister. His ministry has very aptly been described as the "golden era of Liberalism" in England. Mr. Gladstone was near the zenith of his power, and in the very prime of his splendid abilities. Mr. Gladstone's control of the government at this time was distinguished by the following measures, any one of which might well have made it famous: the disestablishment of the Irish Church; the Irish Land Act, which introduced a radical change in the tenure of land in Ireland, and, for the first time in English history, limited the right of ownership in the soil; the School bill, which gave discretion to local school boards to enforce attendance upon schools; the abolition of the practice of purchasing commissions in the army, a measure which, owing to the obstinate resistance of the Lords, was carried out by means of a royal warrant; the abolition of religious tests for the admission of lay students to the universities, a law which for the first time opened Oxford and Cambridge to dissenters; the establishment of the ballot, by which a severe and ultimately fatal blow was administered to the control of votes by landlords and employers; and finally the negotiation and execution of the Treaty of Washington, by which the claims of the United States arising from the depredations of the Confederate cruisers were submitted to arbitration and peacefully adjusted—the most remarkable instance in history of the settlement of a bitter international dispute without resort to arms. No reasonable student of history can deny that this is a record without parallel in the chronicles of English statesmanship, or fail to acknowledge the immense claim which it establishes for Mr. Gladstone as the greatest of modern English leaders, if not, indeed, considering all things, the greatest of any era.

But, powerful as was the sway of Mr. Gladstone over the minds of his countrymen, he could not continuously hold them to the level of his own lofty aspirations. In 1873 they tired—literally—of his rule, and Mr. Disraeli returned to power. Mr. Gladstone resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, and, as far as his restless energy would admit, withdrew from political activity; but he necessarily remained a vigilant observer and a caustic critic of his great rival, between whom and himself the antagonism was deep and intense. In 1880 he again entered the arena. Lord Beaconsfield had for the previous five years made an unbroken series of appeals to the prejudice and vanity of Englishmen. His greatest effort had been in the field of foreign affairs, where he had sought ostentatiously to restore the prestige which England once enjoyed. He was confident of success before the country, and when Mr. Gladstone, then past seventy years of age, began his canvass in Midlothian, the hopes of Liberalism were at a low ebb. Nothing in his career, however, afforded more signal evidence of his extraordinary vigor. He attacked Lord Beaconsfield on his chosen ground. In a series of elaborate addresses, marked by all his old-time eloquence and fervor, and by even more than his former acuteness and skill in controversy, he practically took the burden of the contest on his own shoulders, and at the moment when the press of London, with the clubs and "society," were predicting for him a melancholy ending of his career by defeat in a struggle which they had reminded him he ought to have avoided, he won one of the most brilliant victories of his long life.

The period of power upon which Mr. Gladstone now entered was an extremely trying one for him. Its most marked feature was the passage of the bill for the extension of the franchise, which was carried through in 1884. The essential feature of this measure was the granting of the franchise to the counties on the same terms previously existing in the boroughs. The addition to the electorate thus produced was 66 per cent., or from 3,000,000 voters to 5,000,000, an increase immensely greater than any that had ever been proposed.

Mr. Gladstone's trials, however, were severe, in spite of the sweeping triumph involved in the franchise reform. Probably those arising from foreign affairs were the most troublesome for him to deal with. He was not fitted by nature for this kind of work, and Lord Granville, to whom the Foreign Office was given in charge, though an able and popular man, was not well fitted to guide. Indeed, his radical principle of conduct was that the entire policy of the government should command the assent of all the members of the ministry, and the ministry of the day was not a homogeneous body. The rock on which the government was wrecked was the Egyptian affair, which Mr. Gladstone has never satisfactorily explained. The bombardment of Alexandria, and the events that followed were a clear violation of the "self-denying" agreement made by the powers in conference, and many of Mr. Gladstone's most devoted followers were alienated by it. Then came the troubles in the Sudan, the tragic death of General Gordon, and the wavering policy of the government. The discontent in Parliament increased, and in June, 1885, the Gladstone



GLADSTONE'S BIRTHPLACE

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MR. GLADSTONE ATTACKING MR. DISRAELI'S FIRST BUDGET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1852.



SIR JOHN GLADSTONE, BART.

ministry resigned, after losing their majority on a vote relating to Egyptian affairs. There was a brief interval of Conservative rule, and in the general elections Mr. Gladstone secured a majority and again resumed power. But the constitution of the House was by no means reassuring. The Liberals had 333 votes, and the Conservatives



GLADSTONE IN 1843.

only 251; but the Irish party under Mr. Parnell had 86 votes, and these with the Conservatives could at any time form an adverse majority.

In the speeches made by Mr. Gladstone towards the close of the canvass, and afterwards, he had announced his belief that Ireland should "have a larger measure of self-government." He renewed and elaborated this statement so soon as Parliament met, and on the 8th of April, 1886, he brought in his Home Rule bill, and supported it in one of the most remarkable speeches of his life. During the recent years of his administration of the English government it had fallen to his lot to deal with some of the most violent manifestations of Irish feeling, and he had done so with a good deal of firmness. He had pursued the Land League and the boycotters and the dynamite conspirators with energy, if not with zeal, and the Irish votes in the House had been steadily against him. Early in his career he had advocated the utmost liberality toward the Irish. He had disestablished the state Church in Ireland, and had enacted the land law by which the property rights of landlords had been curtailed, in order to secure public tranquillity and to convince the Irish of the genuine desire of the English government to do them justice. But he had insisted strongly on the obligation to enforce order as the condition to granting any further concessions. The new policy was proposed with no conditions. It would, he believed, bring peace and order in its train, but they were not to be demanded in advance. The bill, as introduced, provided for no representation of Ireland in the British Parliament, but created a Parliament in Ireland, to have charge of its internal affairs, subject to a veto by the Lord Lieutenant acting with the advice of his Irish ministers. In substance, the principle avowed by Mr. Gladstone was that the government of Ireland should satisfy Irish opinion as expressed by her representatives, so far as that could be done without severing the unity of the empire. Mr. Parnell accepted the bill, and declared that Ireland would ask no more.

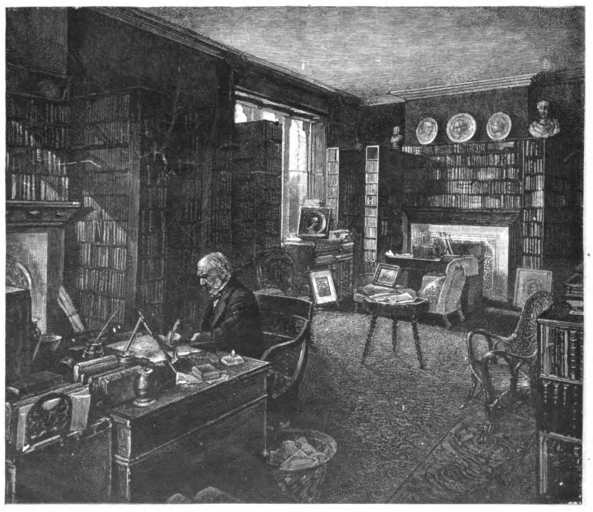
But Mr. Gladstone could not carry his party with him. Lord Hartington on the one hand, and Mr. Chamberlain on the other, refused their co-operation. The opposition in his own ranks was largely increased by the introduction of the Land Purchase bill, by which provision was made for the purchase of Irish land by the government, at prices based on current rental, and their sale to tenants on long time.

Mr. Gladstone made a gallant fight, with infinite courage, in the face of sure defeat. The adverse vote was 341 to 311, and the ministry immediately resigned and appealed to the country. In the elections which took place in the summer of 1886 Mr. Gladstone got only 196 members in England, Scotland, and Wales. It was a crushing defeat, and might well have discouraged a younger leader. But Mr. Gladstone, in his seventy-seventh year, seemed in no wise cast down by it, and resumed his leadership of the opposition with as much spirit and vigor as he had ever shown. The ministry under Lord Salisbury, with the aid of the Liberal Unionists, who, however, refused to take seats in the cabinet, adopted a policy practically on the line of Mr. Gladstone's own previous to 1885. It was as ineffectual as that had been to produce content in Ireland. Up to the autumn of 1890 the Irish party remained perfectly united under the leadership of Mr. Parnell, and the "by-elections" from time to time indicated a pretty steady tendency in Mr. Gladstone's favor. At that moment Mr. Parnell's part in the divorce court—at once scandalous and ridiculous—created an excitement in the ranks of the Gladstonians, and especially among the dissenters, which convinced Mr. Gladstone that effective cooperation with Mr. Parnell was no longer possible. He communicated his conviction to the Irish members, and after a stormy series of conferences Mr. Parnell's leadership was rejected by a majority of the Irish party, and Mr. McCarthy was, with some limitations, chosen to his place. A violent quarrel followed in the Irish party, which at one time threatened to postpone the Irish question indefinitely. Later Mr. Parnell's influence was seen to be steadily diminishing, and Mr. Gladstone looked forward with confidence to an appeal to the country. The confidence was justified, and in August, 1892, he became once more Premier. The two years that followed were not fruitful in results. His party, though holding together sufficiently for regular work, was not equal to the task of carrying out the home-rule policy that had become the essential object of Mr. Gladstone's desires, nor was the venerable statesman any longer fully equal to the tremendous burden of aggressive leadership. In February, 1894, eighteen months after his last election, he formally resigned the leadership of the Liberal party and retired from public life.

But retirement is a word with a limited significance in the bright vocabulary of the youthful spirit that to the last ruled Mr Gladstone's mind. Early in the next year his part in the discussion of the Armenian atrocities was such as no man in actual and responsible public life could have taken. It did not secure its object, and perhaps Mr. Gladstone himself would have shrunk from acting on the logical conclusion from his own views.

During his long career Mr. Gladstone had been a prolific writer. An eminent historian has said that his *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age* would be a "worthy fruit of a life spent in learned retirement." To this must be added *Juventus Mundi*, and, as early as 1879, seven volumes of essays under the title of *Gleanings of Past Years*, which probably could be repeated by a like collection of subsequent writings. But though Mr. Gladstone's writings would have given him a creditable standing in current literature, and are simply amazing as the product of the leisure of a statesman of extraordinary activity and industry, they are not in themselves at all comparable to his work in political life. And it is a curious fact, despite the influence that he exerted on public affairs in a "government by talk," that there is very little in his speeches that can pass into literature. Mr. Disraeli referred to him on one occasion as a "sophisticated rhetorician," but a rhetorician he was not, sophisticated or otherwise. He paid little attention to the form of his expression, apart from its clearness and fulness. Conviction and persuasion were his aim, and this aim he pursued with unflagging energy and zeal, but beauty and impressiveness he neither commanded nor appreciated.

Mr. Gladstone's activity as a statesman is too recent to permit a just and complete estimate of his place in the history of his country. In the task which he set himself in his closing years, the attainment of definite home rule for Ireland, he failed; but it is to be remembered of him that he had already accomplished much in that direction—so much, indeed, that more seemed to his countrymen unnecessary and possibly dangerous. Whatever the measure of his distinction in history, he was unquestionably the foremost representative of the democratic movement of Great Britain in his time, and since that has been the essential political and social movement of the last two-thirds of the century, he may be accepted as the most completely representative Englishman—a title to honor fairly won and of no mean value. EDWARD CARY.



GLADSTONE IN HIS LIBRARY.

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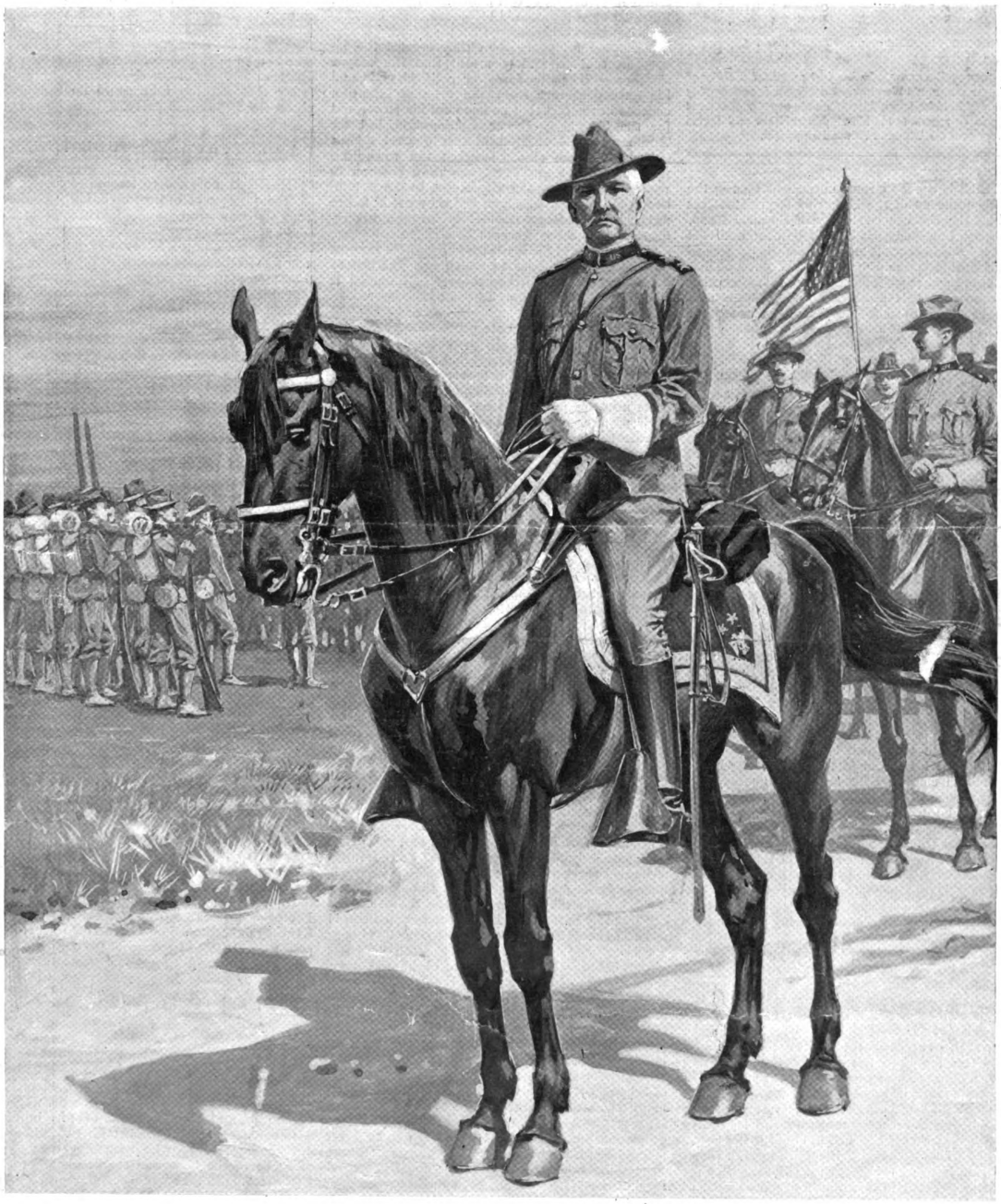
THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN—ILLUSTRATED BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

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MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A.,

COMMANDING DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC—HEADQUARTERS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 4, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	CASPAR WHITNEY.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, Jr.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	O. K. DAVIS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	JOHN F. BASS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

THERE is a very strong movement among the Republicans of the House of Representatives against the righteous tyranny of Speaker REED. We trust, however, that he will be firm, and that he will continue to refuse to permit the passage of the resolution annexing Hawaii. Without adding anything to what we have already said concerning the merits of this resolution, the pressure now brought to bear to secure its passage is, to say the least, indecent haste.

ZOLA is to be tried again, this time in an action for libel brought by the officers of the ESTERHAZY court martial. There is no evidence that justice will be better administered in the case now begun than in the case that was recently tried at Paris. The court of Versailles is to have jurisdiction in the new case, and the prosecutor and judge are just as firmly bent upon convicting ZOLA as was President DELEGORGUE at Paris. So far as we can see, the only result of the trial will be a further demonstration of the arbitrary power of the army over the civil government of the alleged republic of France.

NEGOTIATIONS have been begun with Canada for the purpose of settling the difficulties that have for long existed along the frontier, and which have been a constant source of annoyance to the people and the governments of the two neighbors. It is to be hoped that the good understanding which has been reached between Great Britain and the United States will help towards the solution of these questions, and that not only will the vexatious international conditions arising from conflicting fisheries interests in the northeast and conflicting seal interests in the northwest be set at rest, but that there will be a renewal of that reciprocity under which both countries (at one time, not so long ago) prospered, and which is as important to the mutual interests of the two as domestic free trade is essential to the mutual interests of the States of the Union. That good trade understanding between the United States and Canada may mark our first step towards the "open door" is the wish of all who hope for the expansion of the United States, not by way of increase of territory, but by the peaceful paths of growing commerce.

THE celebration of the Queen's birthday, Tuesday, the 24th of May, was taken advantage of on this side of the water by some Canadian and some of our own after-dinner speakers to respond to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech in favor of an Anglo-American alliance. Many Canadians who are living in this country expressed themselves strongly in favor of an increased friendship between the two countries, and this was cordially met by several of our own countrymen. Mr. WHITELAW REID suggests that probably all that is necessary has been accomplished in bringing the two countries nearer together, but we are inclined to doubt if the movement will stop there, or if it ought to stop there. The truth is, as we said last week, that the time for thinking seriously of an alliance of some kind is at hand. Of course an alliance should not be hastily entered into—that ought to go without saying—and we have already been warned against hasty action. Moreover, alliances are not the fashion either in this country or in Great Britain. Nevertheless, we believe that some kind of a treaty can be worked out which will enable all the English-speaking powers of the world to stand together for common defence against encroachments by other nations, and, above all, for the maintenance of the peace of the world, and for the spread of that civilization which is the product of American and English institutions and law.

THE Tammany government of this city has carried out one of the true reasons for its existence, and has restored the police force of the metropolis as an agency for crime and vice and an ally of Tammany Hall, by dismissing Chief MCCULLAGH and appointing as chief WILLIAM S. DEVERY, who was shown by the LEXOW committee to be one of the very worst of the old police force in its most scandalous times. The Republicans, under the lead of General TRACY, are insisting that Mayor VAN WYCK should be removed by the Governor, in consequence of what they call his abuse of power. But, in fact, he has not abused his power. He has simply used it for the purpose which the PLATT-CROKER combination intended when they created the bipartisan scheme. They meant that the Mayor should use the police force for political ends, and his only departure from the original intention consists in the fact that he has used his power, not for the Tammany-PLATT combination, but for Tammany alone, so that in this quarrel decent citizens have no choice between the wrangling parties. That VAN WYCK was in a position to work this wrong to the city is due to the Republican politicians themselves, and they would better not seek to revenge themselves through his removal. The attempt would be a ridiculous farce, and would simply call attention again to the discreditable performance to which Mr. TRACY lent his name, and which ended, as was intended it should, in the triumph of Tammany.

THE debate in the Senate proceeds very slowly, after the fashion of debates in that body, and it is very clear that the Democrats and Populists do not intend to supply the means for carrying on the war, if they can avoid it, without coupling with the revenue measure provisions for the advancement of their peculiar notions. They insist, for example, on raising money by a tax on the gross receipts of corporations. This, of course, would ruin many corporations, and would be unjust and unequal, owing to the varying margins between gross and net receipts. As has been pointed out in debate, a tax on a corporation in any particular business would be a tax in favor of a private firm competing with the corporation in the same business. This war on corporations would also send into bankruptcy many large public enterprises which are now not earning more than their fixed charges. In other words, the addition of a tax on gross receipts would be such an increase of these same fixed charges that many corporations, including a number of railroads, would be compelled to default. Without going into the question as to whether corporations ought or ought not to exist, they do actually exist, and they play a large part in the commercial and economic machinery of the time. They have been productive of much good, and have achieved results which individual or partnership capital could not have attained. Whether or not they ought now to be destroyed is a question which the Populists and Democrats may have the right to raise, but they certainly have not the right to raise it at a time when the issue must embarrass the government in its conduct of the war, and when the delay can only result in crippling it by depriving it of needed revenues. The question is one for each State to decide for itself, for corporations are created by State and not by Federal law, and the attempt to kill them by imposing a Federal tax upon them is not an honorable kind of legislation.

THE Democrats and Populists also insist upon the issue of fiat money, for it is fiat money they demand, whether it take the form of greenbacks or coinage of the seigniorage. As to greenbacks, their character is sufficiently known. They are promises to pay that do not bear interest, and, being legal tender, they constitute a loan which the government forces upon the people. There is a kind of brigandage in this view of the power of government which this country ought to have outgrown long ago. As to the seigniorage on the silver purchased under the act of 1890, it is non-existent. Seigniorage is the price charged by the government for coining, and is taken from the metal presented for minting. No such charge is made by our government, and therefore no seigniorage exists. The advocates of this proposition mean the difference between the price paid by the government for the bar silver and its coinage value. As the government bought the silver very much below the coinage value, there is a bookkeeping profit. The silver men—or the fiat-money men, to designate them more accurately—assume that this amounts to about forty millions of dollars. As Senator ALDRICH pointed out the other day, it really amounts, by reason of the continued fall in the price of silver bullion, to seventy or eighty millions, and if the silver men had the courage of their convictions they would insist on the issue of the larger sum. But they know perfectly well that what they are really asking for is a further increase of cheap money. The silver bullion is already represented by Treasury notes, and the fiat-money people want to add to the sum of these notes a still larger sum, either in silver coin or in certificates. Really they wish to issue certificates. In other words, they intend, if they can, to reduce the security of the Treasury notes that are already out. The end will be, of course, that the issue of the next national campaign will be the money question, and this time it will not be between sound money and free coinage of silver, but between sound money and fiat money. The Democrats are preparing to take the side of fiat money. In other words, they purpose to take advantage of the war to return to the financial methods of the eighteenth century. We fancy that nothing they could do would better please the Republican party.

A CENTURY'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS CUBA.

THERE is no good to be gained in discussing the question as to the inevitability of the war. That the war is on may be taken as proof that it could not have been avoided. It was in the blood of the people, and it was in the situation. Indeed, war was in the blood because of the situation. But the situation was not as some Europeans have represented it. Our London correspondent, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, says in his letter published in this issue of the WEEKLY that "A few people in society and two or three newspapers continue to express sympathy for the weaker nation. They do not think that America is disinterested." There is a like feeling on the Continent, more general, however, and much more strongly expressed. In France and Germany, this country is openly charged with having a land-grabbing spirit, with being actuated by the desire to take advantage of Spain's present distress for the purpose of depriving her, by force, of her last colonial possessions. This accusation falls naturally from the lips of a Spanish statesman like SAGASTA, or a Spanish butcher like WEYLER, but it is not true. Indeed, it is so far from being true that no one can make it—no one, we mean, not blinded by the cruel prejudices of war—without laying himself open to the accusation of mendacity or of gross ignorance, for of all countries of modern times the United States has shown the least inclination to add distant territories to her possessions. So far as Cuba and Spain are concerned, we have steadily refused to annex the island, and we have more than once declined to permit either foreign powers or the natives to take it from the possession of its hard masters, notwithstanding that their miserable rule was a constant source of annoyance to us. Various attempts at annexation have been made, and many of our politicians and several of our Presidents have favored some of them, but the country has constantly declined either to take Cuba or to permit Spain to be despoiled until now, when the people have concluded, despite what we believed to be good reasons for still further self-repression, to put an end forever to the intolerable nuisance that the Spanish government has been maintaining at our very doors.

In the June number of HARPER'S MONTHLY, Professor ALBERT BUSHNELL HART reviews "A Century of Cuban Diplomacy—1795 to 1895." The article is worthy of the serious attention of those who are inclined to remember exclusively the striking incidents in our relations with Spain with regard to Cuba, and who are therefore, naturally perhaps, inclined to the belief that we have been always manifesting a grasping disposition, a desire to take the island—a desire the existence of which might lend point to the amiable French cartoonist who pictures Uncle Sam waving an American flag, on one side of which is inscribed a legend to the effect that his war is for humanity, and on the other the confession that it is to take Cuba for the sugar-refiners. Men believe in our land greed who remember only the expression of the hope and the prediction of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS that "it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our Federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and the integrity of the Union itself," or who recall the expedition by General LOPEZ, in 1851, and other filibustering enterprises, some to stir up insurrection among the Cubans, and some to take the island by force. There have been various incidents in our political history and many

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expressions of opinion by our public men which have been hostile to Spain's retention of control in Cuba. The efforts of the old slave oligarchy of the Southern States to add Cuba to their territory, so that they might greatly increase the influence of slavery in the Union, are very prominent features on the international landscape, and the Ostend Manifesto made so great a noise in 1854 that the echoes have been reverberating ever since. But to take these outstanding events as symptomatic of the attitude of the United States towards Spain on this important question is to show an ignorance that is culpable on the part of any one who has the temerity to discuss public questions.

Professor HART'S article is calculated to enlighten this ignorance where it exists, but whether it will put a stop to the mendacity which, merely in the due course of international politics, charges the United States with a desire to rob Spain is another question. Probably it will not. The article, however, shows clearly that this country has resisted every temptation to take the island; that it has been consistent and persistent in holding to the policy that the United States did not want to incorporate the island as part of the Union, and that it would not permit any other foreign power to deprive Spain of her colony. Professor HART says, "As for annexation, as often as our opportunity to acquire Cuba has come, the nation has deliberately refused." This is his brief summary of the "century's diplomacy": "(1.) From 1795 to 1807 we desired friendship and commerce with all the Spanish dominions, including Cuba. (2.) In 1807-9 we feared the annexation of the whole Spanish Empire to France. (3.) In 1819-26 we feared the annexation of Cuba by England. (4.) From 1826 to 1845 we feared and probably prevented the independence of the Cubans. (5.) From 1848 to 1861 successive administrations feared both Spanish and Cuban mastery, and strove to annex the island. (6.) In the insurrection of 1868-78 the first care of our government was the protection of its own citizens, and its second interest was the stopping of a devastating civil war; though annexation seemed possible, it was put aside. (7.) From 1878 to 1895 the United States strove to extend its commerce with Cuba and to protect its investors without questioning Spain's control."

This summary is an accurate statement of the character of our historic attitude towards Cuba. While the treaty of 1795 was in process of negotiation, and for many years afterwards, JEFFERSON, CLAY, and other American statesmen assured Spain that, as to her, the only desire of this country was for her friendship and for closer commercial relations. In 1807, JEFFERSON, fearing that NAPOLEON, having subverted the Spanish monarchy, might take Cuba, favored annexation for the same reason that induced CLAY, in 1823, to notify France, which was again threatening, that "the United States could not see with indifference these islands passing from Spain to any other power." At about the same time, 1819 to 1823, England was warned off; but when, in 1822, one SANCHEZ, acting with presumed authority, offered Cuba to the United States, MONROE declined "to take any step hostile to Spain." Spain's dominion over the island was also saved by this country from invasion by Mexico and Colombia. After 1826 the slavery party in this country was opposed to annexation because it had become the custom of the South Americans, in throwing off the Spanish yoke, to emancipate their slaves. This opposition prevented independence. After 1845 and down to 1861 there was a change in Southern sentiment, and Presidents BUCHANAN, POLK, FILLMORE, and PIERCE all favored annexation. They were all opposed, however, to the descents that were made upon the island for the purpose of stirring up insurrection, and the growing antislavery sentiment of the country was sufficiently strong to prevent the success of the scheme of purchasing the island. Then came the insurrection of 1868 to 1878, during which President GRANT, under the advice of Secretary FISH, refused to recognize the independence of the insurgents, although by an intimation of intervention he secured peace, and from Spain a promise, afterwards broken, of better government. Finally we come to the present insurrection, when the inevitable happened. From JEFFERSON down, the leading statesmen of the country had predicted the loss of Cuba by Spain, either by independence or by annexation to this country. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, MONROE, and JACKSON, in addition to the Presidents already named, had favored annexation, but the country had nevertheless declined the island when it might have had it, and had protected Spain's possession against France, England, Mexico, and Colombia, and even against the Cubans themselves. Truly, as Professor HART says, "Reviewing the whole period, it seems an historical truth that—so far from the Cuban policy of the United States having been one of aggression—few nations have shown more good temper toward a troublesome neighbor, more patience with diplomatic delays, or more self-restraint over a coveted possession." And that our neighbor has been more than troublesome is the factor in the situation which has finally exhausted the patience of our people.

CONGRESS AND THE ARMY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Congress of the United States is one of the heaviest handicaps that a nation could carry into war. A deliberative assembly of any kind is not a good agency for military purposes, in spite of the National Assembly and the Committee of Public Safety. But in countries in which wars are commoner than they are with us, legislators, as well as laws, are silent in the midst of arms, or confine themselves to providing money, and intrust the spending of it to experts. Congress is an unmitigated nuisance, because it will not trust the experts, but insists that the representatives of American freemen know more about war, *ex officio*, than the men who have been specially trained and educated for it.

This is not a new complaint. The Continental Congress was very nearly as great an obstacle as the British to WASHINGTON and his generals. There was not a member of it who is now remembered for any service he did or assisted towards the achievement of military success. During the civil war the factious and unintelligent Committee on the Conduct of the War was a terror to generals in the field, who would have found themselves far better off if Congress, after providing ways and means, had kindly adjourned till the close of hostilities. But our present Congress has already, by its unintelligent meddling, made sure that the army which we urgently needed at the earliest possible moment shall be organized, not in the speediest and most efficient, but in the slowest and least efficient way. The debates on the several army bills have been marvels of presumptuous incompetency, and the results what might have been expected from inexperts who not only refused but derided the advice of experts. Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS once wrote a book upon *The Influence of Authority upon Matters of Opinion*, which, according to BAGEHOT, was described by a hasty thinker as "*a* book to prove that when you wanted to know anything you asked some one who knew something about it." But Congress has by no means that moderate degree of sense and deference when the question is of military affairs. There are few members of Congress, we hope, on the same plane with Mr. LEWIS of Washington, whom, and whose opinions on army organization, we have held up in these columns to the public contemplation. But the temper of Mr. LEWIS is that of a great many of his fellow-members. It would not be unfair to describe the debates on the army bills in the House as a series of insults directed at the educated officers of the United States army, whose opinions were dismissed as of no account whatever, whereas, by the necessity of the case, they are the only opinions entitled to respect.

It is curious that the navy should have comparatively escaped the ignorant impudence with which Congress treats military affairs. It has not escaped altogether, for the House once delivered itself to a two days' debate upon the comparative desirableness of "military masts" and masts with yards and canvas—a subject upon which, of course, no human being would have given a nickel for the opinion of any statesman who took part in the discussion. And only last year there was strenuously urged in that body a proposition, which horrified everybody who was entitled to an opinion upon the subject, that the government should set up its own plant for making armor plate, by way of getting it cheaper. But for the delay caused by this intrusion of inexpertness into a technical question, the battle-ships now much needed would be much further advanced. But the navy is comparatively fortunate in escaping the detailed attention of Congress. Partly, no doubt, this is because a gentleman who does not know one end of a ship from the other has a wise fear of making himself ridiculous, which deserts him when he begins to talk about land forces. Partly it may be that the apprehension that a regular army big enough to beat Spain may become an "engine of despotism," which so oppresses Mr. BAILEY of Texas, does not apply to a navy. It is as impossible to conceive of a battle-ship, or even of a torpedo-boat, making its relentless way down the middle aisle of a legislative chamber in quest of a legislator who talks too much about things of which he has no understanding, as it is easy to conceive of a corporal's guard so doing.

That the ignorant presumption of Congress has seriously crippled the army is already evident. We cannot regret the indiscretion by which publicity was given to General MERRITT'S vigorous remarks upon the project of sending him in charge of 15,000 raw militia to drive out the Spanish garrison in the Philippines and take possession of the islands. It was a *reductio ad absurdum*, which even a Congressman might be expected to perceive, of the scheme of fighting a foreign war with a force of amateur soldiers.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Sunday, May 22.—From Madrid, Cadiz, and Gibraltar information is received by cable to the effect that there is increased activity at the Spanish navy-yards, that the defences of important harbors are being strengthened, and that there is evident anxiety to prepare the reserve squadron without delay for service wherever it may be needed. This squadron probably includes the battle-ship *Pelayo*, the armored cruiser *Carlos V.*, the protected cruiser *Alfonso XIII.*, three or four torpedo-boat-destroyers, with perhaps an equal number of torpedo-boats, the despatch-boat *Giralda*, half a dozen armed transatlantic liners (among these the *Normannia* and *Columbia*, formerly Hamburg-American vessels), and possibly other war-ships from Ferrol and Barcelona. At Cadiz and Madrid it is stated positively that the destination of the fleet is Manila; at Gibraltar, that it is "probably the Antilles." Other advices suggest that Spain will keep this fleet, or an important part of it, on the home station, for the defence of her ports.

Monday, May 23.—Reviewing the whole field of operations in the present war, the London *Times* this morning reaches the conclusion that the most important lesson is the effect produced by the presence of a small, compact, high-speed squadron.

At San Francisco the First Regiment California Volunteers embarked on the steamer *City of Peking* for Manila. It is stated, in an order issued by Major-General Otis today, that this regiment, with the Second Oregon Volunteers and one battalion of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, and a detachment of California heavy artillery, consisting of an officer and fifty men, will constitute a brigade of "expeditionary forces" under the command of Brigadier-General Thomas M. Anderson, United States Volunteers. The other vessels designated to transport this command are the *City of Sydney* and the *Australia*.

Señor Leon y Castillo's refusal to enter the Sagasta cabinet shares public attention the world over with Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech, and gives rise to wild conjecture. "That he is arranging for the sale or gift of the Philippine Islands to France, as a means of saving them from falling into the hands of the United States," is a theory which, a despatch to-day says, has "gained widest acceptance at Washington." A rise in Spanish fours leads the *St. James Gazette* to observe that certain influential capitalists may have "advance news of the forth-coming announcement of a Franco-Spanish alliance."

A correspondent of the European edition of the *Herald* asserts that the great question in Spain now relates not to the conduct of the war, but to the supply of bread—and its price. Events of the war interest the people of Madrid, for example, "less than the next bull-fight or the drawing of the national lottery. The loss of Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines would cause the Spanish people to rejoice." The people, he explains, have always been overwhelmed with taxation to keep up these colonies, while only the ruined nobles and adventurers who have gone there to retrieve their fortunes with the support of the government have been benefited.

In the course of a discussion in the Spanish Senate today the suggestion was made that Spain "should immediately sanction privateering, and entirely destroy America's maritime trade." The excuse alleged for this threat of privateering was found in reports, "confirmed" at Madrid, that American war-ships had entered Guantanamo Bay flying the Spanish flag. The information in regard to the Guantanamo incident that has reached New York is limited to the following particulars: On Wednesday last the *St. Louis* and the tug *Wompatuck*, under orders from Admiral Sampson, went to Santiago de Cuba and cut one of the cables, within range of the guns of the fortifications. On the following day, May 19, the *St. Louis* and *Wompatuck* entered the bay of Guantanamo, about forty miles east of Santiago, but there they did not succeed in cutting the cable. A Spanish gunboat in the harbor and Spanish infantry in a block-house near the beach opened fire on the *Wompatuck*, and Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* signalled that the tug should cease operations and retire.

Tuesday, May 24.—Admiral Dewey has cabled to Washington as follows:

> Situation unchanged. Strict blockade continued. Great scarcity of food prevails at Manila. Foreign subjects fear an outbreak of Spanish soldiers. Arrangements have been made for them to be transferred to Cavité by foreign men-of-war if necessary. Aguinaldo, rebel commander-in-chief, brought down by *McCulloch*, organizing forces near Cavité, and may render assistance that would be valuable.

Duke Almodóvar del Rio has accepted the portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs, which Señor Leon y Castillo declined.

Wednesday, May 25.—The President issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 more volunteers. With this addition the total strength of the army will be 278,500 men.

Late this afternoon the transports *City of Peking*, *City of Sydney*, and *Australia*, carrying about 2500 men, with supplies to last a year, and a cargo of ammunition and naval stores for Admiral Dewey's fleet, left San Francisco for Manila.

Thursday, May 26.—The battle ship *Oregon* arrived at Key West this morning in excellent condition. Captain Clark says that he left the *Marietta* and *Buffalo* between Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. He covered about 12,000 miles from San Francisco, steaming about ten miles an hour.

The Spanish fleet commanded by Cervera is believed to be hemmed in at Santiago de Cuba by Commodore Schley's squadron.

Friday, May 27.—At Gibraltar and Paris the view is held that the Cadiz fleet will try to relieve Cervera.

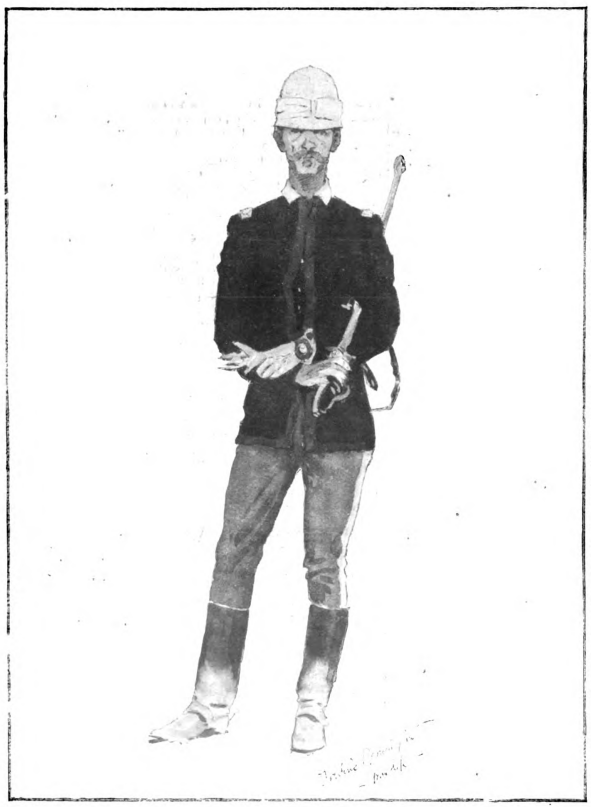
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MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 5th Army Corps, Tampa.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, U.S. VOLS.,
Now commanding 3d Army Corps, Chickamauga.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 1st Brigade, 5th Corps, Tampa.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding Cavalry Division, Tampa.

SOME NOTABLE GENERAL OFFICERS AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT TAMPA.

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THE PICKET LINE.
Horses in the Foreground and Mule Pack-Train in the Distance.



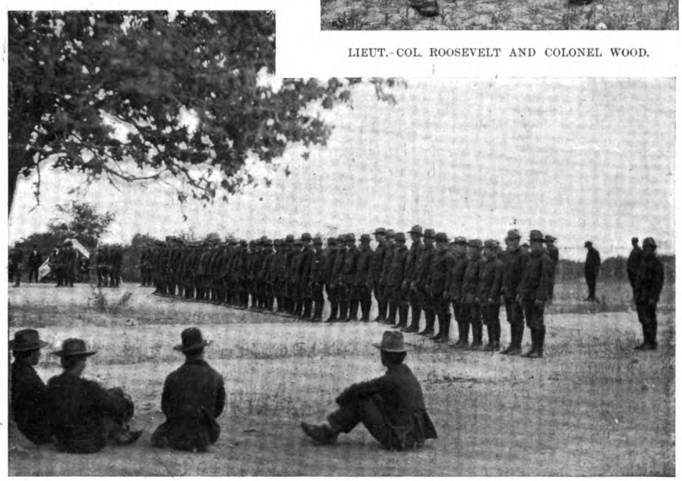
CHIEF TRUMPETER AND TRUMPETERS.



LIEUT.-COL. ROOSEVELT AND COLONEL WOOD.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT.



GUARD-MOUNT.



OFFICERS' MESS—AT DINNER.



SHOEING WILD BRONCOS.

WITH ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

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WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Despatch-Boat "Kanapaha," *May 15, 1898.*

From where the water shoals in delicate tints of emerald and pale blue over the coral reefs of Key West to the windy reaches of Mona Passage, where the trade-winds whip the racing seas around the shores of Porto Rico, is a long journey at best, and when it is dragged out for a week under the fierce sun and in the slow progress of fleet formation, with the constant outlook for the enemy, with recoaling, and drills, and circling in wide curves to avoid the sight of land and news being cabled of the presence of a fleet, it becomes twice long, and only to the patient courage of sailors can such days of slow tedium and tiring drills be thoroughly appreciated or understood. Verily to keep one's temper and nerves in hand at such times is a no small task, and if greater is he who keepeth his temper than he who taketh a city, then are these men already great, for their patience is not exhausted nor their endurance overdrawn.

What hours of building up and preparation and watchfulness are required to develop the perfect fighting man and machine of to-day! As long as the ship is building —and it takes years to build a battle-ship—so long and longer it takes to develop the skilled officer and seaman. What shifting of material, conning every man's fitness, and testing each one's ability, till the ship and squadron shall be in absolute trim to meet the foe, to show its mettle, and fulfil its purpose!

No more hasty hurrying into battle half prepared, as poor Lawrence did with his ill-fated ship. To do so now would be more certain and terrible defeat. The engines of modern warfare, more swift than those of old, must be known, controlled, and held in leash with perfect skill till the hour strikes.

In judging the results of any modern naval engagement, here is what will hold the balance that makes for victory or defeat. Given the men and valor, the efficiency that comes of long-continued and exacting drill will win every time.

All day on Tuesday, the 3d of May, a fleet of colliers was busy about the big ships *New York*, *Iowa*, and *Indiana*, off Key West. The work of recoaling was going on. Tugs and despatch-boats puffed about, and in the harbor, now crowded with vessels, the cruisers *Detroit* and *Montgomery* were also preparing for another week of activity. Coal and water are necessities of life to these modern ships, and rumor was rife that some new and important move was about to be made.

At midnight the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Detroit* moved silently away to the southward, and soon after daylight the *New York* followed after them, travelling at a rapid rate, and leaving a trail of black smoke and tumbling water. Soon after twelve o'clock, having come up with the fleet off the Cuban coast to the eastward of Havana, signals were made from the flag-ship, and the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Detroit*, followed by the *New York*, moved off to the eastward. The day was fine, and as the ships steamed swiftly along, it seemed at last that we were to see something more than blockading duty. Matanzas was passed at 3 P.M., and at nine o'clock we had Cardenas light full on our beam and showing dimly on the horizon in the track of the moon.

This was the rendezvous. The Monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite* were soon made out coaling from a big collier; further away the *Montgomery* and *Porter* appeared, the ships forming two long lines, with the collier *Niagara* and the armed tug *Wompatuck* and some despatch-boats making a third. Dim and black and distant they looked in the gloom, and silently they rose and fell on the swell of the sea, while the night blew the spray across their decks and piped its melody through the iron stays and signal-halyards of their scant rigging, while signal-lights flashed their silent messages.

What mysterious errand are we on? Is it Porto Rico and the Spanish fleet, or Santiago de Cuba? Why the gathering of this powerful squadron?—were the questions we asked as we watched the scene. At 10.30 P.M. the fleet moved silently off, steering due east, the most distant ships lost to sight in the darkness. When morning came the *New York* took the Monitor *Terror* in tow, the *Iowa* the *Amphitrite*, and the *Montgomery* the *Porter*, forming the first line, with the collier and despatch-boats behind them, and the *Detroit* and *Indiana* bringing up the rear. At nine o'clock a Spanish bark appeared down to the southward under full sail and painted white. She made a fine sight as she bowled along over the blue sea; her captain proudly hung out his flag, and the *Montgomery*, being nearest, took possession of her, to the chagrin of the Spanish captain, who did not know that war had been declared. She was the *Lorenzo* of Barcelona, bound from Argentina to Havana with a cargo of beef.

Day after day the fleet steamed slowly along, the usual drills going on, and nothing eventful occurring to mark the time; no flags were shown by day nor lights at night, save necessary signals, which would flash for an instant and then disappear. On some of the ships we noticed a small canvas awning spread over the lookout in the highest fighting-top, which showed a thought for the men, for the sun blazes hot in these latitudes; and yet the quarter-deck people had to do without awnings, and to keep in the shade the best they could. Passing near the *Detroit* one day, we saw a small American flag stuck on the breech of the after 5-inch gun. The patriotic gun-captain put it there, and it meant his sentiments about his flag and his gun.

Wednesday afternoon, the 11th, at ten minutes past five, Admiral Sampson transferred his flag from the *New York* to the *Iowa*. The marines presented arms and the bluejackets lined the rail; no other ceremony, and in a few minutes the *Iowa* steamed off, taking place at the head of the line. The Monitors, which had been towed most of the way to save their coal, were now under their own steam, and slopped along through the heavy swell after the other ships, and bringing up the rear, with the cruisers acting as scouts. The night came on dark and cloudy, the ships moving silent as ghosts—a phantom fleet they seemed, but for one small red light that burned at the stern of the *Iowa*.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

At 3 A.M. on May 12 the fleet was off San Juan, the light showing for a time, but about 3.30 going out suddenly. With a glass the lights of the town could be plainly seen, and low in the sky a waning moon shed its pale glow over the rough sea and looming masses of the ships. The single red light showing only from the rear told the fleet the position of the flag-ship, the *Iowa*. Not a single light showed from any other ship, nor was there a sound, except the swash of the water and the piping wind that whistled softly through the rigging. The moon, hidden at times behind dark masses of clouds, gave the scene a weird and romantic aspect. Soon the first streaks of dawn lighted up the gloomy hills, and made the position of our ships and the harbor and forts plain enough. We were right off the entrance of the harbor, and in advance and close in were the *Wompatuck*, *Porter*, and *Detroit*, followed by the *Iowa*. The *Wompatuck* seemed to be cautiously approaching the entrance to the port. She had gone in to put down stake-boats as steering-guides. The Monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite* were close on our port side at this time, and we crossed the bows of the *Terror* to get to windward and be in position for a better view of what might follow. The ships were lined up in fighting order, but perfectly silent, and no flag or sign of activity on any of them. The *Wompatuck* disappeared for a time under the shadow of the land, and then reappeared to our sight, steaming slowly about. At this moment the *Iowa* broke out a large American flag at the fore, followed immediately by all the other ships, and in an instant or two afterward the dull boom of a gun sounded across the water. It was from the *Iowa*. Then the *Detroit*, farther in and right under the guns of Morro, burst into flames and smoke. It seemed a minute or two before any reply came from the fort, but it was probably much less. A flash and puff of white smoke from Morro, and the engagement was on, and flash and heavy thunder of guns reverberating among the hills followed rapidly. The first shots from the *Iowa* and *Indiana* fell short, sending up spurts of water immediately under the fort. The *New York*, following, seemed to have the range better, and clouds of heavy yellow dust hung over the spots where her 8-inch guns had struck.

At this time the *Detroit* was pouring in a perfect fury of fire, her guns making a continuous flare and roar, so it became impossible to distinguish the Monitors and the *Montgomery*, which had come into action. All this time the torpedo-boat *Porter* was lying close in, her flags flying out defiantly, and occasionally taking a shot with her small guns. The big ships drawing out of action at this time, she became a mark for the fire of all three batteries, and the water spurted up in jets all about her; but Fremont seemed to enjoy it, and did not budge an inch. The *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *New York*, and Monitors having gone out of range, the fire of Morro and San Cristobal batteries was concentrated on the *Detroit*, which lay quite close in off the Carmelo water battery, which the *Detroit* completely silenced after a time. The *Montgomery* during this first attack lay astern of the *Detroit*, and directed her fire against Carmelo. She was signalled, however, to drop out of the line of fire, to give the heavier ships a better chance. So, to their sorrow, the *Montgomery* people did not have all the opportunity they wanted to distinguish themselves.

At eight minutes past six the *Iowa*, having made a wide circle, came back to the attack, followed closely by the *Indiana* and *New York*, and reserving her fire till close in front of Morro, began with her forward 12-inch guns. The first two shots struck fair and square on the top of the hill and among the buildings of Morro, sending up a vast cloud of sickly yellow dust, that hung there for some minutes; this was followed by her broadside battery, which for the time seemed to silence the fire of Morro completely, San Cristobal and San Geronimo keeping up a continuous fire, however. The *Indiana* followed quickly the *Iowa*, the heavy roar of her 13-inch guns reverberating like the heaviest thunder, and the flash of fire followed by the thick yellow smoke completely obscured her for the instant; from the *New York* came the thunder of her 8-inch guns, and from the two Monitors the deep roar of their 10-inch turret guns. The scene at this time was grand and awe-inspiring. The crest of the high hill on which San Juan is situated was wreathed in circles of pale smoke hanging in curious forms about the guns, and relieved by the blue mountains beyond. Glimpses of the buildings of the town, fort, and barracks could be seen at times, while the flash and roar of the guns came steadily from all the batteries. Close in under the shore, which is backed to the west of the harbor by high ranges of hills, lay the ships, flame and smoke bursting from their sides; all around them, over, and short of them fell the fire of the forts' shells from the old guns of Morro, bursting in the air, and jets of white water showing where solid shot had struck. Every instant or two the deeper roar of a 13-inch gun would swell the chorus, and along the top of the hill, and particularly about Morro, hung a heavy mass of dust and débris, spreading out and sinking slowly, and telling where the shots were falling. Still the forts were not silenced, though their fire slackened perceptibly during this attack. We were lying at this time to windward of the fleet and about three or four miles off San Geronimo, making a fair target for their modern 8-inch guns, which had been well served, and had kept up a continuous fire; not being in range of the fleet, they had not suffered, and while the ships were drawn off to form for the third attack, they paid us the compliment of firing at us. The first shot was wide of the mark, but the second whistled unpleasantly near overhead, while the third came so near that had there been a fraction of an inch less elevation to that gun we would certainly have been struck; as it was, it passed over our heads and struck the water 100 yards beyond.

At 7.22 the *Iowa* again returned off the fort, firing slowly and with accuracy, and followed by the *Indiana* and *New York*. The *Iowa* fired only once from her forward turret guns this time, but remained for some time under the fire of the fort, a shell from Morro bursting over her and splintering one of her whale boats, injuring slightly three men stationed at the secondary battery. The *Porter* had been signalled to leave her dangerous position, and moved over near the *Iowa*. At least a dozen shots fell in the water about them, sending up spurts of foam and doing no harm. The *Indiana* and *New York* remained in front of the forts nearly half an hour, pouring in a slow but careful fire, that at times covered the hills with dust and obscured the ships in their own smoke. When they drew off, as they did at a few minutes past eight o'clock, the *Terror* and *Amphitrite* remained, and the latter continued for some time to pour a heavy fire into the forts, whose fire was now coming slowly and at intervals, San Cristobal and San Geronimo alone keeping up a regular fire.

While the firing was at its height smoke and flames came from the buildings on the hill, and at one time the whole place seemed to be ablaze. From the opening of the engagement the entire city of San Juan was in a state of dreadful panic. It was known three days before, by cable from Cape Haiti, that Sampson's fleet was on its way to Porto Rico, and many of the inhabitants had fled inland, but when the opening guns announced the arrival of the enemy the rush to get out of town became a panic, people paying any price for carriages to drive ten miles into the country. San Juan lies on the inner side of a high hill, the northern side of which is crowned by the fortifications. Owing to the heavy swell and consequent uncertainty of elevation, many shots from the ships fell into the town, destroying buildings, public and private, with a loss of life that is not known to us at present.

In the harbor were a number of neutral vessels. Among them the French steam-frigate *Amiral Rigault de Genouilly*. This vessel arrived at St. Thomas the next day, and we learned from her that many shots had fallen about her, but had fortunately not struck near enough to do any damage.

Soon after eight o'clock the firing ceased entirely, except for an occasional shot from the forts that did no harm.

By 8.30 o'clock the fleet had been drawn off out of danger, and then we learned that the *New York* had also been struck by a shell, that burst over the port 8-inch broadside gun, killing one man, able-seaman Frank Wildmark, and injuring Samuel Feltman (leg broken), ordinary seaman, and Michael Murphy, William Rupp, and Michael Spron slightly.

The port waist search-light was smashed to pieces, and four ventilators were pierced by pieces of shell.

None of the other ships were struck at all, and no one was injured. The *Detroit* was under fire longer than any other vessel, and had any number of narrow escapes, but was not even scratched. She fired 180 shots in all, and we could not resist giving her a cheer as we passed by, which the *Detroit* Jackies returned with a will. We hailed the *Amphitrite* and asked if any one was hurt, to which was replied, "No."

"Were you struck at all?"

"No."

Then, as we turned away, they hailed us and said: "Yacht there! We had a first-rate time, thank you."

All the way down to San Juan we had kept near the *Terror*, so when we asked if any of her crew had been injured, they said, "Not at all"; and then remarked that "they had missed us from their starboard beam"—which would not have been a cool spot for us that morning.

The disappointment among Sampson's men at not meeting the Spanish fleet was very keen, from the Admiral down. They had come for that purpose, and not to take San Juan, and so if the finish of that work was not complete on the morning of May 12, it was not for inability to take or to hold the Porto Rican city, but to save their shots for the Spanish fleet if it should care to come.

Americans who object to the cruelties of war, and may not approve Admiral Sampson's action, should read the remarks of the San Juan press on Yankees, and what they would like to do with them. To my mind, they got off with a very light punishment; but the end is not yet.

Carlton T. Chapman.

THE MEN OF THE "MAINE."

Not in the dire, ensanguined front of war,
Conquered or conqueror,
'Mid the dread battle-peal, did they go down
To the still under-seas, with fair Renown
To weave for them the hero-martyr's crown.
They struck no blow
'Gainst an embattled foe;
With valiant-hearted Saxon hardihood
They stood not as the *Essex* sailors stood,
So sore bestead in that far Chilian bay;
Yet no less faithful they,
These men who, in the passing of a breath,
Were hurtled upon death.

No warning the salt-scented sea-wind bore,
No presage whispered from the Cuban shore
Of the appalling fate
That in the tropic night-time lay in wait
To bear them whence they shall return no more.
Some lapsed from dreams of home and love's clear star
Into a realm where dreams eternal are;
And some into a world of wave and flame
Wherethrough they came
To living agony that no words can name.
Tears for them all,
And the low-tuned dirge funereal!

Their place is now
With those who wear, green-set about the brow,
The deathless immortelles,—
The heroes torn and scarred
Whose blood made red the barren ocean dells,
Fighting upon the stanch *Bon Homme Richard*
With him who dared what none had dared before—
To wave the New World banner, freedom-starred,
At England's very door!
Yea, with such noble ones their names shall stand
As those who heard the dying Lawrence speak
His burning words upon the *Chesapeake*,
And grappled in the hopeless hand to hand;
With those who fell on Erie and Champlain
Beneath the pouring, pitiless battle-rain:
With such as these, our lost men of the *Maine!*

What though they faced no storm of iron hail
That freedom and the right might still prevail?
The path of duty it was theirs to tread
To death's dark vale through ways of travail led,
And they are ours,—our dead!
If it be true that each loss holds a gain,
It must be ours through saddened eyes to see
From out this tragic holocaust of pain
The whole land bound in closer amity.

Clinton Scollard.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT, in preferring active service in the field to the important place he filled in the Navy Department, only gave practical evidence of the strength of an opinion long held and clearly recorded. In one of the essays in his *American Ideals* he says:

> The men who have dared greatly in war, or the work that is akin to war, are those who deserve best of the country. None of our heroes of peace, save a few great constructive statesmen, can rank with our heroes of war.

Perhaps so; but wouldn't it be quite as true to say, "None of our heroes of war, save one or two great generals, can rank with our great constructive statesmen"? War and peace both contributed to Washington's renown, but the first place in the civil-war period belonged to a man who served his country, in Washington, in black clothes. If Colonel Roosevelt holds that Lincoln's work was "akin to war," as much can be said for his own recent labors as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Few generals in the field in the civil war served their country to better purpose than Stanton, or are likely to outrank him in history. The men who deserve best of their country are not necessarily either the heroes of war or the heroes of peace, but the men who have shown themselves to be the right men in the right places.

It is interesting to observe that Mr. Bryan seems to be moved by the same sentiment which Mr. Roosevelt has expressed about the advantageous opportunity for distinction that military service offers. He gives evidence of being sincerely desirous of smelling powder, and finding hinderances to his desire to lead a regiment to Cuba, he is trying, according to latest reports, to get an appointment to a place on the staff of General Wheeler. And if General Wheeler desires that the appointment may be made, here's hoping that Mr. Bryan may get it. He is certainly a representative citizen, and if he wants a chance to serve the country in the field it will seem a hardship if he does not have it.

At the meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, on the evening of May 24, in New York, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University made an interesting summary of the situation when he said that the four great forces with which persons who work for the betterment of society have to contend are infirmity, ignorance, appetite, and sloth. Against the first two, he said, progress is being made. Infancy and senility are being looked after, and the problem of caring for the weak and physically helpless has been worked out. His news of the fight against appetite and sloth was less satisfactory. Of the former, he said, "I don't know that we have made any progress against that evil in modern times"; and of sloth, "Perhaps we are gaining in that, but I doubt it."

It is a dull season when Barnard College is not perishing for lack of timely funds. Her effort this spring is to raise $100,000 to pay a debt incurred for the equipment of the new property of the college. On May 13, $23,000 of this amount had been subscribed, and $25,000 more had been promised by a woman whose identity has not yet been divulged, on condition that the balance of $52,000 should be raised by October 3. Subscriptions to complete the fund are earnestly desired.

It has been disclosed that Mr. Laurence Hutton has ceased to contribute to HARPER'S MAGAZINE the reviews of books which form the last department of each issue, and that his successor in the place that he has filled so long and so acceptably is Mr. John K. Bangs. It must not be supposed, however, that because Mr. Hutton has given up his department in the MAGAZINE he has said good-by to the readers of the Harper publications. The habits of a lifetime (almost) are not so easily discontinued as that. A man whose occupation has been literary as long as Mr. Hutton's has must go on writing, both to satisfy his own instincts and to pay the debt he owes to thousands of friendly readers. He will continue to write, and his name will continue to appear often in the publications in which it has long been honored and familiar, and if he spends less of his time in future in reviewing books, there will be so much more leisure coming to him for the making of other records and the setting forth of things equally indispensable, and doubtless of a more permanent literary value. So Mr. Hutton has only changed his chair and not his headquarters, and we have no occasion yet to say good-by to him.

In spite of war-times and the prevalent tendency to concentrate the mind on newspapers, the international literary weekly, LITERATURE, continues to grow in grace and strength, and especially in attractiveness for American readers. The discourses on American books and literary forces and tendencies by Mr. Henry James have proved even more edifying than was to be expected, and have furnished food for reflection to readers and matter for discussion to many journals and periodicals. The paper's newest recruit is Mr. Howells, who makes his appearance in the issue of May 25, and whose contributions for the present will alternate with those of Mr. James.

If there are two Americans whose deliverances from week to week on literary topics and on books would be read with more interest by Americans than those of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, LITERATURE certainly does not know where to find them. It is doubtful that they exist. Mr. James's point of view is not less valuable or interesting to American readers because it is not always that of his countrymen who stay at home. Mr. Howells's feelings and opinions about contemporary work and its value, comparative and absolute, are always his own, not reflected but produced, and have always the enlivening quality that comes from seasoned intelligence tempered by a vigorous individuality.

An esteemed one-cent journal speaks of "the Spanish treachery which caused the five deaths aboard the *Winslow*." Give the hidalgos their due. A masked battery isn't treachery. It is merely war. The rule that when a Spaniard is killed it is a case of American valor, and that when an American is killed it is a case of Spanish treachery, is liable, like other rules, to its exceptions.

On May 14 the Lowell Memorial Fund had reached $32,718, with two weeks left for its completion.

We have all lost an intimate, if not an old, friend in Mr. T. R. Lamont, associate of the Royal Water-Color Society, who died early in May of pneumonia in London. Readers who do not recognize his name will understand when they learn that he was the original of "The Laird" in *Trilby*. He and du Maurier were fellow-students of art. He was born sixty-five years ago, the son of a banker of Greenock, and as an artist worked chiefly with water-colors, though he also did much as an illustrator of books, and in black and white for the magazines. So we know now what became of "Little Billee" and "The Laird," and there is only "Taffy" left.

Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to *Pendennis*, in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray, has to do mainly with the educational period of her father's life. There is something more about the Charterhouse School, and about the young Thackeray's lack of affection for Doctor Russell, the head master. One of his companions there was the late Dean Liddell, to whose wife Thackeray once said, "Do you know that your husband ruined my prospects by doing my verses for me at school, and destroyed all my chances of self-improvement?" It seems that the elder boys at Charterhouse were obliged to learn all the odes of Horace by heart. That Thackeray staid long enough in the school to accomplish that feat does not appear, but it was there that his thorough assimilation of the Horatian measures began. At Cambridge began his acquaintance with Edward Fitzgerald, of whom Mrs. Ritchie says that her father's relations with him had perhaps some resemblance to those of Pendennis and Warrington. "And yet," she adds, "my father was not Pendennis, any more than the other was Warrington." It seems doubtful that Thackeray was ever quite so young as Pendennis is represented to have been while he was at "Oxbridge." Thackeray's intimacy with Fitzgerald did not develop until after their Cambridge days, and in that particular their friendship was like that of Pendennis and Warrington.

In the very earliest letters of Thackeray which are quoted in these biographical papers appear the evidences of that gift of expression which ripened into so admirable a style. In that particular, as well as in his drawings, the youth is clearly the father of the man.

A part, at least, of the dispute between the Medical College Laboratory in the City of New York and the New York University is likely to be settled in court. In a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY were stated the grounds for dissatisfaction, which led six professors of the New York University Medical College to resign and become members of the faculty of the new Cornell University Medical College. The six professors and their associates averred that the property of the Medical College Laboratory had been transferred to the New York University on conditions which had since been violated in important particulars. Chancellor MacCracken has since denied, in formal statements, both that the transfer of the property was conditional to a degree that interfered with the complete control of it by the authorities of the New York University, and also that the six bolting professors and their associates in defection had any reasonable grounds of dissatisfaction. There is no probability that the opinions of the six professors and the chancellor will ever be brought into agreement in this matter, but in so far as the judgment of a court can settle questions of fact or law, it is possible that the legality, at least, of the chancellor's actions may be determined by the lawsuit which the Medical College Laboratory has brought against the university for the recovery of its former property. This property, consisting chiefly of a building on East Twenty-sixth Street, worth with its furnishing $150,000, was conveyed to the university in February, 1897. Harmonious relations seem to have begun to be interrupted almost as soon as the property passed.

It has been said of Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* that it set a great many people to thinking. So it did, but, so far, those who have tried to put the thoughts it inspired into practical operation have all made bad work of it. So far as appears, efforts to put Mr. Bellamy's ideas in operation have now pretty much ceased. Yet for a time they were very prevalent, and clubs abounded about Boston and in many parts of the country the purpose of which was to induce the approach of a millennium on the Bellamy system.

Looking Backward was a good book to read, even if, as yet, it hasn't changed the order of civilization. It may be said of it, too, that the ideas which it put into people's heads are still there, and may yet be fruitful of modified results even though they are never fully realized. The general idea of the book, that folks ought to work together for good, and that if they did they would find a huge profit in it, has too much truth to be forgotten.

Mr. Bellamy's writings undoubtedly made some mischief, and brought loss and disappointment to a good many worthy and enthusiastic persons. Yet no one thinks of him as a mischievous man or a demagogue. The purity of his purposes has never been questioned, and thousands of readers who have merely found entertainment in his writings think of him with regard, and regret his early death. He was born at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, in 1850, and was the son of a Baptist minister. *Looking Backward* was published in 1888, and is believed to have had a sale of as many as a million copies. His last book, *Equality*, is reported to have sold well too, but the general verdict is that it is a good deal less interesting than its predecessor, and that it does not make up in instructiveness for what it lacks in entertainment.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, has made a good many persons angry by the opinions attributed to him about the rest of the Americans. He is quoted as saying that it is characteristic of us to be trifling; that we have acquired the varnish of civilized life without having our natures refined; that we are a good natured people, gifted with a fatal optimism, with no serious thought of any of the grave duties of life; and that we have no fine sense of honor, and cannot distinguish between what is honest and what is dishonest. "*I feel*, with Horace Walpole," he is quoted, "that I could be proud of my country if it were not for my countrymen."

That seems to us a pretty hard saying, yet we must remember that it conveys substantially the same sentiment which we have been taught to believe has been repeatedly entertained by the Almighty since he made the earth. The Jewish writers constantly represent the Creator as pleased with His terrestrial composition, but desperately out of humor with the folks on it. Professor Norton has not, of course, expected that we would be pleased by his deliverances about us. We think no small potatoes of ourselves, and it is not in nature that we should like to be told that we are smudges on the fair face of creation. Shall we then be angry with him and call him names? A truculent contemporary in Rochester, the *Democrat and Chronicle*, suggests "trifling with him with the aid of a little tar, a few feathers, and a sharp-edged rail." There is that in Professor Norton that warrants the opinion that he would ride a rail in a dress of tar and feathers, in the cause of free speech and of what he believes is truth, with as much heroism as any son of New England that ever was born. But he is not a man with whom blackguards would do well to meddle, either in print or otherwise. Nor is he a man to be angry with because of any honest criticism which he sees fit to divulge. If he were a selfish person or not a patriot, it might be different. But if he laments, it is not because he despises his country, but because he loves it. We may hear him with respect, as Englishmen were wont to hear John Ruskin, even though his opinions seem to be based on standards which are not ours, and in which, on the whole, we have not confidence. Our civilization and our literature have profited by his labors throughout a long and diligent life. His opinions now will do no one any harm, and may do some persons some good. At least, they will be endured with equanimity by every one who knows him.

That historic regiment, the Sixth Massachusetts, which marched through Baltimore on April 19, and shed some of the first blood of the civil war, has new associations with Baltimore now. It was invited to stop there on its way South, and receiving permission from the War Department, it accepted. It did not stop long, but it had a great time. Baltimore turned out to meet it, and it marched across the city from station to station through streets lined with cheering multitudes, whose enthusiasm seemed to have no limitations save those of physical strength. The Mayor addressed the Massachusetts men, and presented them with a big floral shield inscribed "Maryland to Massachusetts. Flowers, not Bullets. God bless you and bring you safely home." To each soldier, too, was given a ration of selected food in an ornamental lunch-box inscribed with hospitable and patriotic sentiments, among them this, "May the memory of 1861 be effaced by the welcome of 1898."

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish traveller, of whose extended and remarkable travels in Central Asia there has already been published some preliminary account, has lately been to London to receive the gold medal voted to him by the Geographical Society, and the fellow of which goes to Lieutenant Peary. Dr. Hedin's full narrative of his explorations and adventures is finished as written, and the English translation of it is now being made. It will appear before long, and will be published in this country by the Harpers.

Here is a paragraph out of a recent letter from Shanghai, China:

> Everything here in China is war just now. Our U. S. fleet sailed for Manila four days ago, and of course I am exceedingly anxious. Allan is going to have special duty of countermining for torpedoes, which may be a compliment to his superior knowledge on the subject; but I wrote to him yesterday that I would much prefer him to be a fool and stay at home with me.

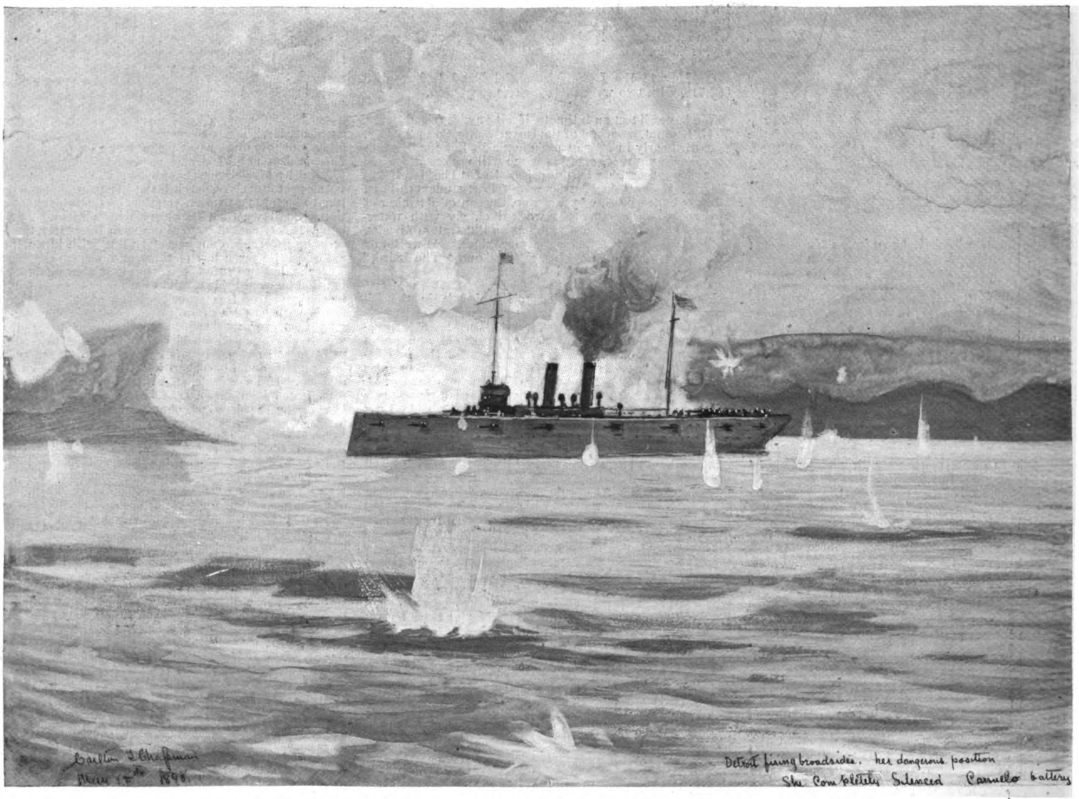
Allan was doubtless glad he went. We know now that, whether or not he countermined, he was not hurt.

The reference in the WEEKLY of May 21 to the antiquity of the expression "are, and of right ought to be," has stirred Mr. Alexander Brown to trace that expression back to a Parliamentary use much earlier than either heretofore cited. He writes:

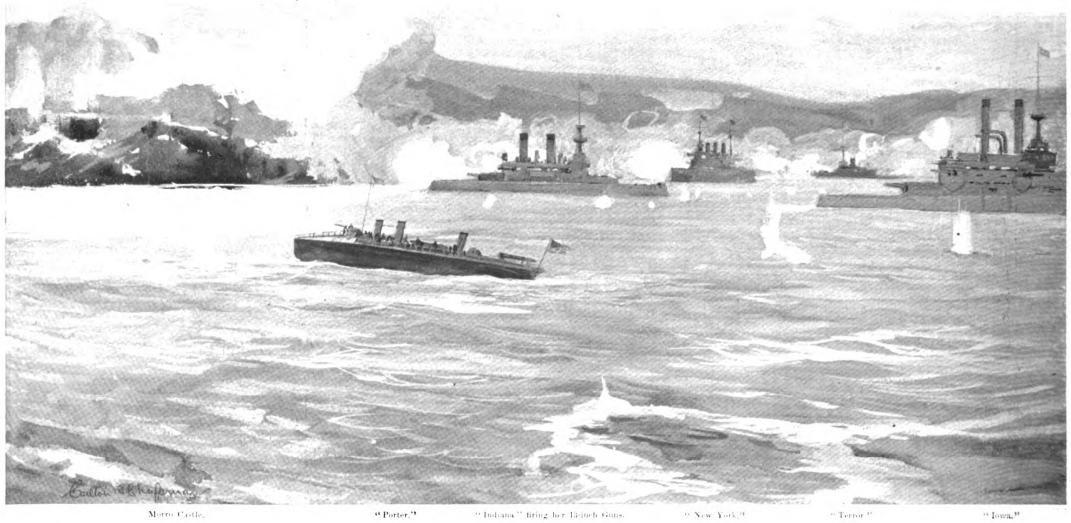
> Sir Edwin Sandys and other members of the patriot party were advocating in Parliament, during April and May, 1621, additional liberties for the colony which they were then establishing in Virginia, and defending the liberties of the subject from the encroachments of the crown, with especial reference to free fishing on the New England coast; but James I. put a stop to their proceeding in June by proroguing Parliament to November, and by arresting Sandys and some of his party friends.
>
> When Parliament reassembled in November, it promptly protested against the arrest of these members during the recess, and the final result of this was the celebrated protestation of December 18 (28), 1621, which contains the expression "*every member of the House hath—and of right ought to have, freedom of speech*," etc.
>
> It may be that this expression can be traced farther back than this, but its connection with this republic was first recorded on the page of the Commons Journal, which was torn out by James I. on January 9, 1622 (N. S.), which act Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, thought "the best thing that has happened in the interest of Spain since Luther began to preach heresy a hundred years ago"; but Gondomar was mistaken. If he could have read the handwriting on the wall, he would have seen the same influences which inspired those patriots to use this expression in their protest in behalf of the liberty of the subject afterwards cause our forefathers to do likewise in our Declaration of Independence, and again to inspire its use in behalf of the liberty of the subject in the recent resolutions of Congress about Cuba.

War has not been used to be considered an efficient promoter of domestic life, but certainly marriage is, and war—this present Yanko-Spanko war, at least—seems decidedly a promoter of marriage. We have read repeatedly of recruits who have had short furloughs to get married in; we have read of persons, not themselves personally concerned in the existing hostilities, who have plunged into matrimony because their relatives were plunging into war. Then, most conspicuous of all, is the case of General Merritt, whose engagement was announced on the eve of his departure for Manila. War, in its threat of prospective absence, seems to make the heart beat with a peremptory fondness. There will be a whole crop of Spanish war alliances for the romancers to trace and record before existing agitations are over. E. S. MARTIN.

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"NEVER TOUCHED HER!"—THE "DETROIT" SILENCES CARMELO BATTERY AND COMES OUT UNSCATHED.

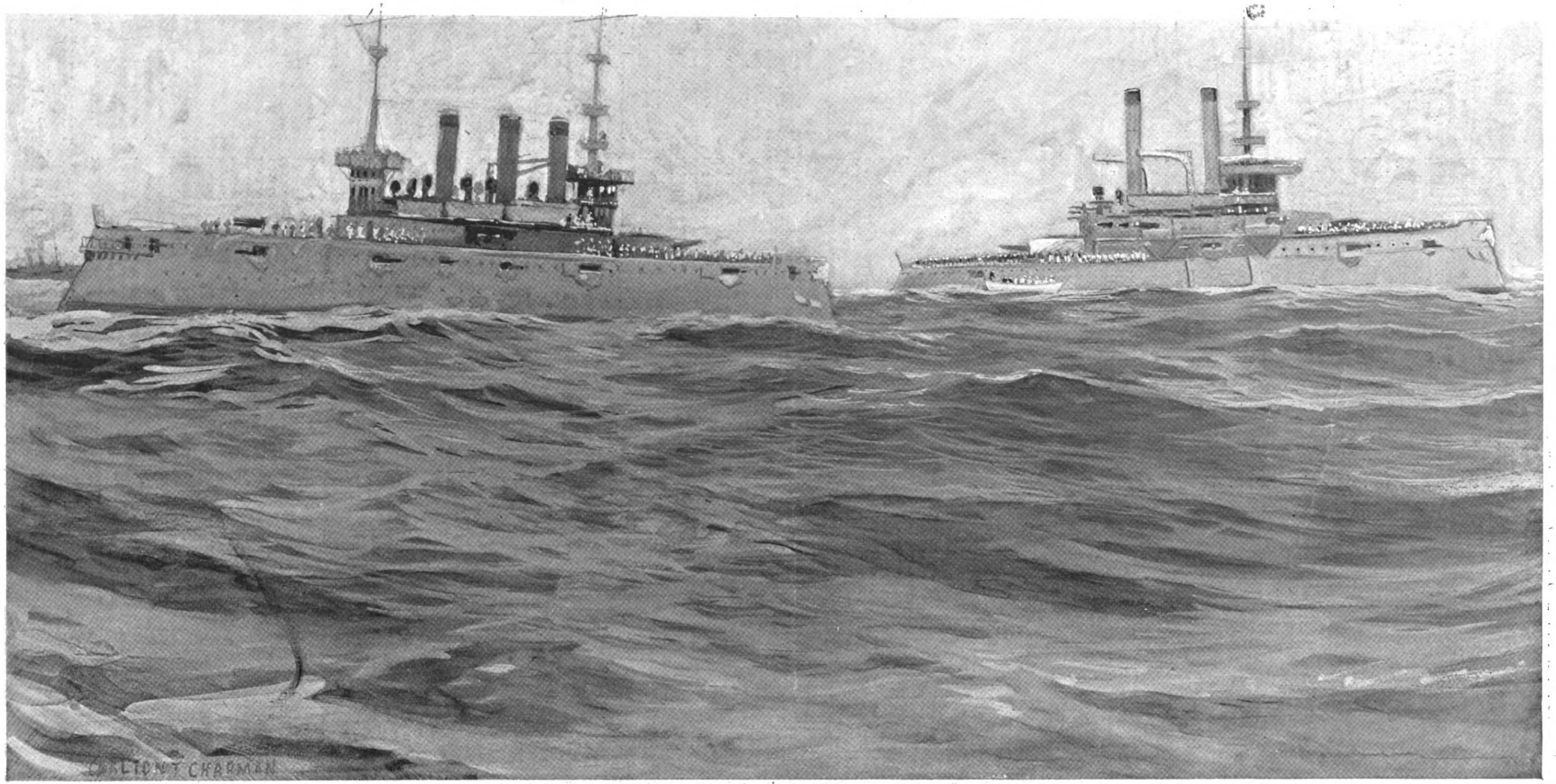


THE ATTACK ON MORRO.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN DE PORTO RICO, MAY 12, 1898.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

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U. S. S. "New York." U. S. S. "Iowa."

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN—ADMIRAL SAMPSON TRANSFERS HIS FLAG TO THE "IOWA," MAY 11, 5.10 P.M., SAN JUAN BEARING S.S.E. ABOUT SEVENTY MILES.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with the Fleet.—[See Page 538.]

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A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

IV.—WITH THE TROOPS BOUND FOR CUBA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

IT was between Vitoria and Burgos that an accident to one of our bikes forced us to take train to the next town which promised a repair shop. It was dusk, and the train was behind its time—to which two circumstances I owe one of the most entertaining railway trips of my life. As the long creaking concatenation of dirty cars drew up at our little station, every window showed soldiers peering eagerly out into the twilight. This was just what we wanted. But officers alighted, so soon as the train stopped, and commenced inspecting the third-class carriages to see if no one had deserted between the stations. I had no mind to risk anything by asking questions; so, tipping the wink to my companions, we disappeared behind the last carriage of the train, and waited until the signal to start had sounded. We heard the doors banging and the whistle sound. Then we made a dash for the foot-board of the nearest third-class carriage, and when the train had attained full headway we showed our heads to a carful of Spanish riflemen, and were at once made free of their mess—that is to say, dragged bodily into their midst. We did not open conversation by boasting of our citizenship at home. For the moment we were content that our reputation should rest under a cloud, and we therefore told them that we had just come from London, and were on a bicycling tour to Madrid. At once their hearts opened to us, and also their haversacks. They were soldiers, they said, and could sympathize with us in the hardships before us. They offered us their skins of wine, and we, in turn, treated them to cigarettes, and to some chocolate that had given two-thirds of our party a violent attack of indigestion.

The Spanish third-class carriage is eminently sociable. The seats, to be sure, face one another, as in England, but the partitions between the different compartments are no higher than the shoulder, and thus a whole car-load of sixty-odd can make merry together as one company.

The wine-skin passed from mouth to mouth several times at short intervals, and of course we excited much merriment by our clumsy efforts to pour the thin stream of wine down our throats while holding the skin at arm's-length. Whenever the wine squirted into our eyes or down our necks there was, of course, a shout of laughter, in which we all joined.

Spain is the country of cheap wine, which is at the same time insidiously strong. There being little else to do but to drink one another's health, and to laugh at our clumsy attempts to squirt a stream into our mouths at long range, no wonder that we soon became convivial, and let ourselves loose after the manner of grown-up boys generally.

Next to me sat a rifleman of the Second Battalion—Rodrigues, he said, his name was. We swore eternal friendship, in evidence of which he volunteered a song, which he regarded as replete with tender emotion. Love is the monopoly of no single country, and the song of love is the one in which has been displayed the highest lyrical capacity of poets and composers, from Apollo and Sappho to



SECOND BATTALION SPANISH FUSILEERS LEAVING VALLADOLID FOR CUBA, MARCH 19, 1898.
With these Men we rode Six Hours in a third-class Carriage.

Tom Moore and Gounod. Rodrigues was doing his best, and his fellow-warriors listened with admiration, watching us meanwhile for signs of appreciation. It was a wailing nasal sort of a song, such as the blacks of South Africa sing all day long; it is heard in the Moorish bazars, from the Pillars of Hercules to the edges of India. The Bulgarian shepherd sings it at the mouth of the Danube, and I have heard its refrain in the tea-houses of Kyoto and Peking. It is, in short, the song of the savage the world over. It has disappeared gradually from before the people of Schubert and Beethoven, but lingers obstinately among those whose blood is tinged with that of the gypsy and the Moor. Rodrigues was from Toledo, the old Moorish stronghold, and his looks did not belie him. As I watched his swarthy features in the fitful light of the feeble lamp, I realized that the uniform he wore was but a thin veneer of civilization, after all. He would have looked and felt more at home with a turban on his head and a belt full of pistols and knives. That evening I preferred to be his friend rather than his enemy.

There was a guitar somewhere in the background, which strummed a mechanical sort of minor. The performer appeared to be asleep—perhaps he was. Indeed, there is a quality to this savage music which makes all accompaniment a mere matter of a minor strum on one key, or the beating of a tomtom with the occasional click of a castanet. No American familiar with our people of African descent will be surprised at the popular music south of the Pyrenees.

There was a chorus to the song of Rodrigues, and it was sung with force by the whole car-load, so that it must have penetrated to the locomotive. Then our turn came, and we put forward our tenor, who treated them to a bit of melody that had drawn thunderous applause from crowded houses in London, Paris, and New York. George sang his sweetest, and his audience listened to him with the characteristic courtesy of the Castilian soldier. George was even applauded—faintly, it is true, but yet enough to show that the company cherished no grudge on account of the music he had perpetrated. It was evident that George's music, whatever it might be to the degenerate ears in the great capitals, was not up to the level of the savage simplicity demanded by the occupants of a third-class carriage between Vitoria and Burgos.



FRONTIER GUARD AT SPANISH RAILWAY STATION.
He wears the national Basque Tam o' Shanter, and a Military Cloak much like that of the United States Army.

To take the taste of our tenor's song away, my warrior neighbor opposite—Domingo was his name—jumped up on to his bench and gave us a national song and dance. The song was of the Madrid café-chantant kind, and the dance of that ambiguous variety known as the danse du ventre. Domingo was from Madrid, and acted his part with much spirit, drawing furious applause from the delighted audience. We had intended telling Domingo that two of our party had been engaged for the principal parts in the leading opera company of England. It was well we did not. Domingo would have despised the musical taste of London.

I asked Rodrigues, in a lull between the songs and wine-skins, where his regiment was going.

"They say that we are bound for Granada—but we know what that means."

"What?" I asked, innocently, pretending not to know what he meant.

"Cuba!" was his laconic answer, full of eloquent pathos.

"But are you not delighted to go and fight for your country, and get medals, and come back covered with glory?"

He smiled bitterly, and the subject sobered him at once. He talked freely to all within range of his voice, making no attempt to keep his remarks for the stranger alone. His views were obviously shared by his comrades, for they not merely made no protest to what he said, but, on the contrary, nodded assent here and there, or even added corroborative testimony.

"If you would give me your clothes and take mine, I would slip over into France, and leave all the medals and glory to you, or to any one who wants them."

This produced affirmative grins and nods all around, and several made the motions of taking off their jackets and offering them to us. But even then our affection for them was not sufficient to induce us to embark for Cuba as their substitutes. Besides, it would have looked badly on the record had we turned up at Havana to discover that our first duty was to shoot at our own flesh and blood. That morning's papers had informed us that war was imminent, and I was more concerned with getting safely out of Spain by way of Paris than *viâ* Havana. Besides, I pointed out to my Spanish friends that I had but the dress of a cyclist, and they would surely be caught in such a rig, even if they knew how to bike, which they did not.

Rodrigues was a bit dashed by all this. It did not occur to him that, even if he and two of his friends succeeded in making their escape in our clothes, there was good reason for thinking that we should have but a brief career in the Spanish army. The next day would probably find us with our backs to a wall, shot as spies.

"See that man there," said Rodrigues; "his brother died of the fever in Havana, and now he is going too. He won't be long on his legs. We all go out there, but nobody comes back, excepting the poor wretches shaken to pieces with the fever. They say we have 50,000 men dead or dying of the fever. Wherever I go I find people in mourning for their relatives who have been drafted to Cuba. I would not mind this dirty dog's life of a soldier if all had to serve—rich and poor alike. But no—the rich buy themselves a substitute and stay at home, so that the great mass of the army is made up of the most ignorant, the most dirty, and the most vicious part of the people."

My friend was obviously of superior breeding and education, and explained to me that his family was impoverished, and could not afford the 300 pesetas necessary for the purchase of his release. Consequently for three years this young man must remain in the ranks, amid social surroundings revolting to him, forced to be companion with a peasantry little superior to cattle in general intelligence, and, finally, forced to serve out of his country in a cause wholly indifferent to him, where the chances are that he will be shot, or, in any case, suffer permanent disability by reason of the fever. I have had that fever, and speak feelingly.

Then Domingo opened out a big parcel, which proved to be his military travelling-baggage. All the outfit was tied up in a big "bandanna," stamped with the red and yellow of Spain, and additionally marked with his name and number. As he opened his kit he told me that he and his mates suffered much at night with the cold; that they were insufficiently provided for, excepting in warm weather; This I could well understand after an inspection of their kit.

Brushes were the most conspicuous articles of their military baggage. I was shown a hair-brush, another for blacking, another for clothes, and yet another for polishing the boots. Then there was a piece of wood so slit as to be used for the cleaning of buttons, and of course another brush for cleaning these. I looked in vain for a tooth-brush. I presume my friend wore all the underclothing allowed him by the government, for the nights were freezing cold. The only clothing I could discover in his kit consisted of a coarse cotton jacket and trousers for working-dress. The brushes were of the flabbiest kind, whose alleged bristles were no stronger than oakum. The government may have paid for real brushes, in which case a handsome profit must have been reaped by some contractor.

Rodrigues and Domingo were agreed that the Spanish soldier was not treated as he should be as regards the interior economy. His parade uniform is showy, to be sure, but he must remain satisfied with that. The government has money enough for the purpose of enrolling, uniforming, arming, and shipping to Cuba, but the detail of proper food and proper clothing appears to be left to the casual philanthropist. I could not help contrasting the bad outfit of these men, bound for the seat of war, with the ordinary kit of a British private, to say nothing of an American cavalryman. And yet these were picked troops, riflemen or sharp-shooters. There were in the same carriage some dragoons of a crack regiment, with a very showy uniform. But their kit indicated on the part of their superiors either indifference or something worse.

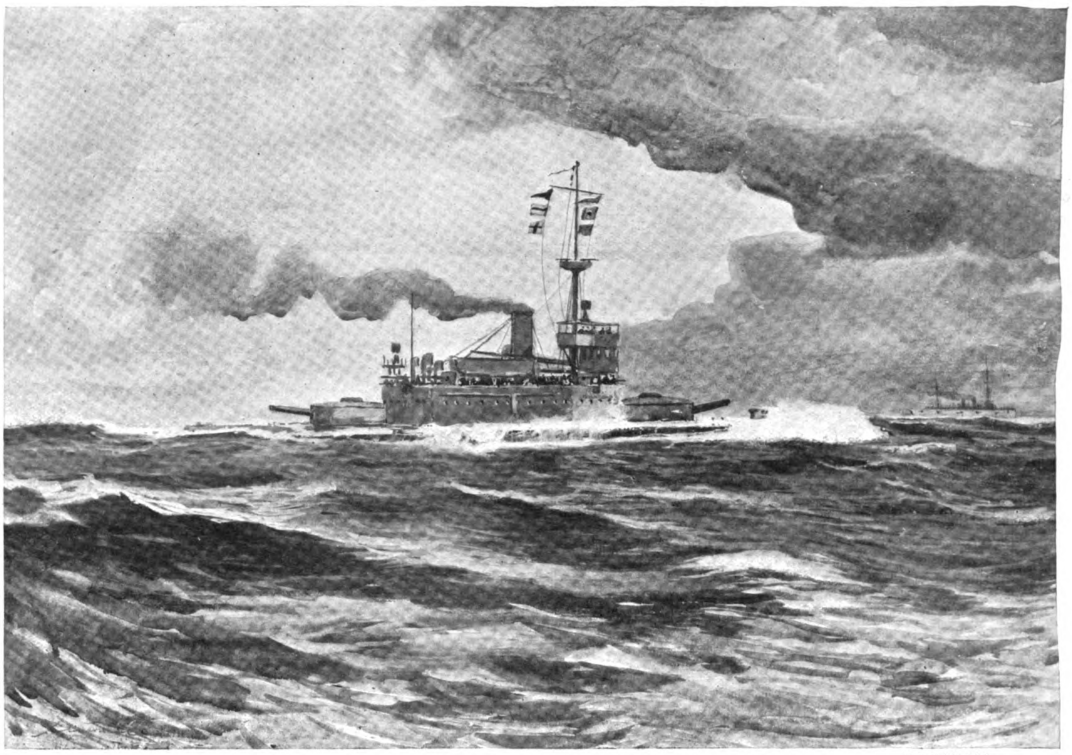
When we halted at a station our friends crowded to the windows and doors, and we took no particular pains to make our presence known. On the contrary, when at last the train slowed up at our destination in the middle of the night, we carefully dropped off on the side that concealed us from the railway officials, and more particularly from the officers in charge of these particular troops.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.



GUARDA CIVIL AT RAILWAY STATION, VITORIA.
Clearing the Station on the Approach of the Train, March 15, 1898.

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U. S. S. "Detroit."

HOW THE MONITORS BEHAVE IN A SEA—THE "TERROR" KEEPING UP WITH THE PROCESSION.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 538.]

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

DAWSON CITY, YUKON PROVISIONAL DISTRICT, *March 12, 1898.*

EVERYBODY seemed happy at Lake Lindeman, singing at their work. When a boat was ready to be launched every one turned in to help; for some had to be carried some distance to water. And when a boat departed it was with shouts of good wishes and a fusillade of revolver-shots. Nails were in great demand, bringing one dollar a pound; likewise pitch, which commanded the same. A few days before, in order to finish a boat, a man gave fifteen dollars for two pounds of pitch. No one would sell lumber at all.

Many parties were selling out and going back even from here. The last of September it snowed six inches, and continued snowing a little each day. We had to work under an awning. At Crater Lake there were said to be snow-drifts twenty feet deep. Still the people were coming, it being estimated that a hundred outfits were on the trail this side the summit, as compared with two hundred and twenty-five two weeks before.

On the 4th of October the snow went off. Our boat was not finished until October 5, on account of a week's illness. She was helped down to the lake, and next day we loaded the goods into her.

She stood 23 feet over all; 6 feet beam; bottom, 30 inches by 16 feet; draught, 18 inches with 1500 pounds of cargo.

We got started on the 6th, amid a salvo of revolver-shots. The lake was as smooth as glass—what Brown called an "ash breeze." So we gave her the ash oars until a real breeze sprung up, hoisted sprit-sail, and in a short while were at the foot of the lake, where several other boats were about to be lined through into Lake Bennett. It raised a great load of anxiety from our minds to have our little boat carry her load so well; above all, even when loaded, she responded to the oars in a way that delighted Brown. This proved a great advantage on the river, for we were enabled to gain a week on boats that left Lindeman and Bennett ahead of us. Between Tagish Lake and Stewart River alone we overtook and passed twenty-five boats.

While we were unloading, a man leading some horses with packs came down the bank of the lake. There was something familiar about him. A second glance revealed Burnham, of *Forest and Stream*, who I supposed was on the Skaguay Trail, and told him so, whereupon I learned that here, on Lindeman, was the end of the Skaguay Trail! Thirty-one miles from Dyea *viâ* Chilkoot; forty-five miles to Skaguay *viâ* White Pass!

The opening of the White Pass as a summer trail was not a blunder, it was a crime. When the British Yukon Company was advertising the White Pass Trail and booming its town-site and railway proposition, the trail was not cut out beyond the summit of the pass. There was at that time no trail, and there has been since no trail, but something that they have called a trail, marked by the dead bodies of three thousand horses, and by the shattered health and the shattered hopes and fortunes of scores—nay, hundreds—of men. Captain Moore, whose alleged town-site rights the British Yukon Company acquired, supposed the trail ought to come out at the Windy Arm of Tagish. The Exploration Party of the Canadian government, proceeding the natural course, went by way of Touche Lake into Taku Arm of Tagish, and, in consequence of their belief that there was the trail, established the custom-house at the outlet of Tagish. What switched it around, not even direct to Bennett, but midway of Lindeman, we have no means of knowing.

Burnham's party of five, seeing that all could not get through, undertook to put two through with full outfits, and this was the last load. They were to undertake the journey in four canvas canoes, two canoes loaded as freight-boats being taken in tow by the others. The story of the Skaguay Trail will never be written by one person. It is a series of individual experiences, each unique, and there are as many stories as there were men on the trail. How much of the awful destruction of horses was caused by the trail, and how much by the ignorance and cruelty of the packers, will never be known. One outfit killed as many as thirty-seven horses, and there were others that equalled or surpassed that figure. On the other hand, a Black Hills man, no other than he of the buckskins, at whom some smiled aboard the steamer, packed alone with three horses twenty-four hundred pounds from the "Foot of the Hill" to Bennett in eighteen days. Each night, no matter how tired, he put his horses' feet in a bucket of water, washed the mud off their legs and dried them, and washed their backs with salt water. He came through when the trail was at its worst, and sold horses at Bennett for a fair sum. He was one of the odd dozen passengers of the *Islander's* second trip that reached Dawson with complete outfits.

The attempt to blast the rock out of the trail ended in a fizzle. The giant-powder ordered from Juneau went back unused, and the well-meant efforts of the Skaguay journalist came to naught, while the only real work was done by the miners themselves in corduroying. Half-way in on the trail goods were given away, the unfortunate owners having neither money nor strength to pack them either ahead or back, and the trail being in such terrible condition that outfits not only had no sale value, but could hardly be accepted as a gift.

At Lindeman there were comparatively few boats sold, each party generally building its own. At Bennett, however, where there is a saw-mill, boats were built by contract, the prices fetched going from $250 to in certain instances as high as $600. Passage could be secured to Dawson for $50 light; with small outfit, $125. Hardly half the number of outfits got off daily from Bennett that went from Lindeman.

Having made connection with the Skaguay Trail, our journey down the Yukon may properly be said to have begun. We were on the thoroughfare, not without some peril on account of a rock in the middle of the last piece, which a less easily handled boat than a bateau could hardly avoid, and on which a boat or two had recently been smashed. The bateau's behavior in rough water in this very thoroughfare gave us courage at the canyon and White Horse.

On the 9th of October, with a fleet of other boats, we got away from the head of Bennett, before a scudding breeze.

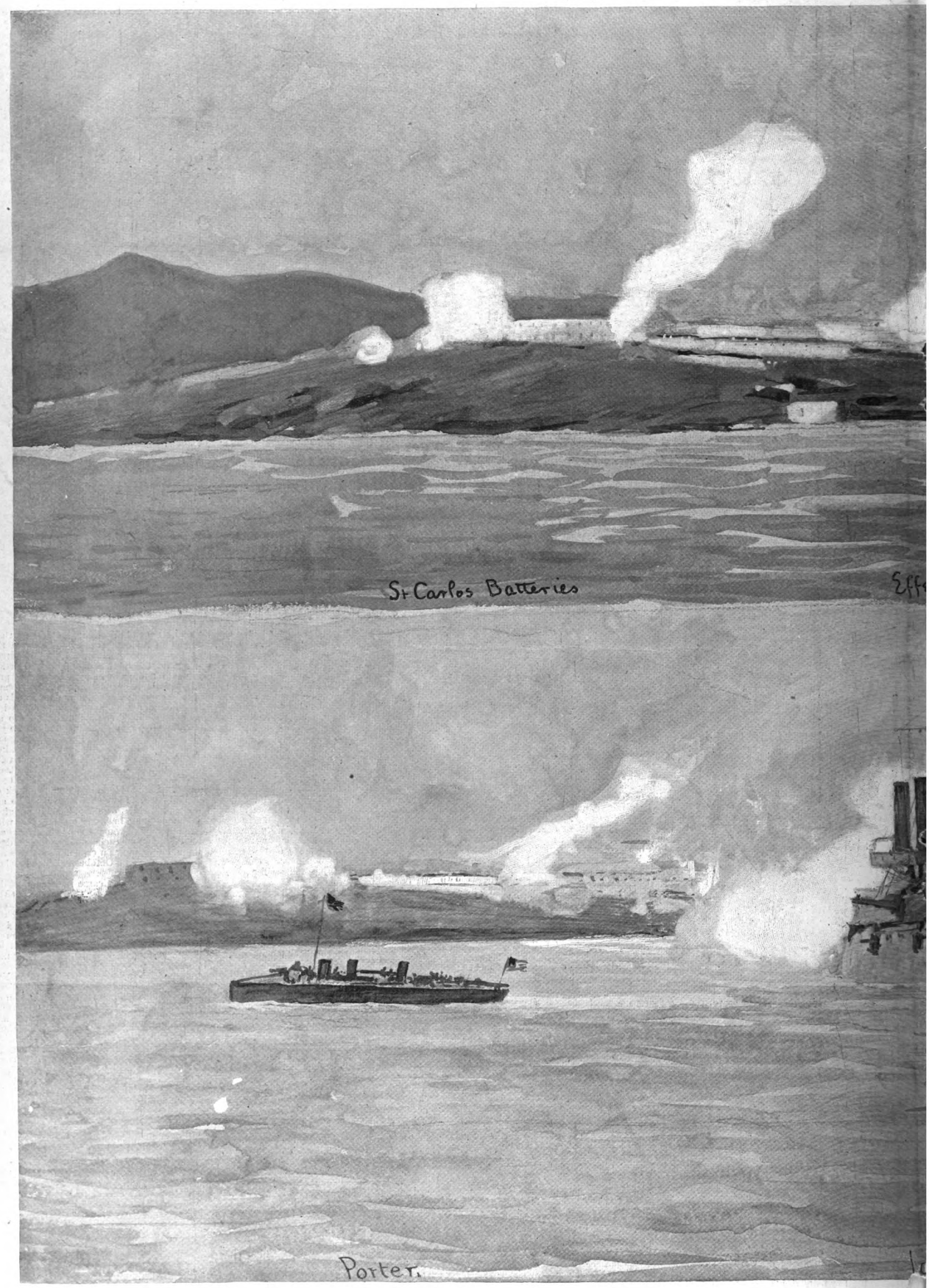
Dawson was in a state of excitement. Grub was undeniably short; the stores were offering none for sale; those who had put in their orders in the spring had been cut short; hundreds had come far down the river with insufficient outfits or with none at all. There would be certain starvation. Four or five hundred had gone down the river to the grub supply at Fort Yukon, and hundreds more were waiting for the river to close before starting for the outside world, while scores, already short of provisions and without means of getting more, had already started by boats and canoes up the river, or with sleds on the narrow strip of shore ice. The river was expected to close at any moment, making it suicidal for more to attempt to reach even Circle City by boat. Those who got out with hand-sleds were in great danger also, setting out on a trip of six hundred and fifty miles, never undertaken before except by those equipped in the best manner with dogs and fur robes. One or two left with packs on their backs. Flour, which the stores were short of, had been selling at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a sack of forty-nine pounds weight. It was no longer "Who are you?" but "How many sacks of flour?" Old acquaintances greeted those coming in from outside not with "How are you?" but "Have you got your grub?" There were many cases of theft, and caches had to be guarded. One man had been shot robbing a cache. That was the state of affairs on the 29th of October, when I reached Dawson.

The story of how the shortage came about, and of the exciting time that followed when it was learned that the boats would not get up with even their usual cargoes, may be told as follows. It is one well illustrating the conditions under which we live in this inaccessible region, and which may be expected to be repeated until the present transportation companies have been supplanted by others more alive to the interests of the growing population of the Yukon.

There are two principal trading companies on the Yukon. The Alaska Commercial Company had monopolized the trade of the miners and Indians, until the formation of its formidable rival, the North American Trading and Transportation Company. Each of these companies has a fleet of light-draught steamers, with which the various forts along the river are supplied by way of St. Michaels, at the mouth of the river. The A. C. Company had always been in favor with the miners, and the new company had failed to supplant it in popular esteem. When the strike was made on Bonanza Creek on the Klondike, ten miles above Fort Reliance, both companies built large stores and warehouses at the new town of Dawson. When the miners came to put in their orders for the year's outfits, the more favorable prices of the N. A. T. Company induced them to forswear their allegiance, the A. C. Company receiving only a small number, while its rival was simply overwhelmed, the money being paid in advance and the orders guaranteed.

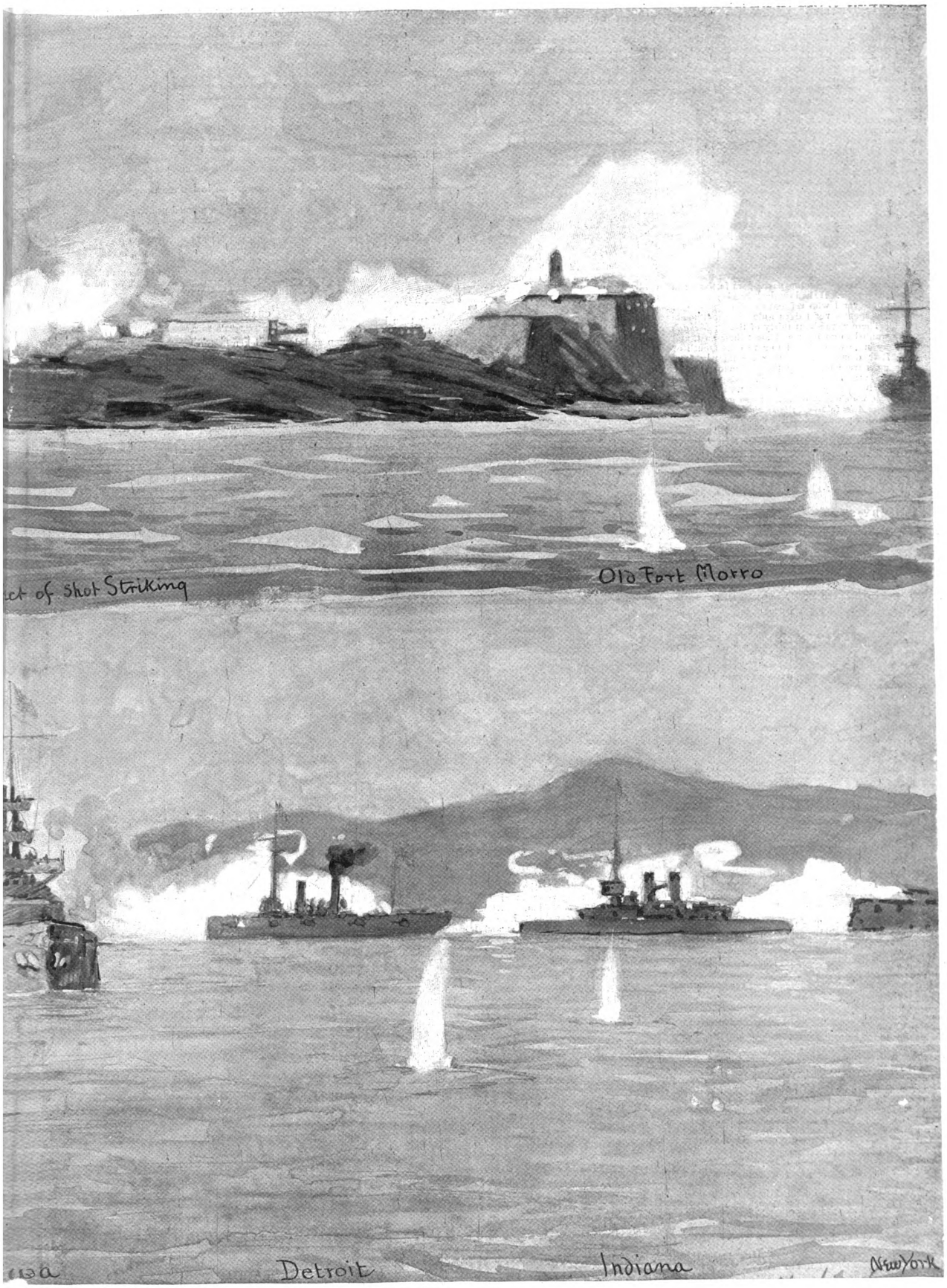
The N. A. T. had advertised extensively for the Klondike trade. They advised the river route as the best and safest, and assured intending miners that there was and would be nothing lacking of either necessities or luxuries, at reasonable prices, particularly setting forth that "there is now no more danger of starvation." They added the *Hamilton* to their other steamers, the *Weare* and the *Healy*. The *Hamilton* was advertised as guaranteed to receive the passengers of the *Cleveland*, but four days before the arrival of the latter at St. Michaels the *Hamilton* pulled out, ran down to the mouth of the river, where she took aboard twenty-seven passengers of the A. C. boat *Excelsior*, receiving therefor $90 for each passenger, and started up

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THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN DE PORTO RICO, 5.08 A.M. MAY 12. 1898.—DRAW

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Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.—[See Page 538.]

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river. These were passengers that were to have gone on the steamboat *Alice*. The *Hamilton*, with 127 passengers, all told, started up the river, and got as far as the flats of the Yukon, eighty miles below Circle City, where she claimed the low water would not allow her to proceed further. She dropped down the river, taking some of the passengers as far as Meneck, others to St. Michaels, where they hoped to get inside. Sixty passengers of the *Cleveland* had bought for the sum of $12,000 a small steamer, called the *St. Michaels*, from the mission, and loaded her and a scow with thirty-five tons of provisions. The *Healy*, Captain Barr, arriving, they picked a volunteer crew of sixteen men, and started the *St. Michaels* up river, while the rest went aboard the *Healy* and started also. At the flats of the Yukon the *Healy* stopped. The A. C. boat *Alice* arrived at the dock at Fort Yukon at the same time. The two boats remained there two or three days, during which the captains of both boats went out in skiffs over the flats, made soundings, and reported that on account of the low water they would be able to proceed no farther. Captain Barr delivered every passenger with his baggage off his boat. [illegible] them they were at their destination, his part of the contract was completed, and they might go to cutting wood for fuel and for a large emergency cache they were about to build. Grub was offered for sale to passengers at Dawson prices, and a lot was disposed of. The contract, as stated by Captain Barr, was that the company was not to take the passengers farther than the river was navigable. He had the deck-hands put ashore the baggage of several who refused to go off the boat. The two boats spent several days unloading, and made ready to sail. There were about thirty of the *St. Michaels* people who wanted to go back and meet their boat, and about as many more who wanted to get to the mouth of the river. Barr demanded that they should pay fare, whereupon guns were pulled by the indignant miners, and bloodshed was narrowly averted. Captain Barr thereupon told these they could go back until they met the *St. Michaels*, which they did, and these got as far as Circle City. The *Alice* followed the *Healy* down the river, leaving most of her passengers at Fort Yukon.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HUGO GOTTFRIED, RED AXE OF THE WOLFMARK.

THEN cried Dessauer from the door to me as I stood thus holding my father in my arms:

"Haste you, lad; there are men coming across the yard with torches. They are gathering in groups about the door. Now they are on the stairs—many soldiers—and with weapons in their hands!"

And scarcely had he spoken, when the sound of the tramping of men in haste came to us up the turret, and the door of the garret was thrust violently open. A turmoil of men-at-arms burst in on us. I stood yet holding Gottfried Gottfried, his head on my shoulder, though I knew that he was dead. But as one came forward with a paper in his hand, I stooped and laid my father gently on his bed.

An officer of the Black Hussars, fantastically dressed in their church-yard array, with skull and cross bones slashed in silver across his breast, accosted me:

"Hugo Gottfried, son of Gottfried Gottfried, in the name of the Duke Otho and the State of the Wolfmark I arrest you! Also you, Leopold von Dessauer, Chancellor of the Princedom of Plassenburg. You are accused as spies and enemies of the commonweal. Yield yourselves, therefore, to me without condition."

"I am indeed Hugo Gottfried," said I, "but you may see for yourselves the mission on which I have come hither. And for this hour, at least, you might have spared your brutal entry. Behold!"

I caught a torch from the nearest soldier, and let its light shine on the dead face of the fourteenth Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark.

The men started back. The terrible face of the dead affected them even more than the grim face of the Red Axe as they had seen him stalking from the Hall of Justice to the block.

"Ah!" said the officer, not wholly irreverently, "Gottfried Gottfried has gone now to the dark place to which he hath sent so many. But, after all, he is dead—and I heard a monkish clerk prate the other day, 'Let the dead bury their dead.' I have my orders, and the Duke Otho waits. Therefore I bid you follow me, Hugo Gottfried and Leopold von Dessauer."

So, leaving the body of my father lying on the bed in his garret, we were constrained to follow our captors down the stairs. Across the court-yard we were hurried, and through the Hall of Justice into the private apartments of the Duke.

Otho von Reuss, now Duke of the Wolfmark, was standing erect by the great chair, in which, as my father had so often described him to me, Casimir had sat so many days, with his head sunk on his breast. The new Duke stood up proudly, gazing at us with frowning brows and lowering, narrowed eyes. This was mighty fine, but I could not help thinking of the poor appearance he had made on the hill above the Hirsh Gasse as he slunk off when he saw an evil cause going desperately against him.

"So," he said, "gentlemen both, I have caught you spying in my land. You know what those have to expect who are thus caught in hostile territory in disguise."

I thought it was as well to take the high hand at once, especially since I saw that humility would avail us nothing at any rate.

"Before now I have seen Otho von Reuss in hostile territory, and a right cowed traitor he looked," said I, boldly.

The Duke smiled upon me, like a man that has a complete retort on his tongue, but who is content for the present to reserve it.

"My friend," he said, suavely, "I will reply to you presently. I have a word to speak to your betters."

He turned him about to Dessauer.

"And what, Lord High Chancellor of Plassenburg, think you of this masquerading? Dignified, is it not? And your wondrous speech in court that was to have done such great things! Will you be pleased to abide with us here in the Wolfsberg? Or must you forsake us to pleasure the Emperor, who, poor man, cannot sleep in his bed at Ratisbon till the eloquent Doctor is come to cheer him with the full-flowing river of speech?"

"Duke Otho," said Dessauer, "my life is indeed in your hands. I hold it forfeit. A few years less or more are but little to Leopold von Dessauer now. But there is one who will most bloodily avenge us if a hair of our heads falls to the ground."

"Who?" said Otho, sneeringly. "Karl Miller's-Son, I suppose. Ah, fool that you are; I hold our poor Karl in the palm of my hand!"

"It is like enough," said Dessauer, with a quick look—the look of a keen fencer when he sees an advantage. "I have often enough seen the palm of your hand approach Karl Miller's-Son's treasury when I kept the moneys."

I saw the face of Otho twitch angrily. But he had evidently made up his mind to command his temper, sure of having that up his sleeve which would sufficiently answer all taunts.

"You mistake me," he said, with more subtlety than I had expected from the brute. "I had not meant to prove ungrateful. I am but newly come to my own here in the Wolfmark. I have learned from your host, Bishop Peter, how precious a thing forgiveness is. And I am resolved to practise it. There is a time to love and a time to hate, a time to war and a time to be at peace. This is the last news I had from the holy clerk. So lay it to heart, as I have done!"

"Glad am I," said Dessauer, courteously, as if he had been turning a phrase on the terrace at Plassenburg—"glad am I that in your hour you are to be mindful of old friends, for they are like old wine, which grows better and mellower with the years."

"It is indeed well," said Otho von Reuss, ironically. "I have known the Chancellor Dessauer many years, and he grows more honorable and more wise with each year.

"But now 'tis with this young man that I would speak," he said, changing his tone. "He at least is mine own servant, and so I have other words for him. Hugo Gottfried, you remember that you insulted me, striking me on the face with a glove, because I offered certain civilities to a maid of honor to the Princess of Plassenburg. You wounded me in the arm. Your father, of whose death I have heard but now, cast me forth like a cur-dog from a chamber window. Between you ye have shamed me, and would shame me worse—for the sake of the murderess of mine uncle, Duke Casimir."

"Well you know that the Lady Helene is innocent of that crime, or of any other," said I; "she is purer than your eyes can look upon or your heart conceive. Yet because she knows you for the foul thing you are—Helene lies in your dungeons to-night. I ask you to grant me but one boon—that I may die with her?"

"Nay, my friend, gentlest squire of dames, defender of the oppressed, I have better things in store for you and your maid than that."

He paused and looked a long while at me, as it seemed chewing the cud of revenge upon that which he had to say to me.

At last he came a step nearer, that he might look into my eyes.

"Hugo Gottfried," he said, slowly, "son of Gottfried Gottfried, you are my servant now. I said that I would forgive you all for the sake of old times in exile together. And now you and I are both again in our own land. They that kept us out of our offices are dead, and we standing in their places. There is a maid down there in the Wolfsberg dungeons who to-morrow must meet her doom."

He paused a moment, and laid his hand on my shoulder impressively.

"And you, Hugo Gottfried, Hereditary Justicer of the Dukedom, Red Axe of the Wolfmark, art the man who must carry out that doom!"

Again he paused—and the world seemed instantly to dissolve into whirling vapor at his words. I had never thought of such a conclusion. Yet I was indubitably, by my father's death, Hereditary Executioner of the Wolfmark. Red Axe of Thorn I was, and I had returned in time to be installed in mine office, even as the Lady Ysolinde had foretold.

But a strong thought swelled triumphant in my heart.

"Well," said I, looking the sneering tormentor in the face, "if so be that I am your Hereditary Justicer, it will be long ere a sentence so monstrous shall be carried out by me. I will not slay the innocent nor pour out the blood of a virgin saint for a million deaths. You can torture me with all your hellish engines, and you will find that a Gottfried has learned how to suffer, as well as how to make others suffer, in fourteen generations. As God strengthens me, I will never carry out your sentence, do with me what you will."

"Nobly said, Justicer of the Mark!" said Otho. "I had thought of that! But in case you should refuse to do your lawful office, it may be well for you to remember that I have other instruments that mayhap will please you less."

He threw open a door suddenly, and we looked into an underground hall, where a dozen men were carousing—Hussars of Death, black-browed, evil-faced, slack-jowled villains, every man of them, cruel and sensual. A blast of ribald oaths came sulphurously up, as if the mouth of hell had been opened.

"Listen!" said Duke Otho, with his hand on my shoulder.

And a jest struck to our ears concerning the prisoner — the Little Playmate—a jest which sticks in my memory to this day. Even yet I hope to cleave the jester through the brain, meet him when I may.

The Duke shut the door, and turned to me again. His eyes narrowed to a thin line, which glittered with hate and triumph.

"If you, Hugo Gottfried, Hereditary Executioner of the Mark, refuse to do your duty, at the time appointed, upon the prisoner condemned, I, Duke Otho, solemnly declare that I will cast your fair and tender lamb into that den of wolves down there, to work their wills upon. Hark to them! They will have no misgivings—no qualms."

Then he turned to me airily and confidently.

"Well, my good Justicer, will you carry out the just and merciful sentence of the law, and baptize your Red Axe with the blood of her for whose sake you chose to insult and wound a Duke of the Mark?"

I turned away, sick at heart.

"Give me time. God's mercy—give me time!" I cried. "At least let me see Helene. I will give you my answer to-night. But, first of all, let me see my beloved."

"I am forgiving and most merciful," he said. "Observe, I do not even cast you into prison to make sure of you. Go your ways" (he sat down and wrote rapidly); "here is a pass which will enable you to visit the prisoner. At midnight I shall expect you to tell me that you will fulfil your office."

He handed me the paper and motioned us away.

"We are free to go?" said I, wonderingly.

"Surely," he replied, smiling. "Are you not both my friends, and can Otho von Reuss be forgetful of old times? Come and go at your pleasure. But be sure to be here to give me your answer at midnight to-night—or—"

He pointed with his hand to the door he had opened, and with the fingers of his other hand beat time to the blasphemous chorus which came up from below.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE SERPENT'S BITE.

DAZED and death-stricken by the horror of the choice which lay before me, I hastened down the street, hardly waiting for Dessauer, who toiled vainly after me. I knew not what to do or where to turn. I could not think or speak. But it chanced that my steps brought me to the house of the Weiss Thor. Almost without any will of mine own I found myself raising the knocker of the house of Master Gerard von Sturm. Sir Respectable instantly appeared. I asked of him if the Lady Ysolinde would see me—giving my name plainly. For since Duke Otho knew me, there was no need of concealment any more.

The Lady Ysolinde would receive me.

I followed my conductor, but not this time to the room in which I had seen her on the occasion of my last visit.

It was in her father's chamber that I met the princess. The room was as I had seen it. Only there was no ascetic old man with keen deep-set eyes and receding forehead to rear his head back from the table as though he would strike across it like a serpent from its coil.

For the moment the room was empty, but ere I had time to look around, the curtains moved and the Lady Ysolinde appeared. Without entering, she set a hand on the door-post, and stood poised against the heavy curtain, waiting for me to speak.

Her face was pale, her nostrils dilated. Anger and scorn sat white and deadly on every feature.

"So," she said, intensely, as I did not begin, "you have come back already, most noble Hereditary Justicer of the Mark. Even as I told you—so it is. You come to ask mercy from the woman you despised, from the woman whose love you refused. You would beg her to spare her enemy. Ere you go I shall see you on your knees. Ah, that will be sweet! I have been on my knees—can I believe it? Nay, I shall not forget it. I, Ysolinde of Plassenburg, have pled in vain to you—to you!"

And the accent of chill hatred and malice turned me to stone.

"My lady," said I, "well do you know that I would never ask aught for my own life, though the Red Axe were at my neck. But it is for the maid I love, for the little child I carried out of the arms of the man condemned. I ask for her life, who never wronged you or any in all this world. You have heard that task which the Duke hath laid on me, because it is my misfortune to be my father's son—I must take away my love's sweet life, or if I do not—" I could proceed no farther for the horror which rose in my heart.

"I know it," she said, calmly; "my father hath told me."

"Then," cried I, "if the power lie with you, as you hope for mercy to your own soul, be merciful. Save the maiden Helene from the death of shame, and me from becoming her murderer!"

"Ah," she answered, with delicatest meditative inflection, "this is indeed sweet. The proud are suppliant now. The knee is bent that would not bend. Hearken, you and your puling babe, to the Princess Ysolinde! Were your lives in that glass to save or to destroy—her life and your suffering to make or to break—I would fling them to destruction, even as I throw this cup into the darkness!"

And as she spoke the wreathed beaker of Venice glass sped out of the window and crashed on the pavement without.

"Thus would I end your lives," she said, "for the shame that you two put upon me in the day of my weakness."

"Lady," I cried, eagerly, "you do yourself a wrong. Your heart is better than your word. Do this deed of mercy, I beseech you, if so be you can. And my life is yours forever!"

"Your life is mine, you say?" cried she. "Aye, and that means what? The wind that cries about the house. Your life is *mine*? It is a lie! Your life and love both are that chit's, for whom you have despised—rejected—ME!"

And I grant that she looked noble enough in her anger, as she stood discharging her words at me with hissing directness, like bolts shot twanging from the steel cross-bow.

"And lest you should think that I have not the power to save you, I will tell you this—when you shall see the neck bared for the blade of the Red Axe, the fine tresses you love, that your eyes look upon with desire, all ruthlessly cut away by the shears of your assistants—ah, I know you will remember that I, Ysolinde, whom you refused and slighted, had the power in her hand to deliver you both with a word, according to the immaculate laws of the Wolfmark. Aye, and more—power to raise you both to a pinnacle of bliss such as you can hardly conceive. In that hour, when you see me look down upon your anguish, you will know that I can speak the word. You will watch my lips till the axe falls and the young life ebbs red. But the lips of Ysolinde will be silent."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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"Such knowledge is an easy boast, Lady Ysolinde," I answered, thinking to taunt her, that she might reveal whether indeed she had the power she claimed.

"There!" she said, pointing to the great collection of black-bound books and papers about the walls; "see, the secret is there—the secret for the lack of which you shall strike your beloved to the death to save her from the unnamable shame. I know it; my father has revealed it to me. I have seen the parchment in these hands. But—you shall never hear it, she never profit by it, and my vengeance shall be sweet—so sweet!"

And she laughed with a strange laugh that it was a pain to hear.

"God forgive you, Lady Ysolinde," said I, "if this be so. For if there be a God, you must burn in Great Hell for this deed you are about to do. Having had no mercy on the innocent, how shall you ask God to have mercy on you?"

"I will not ask Him," she cried. "Instead I will have had my revenge. And after that, earth, heaven, or hell, I shall not care. All will then be the same to Ysolinde."

I thought I would try her yet once more.

"The Little Playmate," I said, "the maid whom I have ever loved, though I am not worthy to touch her, is no chance child, no daughter of the Red Axe of Thorn. Leopold von Dessauer hath found and sent to Karl the Prince the full proofs that Helene is the daughter of the last and rightful Prince, and therefore in her own right Princess of Plassenburg."

"You lie, fool," she cried, "you lie! You think to frighten me. And even if it were true—thrice, four times fool, to tell me! For shall not I, the reigning Princess of Plassenburg, the wife of the reigning Prince, stand for my own name and dignity? I would not help you now though a thousand fair heads, well beloved, the desire of men, were to be rolled in the dust."

"Then farewell, Princess," I cried; "you are wronging to the death of deaths two that never did you wrong, who loved each other with the love of man and woman before ever you crossed their paths, and who since then have wrought your good. You wrong God also, and you lose your soul, divorcing it from the mercy of the Saviour of men. For be very sure that with that measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

She did not answer, but stood with her hand still against the door-post and her head raised scornfully, looking after me, as I retired, with a smiling and malicious pleasure.

Without further speech I went out from the presence of the Lady Ysolinde. And so she had the first part of her revenge.

CHAPTER L.

THE DUNGEON OF THE WOLFSBERG.

AND now I must see the Little Playmate. Judge ye whether or no my heart was torn in twain as I went up the long High Street of Thorn back to the Wolfsberg, alone. For I had compelled Dessauer to return to Bishop Peter's, in order to avert suspicion, since our real names and errands were not yet known there.

And when I parted from him the old man was so worn out that I looked momently for him to drop on the rough causeway stones of the street.

Many pictures of my youth passed before me as I mounted towards the castle that night. I remembered the ride of the wild horsemen returning from the raid such long years agone, the old man who carried the babe, and the Red Axe himself who now lay dead in the Tower —my father, Casimir's Justicer, clad in crimson from head to heel.

Erelong I arrived at the Wolfsberg, and as I came near the Red Tower I saw that the gate was open. A little crowd of men with swords and partisans were issuing tumultuously from it. Then came six carrying a coffin. I stood aside to let them pass. And not till the last one brushed me did I ask what was their business abroad with dead man at such a time of the night.

"'Tis one that had wrought much fear in his time," answered the soldier, for I had lighted on a sententious fellow; "one that made many swift ends, and now has come to one himself."

"You mean Gottfried Gottfried, the Duke's Justicer?" said I.

"Aye," he replied; "the Duke Otho is mightily afraid of the plague, and will not have a dead body overnight in his castle. Since they condemned the Saint Helene, God wot, the Duke is a fear-stricken man. He sleeps with half a dozen Black Riders at the back of his door, as though that made him any safer if a handful of minted gold were dealt out among the rascals. But when was a prince ever wise?"

"My father's funeral," thought I. "Well, 'let the dead bury their dead'; Helene is yet alive!"

Surely I am not wanting in feeling, yet my heart was still and cold. Nevertheless, I turned and followed the procession a little way towards the walls. But as I went, I the bell of the Wolfsberg slowly and brazenly clanged . I stopped. I had but two hours in which to visit Little Playmate and tell her all.

"Good-by, father," said I, standing with my hat off; "so you would wish me to do—you who met God standing up—you who did an ill business greatly, because it is yours and you were born to it. Teach me, my father, to be worthy of you in this strait, to the like of which surely never was man brought before!"

The men-at-arms clattered roughly down the street, lifting their burden as if it had been much kindling-wood, and quarrelling as to their turns. I heard their voices coming clear up the narrow street far away.

I stood still as they approached a corner about which they must turn.

I waved my hand to the coffin.

"Fare you well, true father; to-night and to-morrow may God help me also, like you, to meet my fate standing up!"

And the curve of the long street hid the ribald procession. My father was gone. I had made choice. The dead was burying his dead.

I went towards the prison of the Wolfsberg; so it was dominated by a sort of grim superiority in that place which was all a prison, the castle which had lorded it so long over the red clustered roofs and stepped gables of Thorn, solely because it meant prisonment and death to rebel or the refuser of the Duke's exactions.

Often had I seen the straggling procession of prisoners pace, head following head, up from that weary staircase, my father standing by, as they came up from the cells, counting his victims silently like a shepherd who tells his flock as they pass through a gap in the sheepfold.

For me, alas! there was but one in that dread fold to-night. And she my one ewe lamb who ought to have lain in my bosom.

I clamored long at the gate ere I could make the jailer hear. As the minutes slipped away I grew more and more wild with fear and anger. At midnight I must face the Duke, and it was after ten—how long I knew not, but I feared every moment that I might hear the brazen clang as the hammer struck eleven.

For time seemed to make no impression on me at all that night.

At last the man came, shuffling, grumbling, and cursing, from his truckle-bed.

"What twice condemned drunken roisterer may you be that hath mistaken the prison of Duke Otho for a trull-house?

"An order from Duke Otho—to see a prisoner? Come to-morrow, then, and meanwhile depart to Gehenna. Must a man be forever at the beck and call of every sleepless sot? 'Urgent,' was the Duke's mandate? Show it through the lattice, that a lantern may flash upon it."

I pushed under the door a broad piece of gold, which proved more to the purpose.

The door was opened and I showed my pass. That and the gold together worked wonders.

The jailer rattled his keys, donned a hood and woollen wrapper, and went coughing before me down the chill, draughty passages. I could hear the prisoners leaping from their couches within as the light of his cresset filtered beneath their doors. What hopes and fears stirred them! A summons, it might be, to some one in that dread warren to come up for a last look at the stars, a walk to the heading-place through the soft velvet-dark night—then the block, the lightning flash of bright steel, the drench of something sweet like wine upon the lips, and—silence, rest, oblivion.

But we passed the prison doors one by one, and the jailer of the Wolfsberg went coughing and rasping by to another part of the prison.

"'Tis an ill place for chills," he said. "I have never been free of them since first I came to this place, nor my wife neither. She has been dead these ten years, praises to the Pyx! Ah, would you?" (The torch threatened to go out, so he held it downward in his hand till the pitch melted and caught again, and we stood blinded in the smoke and glare which the strong draught forced in our faces.)

At last—the door, a low iron-spiked grating, like any other of the hundred we had passed.

"Key-metal is not often weared on this cell," the man chuckled. "Those stay not long aboveground that bide here."

The door swung back on its creaking hinges. I slipped the fellow another gold piece.

"I must come in with you," he said; "you might do the wench an ill turn which would cheat the Duke of his show to-morrow!"

I slipped him another piece of gold, and then three together.

"Risk it, man," I said. "Have I not the Duke's pass? I will do her no harm."

"Well," he said, "pray remember I am a man with five motherless children. My wife died of falling down a flight of steps ten years agone—praise the Lord for His mercies! He is ever mindful of us, the sinful children of men."

The sound of his voice died away as the door closed. I turned, and was alone with the beloved. The jailer had stuck the cresset in its niche behind the door, and its glow filled the little cell.

At first I could not see the Little Playmate—only a rough pallet bed and something white at the head of it. But as the cresset burned up more clearly, and my eyes became accustomed to the bleared and streaky light, I saw Helene, my love, kneeling at her bed's head.

I stood still and waited. Was she asleep? Was she—was she dead? I almost hoped that she might be. Then the Duke's vengeance would be balked indeed.

"Helene!" I said, softly, as one speaks to the dying; "Helene—dear, dear Helene!"

Slowly she looked up. Her face dawned on me as one day the face of the blessed angel will shine when he calls me out of purgatory.

"My love—my love!" she said, sweetly, like the first note of a hymn when the choir breathes the sweet music rather than sings it.

Ah, Lord of Innocence, that pure loving face, the deepness in the eyes, the flush on the cheek as on that of a little child asleep, the soft curled hair which lay in the hollow of the neck—the throat itself—

Eternal God, that I should be alive to think of the horror!

But time was passing swiftly. The minutes were slipping by like men running for their lives.

I raised Helene from her knees, and she nestled her head on my shoulder.

"You have come to me! I knew you would come. I saw you on the day—the day when they condemned me to die."

I broke into an angry, desperate, protesting cry, so that I heard my own voice ring strangely through that dumb, horrible place. And I sobbed in her arms with my head on her shoulder.

"Hush, dear love," she said, clasping her arms caressingly about my head; "do not fear for me. God will keep your little one. God has told me that He will bring me bravely through. Hush thee, then; do not so, Hugo, great playmate! This I cannot bear. Help me to be good. It will not be long or painful. Do not weep for your little girl! I think somehow it is for our love that I suffer, and that will make it sweet!"

But still I sobbed like a child. For how—how could I tell her?

Presently the power returned slowly to me, seeing her smiling so bravely up at me, and rising on tiptoe to kiss my wet face.

Then I told her all—in what words I hardly remember now.

"Love of mine," I said, "I have but an hour or less to speak with you—and, ah! such terrible things, such inconceivable things, to say; a horror to reveal such as never lover had to tell his love before."

She drew one of my hands down and softly patted her breast with it.

"Fear not," she said; "tell it to Helene. If it be true that love conquers all, your little lass can bear it!"

"I came," said I, "with purpose to see you, and by treachery (it skills not to ask whose) I was taken at my dead father's bedside."

"Our father dead?" she cried, going a step away to look at me, but coming back again immediately; "then there are but you and me in the world, Hugo?"

"Aye," said I; "but how can I tell you all? My father died like a man, and then they took me, still holding the dead in my arms. I was confronted with a fiend of hell in the likeness of Duke Otho."

As I mentioned the Duke's name I could feel her shudder on my neck.

"And— But I cannot tell you what he has bidden me do, under penalties too fearful to conceive or speak of."

She put her hands up, and gently, timidly, lovingly stroked my cheek.

"Dear love, tell me! Tell the Little P[illegible]e!" she said, as simply and sweetly as if she [illegible]n coaxing me to whisper to her some lightest s[illegible]t our plays together in the old Red Tower.

I was silent for a space; and then, spurred by the thought of the swiftly passing time, the words were wrenched out of me.

"He says that I—even I, Hugo Gottfried, my father's son, being now hereditary Red Axe of the Wolfmark—must strike off the head of the one I love. And if I will not, then to the vilest of devils for vilest ends he will deliver her. Ah, God, and he would do it, too! I saw the flame of hell's fire in his eyes."

Then I that write saw a strange appearance on the face that looked up in mine. As on a dark April day, with a lowering sky, you have seen the wind suddenly stir high in the heavens, and the sun look through on the dripping green of the young trees and the bourgeoning of the flowers, so, looking on my love's face as she took in my words, there awakened a kind of spring-time joy. Nay, wherefore need I say a kind of joy only? It was more. It was great, overleaping, sudden-springing gladness. Her eyes swam in lustrous beauty. She smiled up at me as I had never seen her smile before.

"Oh, I am glad, Hugo, so glad! I love you, Hugo! It will be hard for you, my love. And yet you will be brave and help me. I had far rather die at your hand than live to be the bride of the greatest man in all the world. Do that which will save me from shame; do it gladly, Hugo. I fear what I saw in the eyes of that man, Otho von Reuss. But *only* to die will be easy. For I love you Hugo. And I could just say a prayer, and then—well, and then—Do not cry, Hugo—why then you would put me to sleep, even as of old you did in the Red Tower?

"Nay, nay, dear love! You must not do so. This is not like my Hugo. See! I do not cry. Do you remember when you took me up and laid me on your bed? And our father came and looked. You said I was your little wife. So I was, even though I denied it, and now I can trust you, my husband. I have never been aught else but your little wife, you see—not in my heart, not in my heart of hearts!

"I have been proud with you, Hugo—spoken unkind things. For love, you know, is like that. It hurts that which it would die for. But now you will know once for all that I love you. For death tests all. And you *will* help me. You will not cry then, Hugo—not then when we walk, you and I, by the shores of the great sea. You will only send me a little voyage by myself, as you used to make me go to the well in the court-yard to teach me not to be frightened!

"And then you will be with me when I go. You will watch me; soon, soon you will come after me. Yes, I am glad, Hugo, so glad. For—bend down your ear, Hugo—I will confess. Your little girl is such a coward. She is afraid of the dark. But it will not be dark—and it will not be long, and it will be sure. If my love stand by I shall not fear. And it is but a little thing to do for my love when I love him so."

What I said or what I did I know not. But when I came a little to myself, I found my head on her knee, and Helene soothing and petting me as if I had been a child that had fallen down and hurt itself.

"I would have been a good wife to you, Hugo; I had thought it all out. At first I would have been such an ignorant little housekeeper, and you would have needed—oh, such great patience with me! But so willing, so ready, Hugo! And how I should have listened for your foot. I used to know it as it came across the court-yard at Plassenburg. But I could not run and meet you then. I could only slip behind the window-lattice and throw you a kiss. But when I was indeed your wife, how I would have flown to meet you!"

I think I cried out here for very agony.

"Hush, Hugo!" she said. "Hush, lad, and listen. There are stairs up aloft—I saw them in a dream. I saw the angels ascending and descending as I prayed, even when you came in to call me back. I shall ask God to let me wait at the stair-head a little while for you—till it should be time for you to come, my dear—my dear! You would not be very long, and I could wait. I would listen for your feet upon the stair, dear love. And when at last you came, I should know your footfall—yes, I should know it ever so far away. You would not be thinking of me just then. And when you came to the top of the golden stairs, there—there all so suddenly would be your little lass with her arms ready to welcome you!"

The door of the cell creaked open.

The jailer appeared. "It is time," he said, curtly, and stood waiting. We stood up, and I looked in her eyes. She was smiling, dry-eyed, but I—the water was running down my face.

"You will be brave, Hugo, for my sake. Next to life with you—to die by your dear hand, knowing that you love me, is the best gift they could have given me. They thought to hurt, but instead they have made me so happy. Till we meet again, dear love—till we meet soon again."

And she went with me to the door, and kissed me as I went out, standing smilingly on tiptoe to do it, even as of old in the Red Tower.

And the last thing I saw of her, as the door closed upon the darkness of the cell, was my love standing smiling up at me, with her eyes filled with the splendors of the love that casteth out fear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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AT THE NERVE-CENTRES OF WAR—SCENES IN THE ARMY AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS, WASHINGTON.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

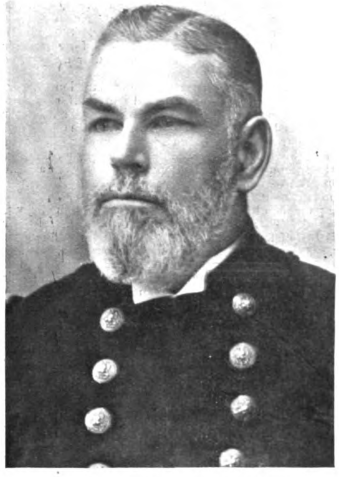
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COMMANDER CHARLES J. TRAIN, U.S.N.,
U. S. Auxiliary Cruiser "Prairie."



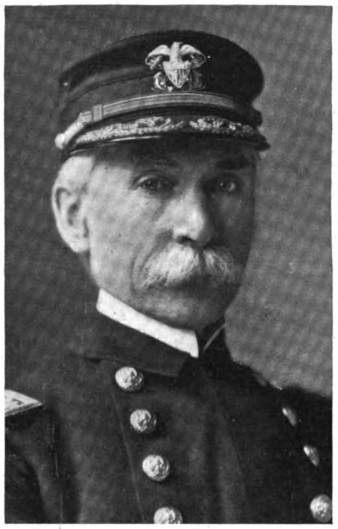
COMMANDER HENRY E. NICHOLS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Gunboat "Bennington."
Photograph by Bushnell.



CAPTAIN MORTIMER L. JOHNSON, U.S.N.,
U. S. Monitor "Miantonomoh."



COMMANDER ROBERT E. IMPEY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Sterling" (Collier).



COMMODORE JOHN CRITTENDEN WATSON, U.S.N.,
Commanding Cuban Blockading Squadron.
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COMMANDER RICHARDSON CLOVER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Gunboat "Bancroft."



CAPTAIN WILLIAM N. FOLGER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Cruiser "New Orleans."



COMMANDER CHARLES H. DAVIS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Auxiliary Cruiser "Dixie."



CAPTAIN ALBERT S. BARKER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Cruiser "Newark."

PROMINENT AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.

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IN CAMP AT TAMPA.

With the Troops under Canvas, *May 22, 1898.*

Down here we are sweltering day and night, with the thermometer ninety-eight in the shade. Nobody dares complain, for fear of appearing unpatriotic. Still, it will do us no harm to hear a little of the truth, for this affair is turning out just as officers of the regular army have foreseen.

Here we are thirty days after the declaration of war, and not a regiment is yet equipped with uniforms suitable for hot weather. The Cuban patriots and other cigar-makers look happy in their big Panama hats and loose linen trousers, but the United States troops sweat night and day in their cowhide boots, thick flannel shirts, and winter trousers. In addition to this they wear a tunic at inspections—a piece of torture.

Who is responsible for this? No one knows.

The poor men have to sleep on the ground in the heavy, dirty sand. Their sweaty clothing picks it up, and their food is full of it. Every whiff of hot air blows fine dust about, and every horse, cart, or even passing person adds discomfort to men already miserable. How little it would cost to have the camp sprinkled once or twice a day! Or at least the government might have provided rough boards from which the men could have sawed themselves a few feet of flooring.

We are in the habit of pitying the soldier of Europe as hardly treated. For downright neglect, I have seen nothing to beat the way the American is treated by Uncle Sam.

Who is responsible for this meanness which is seriously affecting the health of our men?

In this hot climate we yearn for fresh fruit and vegetables, for anything that will quench thirst and at the same time cool the blood. Meat and all heating things we try to avoid by a wise instinct. The troops, however, are supplied with only that which is most unseasonable—greasy pork, and beans of that brown quality that makes one ready to spend the rest of the day in a watermelon-patch. I found officers with nothing but these rations, because the commissary had nothing else, and they could not afford to send for other things from the town. Is it a wonder that the men develop abnormal thirst, and rush off to satisfy this craving as best they can—some with plain water, some with milk-shakes, some with beer, some with other compounds? The result is that already the camp doctors are busy every morning with men and officers suffering from varying degrees of dysentery. We hush this up as well as we can, but to do so altogether is impossible. Who is responsible? No one can tell.

The war is thirty days in swing. It took less time than that for Germany to put half a million well-trained men on the French frontier in 1870. To-day we look in vain for a single regiment fit to take the field. We hear much in the political organs of throwing fifty thousand men over into Cuba and taking Havana, yet here we are drilling recruits and waiting for regiments to fill up. The strength of a regiment is nominally twelve hundred men. As a matter of fact, the average number is less than six hundred. Who is responsible? Every day raw recruits are dumped down here out of an incoming train, and they are taken out into the deep sand, and made to move their legs up and down until exhausted nature cries out for rest. Drill sergeants and recruits soon lose their taste for calisthenics in the roasting pine barrens of Tampa. The ordinary man asks why were not these recruits licked into shape up in the cool North, and sent down properly clothed and armed. Who is responsible? If the invasion should take place to-morrow, half the men would be in civilian dress, raw recruits who had probably never before had a gun in their hands.

Tampa is a seaport town, and therefore one might have expected that our superheated troops would have been so located as to enjoy a salt-water bath at least once a day. One or two regiments near Port Tampa have managed to locate near the beach, but the bulk of the troops are so far from the water that the journey to and fro robs them of any benefit they might otherwise derive from a swim. In parenthesis, let me explain that the fine dusty sand of Tampa is impregnated with charcoal dust, owing, no doubt, to the pine barrens of this neighborhood having been burned over. Thus our men in camp perspire streaks of black down their faces and necks. The government provides them no bath-houses, not even a trough at which they may take baths by instalments. So far the weather has been oppressively hot and dry. It will be a miracle if disease does not break out when the rains begin.

These matters are obvious even to the layman. They are not necessitated by the present state of war. While Uncle Sam's boys are parching for fresh food and vegetables, train-loads are leaving Florida filled with succulent fruit for Northern markets.

The great need at present, to prevent needless suffering amongst our men, is a proper organization of the commissary department and staff generally. The army is lumbered up with civilian staff-officers whose duty it is to see that our men are properly located and taken care of. The colonels and captains of the individual regiments are powerless in this matter; they can but obey the orders of their superiors on the staff.

In European armies staff-officers are selected from the most highly educated of the army. They have to pass special examinations in order to test their fitness for a variety of special duties of the most important kind; and of all important duties, the German officer regards the care of the men's health as the most important. When a German regiment marches to war, the staff-officer goes ahead to lay out a proper camping-ground, to provide wood and water, and in other respects to make the regiment about to arrive as comfortable as possible. When the weary men arrive they have but to cook their supper and curl up to sleep.

The United States troops who arrive in Tampa are dumped out at a railway siding like so many emigrants. No staff-officer prepares anything in advance for them. Regiments go off in any direction that suits them, looking for the nearest place where they may cook their pork and beans.

I am no pessimist. I have been camping with regulars, living their life, eating their food, and noting their courage and discipline under fire. In all the armies of Europe there are no better soldiers, man for man, than those of the United States infantry, and nowhere have I known officers who commanded more cheerfully the respect and obedience of their men.

On the other hand, in no army of Europe, not even in Spain, have I seen troops so badly treated through the incompetence of staff-officers, who to-day are strutting about in new uniforms, when they ought to be whistled out of camp as frauds.

Let us turn now from the matter of health and comfort to that of military efficiency.

The war authorities have crowded together in and about Tampa several thousand men on the plausible pretext that in a big camp of this kind the troops could be exercised in large bodies, and the superior officers thus get familiar with brigade and divisional formation. We must bear in mind that most of our troops have never since the civil war been brought together in larger bodies than a few companies at a time. Many colonels of regiments have never until this war seen all their men together on a parade-ground. Brigadier-generals have been created who have never seen the regiments that are to constitute their brigade. We have for this war laid out a complicated scheme of army organization, and intrusted the working of it in most instances to men who scarcely know the manual of arms.

Let us tell the truth, disagreeable as it is. We are strong enough to bear it, and to profit by it.

While the nation has been patriotically voting men and money for this campaign of alleged philanthropy, promotions have not been made wholly from deserving officers whose lives have been spent in active military work, but from the ranks of politicians, who may have had a smattering of militia drill, or may have worn a uniform forty years ago.

To-day, thirty days after the declaration of war, there has not been held at Tampa a single military field exercise likely to be of service to generals of brigade or division, let alone an army corps. The main reason is, no doubt, that there are no brigadiers or major-generals in Tampa who would know how to go to work in the matter.

General Wheeler, for instance, is supposed to be the dashing leader of a cavalry division. I admire the venerable warrior of the Confederacy, and his appointment is a beautiful tribute to the new spirit pervading North and South. But his place is in Washington, on a strategic board, not in the field, where young blood is needed. Besides, to put General Wheeler in charge of troops to-day is like putting on board a modern ironclad a naval officer whose knowledge of the sea was gained exclusively in the days of Farragut.

Aside from the incompetence of nearly every general so far manufactured by act of Congress, the heat of Tampa is so oppressive that a field-day of any kind is almost out of the question. The men would scarce be able to march to the manœuvring-ground and back, let alone go through fighting operations. As it is, the individual battalions have all that can be expected of them in merely dragging themselves out of camp in the early morning and going through a few exercises in a neighboring field, and then returning to spend the day sweltering in their tents until the sun goes down.

What superfluous energy there is must be given to drilling the newly arrived recruits.

What is now imperative, if the troops are to be brought into an efficient condition, is to put them at once on transports and bring them up North to a big camp of exercise on the most bracing part of our coast, say about Narragansett. Here they could be properly drilled in anticipation of an invasion of Cuba in November.

Here generals might learn the elementary duties of their new grades. Instead of our men losing their vitality from day to day, as they are at present doing, they would be storing up health.

Up in the North the people would more readily see the gross manner in which our brave troops are being exploited by politicians. If people up North could see what I have been seeing, there would be a cry of indignant protest throughout the country.

There is a German military attaché at Tampa noting all these things; and what is concealed from the American people in the North is carefully sent to Europe.

Nothing, I am sure, is so well calculated to encourage Spain in her obstinate resistance as the knowledge that our military resources are being squandered as recklessly as were those of France in 1870.

Finally, let us insist that for the successful conduct of a war there must be one man, and one man only, responsible for the command. To-day no one is in command. There are half a dozen people in Washington pretending to be directing operations. General Miles sits at the War Department, with no more influence than his doorkeeper.

There is no head to the army. The railway, express, telegraph, steamship, and other corporations are getting fat out of this war; so are all contractors who deal with politics. The more inefficient the army, the better it suits them. If this war should be dragged out for a year or so they would be more than delighted. Meanwhile brave boys in blue will be dying in the heat of Tampa, to say nothing of the Cuban swamps. And newspapers will be telling the same old lie—that all this is the inevitable consequence of war.

But it is no such thing. The United States army has competent officers. They are, however, not consulted.

There are those who hold that it is unpatriotic to lay bare the faults of the army at a time when the enemy may profit by the news. My answer is that the enemy already knows all this much better than do the people whose money is paying for this war. In times of peace our army has begged Congress to vote money enough to make the regiments effective. Even as late as January of this year our representatives declined to vote most pressing measures for making our fighting forces adequate. When the war came, not a single regiment of our army was at its full strength, not a single gun at Sandy Hook was provided with ammunition, not a single mine was ready to be put down in the channel of our greatest seaport. Our press cried "On to Havana!" just as the Paris press cried "À Berlin!" yet at the same time not a single regiment of either regulars or volunteers was equipped for war.

We can thrash Spain any time we choose. But just now it would do us all much more good to discover why, thirty days after war is declared, our troops are losing their vitality in Florida, with not a single regiment fit to take the field.

Poultney Bigelow.

FACTS ABOUT MODERN ORDNANCE.

The average velocity with which the projectiles leave the muzzles of modern American naval guns is about 2100 feet per second, when full service charges are used. This is equivalent to the enormous speed of nearly 24 statute miles per minute, and is not materially diminished at the ordinary fighting range of two miles or less.

The amount of energy contained in a mass of steel, weighing all the way up to 1100 pounds, moving at this rate, is appalling. For the 1100-pound projectile, which is that of the 13-inch breech-loading rifles on the battleships of the *Indiana* class, this energy is equal to that developed in lifting 33,000 tons a distance of one foot. In other words, as the *Indiana*, with all equipment, stores, crew, etc., on board, weighs about 10,300 tons, this energy of a single shot from one of her big guns would more than suffice to lift three vessels like her to a height of a foot.

It is very easy for any one to calculate the energy of a projectile. It is equal to its weight multiplied by the square of its velocity divided by twice the force of gravity, the mathematical formula being $E=\frac{wv^2}{2g}$, g being 32.2.

Assuming that 2100 feet per second is the constant muzzle velocity, the muzzle energy, in foot-tons, of any American gun may be quickly found by simply multiplying the weight (in pounds) of its projectile by 30.6. Thus the muzzle energy of the 6-inch rifle, the projectile of which weighs 100 pounds, is 3060 foot-tons.

"Cannon-balls" are now obsolete, all modern projectiles being long and pointed. Solid shot is rarely used, the common forms being shell and shrapnel. A shell has a bursting charge of powder inside of it, and so has shrapnel, but the latter also has in it a number of small shot, which scatter when it is exploded. Both are exploded by fuses, either on impact or at the expiration of a fixed time, according as a percussion or a time fuse is used. Armor-piercing shells, however, have no fuses, being exploded by the heat generated in passing through armor.

Guns are fired by means of primers, either percussion or electric. The recoil is taken up by means of hydraulic cylinders, in which a piston, moving with the gun, is checked by a liquid cushion.

The powder used in the larger guns is really not powder at all, but a collection of hexagonal prisms, about an inch in diameter, and brown in color. Smokeless powder comes in sticks resembling mouth-glue, or some kinds of taffy. The old-fashioned black powder is now used only for saluting purposes, or as bursting charges for shells, although some of the many higher explosives are now often used in the latter, in which cases their destructive power is greatly enhanced.

Arthur Dutton.

THE ARMY READY TO FIGHT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Tampa, Florida, *May 26, 1898.*

Just as we are joyously settling, after many cruel disappointments, to the belief that Cervera and his fleet are snugly trapped in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, along comes a report that the wily Spaniard is really at Cienfuegos.

Reports of such bewildering nature have assailed us within the last three days that acute melancholy and the merciless Florida sun are rapidly driving us into the last ditch. One hour we are told a terrific battle is raging off Cape Haitien, and the next we find the Spanish fleet at Santiago, or off Curaçao, or even Cienfuegos.

So long, however, as the "yellow" bulletin-board or the Madrid despatches, *viâ* Washington, do not spirit the Spanish fleet to the coast of Patagonia or into Hudson Bay, we think there is yet hope of retaining our equilibrium.

The value of our fast scout-ships in keeping track of the Spanish admiral's flittings hither and yon is at once obvious and incalculable. Really the most comforting bulletin I have seen since coming to Tampa is one posted this evening in the office window of the local paper, and reading, "Latest—We don't know a thing, and doubt if any one else does."

A truthful editor at last. And now let the war go on. As a matter of fact, the reports which have reached us here affirming the Spanish fleet to be inside and the American squadron outside the Santiago Harbor bear more the stamp of authenticity than any I have yet received. There is good reason to believe Cervera would put in at Santiago, and as Schley had sailed from Key West for the Caribbean Sea side of Cuba before I left there last week, he would reach Santiago at about the date he was reported to be there. Sampson, sailing from Key West two days after Schley's departure, could also be off Santiago long before now.

If Cervera is indeed within the harbor, he has supplemented several weeks of very smart manœuvring by a final move which must be considered a feeble one. That is to say, feeble if his ardor to meet the American ships is as intense as the despatches from Madrid would have us believe.

To scurry into the narrow Santiago Harbor was no doubt necessary, but to stop there long enough for the enemy, of whom he had at least two days' start, to overhaul him, can be explained only by events yet to come. Perhaps Cervera had no coal, or some machinery needed repairs; or perhaps, again, he is not so keen to fight as we have heard. At all events, there he is in a harbor admirably situated for refuge. The town of Santiago is about six miles from the sea, on a small bay that is only reached through an inlet a mile or thereabouts in length, and so narrow that only one large ship may enter at a time. As this passageway will undoubtedly be heavily mined, Cervera is certainly, for the present, safe from pursuit. On the other hand, the presence of the American fleet on the outside, where it commands by night as well as by day, cuts off all hope of his escape. Perhaps Cervera thought Schley or Sampson would emulate Dewey, but the entrances to Santiago and to Manila are dissimilar. The American fleet may drop some shells into Santiago Harbor in the hope of harrying the Spaniards, but unless the latter are so eager to fight as to tempt their venturing outside as the army co-operates with our fleet, a blockade of Santiago of indefinite duration seems the only imme-

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diate outlook. It rather looks as if Cervera was not so foolish, after all.

His innermost conviction probably assured him of annihilation eventually, and he concluded his best game to be giving all the bother he could rather than seeking quick engagement and inevitable defeat. He has played his game well—and to the limit. It is now our lead. Having therefore bottled the Spanish fleet, it seems fitting to ask what we propose next. Shall we delay (what, again?) proposed operations in Cuba while we maintain a blockade until the Spaniards, driven to desperation by hunger, seek death more honorable by fighting than by starvation? Shall we land troops near Santiago and co-operate with our ships of war, or shall we leave Commodore Schley as the cork to the Santiago bottle, and set in motion that army of invasion which has long awaited the settlement of Cervera's fleet?

The Spanish fleet, being trapped and amply guarded, can no longer be considered a menace. It would be wasting time and effort to land troops at Santiago, for the main issue of this campaign is the taking of Havana, and as it looks now, this war will not be over until the Cuban capital surrenders, and the war will end with the fall of that city. All this being so, the cue now seems to be for an immediate, vigorous, and aggressive policy.

There has been much criticism of the policy pursued thus far, and as usual those with least reason for being heard have been the loudest and the most persistent talkers.

Undoubtedly there has been occasion for some criticism; it would be extraordinary indeed had there not been. But in my very humble opinion, formed on a careful following of events since the declaration of war by the United States against Spain, very little has been left undone to put a great resourceful, if wholly unprepared, country in position to wage its war with the smallest chance of its dignity or forces meeting reverses.

This great country could ill afford to rush impetuously into any engagement where even a momentary check was likely to be experienced. Nor could we fail of giving so insignificant an opponent as Spain every possible opportunity of withdrawing from combat so unequal and so certain in its conclusion. Therefore the policy has been one of moderation, giving Spain many chances to escape the direct consequence of the inevitable, and giving us time to collect our forces, so that when we did set forth on a vigorous offensive by sea and on land, no untoward results might belittle our position before the world.

I believe that any other policy would have been unwise and hazardous; unquestionably the administration has delayed invasion of Cuba not only because it hoped the annihilation of Cervera's fleet might be followed by the capitulation of Havana, and the consequent end of the war, but because we were totally unprepared to assume the aggressive in a strange land, where the enemy numbered one hundred thousand to our ten thousand, and an unfamiliar and sickly climate tremendously increased the difficulties of campaigning. It is well enough for those without responsibility in national affairs to point to the starving reconcentrados as sufficient reason for our hurrying a mere handful of men on Cuba, to march about impotently in an "established base," and probably sicken in a feverish tropical clime. But only a fool enters half prepared upon a conflict, and we shall do more for the reconcentrados, for the righteous cause we are entered upon, and for ourselves by waiting until we are prepared to enter upon aggressive movements that will not hesitate until Spain's rule in Cuba has been utterly crushed. God knows we are doing for the Cubans what no other people on earth would.

Surely we owe a duty to ourselves as well, and that duty is to prepare ourselves for this conflict, and then to sweep Spain from the Western Hemisphere. The timely question is, are we yet prepared to grip this barbarous foe by the throat? Judging from the state of affairs here at the front, I should say we are. Our ships of war command Cuban waters. They are sufficient to hold Cervera and his fleet, to convoy and cover the landing of the army, and subsequently to pour such a rain of shells into Havana as to silence forever every gun in and around the city. There are now here fifteen thousand five hundred troops, and at Lakeland, forty miles away, are three thousand three hundred more, making a total of eighteen thousand eight hundred men.

Of these, fourteen thousand five hundred are infantry, thirty-three hundred cavalry, one thousand artillery. Six thousand infantrymen are volunteers, comprising Second Georgia, which includes the famous Savannah company organized in 1802; First Florida, Thirty-second Michigan, Third Ohio, Second Massachusetts, Seventy-first New York.

Of the artillery seven hundred are divided among the ten light batteries, and three hundred make a recently organized siege train which will be considerably increased; there is also, of course, the usual and necessary engineer corps. There are twenty-two transports at Port Tampa under steam, with the gunboats *Helena* and *Bancroft* guarding the harbor, and the commissary department has ninety days' rations for seventy-five thousand men. The men are all fit and eager to fight. The horses and mules average higher than any similar collections I have ever seen. The outfit could be loaded and on its way rejoicing within four days after the word.

This is not a large force, especially when it is remembered that Spain has in Cuba certainly five and perhaps seven to eight times the number of soldiers. But it is sufficient perhaps to put well into action the movement that must end in the expulsion of the Spaniards. Except for the arrival of the volunteers, nothing has happened here this week to make one day unlike another. The nights continue full of brass bands and brass buttons, and the feminine world has in consequence invaded the army of occupation. Some hysterical concert hysteria concerning spies developed the other day among the volunteers.

The most indefatigable daring spies the Spaniards have had on American soil have been the "yellow" journal reporters. If the government would arrest un-American editors, it would do much towards furthering its movements against Spain. The treachery of these newspapers in persistently disclosing the government's movements, after being repeatedly requested not to do so, should be resented by loyal Americans and punished by the government. By-the-way, what has become of the bicycle corps whose efficacy in war used to be so loudly proclaimed? Nothing has been heard of it since its exhibition in Madison Square Garden. We are on the *qui vive* for orders to move.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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"Old South Church. Tea Party met here 1773."
"Old North Church, Salem Street. Paul Revere's Lanterns were displayed here 1775."
"Green Dragon Tavern, Union Street, Boston, styled by Daniel Webster the Headquarters of the Revolution. Also the Grand Lodge of Free Masons first met here."
"King's Chapel, Boston, built 1686, rebuilt 1754."
"Old Feather Store, North and Ann Streets, 1680 to 1868."
"Old Sun Tavern, Faneuil Hall Square, 1680 to 1895."
"Old Boston Theatre, Corner Federal and Franklin Streets, 1794."
"Faneuil Hall, 'Cradle of Liberty,' built 1742."
"Site of Adams House, Boston, 1845, Lamb Tavern, 1746."
"Boston Common and State House, 1836."
"Harbor view of Boston from a map of 1768."
"Old Brick Church, 1713, site of Joy's, now Rogers' Building."
"State Street and Old State House, 1883."
"Adjacent Lean-to Houses in Quincy, Mass., each of which was the birthplace of a President of the United States."
"The Public Library, Boston, 1895."
"Trinity Church, Boston, 1895."
"Mount Vernon, 1892, the home of Washington."
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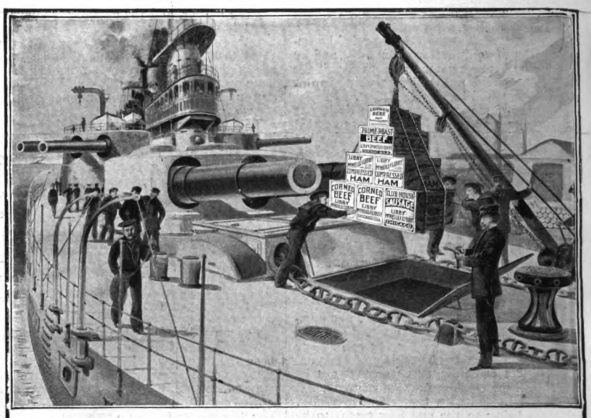
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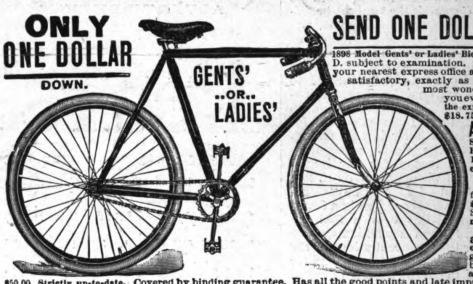
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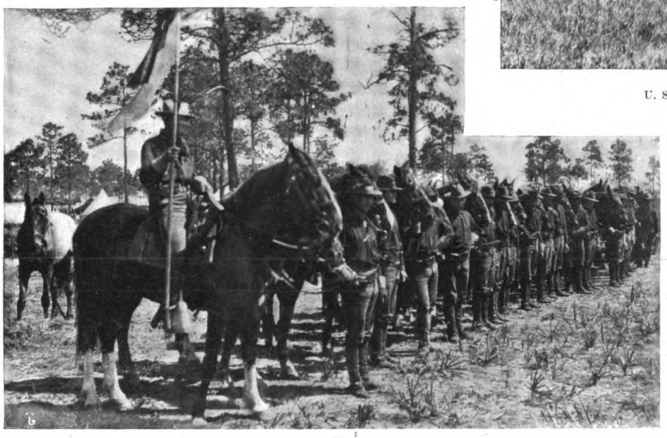
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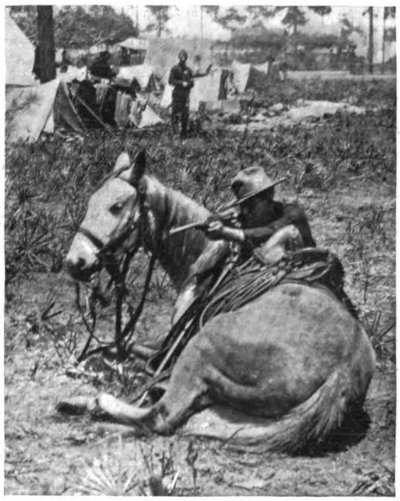
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LONDON.

May 15, 1898.

Lord Salisbury's return to England is the signal for a renewal of the protests against his continuing to attempt the duties of both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. Both Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury have defended themselves against the charge of weakness and want of foresight on the part of the government which is brought against them by discontented supporters. Lord Salisbury's dejected defence amounts to this—that all is for the best; and if not, everything is inevitable. The enunciation of this doctrine dismays his adherents. In a speech delivered to the Primrose League at the Albert Hall, Lord Salisbury defended himself against attacks which had not been made, and left untouched the charges requiring serious reply. The government made demands of China one day, which they withdrew the next. They allowed British ships to wander into ports claimed by Russia, and aimlessly to retire on receiving a rough protest from Russia. The language of the government has been strong; their action feeble. The concessions they have made have been surrendered without consideration; not as part of a bargain in which British influence and interests were weighed in the balance as against those of Russia and other nations.

Private disaffection in the Tory party will shortly give way to public protest and revolt. The resignation of the Tory member for Newark, of which I speak later, is a case in point. Foreign nations have now got it fixed firmly in their heads that so long as Lord Salisbury is in office they have only to ask with menace in order to receive with alacrity. Sir Michael Hicks Beach's language about war and Lord Salisbury's pacific proclivities do not consort, and England resents being made ridiculous. Still, public opinion would not have supported a war against Russia to prevent her acquisition of a warm-water port, even though that port were Port Arthur. But the manner in which British diplomacy has been defeated and Russian ambitions gratified has made a deep impression upon the people. The Foreign Office gives no sign of being endowed with the faculty of thinking out the results of an event before it has happened. During Lord Salisbury's speech at the Albert Hall he was only able to accomplish his task with the aid of stiff brandy-and-water, and his voice was almost inaudible at the end of the discourse. His features are marked by a deadly pallor, and the traces of the insidious disease from which he has long suffered are unmistakable.

Lord Salisbury attended a dinner of the Bankers' Central Association on the 11th of May, and there seized the opportunity of again delivering a speech, which has created a profound impression in the minds of those who heard it. The press was excluded, for reasons that are unintelligible. A gloomy and pessimistic forecast of the national future pervaded the Premier's latest utterance. Vague prophecies and warnings, however, are useless to a practical people. If danger is ahead, the natural course to pursue is to harden our hearts, strengthen our navy, enlarge our army, and to take steps to victual the British Isles. At the present time there is little more than a month's food in the country. It should be frankly recognized that although the British Isles are fortresses, they are unvictualled fortresses. Naval preparations in France continue with unabated vigor and energy. Still, Mr. Goschen refrains from bringing in a supplementary estimate for increasing the navy, although the public revenue rises with leaps and bounds. The *Times* declares that well-informed people in the City feel some uneasiness as to the absence of results from the negotiations with France respecting West Africa. The City, however, has been occupied with other things, especially with the rise in American railways, and has not given much attention to the matter. My information is positive on the subject, and although anything is possible to a ministry so enamoured with the apostolic injunction of loving its enemies, or rather the enemies of its country, I cannot believe that the French withdrawal from Boussa can be postponed for more than a month or six weeks. Mr. Chamberlain's retirement and the break-up of the ministry would be inevitable if Great Britain were to surrender her rights in the Hinterland of Lagos.

Lord Salisbury's lugubrious forecast probably refers to the changes inevitable when Spain loses her colonies and Italy retires from the Triple Alliance. A strict censorship is exercised over all telegrams from Italy, and no one can tell at the present moment the extent of the Italian rebellion. The parallel between the condition of Europe to-day and in May, 1848, is singularly exact. It is not worth while to describe scenes which are better and more circumstantially narrated in the newspapers, but the insurrection at Milan indicates the fragility of the tie subsisting between the House of Savoy and the Italian people. Constitutional government is no longer even on its trial among the Latin races. It has been tried and found wanting; not because the system is inherently defective, but because no form of government is acceptable to a people taxed to the extent of sixty cents on the dollar. Charles Greville's description of the upheaval in France in the spring of 1848 might stand almost word for word as a record of what is happening in Italy. The weakness of the Italian executive, the evolution of social and anarchical elements, and the lamentable collapse of the colonial aspirations of Italy, all point to rapid and drastic changes in the south of Europe. If the sea power now commanded by Italy were to be transferred from the Triple Alliance and placed at the disposal of France and Russia, serious complications must arise. The dominion of Italy in Africa extends on the coast of the Red Sea from Cape Kasar to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. The length of coast is about six hundred and seventy miles. Massowah, the seat of government, would form a jumping-off place for Russia and France in the event of their obtaining the Italian succession and the colony of Erethrea. British rule in Upper Egypt would be continually menaced.

The inevitable success of America will raise a luxuriant crop of foreign problems, from Morocco to the Far East. Already Russia has sent up a *ballon d'essai* in suggesting a claim to Ceuta in the event of the dominion of Spain being restricted to the peninsula. The retention of Gibraltar and Malta by England, if Russia and France were established in the strait, would depend upon the result of a new Trafalgar.

There is much on the horizon to dismay the wisest statesman. Nevertheless, the tone of apprehension and foreboding that marks Lord Salisbury's recent utterances is completely out of harmony with the sentiments of the majority. England was in a worse plight a hundred years ago, but Mr. Pitt never gave the impression of despairing of his country, perhaps because continual recourse to good old port warmed his heart and enabled him to stimulate his countrymen into making such exertions as were required by the formation of a European coalition against England. So far as can be discerned, there is a general feeling in the House of Commons, among the majority, that the country is too much in the hands of old men who rely upon musty precedents for guidance, when no precedents exist for the actual situation that has to be met. A remarkable instance of this discontent has just been furnished by Mr. Harold H. Finch Hatton, Lord Winchelsea's brother, who has resigned his seat for the Newark division of Notts on the ground that he can no longer support the government. He considers that the present government sought for and obtained the suffrages of the electors at the last election under false pretences, and he declares that their legislation at home consists, for the most part, of attacks upon capitalists and owners of property as a class, and their conduct of foreign affairs "may rank with the most effete and pusillanimous era of radical administration." Although this is the language of exaggeration, Mr. Finch Hatton's resignation of his seat is a warning which cannot be disregarded. His views are widely shared by many members of the House of Commons who have not the courage of their opinions. The government received another blow yesterday in the loss of the seat for South Norfolk.

There is, however, ample time for the government to redeem past errors. Discontent with their administration does prevail to an extent that is perhaps not suspected by the public at large. Firmness and foresight in the control of foreign affairs, steady persistence in strengthening the defensive forces of the crown, a closer union with the colonies, and a careful selection of legislative measures of practical utility are what the country really desires. If the government show themselves unable to turn over a new leaf, there is trouble ahead for them. These changes of policy all point to the growth of Mr. Chamberlain's influence.

Mr. Gladstone is slowly approaching his end. He is constantly under the influence of soporifics, and his physical strength is decaying. He has not left his room for a fortnight. Rarely has a great man faced death before so vast an unseen audience of sympathizing well-wishers. A pathetic reconciliation took place between the University of Oxford and its former representative. It will be remembered how Mr. Gladstone, when member for the university, was forced by Tory malcontents to seek a seat elsewhere. It is usual for a university member to represent his constituency for the term of his natural life. When, therefore, thirty-three years ago, Mr. Gladstone left Oxford University for Southwest Lancashire, the relations between them were naturally of a strained nature. The vice-chancellor has recently written to Mr. Gladstone, expressing the profound sorrow with which Oxford is filled at the illness of her most distinguished son, and gives voice to warm and earnest wishes for his welfare. To this letter Miss Helen Gladstone replied, conveying an affectionate and touching message from her father, indicative of the love he has always borne for his Alma Mater. It is not without interest in this connection to recall a pathetic incident of his last visit to Oxford. Just before he took office for the last time he went up to All Souls for a ten days' stay. While there he delivered an address on Homer, at the Union. Sir Henry Acland and the late Archdeacon Palmer—the last survivors of his Christ Church contemporaries—proposed and seconded respectively a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Few of those who heard the Grand Old Man's magnificent peroration to his twenty minutes' reply will ever be likely to forget the impassioned terms in which he spoke of his Alma Mater. The very last words that he uttered, with both arms stretched out before him, were, "I love her, I love her!" Just one more anecdote. On arriving at Hawarden from Bournemouth last month, the Grand Old Man was heard to mutter, as he was carried up stairs, "Why cumber I the ground?"

A few people in society and two or three newspapers continue to express sympathy for the weaker nation. They do not think that America is disinterested. They dislike what they term American effusiveness, and they affect to believe that the inhabitants of the States are generally and permanently hostile to the English people. They fail to see that America is doing in Cuba what England has done six times in a dozen years in all parts of the world. Britain has interfered in Egypt, in Zululand, in Burmah, in Matabeleland, in the Himalayas, and in the independent territories of African chieftains on the West Coast. Englishmen have always assumed the right to suppress misgovernment on their borders. Britain is now intervening in the government of Crete, an island nearly three thousand miles distant from these shores. Spain's actions in Cuba are at least as indefensible as those of Arabi Pasha in Egypt, of Cettiwayo in Zululand, of Thebaw in Burmah, of Lobengula in Matabeleland, of the Emir Abu-Bekri in Nupe on the border-land of the Niger Coast Protectorate, or of Abdul-Hamid in Crete. As a nation we have done a dozen times over during the present century the very thing that America is doing to-day. If these interventions were right for Britain, the rescue of Cuba and the Philippines from the clutches of Spain is equally creditable to the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. This is the argument that tells with thinking men on this side in watching the dawn of an American Empire.

The burning of the Spanish ships at the battle of Manila has once more drawn attention to the question of fireproof wood for battle-ships. The tendency of the British Admiralty is to watch the improvements introduced in the navies of other countries, and then to adopt them if success-ful. Although the use of wood on board British battle-ships is reduced to a minimum, furniture-fittings, bulkheads, boats, furniture, joinery, etc., constitute a considerable element of danger. The fireproofing of wood employed on ships in the United States navy was the subject of a careful report by Mr. Philip Hichborn, chief constructor U.S.N., on November 17, 1897. At the battle of the Yalu the conflagrations on board both the Chinese and Japanese ships caused by the use of non-fireproofed wood attracted a great deal of interest, which, however, gradually subsided. The burning of the Spanish ships has again roused naval interest in the matter. A captain of one of our larger battle-ships stated the other day that he would not go into action with a boat on board, so great is the danger of fire from such an inflammable material as wood that has been untreated by a fireproofing process.

The Latin races are decadent. The process visible in Spain, of the disintegration of the nation, the decay of authority, and the loss of all governing capacity, is one that is not unlikely to be extended to France. When Lord Salisbury referred to the fact of the civilized world being divided between the weak nations and the strong, he probably did not mean to include France among the former. But government organization, capacity for rule, and public spirit are as conspicuous by their absence from France as from Spain or Italy. The decadent Latins and the undeveloped Slav races are clearly to be pitted against the Anglo-Saxon peoples in the struggle for the mastery of the world.

One of the most extraordinary and unlooked-for results that the war with Spain has developed is one that has at present attracted no attention; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that references to it have been designedly suppressed. The effect to which I allude is the division in the Irish Parliamentary Nationalists, caused by the Roman Catholic sympathies of a full half of the party led by Mr. Dillon, Mr. Healy, and others. No one could have anticipated that the rescue of Cuba would have inflicted a crushing blow on home-rule in the centenary of the Irish Rebellion. Such, however, is the case. Bitter difference of opinion rages in the bosom of the Irish party. The extreme Catholics are enthusiastically Spanish in their sympathies, and with difficulty are prevented from expressing their views in public. Discussions marked by characteristic acerbity of manner and violence of language have raged on the subject, and my informant, who is hostile both to Spain and to Rome, declares, with full knowledge of the facts, that a further split among the vociferous Irish Parliamentary patriots is already within the arena of practical politics.

The immense increase in the population of Egypt has obliged the British government to look ahead as to extension of land under cultivation, necessary to provide for an expanding community, which will shortly be checked unless new resources are provided. A new reservoir scheme is to be carried out, by contract with Messrs. Aird & Co., in five years from the 1st of July next, at a cost of £10,000,000. After making allowance for unfavorable contingencies, the total wealth of the country will be increased by an annual sum of £13,000,000. The value of reclaimed government lands will be increased by £5,000,000, while the revenue will benefit annually to the extent of nearly £2,000,000. The plans for the new reservoir provide that the more important of the temples on the island of Philæ will be free from all chance of submersion.

Although people are beginning to grumble at the increased price of bread, of flour, of bacon, and other foodstuffs, and many public men are seriously alarmed at the economic prospects of England in the event of a war with two great powers, the value of first-rate works of art has not diminished. At Christie's last week a snuff-box was sold for £18,375. It is an axiom among the great collectors that the cheapest things to buy are the best. These never lose their value, while second-rate pictures, statuary, jewels, or bric-à-brac may become valueless in times of great political excitement. The sale of a picture by Millais for £26,250 denotes the high-water mark of values for modern British art. The circle of wealthy collectors endowed with knowledge and taste as well as with capital, and the competition for art products of consummate merit, are continually increasing. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars paid for the Ansidei Raphael is the highest price yet paid for a picture in England, but it is by no means unlikely that similar prices will be realized at the dispersion of more than one collection destined to come to the hammer before long. Notwithstanding the severity of the law forbidding the export of pictures from Italy, domestic trouble in the unhappy kingdom and the growing poverty of the gentry will probably lead to the disposal of more than one Italian collection.

With the exception of "Waterloo," which is virtually a soliloquy, "The Two Roses," and the "Corsican Brothers," Mr. Henry Irving has not appeared in the costume of modern society since the production of those plays. The drama of "The Medicine-Man," produced at the Lyceum, marks a new departure in the policy of the *doyen* of the English stage. The Medicine-Man is a hypnotist, who acquires influence over neurotic and semi-insane persons in all classes of society. The part clearly has fascinated Sir Henry Irving's imagination, and he fills it with characteristic force and dignity. The subtle possibilities of the illicit influence of mesmeric experts, if not exhausted, have been well explored by previous writers. If the motive, however, is not new—and where can a new motive be discovered?—the structure of the play enables the authors to satirize the current foibles of the comfortable classes. General opinion is that the play is not a success, apparently for the reason that it is written in a key well over the heads of the average London play-goer, while the plot, terminating in a realistic murder on the stage, displeases a large class who go to the theatre for amusement or pleasure. The Prince and Princess of Wales sat through the whole of the play, much to the delight of a loyal assembly, who persisted in cheering the heir to the throne in a fashion somewhat unusual in a first-night Lyceum audience. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry received their friends as usual on the stage after the performance, while London society over a very late supper discussed with interest the merits of Sir Henry Irving's latest play. The critics, however, can neither make nor mar melodrama, and I am inclined to think that, notwithstanding prognostications to the contrary, "The Medicine Man" will run to the end of the season. Arnold White.

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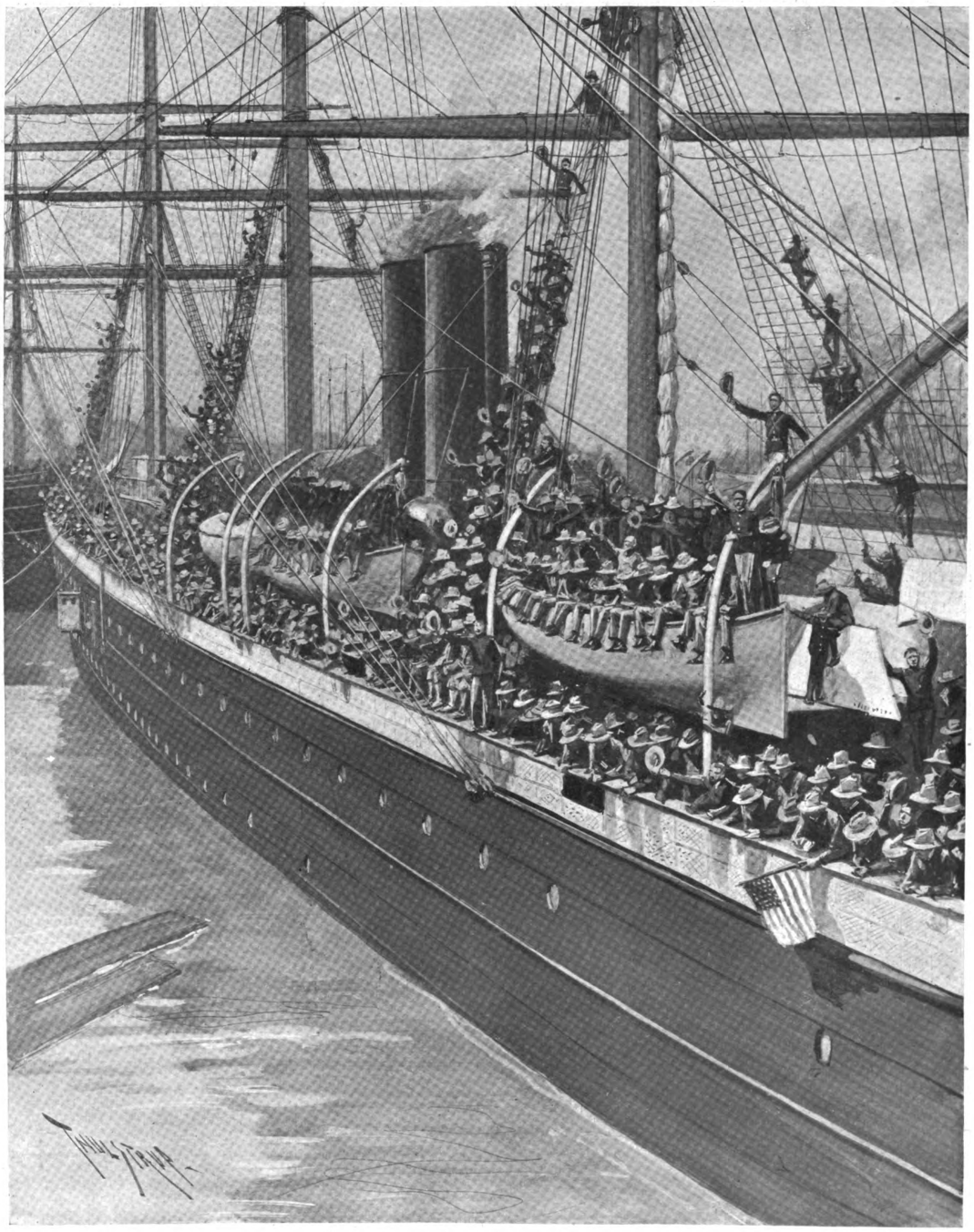
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE S. S. "CITY OF PEKING" PULLING OUT FROM THE WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 26.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEIDNER.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 11, 1898

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T. DE THULSTRUP.	JOHN F. BASS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

IT is very agreeable news that HILL and Tammany have fallen out. Not very many years ago we could not have been induced to believe that the best interests of the State would ever be promoted by a victory won by DAVID B. HILL, and yet apparently the time has come in the political history of New York when a victory by DAVID B. HILL in the Democratic State Convention is essential to save the State from absolute and complete disgrace.

THE Pennsylvania State Convention was held last Thursday. As was anticipated, Mr. QUAY won, and nominated his candidate, Congressman STONE, for Governor. Mr. WANAMAKER made a vigorous and excellent struggle against the boss, but the time has not yet come for the Republicans of Pennsylvania to break away from the corrupt tyranny which makes their party even a worse enemy to the State and to the republican form of government than Tammany Hall is in New York.

THE good news comes to us that Mr. KASSON and the French ambassador have agreed upon a reciprocity treaty under the provisions of the DINGLEY tariff law. The French tariff charges upon certain goods have been reduced, and, in turn, the President is to reduce our own tax upon certain French goods. What the rate of reduction is is of little importance compared with the fact that the treaty must mark improved trade relations between the United States and France. This is the kind of change in our foreign relations which the people of this country, we think, will hail with gratitude.

SENATOR LODGE feels seriously concerned as to the position of Congress before the country, and he is perfectly right in saying, as he did the other day in a speech in the Senate, that it has been the tendency of the country of late years to look upon Congress with less and less respect, and upon the President with more and more. The reason for this is evident. With the exception of a few men, among whom Senator LODGE may be counted, there is hardly any one in Congress who is sufficiently educated to discuss intelligently the grave public questions which are now before the country. We may sum up the whole case against Congress, perhaps, in a single phrase, in saying that if the country possessed a man equal to Mr. GLADSTONE in intellect and character, he could not possibly become a member of either the United States Senate or the House of Representatives. On the other hand, the President has shown himself both a conservative and a courageous power, ready to take the responsibilities that belong to him, and cautious in action when important interests depend upon him. There is an inclination among the people of this country to revolt against legislative tyranny, and both Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. MCKINLEY, by their conduct of their offices, have encouraged the inclination.

IT is pleasant to read of a change in the expression of French and German feeling towards this country. That there has been no real change of sentiment goes without saying. The people of Continental Europe are not kindly disposed towards this country, for many reasons, and they can afford to sympathize with Spain without injuring their material prospects. Moreover, the material interests of the French are closely associated with those of Spain, and the war is injuring them. The United States have no reason to care one way or the other, so long as these unfriendly sympathies are not strong enough to lead those who entertain them into a hostile attitude towards this country. But there was no reason at all why the sympathies of France, for example, should find expression in violent and vulgar insults to this country and its people. These did not make pleasant reading, and we are glad that they are stopped. Nor do we care very much that they were stopped at the dictation of dressmakers and jewellers. If, in addition to the rule of the army, the French press is governed by the opinions of dressmakers and jewellers, so much the worse for France, but it is largely a matter of indifference to us. We think, however, that the main reason for the change of verbal attitude towards us is the strong expression of English sympathy with the United States; and the silence which has fallen upon some of the Paris papers in the presence of that expression, and the haste with which some other newspapers have assured us that their insults are not to be taken seriously, are indications of what might be accomplished by a friendly alliance between the English-speaking peoples.

THE President has offered to the Hon. OSCAR STRAUS, and Mr. STRAUS has accepted, the position of minister to Turkey. It is creditable to Mr. MCKINLEY that he has made so wise a selection, and also to Mr. STRAUS that he has again, notwithstanding the sacrifice involved, taken upon himself the duties of minister to Turkey. When Mr. STRAUS served as minister before, under the first administration of Mr. CLEVELAND, those who were familiar with the condition of affairs prevailing at Constantinople, and with Mr. STRAUS's eminently successful labors there, knew that the country never had been so well represented before. Mr. HARRISON wished Mr. STRAUS to continue in service, but it was impossible for him to do so without making a still greater and more serious sacrifice than he had already made in remaining minister for two years under Mr. CLEVELAND. During Mr. CLEVELAND's second term, when the delicate questions between this country and the Porte threatened to lead to serious trouble, the missionaries and other American citizens in Turkey urged Mr. STRAUS's return, and if he had been willing to go, Mr. CLEVELAND would probably have appointed him then. Dr. ANGELL is coming home in August or September to resume his duties as President of Michigan University. He has been a good minister; but the troublesome questions between the United States and the Porte are very urgent, and Mr. MCKINLEY feels the need of the services of the man who has before this succeeded best at the difficult post. Therefore he offered the appointment to Mr. STRAUS in a manner which distinguishes the method of the selection from that which ordinarily obtains. Mr. STRAUS has accepted the place, as he stated in his telegram to the President, regarding the offer "as a command," and deeming it his "patriotic duty to you [the President] and to the country to accept."

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW'S communication on the conditions prevailing among the troops at Tampa, published in the last issue of the WEEKLY, has attracted a good deal of attention and called forth much criticism. It is fair to Mr. CASPAR WHITNEY to give here, in brief, what he has to say in contradiction of Mr. BIGELOW, since his telegram reached us too late to permit of its publication in connection with his usual letter. Mr. WHITNEY says that Mr. BIGELOW's criticism that the camp is not near enough to the sea to permit the men to bathe in it is baseless, because Tampa itself is nine miles from the sea, and that the men are taken there to be drilled because the "climate.... approaches that of Cuba." He adds:

> The facts are that the troops will receive not only the usual supply given them, but a greater and more frequent supply of "fresh food and vegetables" than any troops in the world; that the "civilian staff-officers" here at Tampa have proved most efficient; that every camp of the twenty-five thousand troops here is bountifully supplied with food and water; that all needful drilling has been done regularly since the troops first arrived; that the medical returns prove that in this general camp up to date there have been but twenty-seven cases that might be called "sick," and but one death; that on the day BIGELOW wrote that there was not "a single regiment fit to take the field" there were 12,000 troops equipped, rationed, and fit....
>
> BIGELOW'S reference to General WHEELER reveals not only brutal disregard of the one happy phase in our war, but unpardonable ignorance of the quality and military fitness of that famous cavalry leader.

We give this also in fairness to the persons criticised by Mr. BIGELOW. As to the facts which are the subject of dispute, we cannot judge between the contending parties, because our knowledge is second hand. But this we do know, that the attempt to make it appear that Mr. BIGELOW has been guilty of deliberate misrepresentation and deceit, and that his letter was seditious, as is charged, is supremely foolish, and is unworthy of intelligent men. The underlying motive of this charge may be judged from the fact that it is repeated by a newspaper correspondent who was guilty of the same kind of "sedition" on the day before his denunciation appeared, in the same paper. Mr. BIGELOW knows a great deal more about troops and armies and about war preparations than many of his critics, and we think his judgment at least as good as that of any of them. As to the charge of "sedition," glibly made by men who evidently do not know the meaning of the word, Mr. BIGELOW believed that the condition of the army at Tampa would lead to disaster if the troops there were led into Cuba at this time. Under these circumstances he had the right to speak, and he would have done wrong if he had remained silent. The cowards, the untruthful, the slanderers, are the men who write in private letters what Mr. BIGELOW wrote for publication, and who now join in denunciation of him. They are the enemies of the country who are urging an invasion for which they know we are not prepared. We know that Mr. BIGELOW'S motives were excellent; and without, as we have said, judging as to the facts of the controversy, we regret that any one has been so silly or so wicked as to charge him with sedition. Some of Mr. BIGELOW'S critics pretend also that he has assailed the regular army. If they have intelligently read Mr. BIGELOW'S communication, they know that his criticism was levelled at amateurs, in Congress and out, who, he says, are responsible for the bad conditions under which the regular troops are suffering. Mr. BIGELOW is too old a friend of the regular army, and too proud of its character and achievements, to be easily discredited by false representations that are evidently deliberate and malicious. As for the WEEKLY, the army knows where it stands, and what its position is with respect to the regular establishment. The WEEKLY believes in the regular army, and has always resented the injustices done it by the politicians, and it is not criticism of this fine body of officers and men to publish a communication saying that they have neither a good camping-place nor the proper kind of clothing and food for a summer campaign in a tropical climate.

WHAT IS AND WHAT IS NOT AMERICAN.

THE time is coming when the country will be forced to consider seriously, as a question of immediate politics, the subject of territorial expansion. Indeed, the time has already come when preparation for the discussion must be made by those who oppose the adoption of a colonial policy by the United States, and when at least one phase of the subject may as well be settled. In the mean time, and as preliminary to the consideration of the question, we think that the advocates of what they hold to be a larger international policy than this country has heretofore pursued ought to be made aware that they cannot escape a debate on the merits of their proposed departure on the theory that, by our interference in Venezuela, and by our insistence on the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba, we have already cast in our lot with the jarring nations of the Old World. If we have gone so far as to warrant the statement that unless we make a volte-face we are bound to take our place as a "world power," we have not gone so far that we cannot reconsider and retire from a dangerous position. But by insisting that Venezuela should not be oppressed by a strong European power, and that murder by starvation should cease in Cuba, we have not, in fact, set out upon a course of territorial aggrandizement and international intermeddling. Our chivalric errands accomplished, we may still withdraw from the field of war and of international complications, and devote ourselves to domestic improvement.

The immediate phase of the question to which we refer concerns us all. Which is the American course? Assuming that we have conquered Spain, and that we have taken Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, will it be American, in accordance with American honor, tradition, and sound policy, to keep them and try to govern them, or will it be American to rid ourselves of them as soon as we can conveniently and justly? For the Jingoes, the annexationists, the extensionists, are insisting that they are the true Americans, and that all who oppose them are necessarily acting and talking under foreign influences, and there is even manifested by a few of the most radical of the earth-hungry a disposition to banish those who believe that the country is large enough as it

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is; that the problems of our republican government are puzzling enough as they are; that imminent dangers threaten us, dangers which cannot be met and overcome by public servants able to give only a divided attention to domestic questions; that the land within our present borders is abundant for all the demands that can be made upon it for new homes for centuries to come; and that the solemn promise which was made by Congress in declaring war—the promise that the country did not, and would not, seek aggrandizement—should be kept.

There are few reasons for the assertion that the doctrine of colonial expansion by this country is the essentially American, and therefore patriotic, doctrine, and these ought not to appeal strongly to one who is imbued with the fundamental principles of our republican government. They are, in the main, military and commercial. The military reasons are undoubtedly the weakest, for they are based on an assumption radically hostile to the genius of democracy. Peace and the remoteness of the danger of war have been among our happiest possessions. We touch so few powers possibly hostile; our industrial and commercial interests are of such overwhelming and absorbing importance; we have no burden of dynastic greed and ambitions; the people are so little prone to war when they are left to themselves, that we have been counted among the civilizing nations of the earth, and not among those ready, for the gain of lands or for the gratification of revenge, to drag it back into barbarism. We have been busy not only in our industrial pursuits and in growing wheat and corn for the world, but in demonstrating the value of democratic principles to the citizen. We have been making the individual larger, while the military powers of Continental Europe have been forcing him to wither; and our influence has penetrated to remote corners, where arms could not have carried it. We have deliberately refused to be a military power, or to tax ourselves heavily for military expenditures, aside from our unfortunate excursion of fifty years ago, except for the defence of the nation, or for the preservation of the Union, or in generous recognition of sacrifices made in our wars. Therefore, unless we are to change our national policy, it is absurd to say that military reasons demand that we undertake colonial projects, and to that end that we add to our territory the Hawaiian Islands and other "strategic points." If we are to continue not to be a military power, why possess strategic points, and why maintain the greatly increased army and navy which will be made necessary by such possessions? If we are to remain what we are, we need power enough for complete defence, and nothing more. If we are to change our national policy, then indeed we need strategic points because of our new frontiers and responsibilities. In other words, the advocates of a strong military policy are advocates of a change in our political ideals, while those who are opposed to expansion believe in the maintenance of traditions and of a policy as old as the republic itself. Why, then, are the first the advocates of the American policy, and the others not? There certainly seems to be a confusion of ideas involved in holding that those are un-American who advocate the maintenance of the traditional national policy. For answer to the assertion that we need territorial extension in aid of our commerce it is only necessary to say that it is the American theory that commerce goes where it reaps the greatest profit, and that, in the end, the needs and desires of men cannot be restrained or limited by such colonial policies as Germany and France are setting up. Already, without colonies, without intruding into international relations, the people of the United States have enjoyed all the commercial privileges which they have desired, and they will continue to enjoy them as long as they have bread and manufactures to sell to those who need them. Moreover, the markets for our products will be the larger and the more profitable the more we are able to maintain peaceable relations with the rest of the world.

The sound American believes in the genius of the republic and in the virtue of its institutions. His government was founded for the benefit of the individual citizen. Its task is the most beneficent of all the tasks performed by government the world over. Its burdens rest so lightly upon its citizens that they hardly realize its existence. It makes mistakes; it is sometimes ignorant; it is often awkward; it exasperates us; it is frequently inefficient as it is; it would be always inefficient if the burdens of large military establishments and of colonial government were imposed upon its executive power. Its virtues lie very largely in this executive weakness. But awkward and mistaken, inefficient and exasperating as it often is, it has worked more lasting good in the world than all the other governments combined. It does not govern colonies. It governs no man against his will, or without his consent expressed as to the smallest detail. Its accomplishments for the human race and its virtues are the consequences of its differences from other governments. Other governments can manage colonies because they possess the machinery for ruling men against their wills, for levying taxes without the consent of those who pay them. In the elements and features of our government, which differ from those of Europe, lie its Americanism, and those who wish to maintain the government as it was framed and as it has existed until now are the true Americans, while those who want to go abroad in distant oceans for new territory thus express their distrust in our institutions, and their longing for a return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. And for these would-be imitators of an Old World from which our fathers parted a century ago, no words are so pertinent and significant as these stirring lines of LOWELL:

O my friends, thank your God, if you have one, that He
'Twixt the Old World and you set the gulf of a sea;
Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as your pines,
By the scale of a hemisphere shape your designs,
Be true to yourselves and this new nineteenth age,
As a statue by Powers, or a picture by Page.
Plough, sail, forge, build, carve, paint, all things make new,
To your own New World instincts contrive to be true,
Keep your ears open wide to the future's first call,
Be whatever you will, but yourselves first of all,
Stand fronting the dawn on Toil's heaven-scaling peaks,
And become my new race of more practical Greeks.

BRITISH SUZERAINTY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

PRESIDENT KRUGER has made good his promise to "show the world whether we are a nation or no" by formally repudiating Great Britain's claim to suzerainty over the South African Republic. At the same time he expresses his willingness to abide fully by the London Convention of 1884. There is rather more in the President's action than a mere desire to find a less obnoxious word than suzerainty to define the relations between Great Britain and the Transvaal. It is the first official step towards the accomplishment of his scheme to make the Transvaal as independent in foreign as it is in domestic affairs; and as such is rather more important than most of the points that have been in dispute between the cautious old Boer and the agile Colonial Secretary.

It is true that the *word* suzerainty was omitted from the Convention of 1884 in a moment of somewhat foolish deference to Boer susceptibilities. But the *thing* suzerainty was contained in it clearly enough. "The South African Republic," said one of the clauses, "will conclude no treaty or engagement with any state or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty the Queen." In the face of this clause, it is impossible to contend that the Transvaal is an independent state. No state can be called independent which is prohibited from managing its foreign affairs in its own way. The Transvaal is free to negotiate treaties with the Orange Free State. With all other countries its relations are controlled by Great Britain.

The exact word to describe the position in which the two countries stand to one another is hard to find. Suzerainty is a doubtful term of the vaguest legal import. The Sultan of Turkey calls himself the suzerain of the Khedive, yet Egypt is governed by the British without a thought of the Yildiz Kiosk. The word has simply been adopted as a convenient one to define the peculiar relations of England and the Transvaal. To employ it adds nothing to the real efficacy of the Convention of 1884; to drop it does not diminish British authority in any way. Call that authority by what name one will—suzerainty, control, or the right to veto—the fact remains that the Transvaal, in one very important department of its national affairs, is absolutely subject to Great Britain.

When, therefore, President KRUGER solemnly repudiates British suzerainty, he is striking at the shadow of a name. He wishes to appear somewhat bolder than he really is. He would give the impression that he is throwing off all British control. In reality he is only quarrelling with the popular name by which that control is designated. A direct attack on the Convention of 1884 is more than he dare venture on. What he is aiming at is to undermine it by insinuation, to make the world, and especially Germany, believe that the essence of the convention is wrapped up in the word suzerainty, and that by repudiating the suzerainty he is also, by implication, repudiating the convention. It is a clever move, quite worthy of the astute old gentleman's past. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rushes to the defence of the suzerainty, as he is not at all unlikely to do, he will have a hard time proving his case. If he consents to forego the magic word, it will seem as though Great Britain had given up something worth keeping. Not for the first time in his long duel with the President has the lively Colonial Secretary found himself in a tight corner.

Apart from this personal interest, it seems a pity the matter was brought up. It is a side issue, the discussion of which will arouse considerable passion, while its settlement will bring no real benefit to either party. Great Britain is resolved to maintain the Convention of 1884 in its entirety. As the paramount power in South Africa, with possessions that girdle the Transvaal on the north, west, and southeast, she cannot permit any foreign nation to intrigue with the republic against her interests. In the internal policy of the state, except so far as it constitutes a breach of the convention or seriously affects British subjects, she is pledged not to interfere. But on foreign affairs she rightly claims the sole and final word, and the Boers seem incapable of realizing this without some palpable proof. They have violated the convention too often and too long to believe in it very seriously, and the true position of affairs will be anything but welcome when it is at last perceived. A revolution in the Transvaal is one of the certainties of the future. The men who pay nineteen-twentieths of the taxes and own half the land cannot be kept out of the franchise forever. Everybody hopes that the change will come peaceably, through the quiet influence of time and education. But each question that is needlessly stirred up makes an amicable solution more difficult.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Thursday, May 26.—Major-General Shafter, commanding the Fifth Army Corps, issued a general order completing the formation of all regular and volunteer troops massed in Florida into corps, divisions, and brigades. The Fifth Corps is, with the exception of the Seventy-first New York and Second Massachusetts, composed of regulars, and it includes the cavalry division (the First and Tenth regiments at Lakeland, and the Third, Sixth, and Ninth at Tampa) under command of Major-General Joseph Wheeler; the artillery brigade, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Randolph, and the signal corps—in all, nearly 18,000 men. The Seventh Corps, under command of Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, embraces the volunteer troops at Tampa—five regiments—and the troops at Jacksonville, or between 8000 and 9000 men.

Friday, May 27.—The volunteer army at Chickamauga numbers about 45,000 men.

Saturday, May 28.—A successful attack by 300 cavalry and 500 infantry, commanded by the Cuban General Carillo, was made on the town of Remedios, in Santa Clara Province. The object of the attack was the capture of provisions sent to that point for the use of Spanish troops.

The Navy Department made public this despatch from Admiral Dewey, which is dated Cavite, May 25, *via* Hongkong, May 27: "No change in the situation. The blockade is effective. It is impossible for the people of Manila to buy provisions, except rice. The captain of the *Olympia* (Gridley) condemned by medical survey. Is ordered home. Leaves by Occidental and Oriental steamship from Hong-kong the 28th. Commander Lamberton appointed commander of the *Olympia*."

Sunday, May 29.—Señor Leon y Castillo, after conferences with the Queen Regent and the new Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid, returned to Paris.

Night attack of the torpedo-boat destroyers *Pluton* and *Furor* repulsed by Commodore Schley's squadron off Santiago de Cuba.

Orders have been sent to Major-General Shafter at Tampa to embark the greater portion of his corps on board the transports gathered at that place.

Monday, May 30.—A despatch from Commodore Schley was received at the Navy Department at 12.30 o'clock this morning, stating that he had seen and recognized vessels of the Spanish fleet in the Bay of Santiago de Cuba.

General Merritt took command of all the troops destined for the Philippines. An order was prepared, by the direction of President McKinley, adding 8000 men to the Department of the Pacific, thus increasing General Merritt's force to 20,000 men.

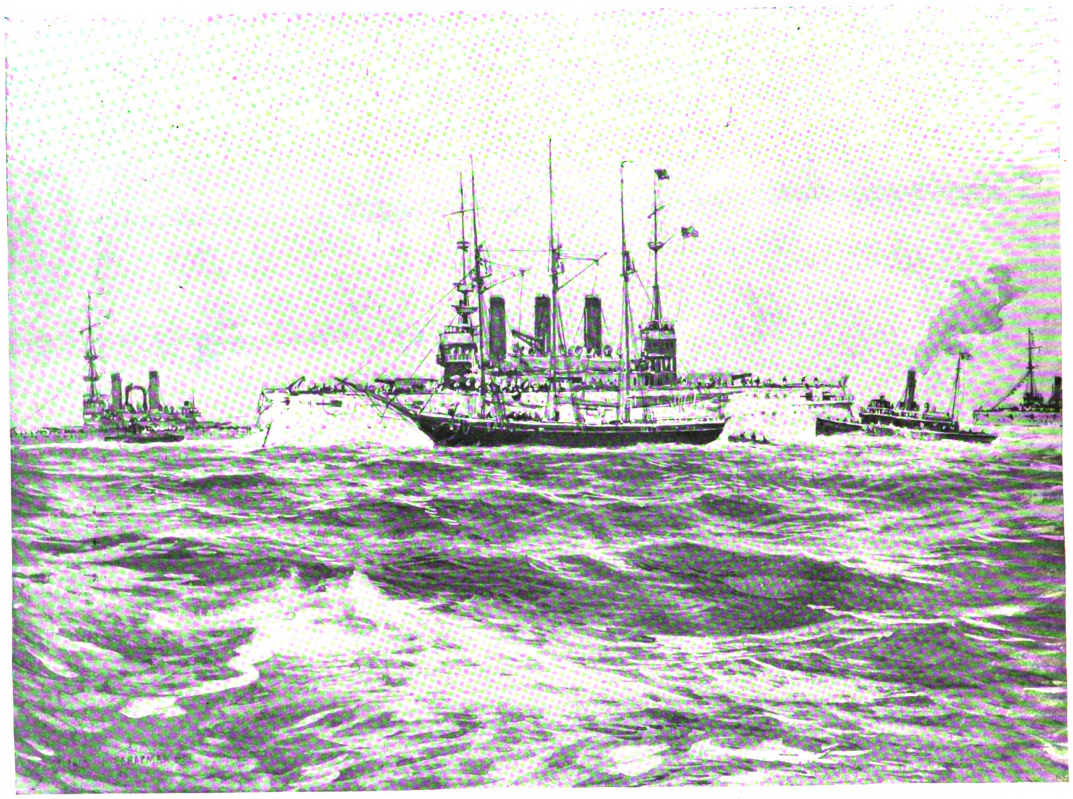
Major-General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the United States army, accompanied by his personal and official staff, left Washington to-night for Tampa. It is understood that his present trip is for purposes of inspection, and that he will not personally take the field at once.

Tuesday, May 31.—The steamer *Florida* returned to Key West from Cuba, having successfully landed 380 Cuban volunteers, with large supplies of guns and ammunition, on the southern coast, in the province of Santiago.

Three vessels of Commodore Schley's squadron, the *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, and *New Orleans*, open fire on the fortifications at the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba and the *Cristobal Colon*, flag-ship of Admiral Cervera's squadron. The first shot was fired by the *Massachusetts* at 1.50 o'clock, and the last by the *New Orleans* at 2.25. The two batteries on the eastern side of the harbor were silenced, as was also one on an island in the centre; the *Colon*, however, and a battery on the western shore kept up a weak and badly directed fire for perhaps a quarter of an hour longer. Commodore Schley knew that several additional masked batteries had been constructed, and it was to ascertain the precise location and strength of these before the arrival of Sampson's fleet that the attack was planned. Our vessels, having in half an hour thoroughly done the work in hand—having drawn the fire of the batteries, put three of them out of action, and badly damaged the Spanish admiral's flag-ship—obeyed the signal to cease firing. They had received no injury whatever from the enemy.

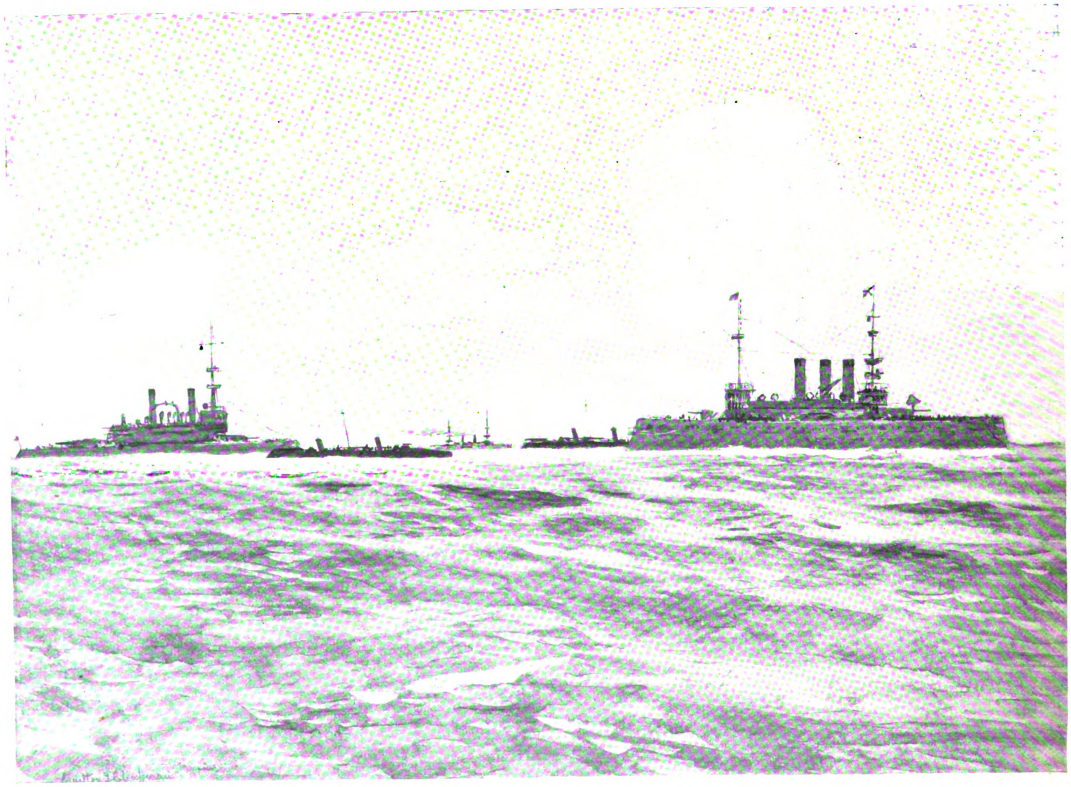
(*Continued on page 575.*)

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COALING THE "NEW YORK" AT SEA, OFF KEY WEST.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.—[See Page 578.]



THE FIGHTING-SHIPS "INDIANA" AND "NEW YORK" FLANKED AND GUARDED BY TORPEDO-BOATS AND CRUISERS.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.—[See Page 578.]

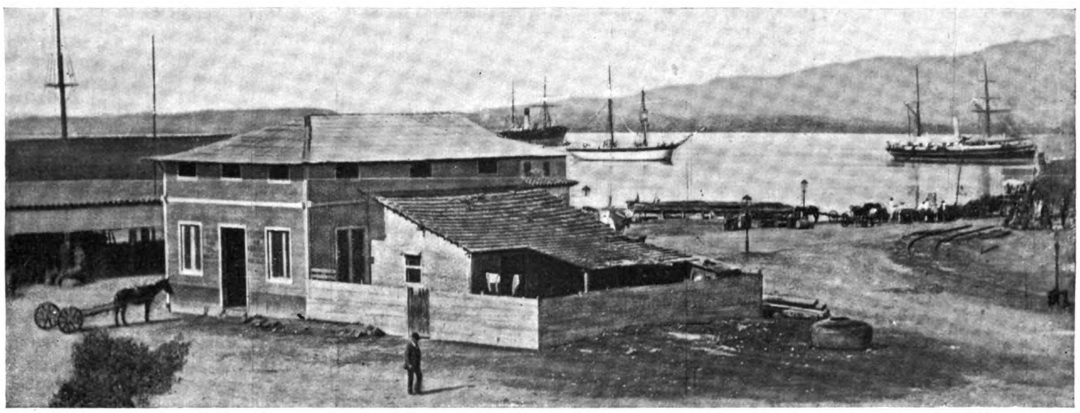
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"Newport." "Annapolis." "Wilmington." "Indiana." "Miantonomoh," "Foote" "New York."

UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS IN A BLOW—SQUALLY WEATHER OFF THE CUBAN COAST

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 578]



"Reina Mercedes."

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE—SPANISH WAR-SHIP "REINA MERCEDES" ON THE RIGHT.



A REVIEW OF SPANISH TROOPS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE INTERIOR.

IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

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OUR GREATEST NEED.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Tampa, *June 8, 1898.*

If Havana were to capitulate to-morrow and not another shot were fired in Cuban waters or in the Far East, yet would the experience of the present campaign and the lessons of it amply repay us. It is not often one may acquire lessons at once so practical, so invaluable, at a cost so comparatively small.

The first lesson, perhaps the one least expected, teaches the advisability, the need, in fact, of reorganizing our National Guard. Whenever an attempt has been made to increase our regular army, opposing Congressmen have pointed to the 125,000 members of the National Guard as a standing army that filled all the requirements of this country, and was inexpensive. So long as the National Guardsman's most serious call was occasional firing over the heads of strikers, no opportunity offered to bring Congress face to face with actualities.

The opportunity did come, however, six weeks ago, and with it accumulative evidence of Congressional superficiality or indifference.

Had it been considered desirable to move the troops on to Cuba within three weeks after the first call for volunteers, it would have been utterly impossible to do so, not from a lack of numbers or want of rations, but because a considerable percentage of the volunteers were insufficiently equipped. Regiments were mustered into service and sent into camp without wagons, without uniforms, without even guns or blankets. Some excuse may be found for the absence of uniforms on volunteers with no regimental affiliations, but the absence of guns and blankets, while the armories held them in abundant quantities, certainly suggests the need of a new order of things. If the National Guard of America is to become the practical, efficient body its orators have asserted it to be, several things must happen after we get this war off our hands and have time to take up the matter:

1. The uniform of the privates must be that of the regular army, so that when called into service by the national government it will not be necessary to wait two or three weeks while uniforms are manufactured.

2. The guns must be of the model adopted by the regular army, so that complete co-operation with regulars will be possible; to-day we have regulars using a small-calibre, high-powered rifle, that is effective at two thousand yards, while the great majority of volunteers have the Springfield rifle of .45 calibre, which is useless beyond eight hundred yards. In other words, the two guns necessitate different tactics, formations, etc.

3. Regiments should be kept up to a campaigning basis, with tents, wagons, and all the needed munitions for actual service. Not a regiment came here with wagons; some had no cartridge-belts!

4. Greater care taken in enlisting men. The fact that the United States mustering officer in New York State had to examine 17,000 men (mostly all National-Guardsmen) to get 12,000 fit for service seems to indicate that my comment is not amiss.

If our National Guard is to be a really dependable body for other work than Decoration-day parading along with the G. A. R., reorganization is imperative.

The second great lesson which mediæval Spain has been the indirect means of teaching us is the need of manufacturing establishments attending solely to army supplies. The difficulties which have faced the War Department in getting sufficient supplies and ammunition to the front would have been positively fatal had our antagonist been a power that could have moved quickly and aggressively, requiring us to meet it without delay. The penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of our Congress would have put us for a time actually at the mercy of any first-rate power.

Take, for instance, ammunition. I am sure the average American will be dumfounded to learn that this great country has but one small government manufactory of cartridges. For years the army board has been endeavoring to get additional facilities and extra machinery to be ready for some such emergency as has now overtaken us, and for years the request or bill has been defeated in Congress. The reason our army took so long getting ready for war is not to be attributed to inefficiency of officers or of troops, but because the short-sighted, indifferent policy of Congress had put the army in a condition so impoverished that even the most insignificant country on earth would be ashamed to have disclosed it. Absolutely no reserve supply has been permitted the army at any time, and when war against Spain was declared, no country was ever less prepared. Taking all these well-established facts into consideration, the accomplishments of the last four weeks must be viewed as praiseworthy and extraordinary. I have taken up this subject for the benefit of those who criticise without knowing whereof they speak. We are spending tens of thousands to-day, whereas we should have been spending thousands had the attitude of Congress toward our army and navy been different. Meanwhile the pension list shows no appreciable lessening.

At last there are indications of an early movement of the troops on to Cuba—or at least Spanish soil in the West Indies. Some of the New York dailies have had us embarking since last Tuesday; but although the transports are being loaded and some of the regiments preparing to go aboard, the only definite orders given thus far instruct officers to hold their commands in readiness for immediate departure. What I shall have to say on the subject must be incomplete as to details, by order of the censor; but, unless the unforeseen happens, about eighteen thousand troops will be leaving Tampa next Tuesday, June 7, or thereabouts. This force will include all the regular infantry, and the Second Massachusetts and Seventy-first New York Volunteers, about two-thirds of the cavalry (dismounted), and about one-fourth of the light artillery, and a part of the siege train. Where we are going not a soul here knows, outside of General Miles, who arrived yesterday with his staff, and the commanding officers.

We can send at least 20,000 well-equipped, well-armed, and thoroughly provisioned troops from here now; and while they are not enough to take Havana, perhaps, they are more than enough to begin the forward movement either by taking Porto Rico or Santiago, or both. Indeed, the plan may be to take Santiago after having captured Porto Rico and left sufficient force to hold it; although if Commodore Schley has defeated Cervera, as rumor says, there would seem to be no necessity of going to Santiago.

At all events, the plan of movement is a good one, as it will result in establishing ourselves in the Spanish West Indies and giving the remaining volunteer forces time for drill and thorough equipment. If we start about June 7, we shall reach Porto Rico about June 17, and perhaps be ready for the move on to Havana August 1. It should take a month to establish order at Porto Rico or Santiago sufficiently for half the force to return and meet the oncoming army of invasion.

There are equally good reasons, from a military or naval strategic view-point, in occupying Porto Rico and Santiago. It will certainly cut off Spain's base of supplies, it will weaken the work of that reserve fleet with which Spain is threatening us, and it will assure us a port of great value now and in the future, when we stand as sponsor for Cuba.

Apart from the activity created by orders to be in readiness, there has been considerable movement here in the past week. Recruits continue to arrive, the cavalry has raised its troops from 60 to 75 men each, and the artillery has added one more gun to each battery. Within two weeks another gun will be added, and the complement of 6 guns and 140 men to each battery obtained. The siege train is being got ready, and will also be complete within two weeks, if not sooner. But for the need of Manila, both the light artillery and siege-gun train would have been on its recently advanced war footing several weeks ago.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst has just returned from his latest expedition to Cuba, and this time he successfully landed about 300 Cubans, 7000 Springfield rifles, and 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, besides stores, mules, etc. The landing was wisely made at Port Banas, which is in the far eastern part of the island, where the insurgents are in force, and where landing is a very simple matter.

A Cuban who came here recently from Havana reports the Spaniards have six months' supplies, and are busily strengthening all the fortifications. The town is practically intrenched, all the stone walls have been given a topping of sand, and barbed wire has been stretched in every conceivable place outside and around the city. The Cuban's estimate of the Spaniards is 140,000, and of the insurgents 15,000—very much scattered, however, and unable to concentrate more than half that number. Last year there were 25,000. Next year there will be none. They'll be free.

Caspar Whitney.

OFF FOR MANILA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

San Francisco, *May 23.*

As I sat in front of the hotel at Fort Monroe, the telegraph-operator came across the street with this message in his hand:

"Go to Washington with all haste. Get army passes and passports, and hurry to San Francisco to go to Philippines."

Half an hour to pack up and catch a train. The first expedition was due to leave San Francisco in five days. By the closest work it could be caught. A frantic rush about the departments in Washington the next morning—War, Navy, and State—and then across the continent.

How peaceful it was at the start! As we whizzed through the little stations the farmers were bringing in their milk-cans, just as if no guns were waiting to roar about Cuba and no soldiers were getting in shape to sail for Manila. Market-gardeners with crates of berries and garden-truck were loading up the platforms here and there as we shot along. Rows of 'buses stood idly waiting in the sunshine at the stations where we stopped. Then the limited, and no war at all. Business men dictating business letters to the train stenographer, the last magazines, the latest novels, idle gossip about the scenery and the backward spring, and the peaceful calm over all.

Thus for a day and a night, and another day and another night, and then Omaha and soldiers and the outward and visible signs of warlike preparations again. Now straight out through Nebraska. Somewhere troops are on the move to-day for the rendezvous at San Francisco. They are going over this road, and the people are beginning to turn out to cheer them on. Here a little company with a flag. There a band of school-children with flowers. Then a whole town full of flags, and now a band. At last Grand Island and a long wait, and here the soldiers catch us—the first battalion of the First Regiment of Nebraska Volunteers. The town throbs with excitement. It pours itself into the open space about the station, and cheers itself black in the face as the troop-train rolls in. There are Grand Island boys in the blue uniformed crowd in the train, and Grand Island shouts aloud in pride. The soldiers lean out of the windows, and the Grand Island girls run along beside the cars and grasp their hands and kiss their faces and throw them flowers and give them good things to eat, and everybody is laughing and shouting and cheering in hysterical happiness. Oh, war is grand now! The boys are brave and young and sturdy and very fine in their uniforms, and all the trouble and the heart-breaking weariness and toil and the danger are far away. So it's cheer again, and laugh and shout, and one cheer more as the train pulls out, and then back home again, where the boy's room is vacant, to the long, sober, quiet realization of the side that shows no glamour.

On with the train through the night, and in the morning the flat, desolate, barren, bunch-grass country, and Cheyenne. It's very early, but the crowds are out already. The troop-train rolls in, the soldiers swarm out for a bit of a run to limber up after the cramped night in a day coach. There's hot coffee aplenty here, and more girls to kiss and give buttons to; and before there's been half a chance to go around, the bugles are singing out the "assembly," and it's rush back for your car or disgrace your regiment by being left behind.

Now the mountains and snow and cold raw wind. Up through the clear morning, over the blinding snow; clouds in that valley below us, black and sullen; but above the bright sunshine and bracing breeze. Cities, towns, and villages all left behind now—just an occasional section house, or a ranch, but at nearly every one a flag, and somebody—often only a child, but always some one—to cheer as the soldiers pass. Then Laramie, and more coffee—no, it was ordered for the third division, and we can't have it. So on to Rawlins; and here Indians have joined the crowd waiting at the station—stolid, wrinkled-faced old bucks, and squaws in gaudy blankets. Some one shoots a gun by way of making more noise than he can get out of his throat. Instantly half a hundred others follow suit, and the boys hear the first volley of the war—fired by friends. Then Rock Springs, and a holiday. Schools dismissed, shops closed, mines shut down, and children, shopkeepers, miners, and band, with all the anvils from the blacksmith shops adding their car-cracking roar to the general din of shouts and cheers and blare of brass horns. The train rolls in to the accompaniment of the E-flat tuba, booming out above all the frightful racket a steadfast and undisturbed bass to "The Star-spangled Banner." Purple-faced from his exertion, with eyes starting out of their sockets, but with triumphant determination in his soul, the E-flat tuba bellowed away, the conquering hero of that chaos of sound.

Then Green River and supper, and a chance to fall in by platoons and run about for ten minutes to warm up and stir the blood and ease the stiffened legs. And then night again. But no let up to the noisy welcome. It remains for Evanston to fit the capstone to the riot-making by turning loose a fiendish chorus of steam-whistles at midnight, and adding their dreadful din to the wild tumult of cheers and horns that wake the tired soldiers and keep their eyes open hours after Evanston was miles behind. That was the climax of the noise-makers' art. The fondest dreams of Halloween or Fourth of July night never stirred the breast of any boy with thought of such noise as Evanston called a welcome to sleepy soldiers. When Evanston enlists and travels through Nebraska, there are a lot of towns that will get sweet revenge.

Day again, and the Nevada desert. Providence had been good to the boys, and rain that fell in sheets kept down the dust that usually makes travel across the desert so uncomfortable. But big towns and little towns, villages, and solitary houses turned out to cheer. One more night, and then California. And if the other States had welcomed the Nebraska soldiers, what of California? It was holiday all along the road. Women and children swarmed about the train at every stop, and while the men and boys split their throats the women and girls scattered flowers and fruit among the soldiers. It was a procession of triumph clear to their camp out back of San Francisco, not the least part of which was the march up through the streets of that city.

But it was not until to-day that San Francisco turned out in force. This morning the First California Volunteers marched from their camp at the Presidio to the mail dock and boarded the transport *City of Peking*. They started out in heavy marching order—blankets, knapsacks, and all on their backs—forty pounds or more to the man. It was a long tramp over wretched cobblestone pavements, and the last two miles of it was not a march in company formation, but a single handed fight through a mob. They started at seven o'clock, and it was noon when they reached the shelter of the pier shed. The police were utterly powerless to clear the streets. Mounted men cleared a path no longer than their horses. On the instant as they passed, the crowds that filled the streets swarmed back across the path of the soldiers.

It was a glorious day. The sun rode through a sky of unspotted blue, and a fresh breeze from the west cracked the myriad banners that floated from the house-tops like whips. Scarcely a window along the line that did not show at least one flag. The crowds in the street bore flowers by the armful—wreaths of great long-stemmed American Beauties, sweet-pease, carnations, violets, pansies, geraniums—blossoms of all the thousand kinds that teem in the Golden State. They threw them at the men and over their necks, hung them on their shoulders, piled them on their knapsacks, tossed them over their guns, and for want of other ways of demonstration, threw them on the ground for a carpet for the soldiers. Thousands of small flags added to the brilliancy of color. They were pinned to the soldiers' hats, stuck in their rifle-barrels, jammed into their knapsacks or blanket-rolls—any place where they would stick. So the First California marched away, the first United States soldiers to make attack on a foreign land oversea.

Only two tunes marked the departure. The bands that marched with the regiment played one of them. Over and over again they played it, and always the same—"The girl I left behind me." And all along the line the crowd responded in a booming chorus of

> John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
> And his soul goes marching on.

So down to the pier. And then form up again out of the straggling mass, surrounded by and mixed up with friends. Now good-bys are over. The trooper is just ahead. Make-believe is ended, war begins.

> Wheel! Oh, keep your touch; we're goin' round a corner.
> Time! Mark time, an' let the men be'ind us close.
> Lord! the transport's full, an' 'alf our lot not on 'er—
> Cheer, oh, cheer! We're going off where no one knows.
>
> Front! The faces of the women in the 'ouses
> Ain't the sort o' things to take aboard the ship.

Oscar King Davis.

San Francisco, *May 26.*

P. S.—More impressive than the great spectacle of General Grant's return from the Orient was the farewell which San Francisco gave to the first Philippine expedition yesterday. The bay was alive with steamers, tugs, yachts, launches, and row-boats, and when the three great steamers weighed anchor and moved down the bay and out toward the Golden Gate, the sight was one long to be remembered. Hundreds of whistles sounded their shrill note, cannon boomed, and cheers of thousands on the water and on neighboring hills almost drowned other sounds of God-speed and good-by. The *City of Peking* sailed first; behind her came the *Australia* and the *City of Sydney*. Only a few minutes were required to bring the steamships out opposite the Presidio. Then against the rays of the setting sun they showed out as clear as an etching, every rope and spar fine and sharp, as their prows were pointed due west over the ocean that a Spaniard was first to see from the heights of Darien.

G. H. F.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

THE President has been freely criticised and censured for giving commissions and staff appointments to certain sons of distinguished fathers, and other gentlemen of no military experience. Some appointments of this sort, induced by political influence, have no doubt been bad, yet they seem in number and importance hardly to warrant the hue-and-cry that has been raised over them. Mr. Russell Harrison, Mr. James G. Blaine, Jr., and Mr. John Logan may not have demonstrated as yet that they are men of exceptional personal merit, but they won't swamp an army as big as ours. Mr. J. J. Astor's appointment has been criticised, but there are good grounds for considering it wise, and fully warranted by circumstances. A good many ornamental young men, whose interests heretofore have been mainly in society and sport, have got commissions, but the majority of these young fellows seem likely to make useful officers. Where so many appointments were to be made, and so much political influence was at work in connection with them, it was not to be expected that all would be faultless. The more important ones have been good, and of the less important a very large majority seem to have been suitable. That the President should have done much better was not within the bounds of a reasonable expectation.

It will take Admiral Dewey the rest of his life to catch up with his own reputation and inform himself of what has come to be known about him at home since that May morning when he became famous before breakfast. Every possible theory about his ancestry, habits, and state of mind seems to have been offered during the past month to the acceptance of his countrymen. His religious preferences, for one thing, have been the subject of several dissertations and ingenious hypotheses. It has been averred that his mother was a Jewess, and that the best materials in him were Jewish. It has also been confidently asserted that he is a Roman Catholic. The Buffalo *Commercial* has printed a letter which seems conclusive as to his religious affiliations. It is from Mr. Lewis, rector of Christ Church in Montpelier, Vermont, who says he is authorized by the Hon. Charles Dewey, of Montpelier, to say that the Admiral is a loyal communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Admiral's politics have been as much discussed as his religion, with the result of a failure to discover that he has any politics. But, after all, if he doesn't know whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, he is no worse off than many thousands of his countrymen ashore.

The Fourteenth Congressional District of New York talks of running Colonel Theodore Roosevelt for Congress. Just at present Colonel Roosevelt is a good deal occupied, but there is a fair prospect that he will be at leisure again before next March, and then we shall be delighted to see him in Congress. There is room there for honest, intelligent, educated men of all shades of opinion, albeit a man of Colonel Roosevelt's impetuosity might find Congressional discussions a trial to his patience.

On May 31 Professor Charles Eliot Norton delivered his last lecture as an active professor in Harvard College. He has been made professor emeritus, and will still continue some of his smaller advanced courses, but his courses on the history of art, which have been the most popular and best attended of all the Harvard "electives," will hereafter be undertaken by others. It is pleasant to read in the Boston *Transcript* of the expressions of respect and affection which marked Professor Norton's appearance on May 31 at his closing lecture. A huge bunch of roses, provided by a general subscription, awaited him on his desk, and long-continued applause from the waiting students as he came in testified to the warmth of a regard earned by forty years of service. Perhaps no one man who has served Harvard College has done so much for the promotion of culture and good manners as Professor Norton. In his case example has effectively supplemented precept, and the homely "handsome is that handsome does" has always had its due weight in his expositions of the qualities of the true, the beautiful, and the good. He is almost the last of that circle of friends which included Lowell and Curtis, and whose members lived in an enviable intimacy, of which there is more than one lasting token in American literature.

Professor Norton's views of our present war have been quoted, and doubtless misquoted, and anathematized a good deal in the last two months. It is interesting to find the *Transcript* representing him as saying that while he believes with Franklin that there never was a "good" war, it is everybody's duty to support the government, so that this present war may be finished as soon as possible.

On the 1st of June it was the opinion of men who thought they knew, that Mr. Joseph Leiter had found a profit of about $4,000,000 in his hypotheses about the price of May wheat. Mr. Leiter's more urgent labors as a forecaster of grain values seem to be over for the present, though as to that it is easier to surmise than to be sure. It may be presumed that he has had an interesting experience. It does not signify especially what his profits have been, as he already commanded an elegant sufficiency of funds, but besides making a fortune—if he has made one—he has achieved an ample celebrity. Wherever he goes he may be sure for a time to be pointed at with the finger. He is a greater man than William Hearst, almost as great a man as Robert Fitzsimmons. If he and Admiral Dewey were dining at the same restaurant, or on exhibition on the same platform, the spectators would look at both of them. That, of course, is much to say, since any man who aspires to divide attention with Admiral Dewey nowadays must be a notable of heroic proportions.

On the whole, most men find a reasonable notoriety rather agreeable. When you are presented to a stranger it saves time and trouble not to have to have it explained who you are, and what excuse you have been able to make for being alive. Mr. Joseph Leiter may presently put his profits back where he got them, but even if he keeps quiet from this time forward, which isn't likely, it will take him a long time to outlive the advertising that he has had and the celebrity that is his.

We have had so much to think of of late that the fact has been almost overlooked that Dr. George H. Hepworth, who lately went to Armenia to make a personal inspection of conditions there, brought back word that there was no future for Armenia unless something happened to drive the Turks out of Europe. Discoursing the other day before the Baptist Social Union in New York, Dr. Hepworth declared that the Turks were 3000 years behind the times, and were so unalterably opposed to the progress of civilization that if the Sultan tried to put into operation the reforms he had promised the powers, he would be assassinated within a fortnight. Inasmuch as the impression was somewhat prevalent that the purpose of Dr. Hepworth's journey was to give us a more favorable impression of the Turk than we had before, his conclusions seem somewhat notable. The only comfort he gives the partisans of Turkey appears in the suggestion that the powers were somewhat to blame for the tumults in the Turkish Empire, because the Armenians have believed that if they made uprisings the powers would come to their relief.

Assurance is given, though details at this writing are not fully disclosed, that the Lowell Memorial Fund was completed before June 1, and that the Memorial Park is assured. The amount that had to be raised by subscription was $23,333, the $11,667 needed to make up the required sum of $35,000 being provided by the Metropolitan Park Commission of Boston, which now takes the Memorial Park under its care, as part of the Boston park system. The money came slowly It is nearly two years since the attempt to raise it began, and the committee in charge is doubtless gratified and relieved to see its labors brought to a successful conclusion.

The Presbyterian Church seems not disposed for the moment to prosecute any further its differences with Princeton University. At the session of the General Assembly, on May 27, at Winona, Indiana, a recommendation



OSCAR S. STRAUS,
United States Minister to Turkey.—[See Page 558.]

specifically assailing the Princeton Inn was voted down, the Assembly contenting itself with a moderate resolution calling upon "all parents and teachers to exercise increased diligence and watchfulness over themselves and those committed to their care in respect to intemperance, in order that our homes and schools may be purged of the evil of intemperance and the drink traffic be driven from our land, and this without reflection on any collegiate institution."

The General Assembly also shows itself peacefully disposed towards Professor McGiffert, whose reputed heresies, as set forth in a recent book, it declines to stamp out by immediate formal action, contenting itself with a request to the professor that if he cannot reconsider his views he will withdraw from the denomination.

The London *Telegraph* lately devoted a column of editorial discourse to a suggestion of Mr. James Bryce that the British public wants cheaper books, and that if the publishers would supply that want the habit of reading books would be stimulated and the business of the publishers increased. Mr. Bryce's idea seems to have been that only by the cheapening of books was it possible to meet the formidable competition of the magazines and newspapers. The *Telegraph* is by no means ready to admit the expediency or effectuality of this method of cure. As to British readers, it says that "while a leisurely and contented class who buy books has not increased in number, the large chaotic and indeterminate class bred by the board schools and taught to read by expeditious methods have practically decided that they do not want books." It finds that the number of British readers who read literary work is relatively small, and that the great mass of the reading population is quite content with sixpenny magazines and newspapers. It notes the familiar fact that the circulating libraries are the mainstay of the British publishers of good books, and it doubts if the sale of such books could be materially increased by lowering the price of them. Obstacles to reduction of price it finds in many considerations that the publishers have to regard, and in particular in the cost of advertising and the large royalties paid to successful authors. Then even in the case of novels, the trade in which constitutes the most important part of the book business, the publisher has no assurance that a reduction of price will be followed by a proportionate increase of distribution. If you appeal to a particular class, says the *Telegraph*, it is always doubtful whether you will widen your appeal by lowering your price. Many and many a book has sold fairly well for twelve shillings and not a whit better for being reduced to five or six shillings.

Book reading, it adds, is subject nowadays to the competition of a much greater variety of entertainments than in earlier times. Theatres, concerts, and lectures abound more than of yore. Ay, and so do bicycles and all sorts of out-door sports, but yet the great competitors of books seem to be the newspapers and the periodicals.

It is not held that the demand for books is falling off, but only, apparently, that it does not increase in proportion to the increased number of readers. It seems to be the *Telegraph's* opinion that that desired increase may not be trusted to follow a reduction in the price of new books, and that it is by no means clear that a lowering of prices is the publishers' best policy.

Fifteen novels, all but one of recent date, afford the Edinburgh *Review* the materials for eighteen pages of discourse about "Novels of American Life." The list is headed by *Democracy*, which appeared sixteen years ago, and it includes Miss Wilkins's *Pembroke*, Harold Frederic's *Theron Ware*, Gertrude Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk*, Henry B. Fuller's *With the Procession*, James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible*, three books by Stephen Crane, *Gallegher* by R. H. Davis, and stories by F. J. Stimson, Alice Brown, Clinton Ross, and C. G. D. Roberts. The writers of all these books the *Review* classes as realists not bent on narrating incident, but given to the portraiture of character as it is discovered in the more trivial domestic events and emotions. It thinks that no country in the world's history ever offered a better chance than ours does for the portrayal not merely of the individual character, but of the character of communities. It finds here an extraordinary concentration of intelligence upon this task, and taking the writers noted as representative laborers in this field, it considers how and with what results they have gone about their business. It criticises Mr. Fuller, Mr. Frederic, and Mr. Crane as writers who, either in their style or their stand-point, show signs of European influence. It gives much attention and much praise to Miss Wilkins, whose tragic narrative it follows through its direful course, albeit it observes that her stories are old-maidish in temper, and that an atmosphere of soap and water pervades her books. It traces Mr. Frederic's tragedy to the point up to which "nothing could be better done," and thence faithfully on as it becomes "on the whole the most disagreeable study we ever read, although, as regards the central figure, a masterpiece of psychology." It finds it "the strongest American novel of recent years, and the most fully representative—a great novel, though inconsistent in the presentment of the principal woman's character; but not a book that is good reading for the average ignorant young man or young woman." It devotes two pages to Mrs. Atherton, "not only because she has been a success with some educated people, but because she presents in a kind of caricature the same tendencies in American nature which other novelists indicate in less glowing colors." Mr. Allen's *Choir Invisible* it describes as "a beautiful work," and commends as "a real effort of the creative imagination, and a real addition to the literature of its country." It says of Mr. Crane that he sees what he sees not directly, but, as it were, translated into print, but it has good hopes of him, because he has talent and is still young. The other books it regards in a group, but they help it to the conclusion that—

> Altogether the school of American novelists actually existing is rich in widely varied excellence of manner and widely varied range of interest. It is essentially conscientious in its workmanship, and serious, even scientific, in aim; upon the whole, a body of literature which is not marked out by any commanding achievement, but which, by its high average of power and vitality, might do honor to any age and any country.

The story that hardtack stamped "Remember the *Maine!*" has been part of the daily food of our sailors and soldiers is denied as a yarn born during the news famine. Whether true or not, it lasted long enough to inspire a formal remonstrance, addressed to Secretary Long by sundry bodies of Boston, against everything that tended to make a war undertaken for the relief of the oppressed appear to be a war of vengeance. Undoubtedly there is a great deal of the "Remember-the-*Maine*" spirit in the navy, nor does it seem likely to do harm there.

The appearance of the new trans-Mississippi postage-stamps was due on June 1, and before now they will have begun to be familiar in the more important postal centres. They advertise a great show, to which we all wish the highest success, and which seems likely just now to need all the advertising and good wishes and more substantial support that it can get. For it seems unlucky for the Omaha Fair that it has fallen upon war times, when every one's thoughts are running to matters military and naval, and when all eyes are on our camps and the movements of troops, and all ears are cocked for news of naval victories. Yet that may only be an apparent drawback to the fair's success, for, after all, it is a far cry from any of our scenes of war to Omaha, and no part of our country is as yet noticeably drained either of men or money. Perhaps the fair will be a Western centre of war news and war interests, and folks will go there all the more because they want in these stirring times to get together and talk over the country's prospects.

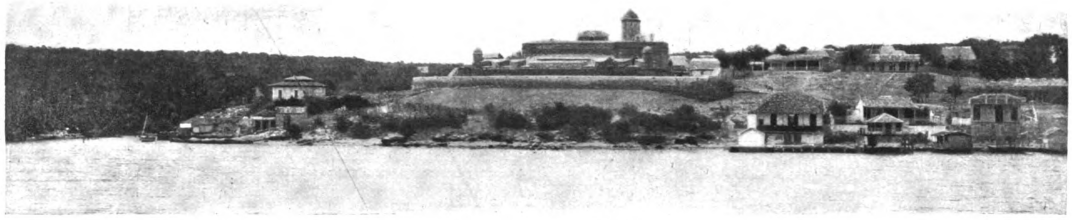
At any rate, the exposition opened bravely on June 1 with a parade three miles long, and with beautiful buildings crowded with exhibits. President McKinley, from Washington, addressed an assembly by long-distance telephone, and touched a button that set the machinery in motion, and a hundred thousand people took part in the opening. Pictures of the buildings have already been given in the WEEKLY, and everybody knows that in character and material they resemble the palaces of the White City of 1893. We shall all know them more intimately presently, either from seeing them or reading about them; for the fair will last long enough for all of us to know its features well, war or no war. Indeed, it may outlast the war, and very likely it will, and find its profit in celebrations of the return of peace.

E. S. MARTIN.

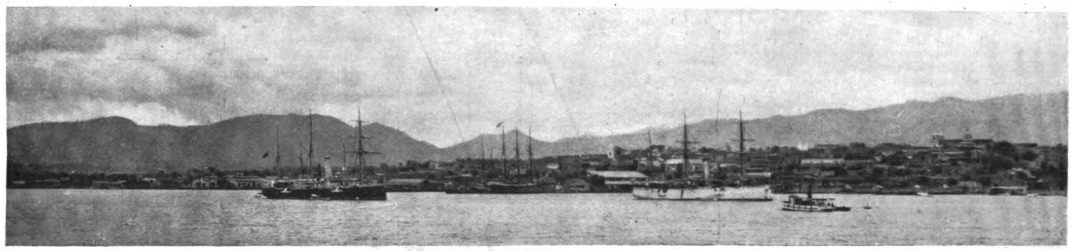
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CIENFUEGOS, FROM THE HARBOR.



THE CASTLE AT CIENFUEGOS.



SANTIAGO, FROM THE HARBOR.



SANTIAGO'S MORRO CASTLE AT THE HARBOR ENTRANCE.



SPANISH INTRENCHMENTS ON PLANTATION "SOLEDAD," GUANTANAMO.

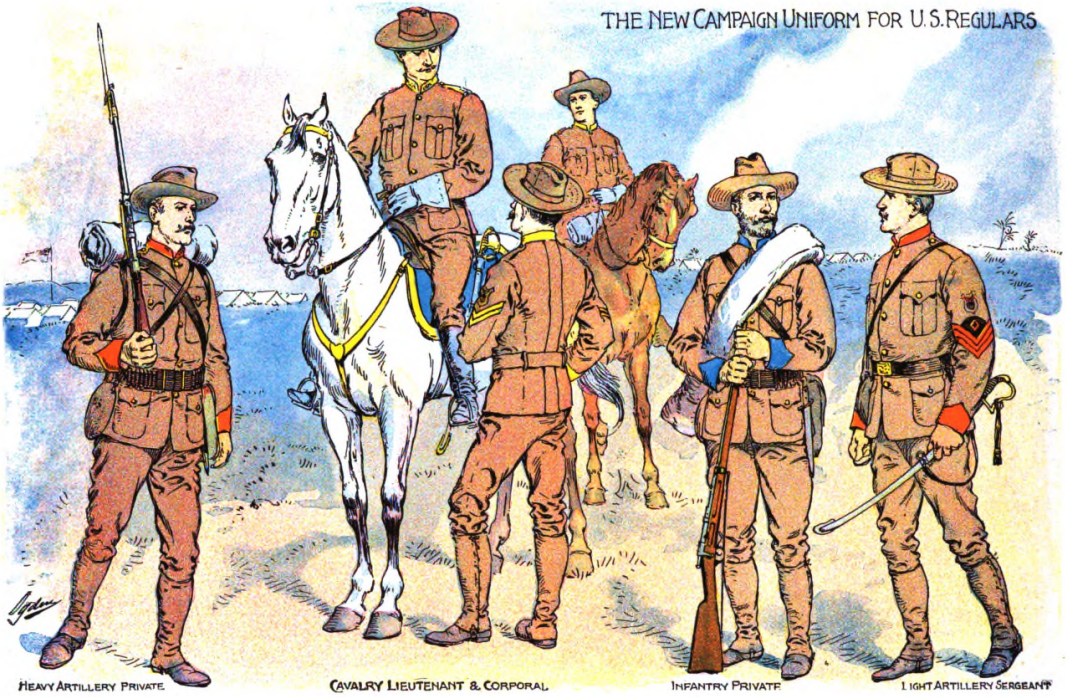
SPANISH STRONGHOLDS IN SOUTHEASTERN CUBA.—From recent Photographs.

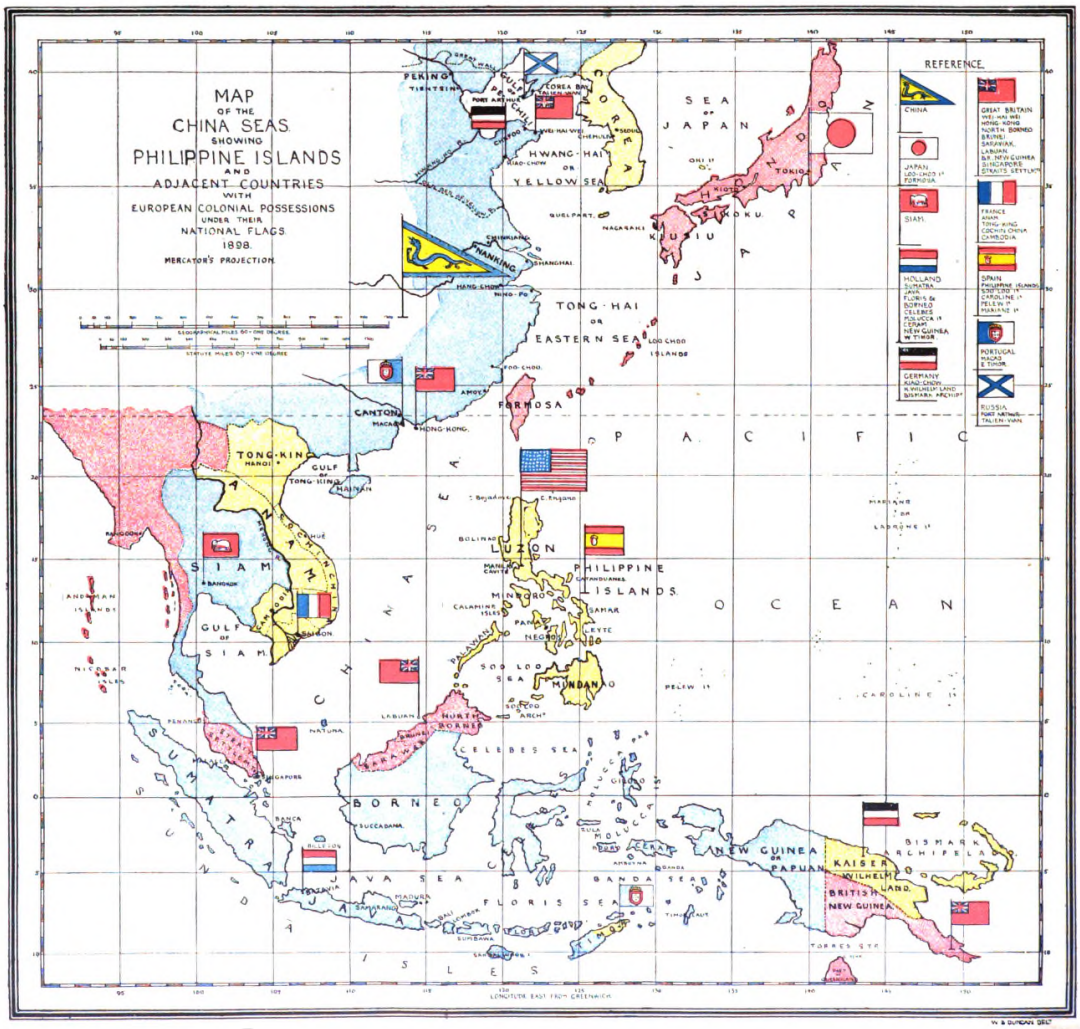
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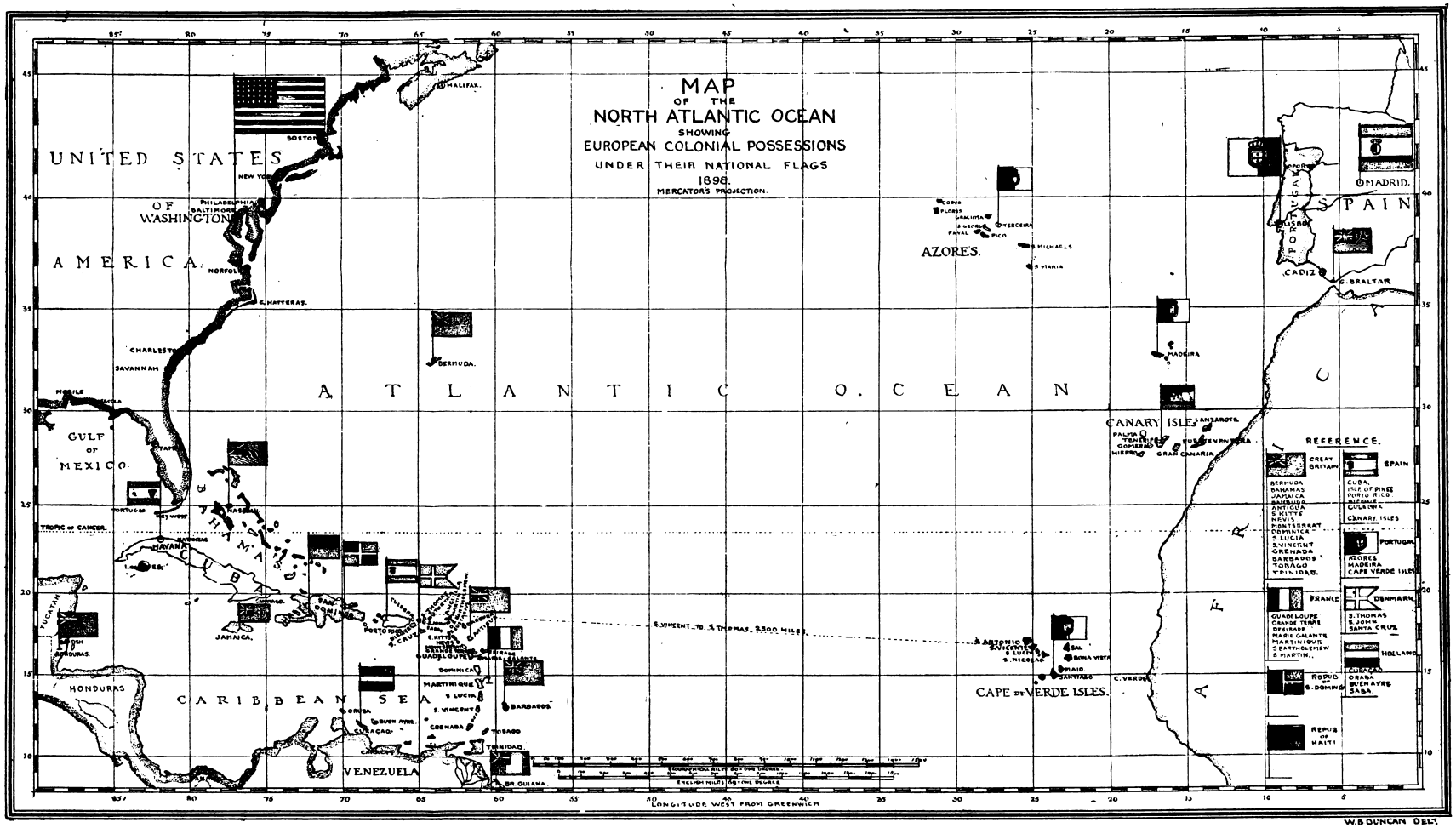
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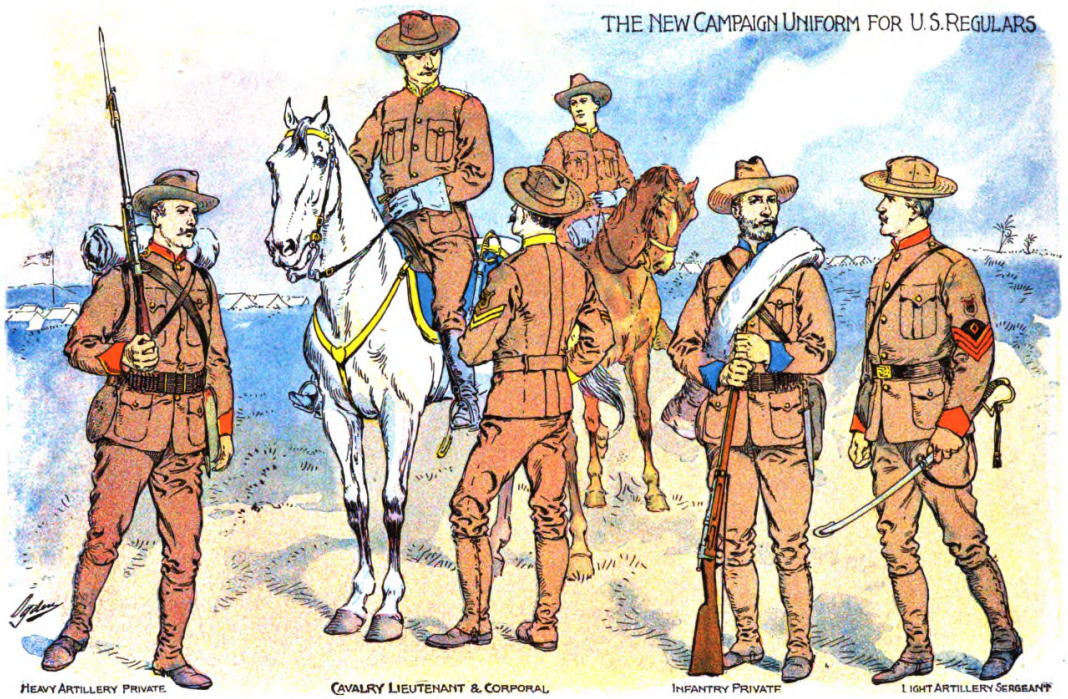


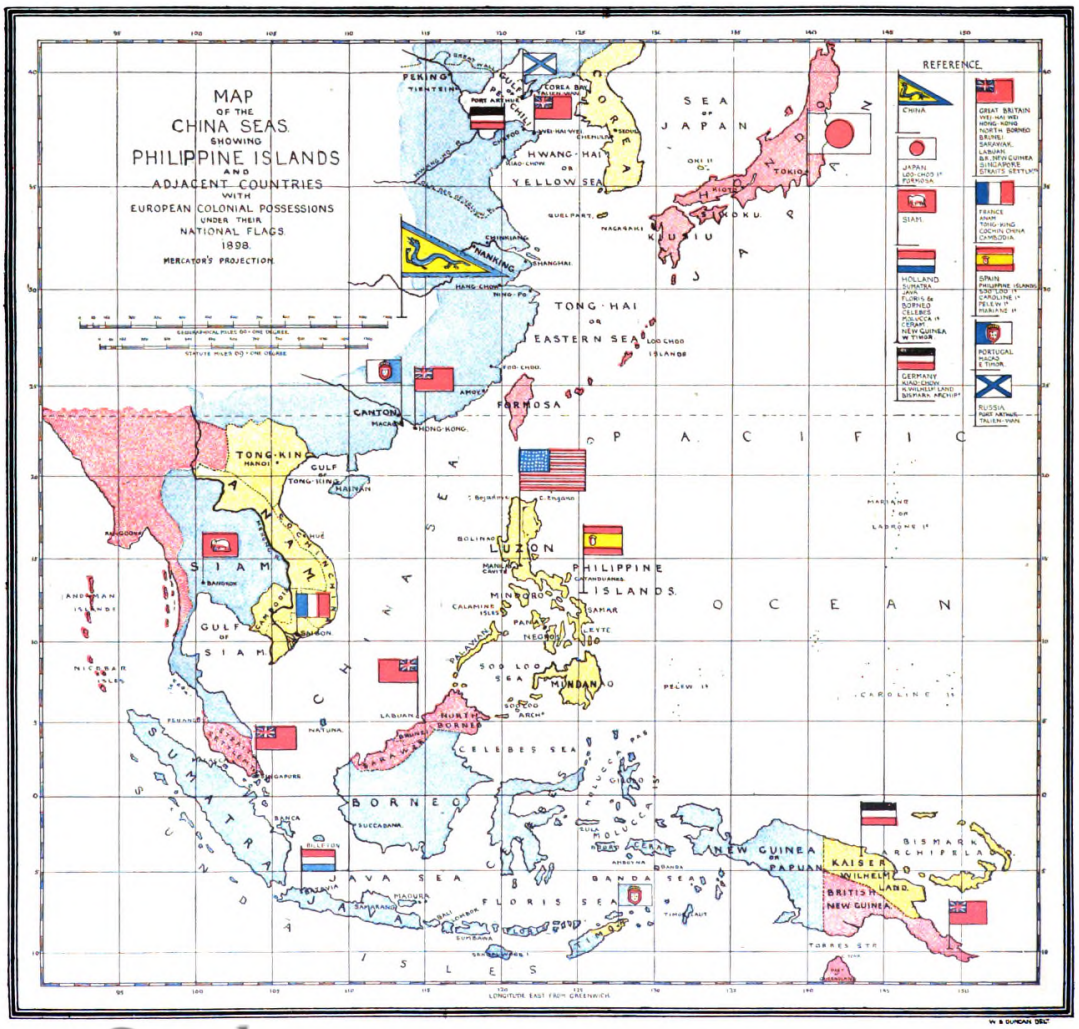


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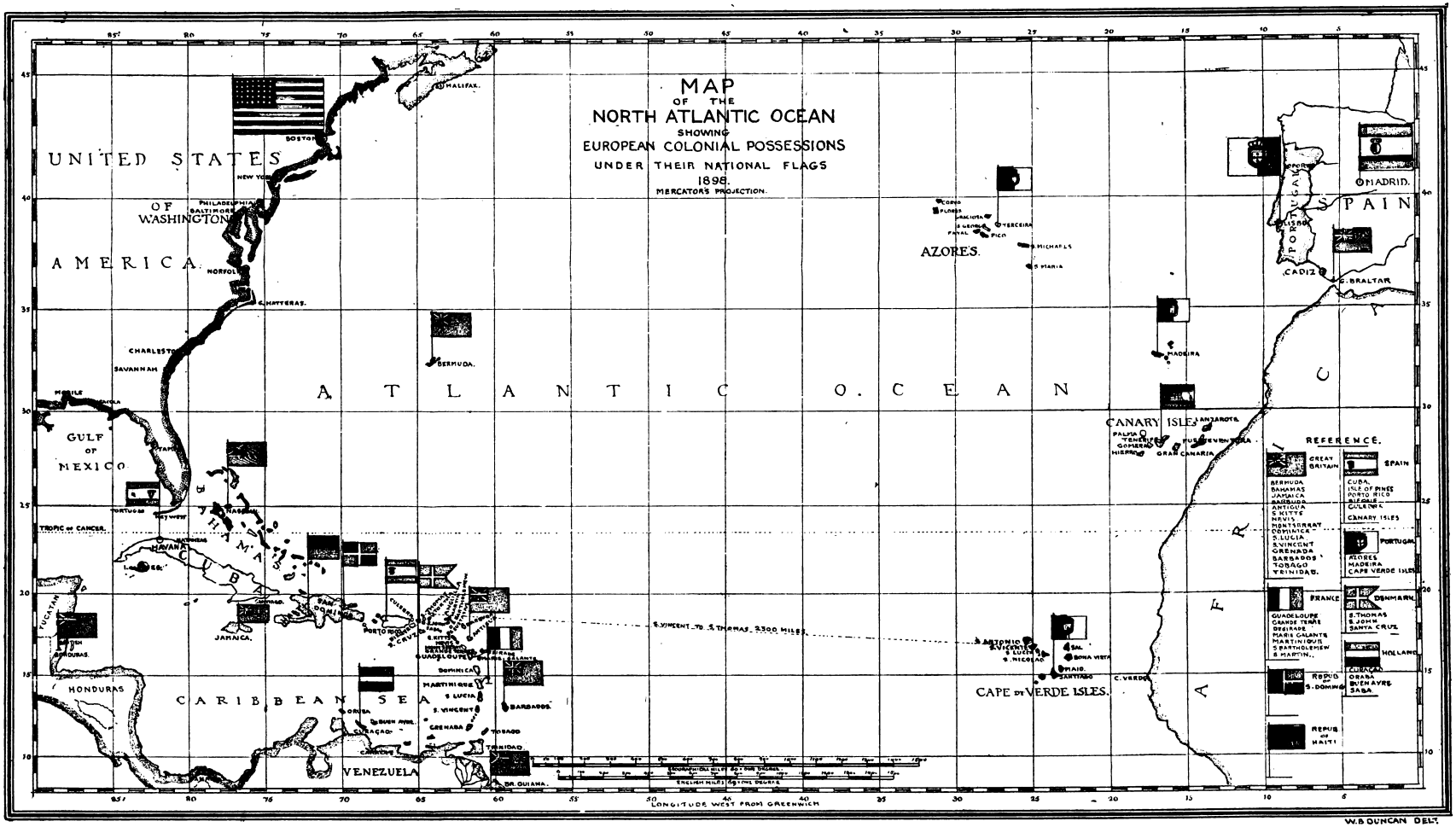


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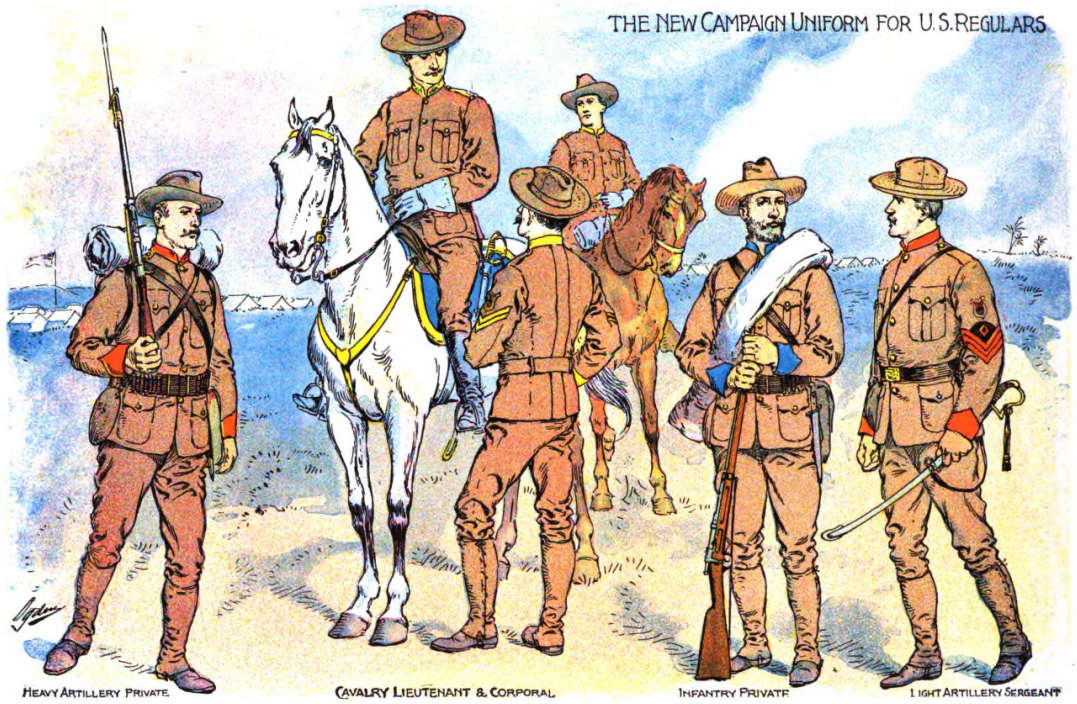


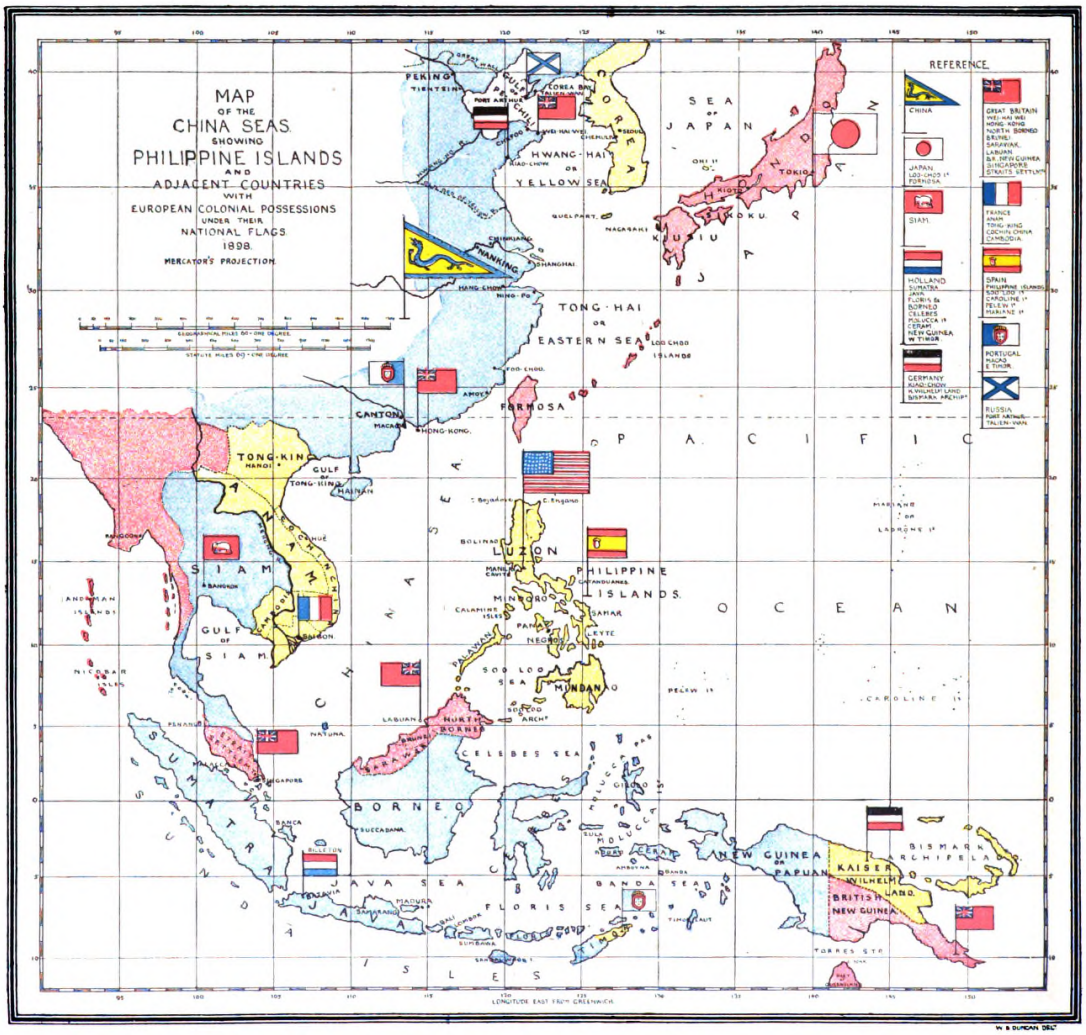


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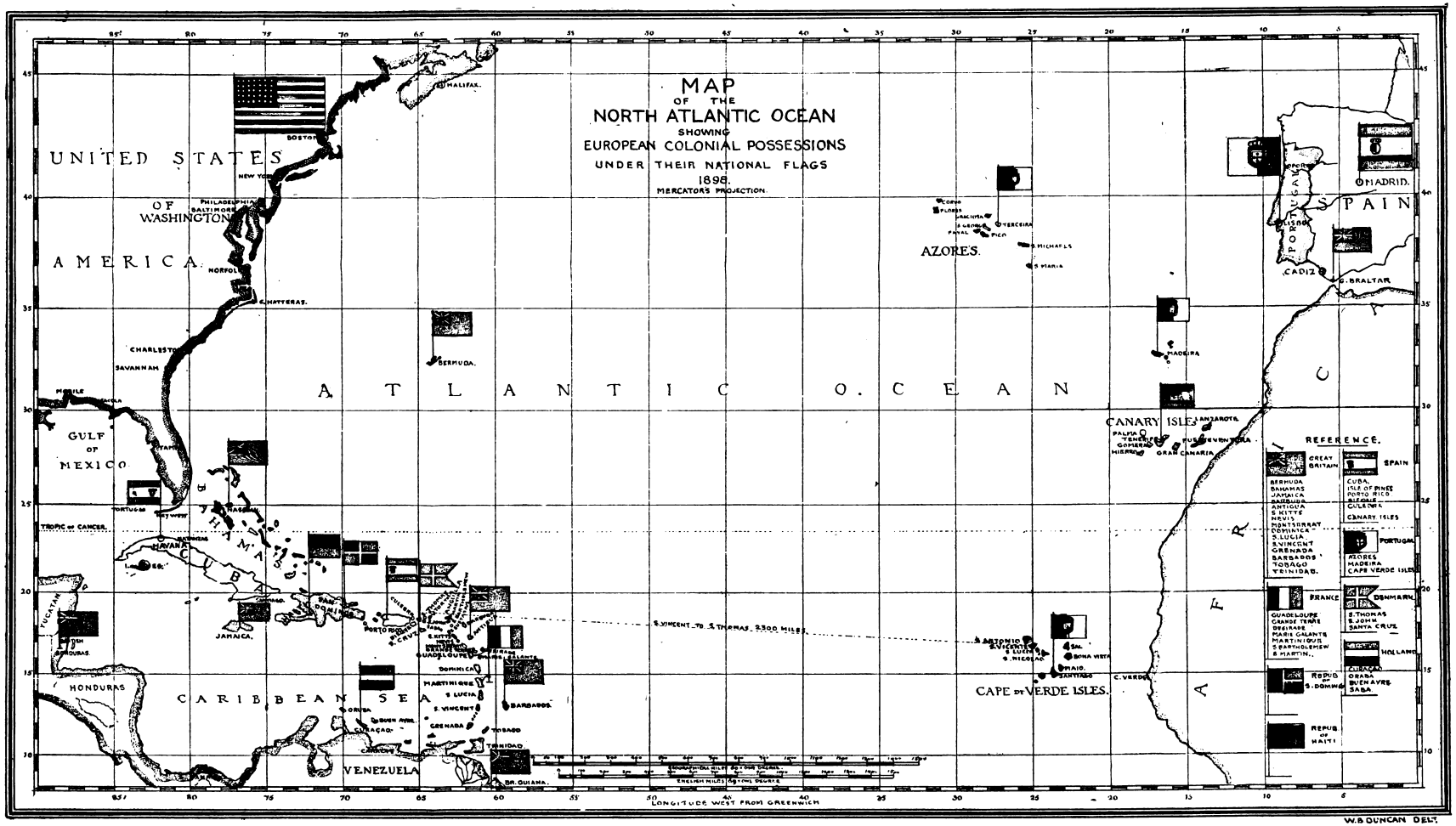


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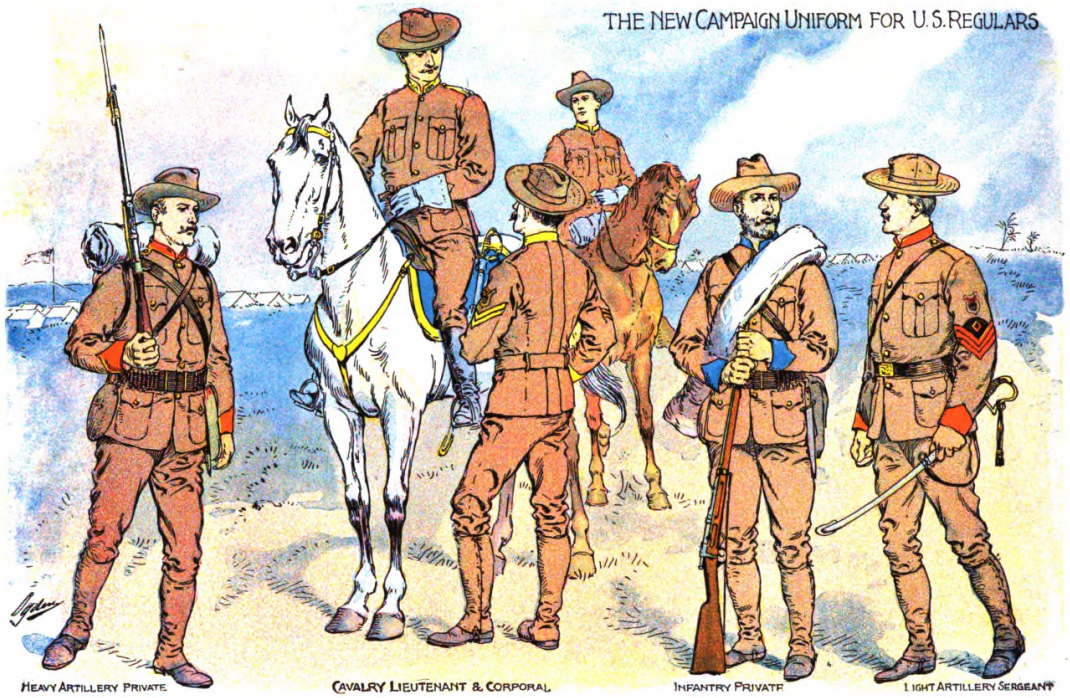


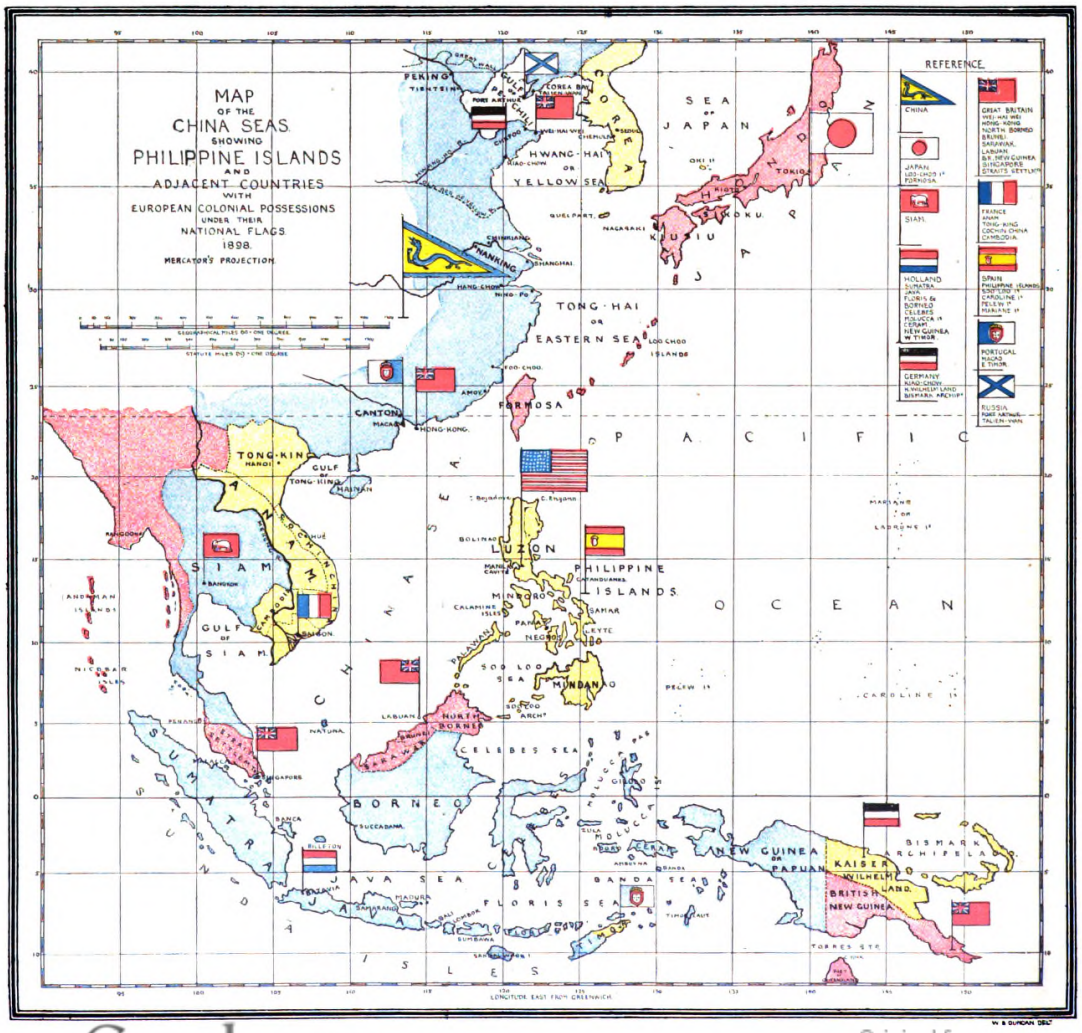


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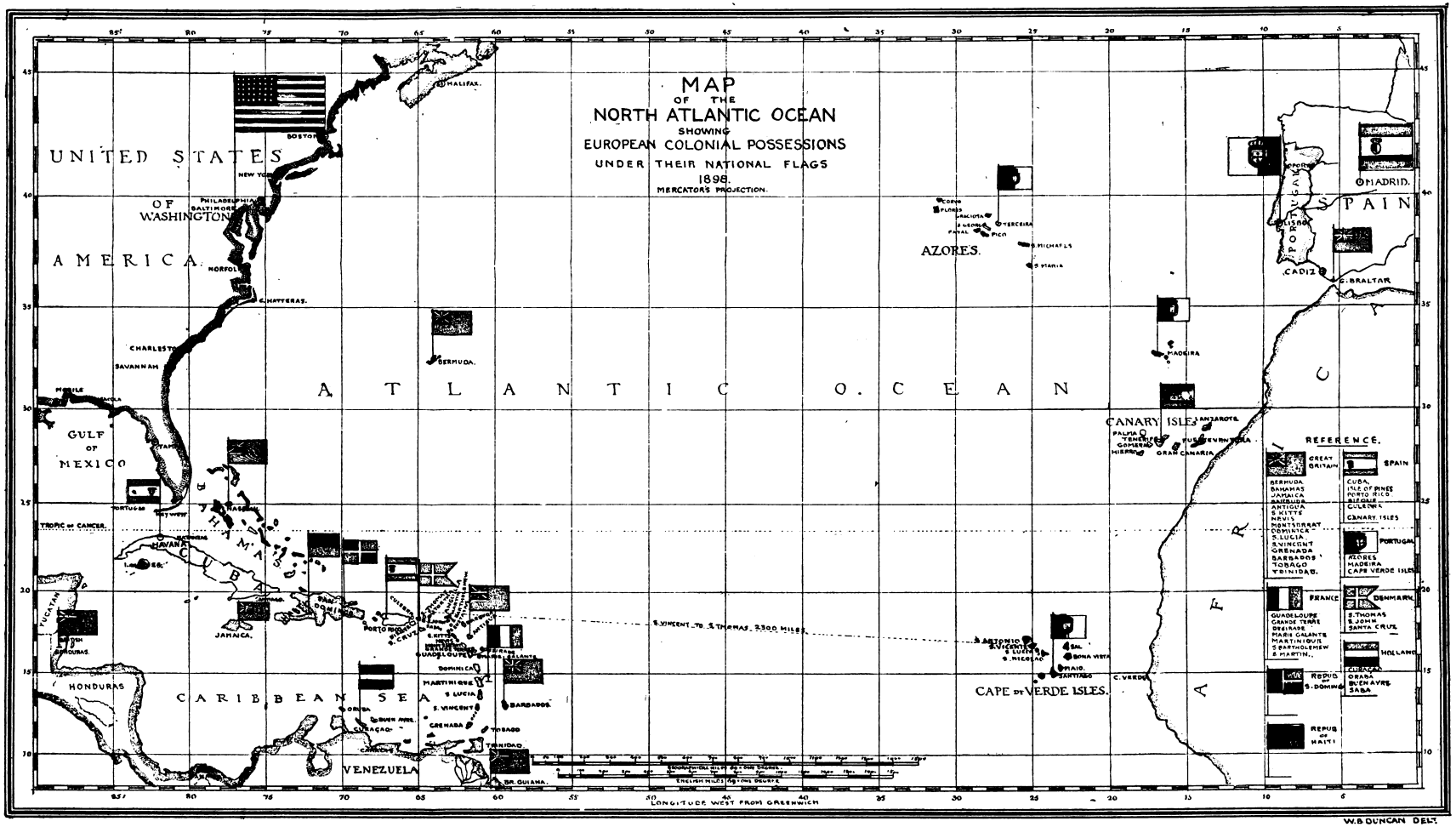


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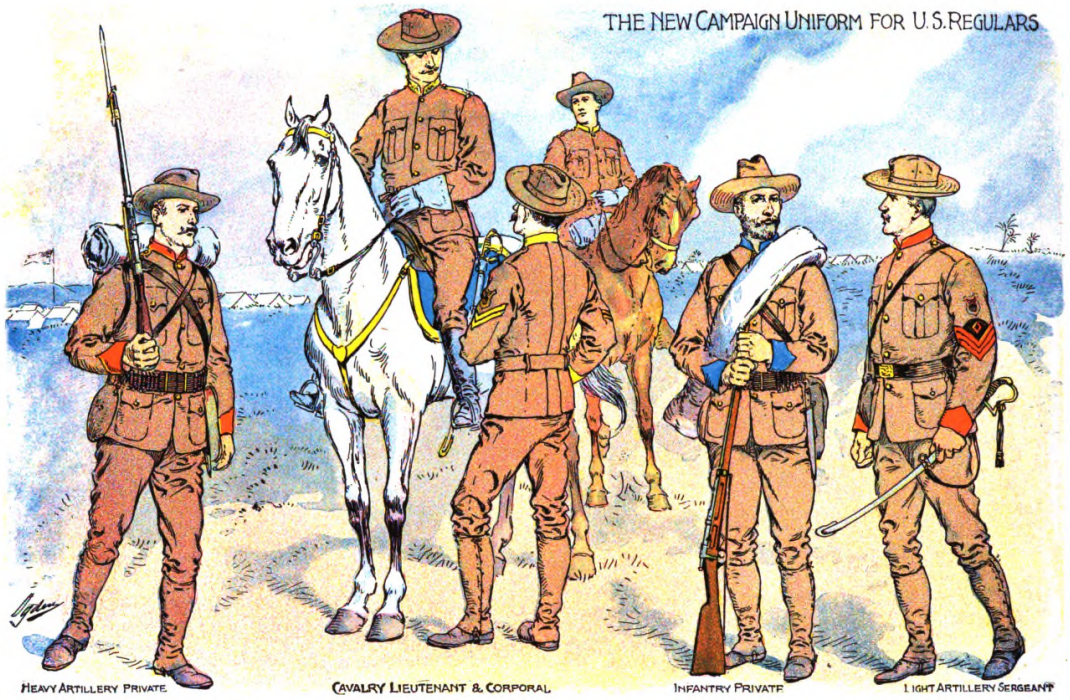


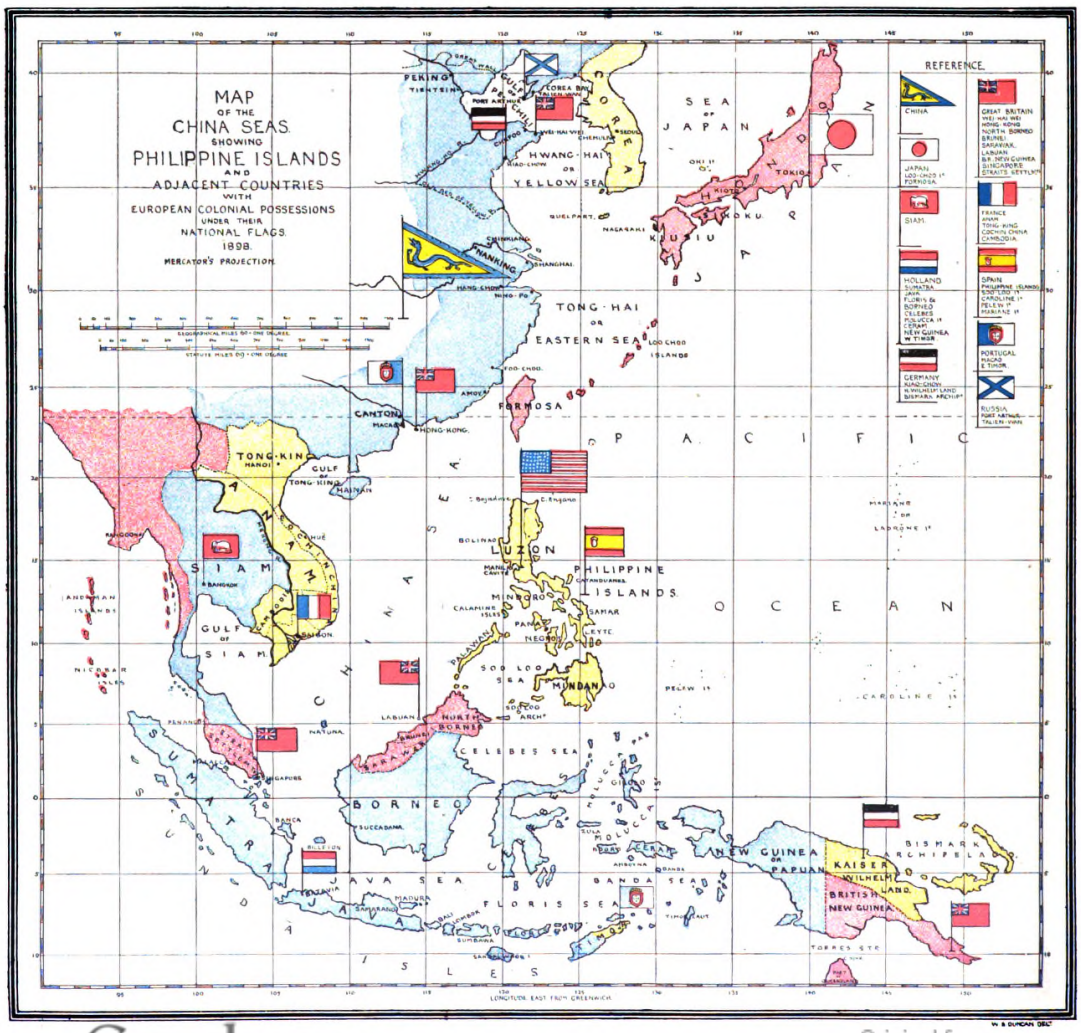


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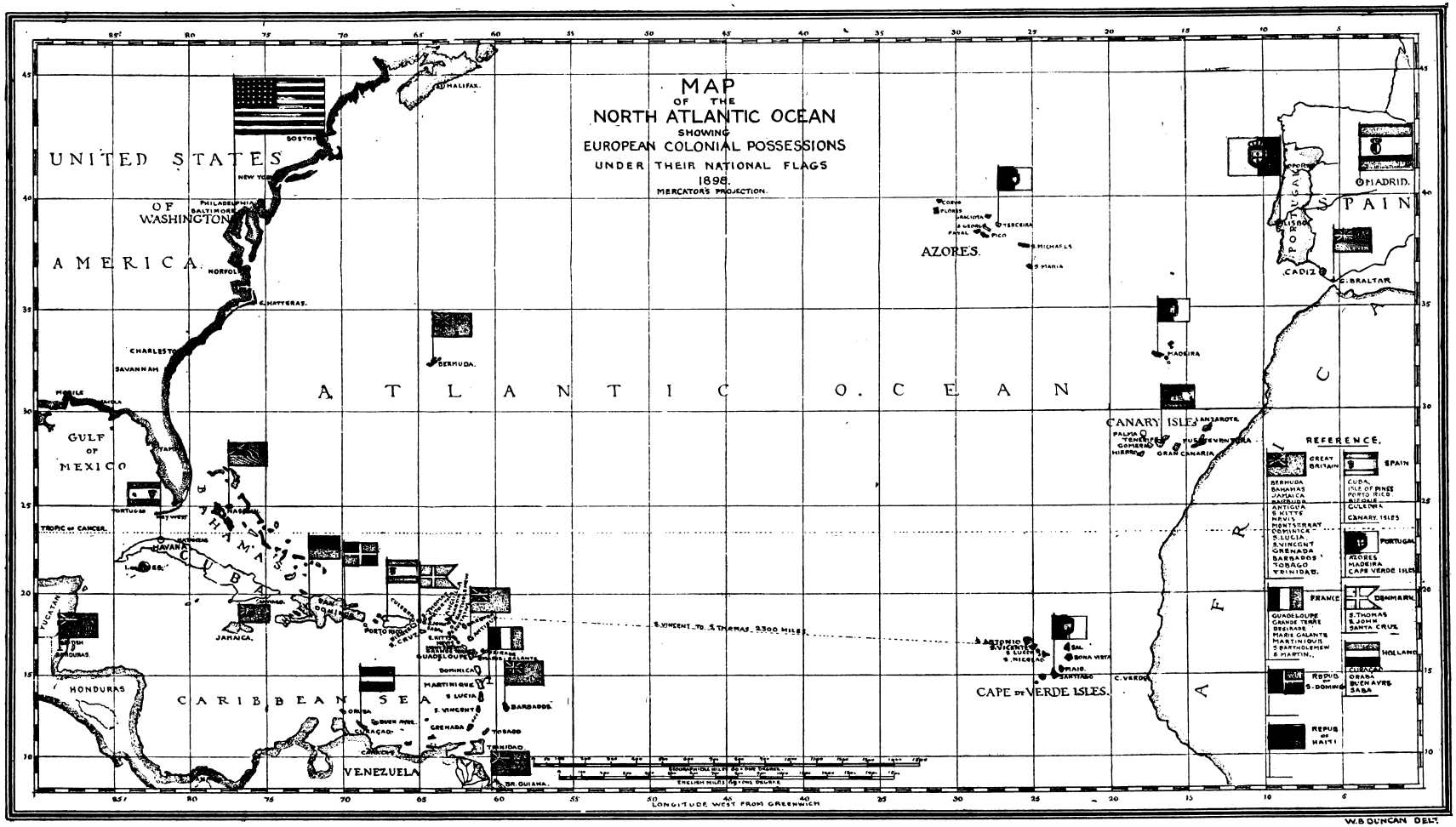


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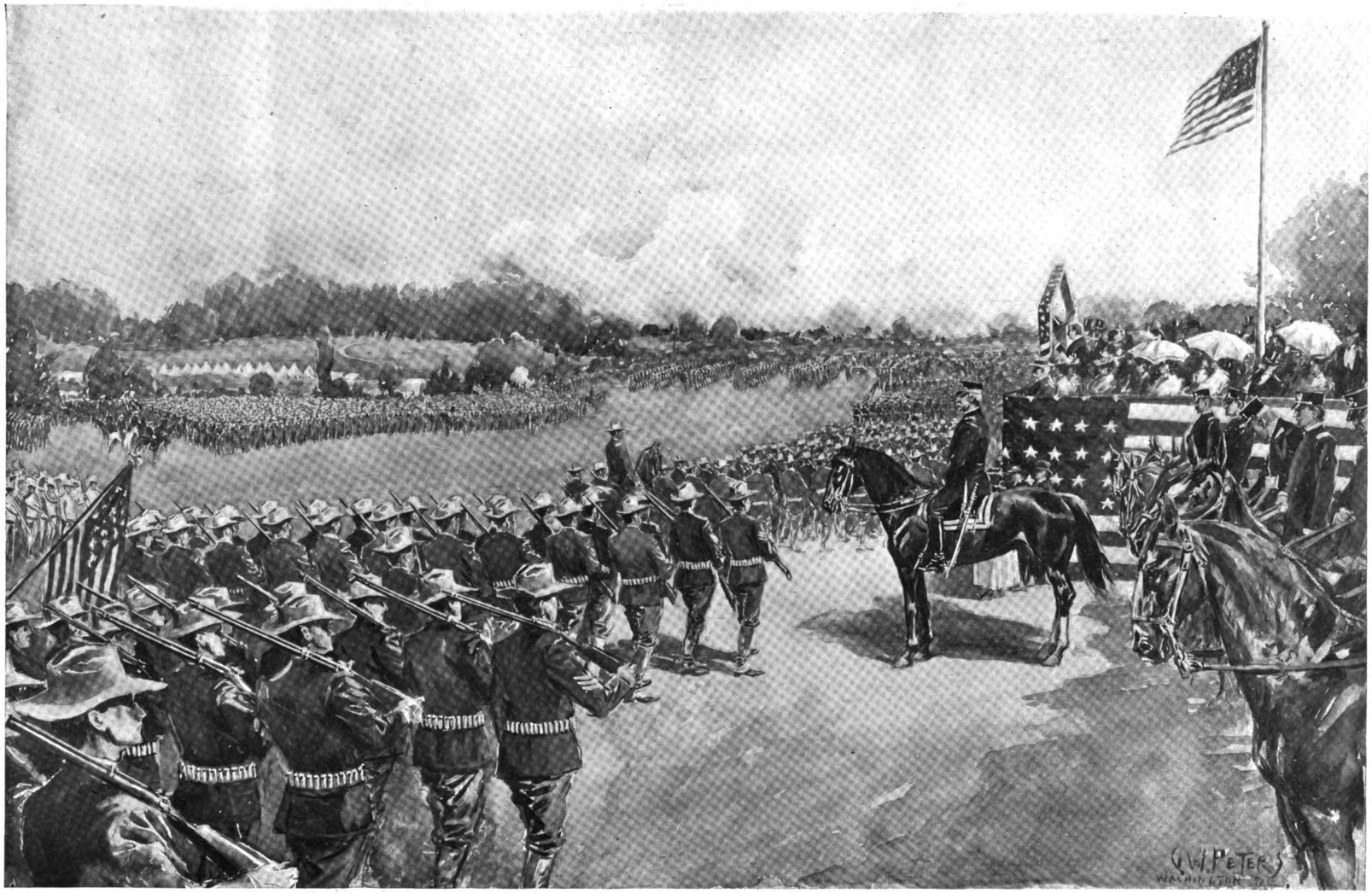


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PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE VOLUNTEERS AT CAMP ALGER, MAY 28.
13,000 Soldiers of the 2d Army Corps march past the President and Major-General Miles at Falls Church, Virginia.

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"HELENE, PRINCESS OF PLASSENBURG, WHO IS ABOUT TO DIE, IS ALSO GUILTY OF LOVING ME, HUGO GOTTFRIED!"

(*Continued from page 565.*)

smugglers might be quietly unloading their boats into the kitchen, or overhauling their gear for another expedition when darkness should have arrived. The entrance from the sea to this wonderful little place was no wider than strictly necessary for a man-o'-war's cutter, and even she would have to shorten oars and be smart with the boat-hook in twisting into this rocky little gut. Tom Sawyer would have revelled in a place like this, where he and Huck Finn might have turned into first-class pirates. George and I fancied that we could become rich beyond the dreams of avarice if we could but live here for a year or two and apply to the smuggling trade the same technical skill employed in war or other wicked occupations. For instance, we proposed, in the first place, a stock company with abundant capital to fit out three beamy yachts that could cruise about without exciting suspicion. These should relieve one another in these waters, each bearing an assorted cargo of articles suitable for smuggling. Each of these yachts should have electric launches running at least twenty knots, and these should be used in running the contraband cargo swiftly and silently into our castle kitchen. Of course it would be manifestly selfish to keep all the profits of this magnificent enterprise to ourselves, so we proposed inviting as a preferred shareholder the gorgeous custom-house inspector, whose mustachios had excited our envy. His principal duty would consist in drawing dividends. At the same time, he would be expected to remove from this neighborhood any coast-guardsman so clever or energetic as to disturb our schemes for extending the area of free trade in Spain.

My note-books tell of many interesting episodes on this eccentric trip of ours—of a long climb up into the mountains at Benisa, and our long coast down on the other side; there must have been ten miles of it; then how the mules and donkeys danced madly out of their orbits as we passed them; how some mountain villagers stoned George by mistake, thinking he was the devil; and how I came in the rear for the stones that were meant for others. All these are sweet recollections now that they have been survived. Barcelona deserves a chapter, and Consul Bowen, who expects to be mobbed one moment and smothered in kisses the next. We sang the songs of "Dear old Yale" in his room, and that did us good.

Our Spanish trip was an immense success, and I advise every American to follow our example. We had bad roads in plenty and some hardships, yet never a dull day, never a discourtesy, never a meeting that did not result in friendship. And as for our three selves, we jointly regret it was necessary to go to war with people who have treated us so well.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MORN.

EVEN as the dwarf on the ledge of the clock-tower creaked his wires and clicked back his hammer to strike the midnight over the city, even as the first solemn toll of the hour reverberated over the Wolfsberg, I was at the door of the Duke's room waiting for admission.

The Chamberlain in attendance looked within, and seeing his master writing at a table, he was going out again without speech.

"Has Hugo Gottfried returned?" said the Duke, without looking up.

"Hugo Gottfried is here!" I replied, stepping unannounced into the room.

He looked up without smiling, a keen inquiring glance glittering from between eyelids so close together that only the faintest line of the pupil showed black under the lashes.

"Well?" he said.

"I will do the thing you have asked," answered I.

And said no more.

The Duke instantly became restless, and getting up, he began to pace about the floor like a caged beast.

"You have seen her?" he inquired, stopping in front of me like a dog that points the game.

"I *have* seen her," I replied as simply.

"Well?" he said again, with a keen eager note of anxiety in his voice.

"I am ready to do that which you have asked."

He seemed to be on the point of asking something else. But, changing his mind, he touched a little silver bell.

The usher appeared.

"Show the Hereditary Justicer of the Mark to the Red Tower. Give him all that is necessary to eat and drink. Bid a man-at-arms attend him, and set a sufficient guard at the door!"

So I went out from the presence, and the Duke and the Duke's new Justicer bowed to each other gravely as I stood a moment on the threshold.

"Till we meet again, Red Axe of the Wolfmark!" said Duke Otho.

"Till we meet again!" said I.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

In little more than ten minutes after I had entered them, I stood outside the Duke's apartments, and with my escort I strode across to the empty Red Tower, the home of so many memories. My head was reeling with the overpress of excitement; I could not sleep. So, bribing the soldier, my companion, who had been charged by the Duke not to lose sight of me, to accompany me, I went up to my father's garret.

There I found all things as they had been when my father died.

I set the windows wide, cast the tumbled bedclothes out upon the dust-heap beneath, and bared the whole to the clean wholesome breezes of the night. I saw the fateful Red Axe lean as usual against the block, and taking it up, I found it keen as a razor. It was spotless, and the edge gave back the long low room and our one glimmering candle like a mirror. It must have been my father's last work in this world to polish it.

Then I went down to my own room and laid me down upon the bed in which, on that night of the first homecoming of the Playmate, I had laid my little wife.

The soldier couched across the door, rolled in his cloak and some chance wrapping he found about the house.

God keep me from ever spending such a night again. I thought it would never come to an end. Out in the square in front of the Wolfsberg I could hear a knocking—dull, continuous, reverberant. At first I thought it must be within my own head, so I asked the soldier after a little if he heard it also. I had some faint idea that it might be Prince Karl of Plassenburg with his army thundering at the gates of Thorn.

"'Tis but the scaffold going up in the Grand Place without!" said the soldier. "I heard that the Duke had bidden them work all night by torch-light."

I tried to sleep, but the knocking continued, aching across my brows till I thought I must go mad. After a while I went to the window from which I had so often looked down wistfully upon the play of the city children.

Opposite me, in the middle of the open space, loomed a dark mass—a platform, it seemed, raised a dozen feet above the road—the black silhouette of a ladder set anglewise against it, and that was all. Lower, plainer, somehow deadlier it looked than a gibbet, with its flamboyant beam, which one never sees empty without imagining the malefactor aswing upon it; the heading-block did not frown, it grinned—yes, grinned like the eye-holes of a skeleton with a candle behind them, as the torches glinted through the interstices of the frame-work as it was being nailed together.

All night the dull *dunt dunting* went on without. And I sat awake by the window and awaited the dawning.

The city seethed beneath. When first I looked from

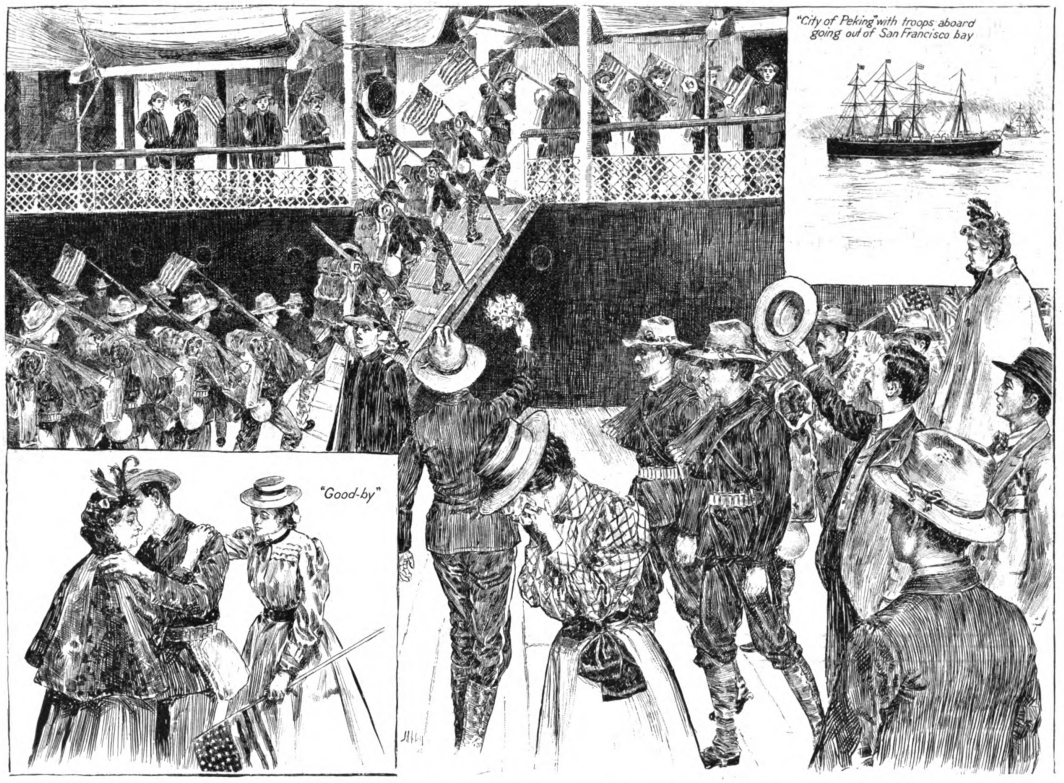
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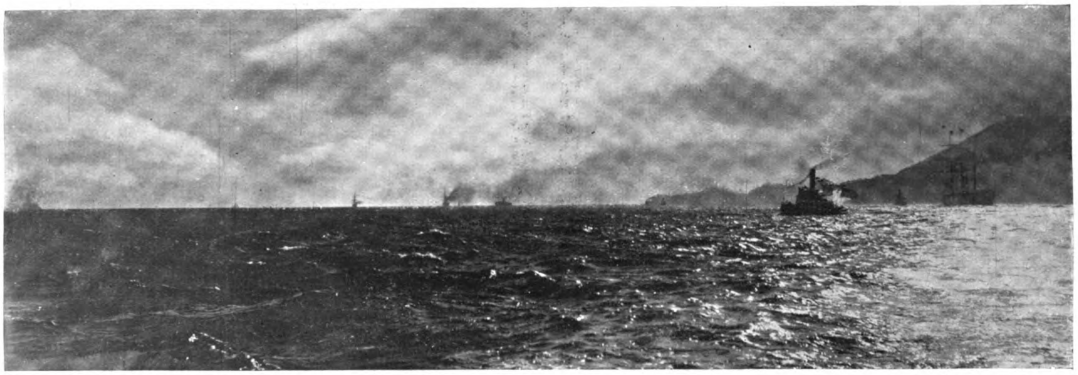
U. S. Army Ambulance.

A LETTER HOME.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CALIFORNIA, COLORADO, NEBRASKA, AND KANSAS REGIMENTS IN CAMP AT BAY DISTRICT, SAN FRANCISCO.—PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN R. JACKSON.



FIRST REGIMENT CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS EMBARKING ON THE "CITY OF PEKING."—DRAWN BY J. A. CAHILL.



THE THREE VESSELS—"CITY OF PEKING," "AUSTRALIA," AND "CITY OF SYDNEY"—PASSING OUT OF THE GOLDEN GATE.—PHOTOGRAPH BY WEIDNER.

OFF FOR MANILA—DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST MILITARY EXPEDITION FROM SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 26, 1898.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

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my chamber window the square was free to all who chose to enter it. But as the knocking went on the news spread through the town of Thorn.

"They are making the scaffold for our Saint Helena!" So the word ran.

And the courts and alleys of Thorn belched forth thousands of angry men. Pikes were carried like staves, the steel head hidden up the long white burgess sleeve. Working-men of the trades, 'prentices, and market porters drew their swords, and came forth with the bare blades in their hands, leaving the scabbards at home to take care of themselves, as was their custom.

Wives cried from escalier windows to their men to come in by, and lie decently down, to be ready for their work in the morning. And the men so addressed paid not the least heed, as the manner of men is. These things and many others I saw, scarce knowing what I saw.

And so with the hum of gathering crowds the hours passed slowly over. But the temper of the people in the square grew more and more difficult, and soon the guard had to be brought down from the castle. The great gates beneath me were open, and the Wolfsberg vomited the black men-at-arms to keep the Duke's peace.

But this brought only the quicker strife. Yells received them as their steel partisans showed up in the square.

"Oppressors of the people, ye come to your reward!" cried many voices.

"We will give you your last breakfast—of cold, tempered steel!" cried another from the bowels of the crowd.

"To the Wolfsberg—ho! Break in the doors! We will have our Saint Helena forth of their cursed prisons!"

It was no sooner said than done. Like a wave the people rushed in a black irregular mass at the front rank of the guard. The soldiers of the Duke were swept away like chaff; I could see one here and another there struggling in the vortices of the angry multitude.

"On to the Wolfsberg!" cried the crowd.

But when the first of them reached the castle gates, lo! they stood open, and there behind them stood file on file of matchlock men with their matches burning in their hands, and their pieces trained upon their rests.

"Give them the fire!" cried a voice, that of Duke Otho, as the crowd halted a moment irresolute.

The bright red flame started out here and there from muzzle and touch-hole, and then ran along the line in an irregular volley.

A terrible cry of fear went up from the folk. For though they had heard of the new ordnance, and even seen one or two, they had never realized the effect of a fusilade. And when a man on either side sank down with a hollow sound like an ox that is felled, and the man in front went over on his face without a sound, the multitude turned, broke into groups, fled, and disappeared in a moment like a whirl of snow which the wind takes down the street in a veering flurry.

Then the gates shut to, and the deep lines of matchlock men were hidden from view. The city now thrilled and murmured worse than ever, humming like an angry hive. But the Wolfsberg kept its place. Not yet had deliverance arrived for the captives within its cells.

And the dread morning was coming fast.

At last, wearied out with crowding emotions, I went and cast me down on my bed, and, instantly falling asleep, I slept like a log till one touched me on the shoulder. Looking up, I saw the Duke Otho. He had come to make sure of his vengeance—the vengeance which I knew well was not his, but that of Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg.

CHAPTER LII.

THE HEADSMAN'S RIGHT.

"Rise, Justicer of the Wolfmark!" said Otho, smiling mockingly upon me like a fiend.

I started up and gazed about me, bewildered, as the coming terrors of the morning broke upon me.

"'Tis scarcely an hour to sunrise," he continued, "and I warrant the Noble Red Axe will desire to feel the edge of his tool and see that his assistants are in their places."

The Duke paused as he went out of the door, and looked at me.

"I can promise you a distinguished company at the first public performance of your honorable office," he said, with a polite gesture.

So soon as he was gone I rose to my feet. Across the broad, black oaken stool whereon from boyhood it had been my habit to place my clothes neatly folded up, I found a suit of new red cloth, plain and rich, with an inscription upon a strip of vellum laid across the breast, bearing that these were a gift from the most Illustrious Duke Otho of the Wolfmark.

Since, after all, my fate was my fate, there was little use in straining at the gnat. So I set to and did upon me the garments of shame. They were made after the fashion of my father's, with cap and hosen and shoon all of red, with a cloak of red to cover all.

Then I went to the Playmate's room, and before the niche where her little Prie-Dieu had stood, I kneeled me down and said such a prayer as at the moment I could compass. But little was needed. For I think God in Heaven Himself was praying for us both that day.

When I went forth into the square, few there were knew or remembered me, but all knew my attire. Then indeed it did my heart good to hear the great unanimous roar of execration which went up from the multitude as I came out. The soldiers had their work cut out to push a way for me to the scaffold.

"Butcher him—tear him to pieces—wolf's cub that he is—he that was her foster-brother to slay our Saint Helena!"

It made me proud to hear them. And as they rushed furiously against the escort we swayed from side to side.

"Down with the Red Axe!" they cried. "Down with the bloody house of Gottfried and all that belong to it."

And then I felt inclined to say "Amen!"

Then when I had mounted the few steps which led to the platform on which stood the black headsman's block, I gazed about me in wonder, holding the Red Axe in my hand. And to my disordered vision I saw the crowd swell and whirl about me on earth and in the air, bubbling and tossing like a pot boiling furiously. Then I bethought me of the work I had to do, and prayed that I might be given strength to do it swiftly and featly, that the suffering of my love might not be long. Also I thought of the lecherous demons of the Black Riders, and was somewhat comforted. At the worst, I could give my love a better end than that.

Then appeared my Lord Duke Otho. An enclosure had been formed for him by the palace wall, covered with a red hanging, as though my sweetheart's death were a gala sight. And when he had come to the front and arranged his folk, lo! there by his side stood Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg, with her father, Master Gerard. They had a place close by the Duke, and Otho ofttimes bent over to speak with his councillor. But Ysolinde looked neither to right nor left, nor yet spoke to any, keeping her eyes fixed on the shining blade of the Red Axe in my hand.

Then as these fine folk stood waiting and gloating among the festoons of their balcony, the devil or God (I know which, but I will not say, lest I be thought a blasphemer) put an intent into my heart. I looked at the edge of the scaffold, and I looked at the barrier of the enclosure. They were of the same height, and the distance between them little more than six feet.

I examined them again, and yet more intently. I saw the steely smile on Duke Otho's face. Already he was tasting the double sweetness of his revenge.

"Wait," I said within my heart as I also smiled a little—"wait, Otho, Duke of the Wolfmark. Wait till this bright edge is sullied with my sweet love's blood. And then—then will I leap upon you, and the Red Axe shall crash deep into the brain that hatched and fostered this hellish intent. And by the gentle heart of her who is about to die, so also will I serve Gerard, the lawyer, and Ysolinde, his daughter, for their treachery against the innocent. Then, amid the flash of steel and the heady whirl of battle, shall Hugo Gottfried be content to die!" It would take more than one stroke to dull that which my father had sharpened. And I lifted up the Red Axe and felt the edge with my thumb. It was razor keen.

But the action was observed, and taken as a proof of callousness. And then what a yell of hate surged up around me! I could have taken those burghers of Thorn to my heart. And I thought if only our Karl would come. Alas! it was a full day too soon; for I felt sure that these burghers would proclaim him at the gates, and that the house of Otho and Casimir, the brood of the Wolff, would, like the shadow of the raven as it flits in the sunshine, pass away. For by that time there would be no Otho. They would find him low enough, with an axe cleft in his head.

When the sun's light tipped the eastern clouds with rose, the Black Hussars came riding forth. The guards and matchlock men lined the way from the castle gates. They blew up their matches to be ready. Suddenly in the midst of the armed throng there appeared a radiant figure coming down the steps of the castle from the Hall of Judgment.

The people threw themselves wildly in that direction. The dark lines of the guard reeled and wavered. There was the sharp click as the pikes engaged. The shouts of the captains of the matchlock men were heard. But the trained bands stood fast, and the rush was stayed. Then came our Helene down towards me, walking delicately, yet proudly erect as a young tree. She was clad all in white, and her hair was plaited high upon her head, so that the shape of her neck was clearly seen.

And I who stood there with the axe in my hand seemed to have a thousand years to think all these things, and even to mark the pattern upon her dress. I saw her come nearer and nearer to me. Yet feeling was dead within me. I seemed to sleep and wake and sleep again. And when at last I awoke, there came a strange feeling to me. It was my wedding-day, and my bride was coming to me, lily pure, clad in whiteness.

Then at the foot of the scaffold there came one forth from the ranks, a captain of the Duke's guard, and with honor and respect offered Helene his arm.

She declined it with a proud smile, and all that were near could hear her clear voice say: "I thank you, sir; I need no help. I am strong enough to walk thus far."

And she mounted the steps of the scaffold as though they had been those of the grand staircase at Plassenburg.

But when she saw me standing in my habit of red from head to heel, she seemed a little taken aback. Quickly, however, she came forward and took me by the hand, looking up at me with the love-light making her eyes glorious.

"Hugo," she said, "I am glad you are here—glad that I am to die by no less loving hand. That will be sweeter than to live with any other. And, indeed, I deserve so much, for I have not known much joy in my life, save in the old days that of being your Little Playmate."

Then there came a stern voice from the enclosure,

"*Executioner of the Mark, do your duty!*"

It was the voice of Master Gerard.

And then I looked over and saw Gerard von Sturm standing a little in front, with his daughter's wrist held tightly in his hand as though he would drag her back. With that a loathing came over me, for I said within me, "Is the woman so anxious for the blood of the innocent whom she has hounded to death that she would intrude on the scaffold itself?"

Then I remembered the duty of the Justicers, ere the sentence was carried out, to recite the crimes of the condemned.

So I cried aloud, even as I had heard my father do:

"The crimes of Helene, Princess of Plassenburg, sole daughter of Dietrich, lately Prince thereof—guilty of no evil save that she has been the saviour of this people of Thorn, and their deliverer in time of pestilence!"

The people hushed themselves with astonishment at my words, and then a cry went up.

"The Red Axe speaks true—she is innocent—innocent!"

But the stern voice of Gerard von Sturm came again,

"*Executioner of the Wolfmark, do your duty!*"

Scarce knowing what I did, I went on with my formal accusation.

"Helene, Princess of Plassenburg, who is about to die, is also guilty of loving me, Hugo Gottfried, son of Gottfried Gottfried, and of none other crime. For this the Duke has decreed that she should die. It is her own will that she should die by my hand."

Helene came forward and put her hand in mine in token that I spoke truly, and there fell a great silence across the people. I saw the Lady Ysolinde straining at her father's hand, like a dog in a leash when the quarry rises.

Then my love kissed me once, as though she had been saying good-night in the Red Tower, simply and sweetly like a child, and laid her head down on the block as on the white pillow of her own bed.

"*God do so, and more also, to them on whose head is the innocent blood of my love and my wife.*"

The words burst from me rather than were uttered.

I raised the blade.

But ere the Red Axe could fall there rose a wild scream from the Duke's enclosure. Some one cried: "Let me go! He has said it! He has said it! I will not be silent any longer." It was the Lady Ysolinde who had broken from her father's hand.

"The girl is his wife," she went on. "He has claimed her—according to the laws of the Wolfmark that cannot be broken, he has called her his wife. It is the Executioner's right. One woman he can claim as his during his term of office—one only, and for his wife. Duke Otho, I call upon you to allow it. Chancellor Texel, I call upon you to read the law. I have it here in my hand. Read! Read! *I will save my soul! I will save my soul!*"

And the Lady Ysolinde, sobbing and laughing at once, had overleaped the light barrier, and was thrusting a parchment with a seal into the hands of the Chancellor Michael Texel.

"She is mad. Let the justice of the realm be done!" cried again the voice of Master Gerard.

And I think the Duke would have ordered it to be so. But there arose not only a roar from the people, but, what Otho minded far more, an ominous murmur among the nobles and gentlemen and from the men-at-arms.

"The law! The law! Read us the law!"

And even Otho dare not trifle with the will of the free companions of the Mark. For in all the realm they were now his only supporters. Helene had risen to her feet, and stood, pale of face but erect, resting, as was her wont, one hand on my shoulder.

Then Michael Texel read the scroll aloud.

"It is the immemorial privilege of the Hereditary Executioner of the Mark, being of the family of Gottfried—a privilege not to be abrogated nor alienated—that during the term of office of each, he may claim, not as a boon, but as a right, the life of one man for a bond-servant, or the life of one woman for a wife. Thus, by order of the States' Council, to be the privilege of the Gottfrieds forever, it has been proclaimed!"

As Michael Texel went on, I saw the countenances of the Duke and the lawyer change. I knew that salvation had come to us like lightning from a clear sky, and I hastened to demand the right which was mine.

So soon as he had finished I shouted, with all my power,

"I CLAIM HELENE TO BE MY WIFE!"

Then went up such an acclaim from the people as never had been heard in the ancient city. Even the gentlemen in the enclosure threw their hats in the air. The soldiers put their helmets on the points of their spears, and the captains waved their colors as at a victory. The thunder of the cheering roused the rooks and jackdaws from the towers of Thorn and the bastions of the Wolfsberg till they went drifting in a black cloud clamorous over the city.

Then Helene put her arms about my neck, and before all the people we plighted our troth.

"The Bishop—the Bishop Peter!" cried the people.

And, leaping upon an officer's horse, a messenger rode post-haste to the palace, the crowd making way for him. Duke Otho disappeared through a private door, for the thing was over-strong even for him. He knew his weakness too well to war with the privileges of the Wolfmark.

Rulers stronger than he had been broken in doing battle against ancient rights and amenities. Besides, the nobility were afraid of their own perquisites if one of so ancient a charter as that of the Hereditary Justicer were refused.

Then from the palace came the Bishop, with due and decorous attendance of crosier and solemn procession. And there, amid the turmoil of joy and the ringing of every bell in the city, we, that had gone out to be together in death, were joined in the bonds of youth and life.

But the Lady Ysolinde saw not, heard not. For they had carried her out white and still from the place where she had fallen fainting at the foot of the scaffold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICKAMAUGA.

Late one afternoon recently two stalwart soldiers bore an iron safe to the headquarters that are comfortably fanned by every grateful breeze that rustles the leaves on Lytles Hill. The box was honored with an escort of two armed guards, who staid conveniently near while the paymaster raised the lid and took out packages of a delicious green in color, decorated with patriotic scenes, and eloquent with promises to pay, and with numerals, from the cheerful 1 to the exhilarating 50. It was the box of Pandora—if money be the root of all evil; and surely the ills that flesh is heir to took no swifter wing to the ends of the earth from one box than this essence of evil took from the other when the lid of each was raised. To officers' wives—lonely women at lonely posts—those bills fluttered; to the army girl at school, just now a heroine doubtless among her schoolmates; to the old father, the widowed mother, the young sister, the children of the plain soldier. And the local shower from the gay, the reckless, the unregenerate, was as a shower of leaves after a killing frost and a hard rain. Ever good-humored, ever generous, ever mellow, is the spirit of the army; but a rich warmth was in the atmosphere next day that did not come from the sun, except indirectly, and through the skin of a grape or the beard of corn. The best that was in town was far from being any too good for the open-handed sons of Uncle Sam. A black warrior took up a ragged little compatriot from the street with one hand, put him on a stool in a clothing-store, and sent him home arrayed like a dusky son of Solomon. A young lieutenant passing into a restaurant halted in front of a discharged soldier, miserable and hungry-looking.

"I'll match you for a dollar," said the officer.

The soldier smiled miserably, put his fingers mechanically into his waistcoat pocket, felt something, and smiled again with much good cheer.

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"All right," he said, holding out his shut hand and opening it. In his palm lay a broken match.

"Won!" was the officer's cry, and the coin rang on the counter; and the soldier took martial tread for the bar and "set 'em up" like a king. Everywhere soldiers plied knife and fork on shad and tenderloin, or said "How!" joyously with comrade and civilian, and swaggered the streets, and kept shooting-gallery and bar-room merry until a late hour, all jolly, but all singularly well-behaved.

At Chickamauga sundry ingenious changes were rung on the work-a-day routine of camp life, for the soldier is as little of a "paper sport" in peace as he is in war. Bottles popped and gurgled at the canteens, and in the groves round about there were some sly throwing of craps and playing of poker and chuck-a-luck, and that winsome game of the West, "Rush Reuben."

In front of the post-office hung a sign: "Rubber boots for sale."

A jolly trooper stopped before it, ran his rolling eyes over it once, looked at the dust about him, and smiled.

"Hic—thash joke!"

He read it again and laughed softly to himself and beckoned to a comrade. The comrade came, and the trooper stirred up the dust with his foot; and the dust was three inches deep. Then he pointed to the sign, but this time he did not laugh.

"Thash insult!" he said, solemnly, and began pulling his pistol.

The other pulled too, saying, sympathetically, "Yesh, thash insult th—army—whole army!"

Several others ran up as they levelled their guns, and in a minute a fire by platoons was making a sieve of that unlucky sign.

In spite of incidents of this kind, which landed some of the rioters in the guard-house, nobody was hurt, and it is safe to say that no body of civilians, under the same circumstances, would have been better behaved.

Early next morning a little body of men in queer-looking uniforms climbed rather heavily from the train and started on a march through the camp. They were old boys, and they went rather slowly, but they stepped jauntily, and in their natty old-fashioned caps and old jackets, pointed into a V shape behind, they looked jaunty in spite of their years. Not a soldier but paused to look at these men in gray, who marched thus proudly through such a stronghold of blue and were not ashamed. And nobody smiled or laughed or joked one with the other, for all knew that they were old Confederates in butternut, and once fighting-men indeed. All knew that these men had fought battles that made scouts and Indian skirmishes and city riots, and perhaps any battles that are to be seen with Spain, but play by contrast for the "tin soldiers" upon whom the regular smiles with such mild contempt; that this thin column had seen twice the full muster of 7000 strong camping there melt away on that same field in a single day. Your true fighter, the world over, to the true fighter doffs his hat, and the little remnant of men in gray, a remnant of thousands upon thousands strong, marched through an atmosphere of profound respect, and on through a mist of memories to that Calvary of the battle-field, the rocky little hill where the Virginian Thomas—"the Rock of Chickamauga"—stood against seventeen fierce assaults of hill-swarming demons in butternut, whose desperate valor has no parallel since history began the record of the battles of the earth, unless it then and there found its counterpart in the desperate courage of the brothers in name and race whose lives they sought that day. They were bound to a patriotic love-feast with old enemies in blue, these men in gray, and they held it near Snodgrass Hill, where stand four monuments with four bronze figures to represent the three branches of the service, which Tennessee has erected to her sons who fought on either side at Chickamauga.

One only of the figures is a Federal, for the Federals constituted but one-fourth the Tennessee troops who fought that day.

"If the combatants had not already learned it," said ex-Governor Porter, when he turned over the monuments to the United States, "they learned on this field that educated Americans of every section of the Federal Union were alike brave in action, and that advantages won by either side resulted from the character of its leadership.

"Twenty-one commanding officers of Tennessee regiments conspicuous on this field fell within a year in the forefront of battle. Not many States can show such a roll of honor; no State can mourn the loss of so many distinguished sons."

"While granting to the soldiers of both armies a sincere desire to do right as each could see the right," said a Federal general of Nashville, "yet, speaking from a Federal stand-point, the friends of the national government can never cease to be grateful that, in the providence of God, East Tennessee chose to cast her best strength to aid in maintaining and preserving the union of the States."

"Other wars may come and go," wrote an ex-Confederate Senator, who could not be present, "but they can never erase from the page of history nor from the memory of the people the brief, brilliant, and eventful career of the Southern Confederacy. They can never remove from the cluster of flags that belong to history our modest little ensign with its stars and bars hovering beneath the cross of St. Andrew. . . . We still dwell with rapture on the victories won beneath its folds, at whatever sacrifice, and now, after the lapse of a third of a century, we take the greatest pride in perpetuating in bronze the memory of those who fell in the cause of which it was the emblem."

And the poet said:

O valorous Blue . . .
O glorious Gray . . .
. . . the message you left through the land has sped
From this marbled field to the heart of man,
Let the past be past and the dead be dead—
Now and forever American!

And so said one of Forrest's cavalrymen at the "camp fire," at the Auditorium in town that night. Mason and Dixon's line was somewhere off Key West now, he declared, and Lee and Wheeler were going down to push it even farther south.

Meanwhile the regulars were breaking camp for the hot sands of Tampa, and that night bugles blew lonely taps to the chafing soldiers left behind. JOHN FOX, JR.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 559.*)

Wednesday, June 1.—The Monitor *Monadnock*, now cruising off Puget Sound, is to be made ready for service at Manila. Orders to this effect were issued to-day to her commanding officer and to the commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Rear-Admiral Sampson arrived off Santiago de Cuba, and relieved Commodore Schley in command of the entire American fleet at that point. The united squadrons comprise about sixteen war-ships.

A despatch from Madrid says that the government, to secure funds for the prosecution of the war, has intrusted the Bank of Spain with negotiations for a loan of 1,000,000,000 pesetas. Grave doubts are expressed as to the ability of the bank to raise the loan.

Thursday, June 2.—To-day's Treasury statement of government income and expenditure for May shows that during the month just ended $9,093,000 was spent on the navy and $17,093,000 on the army. During April, $12,557,000 was spent by the government on the navy and only $6,223,000 on the army.

The House unanimously passed an urgent deficiency bill appropriating $17,845,000 for war expenditures.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR INFANTS.
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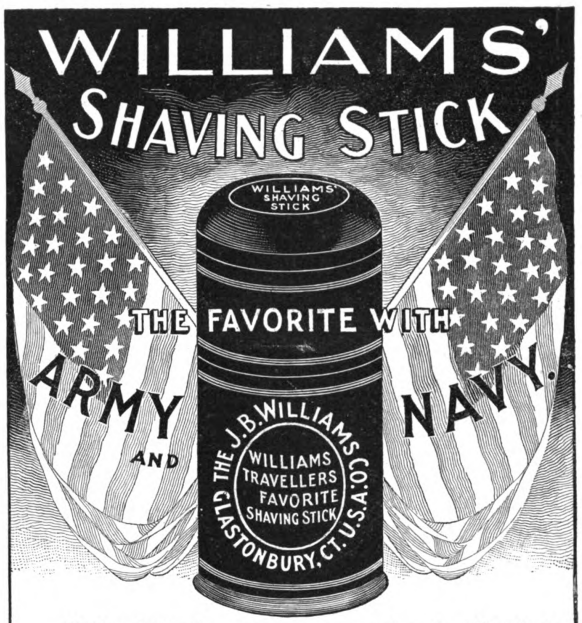
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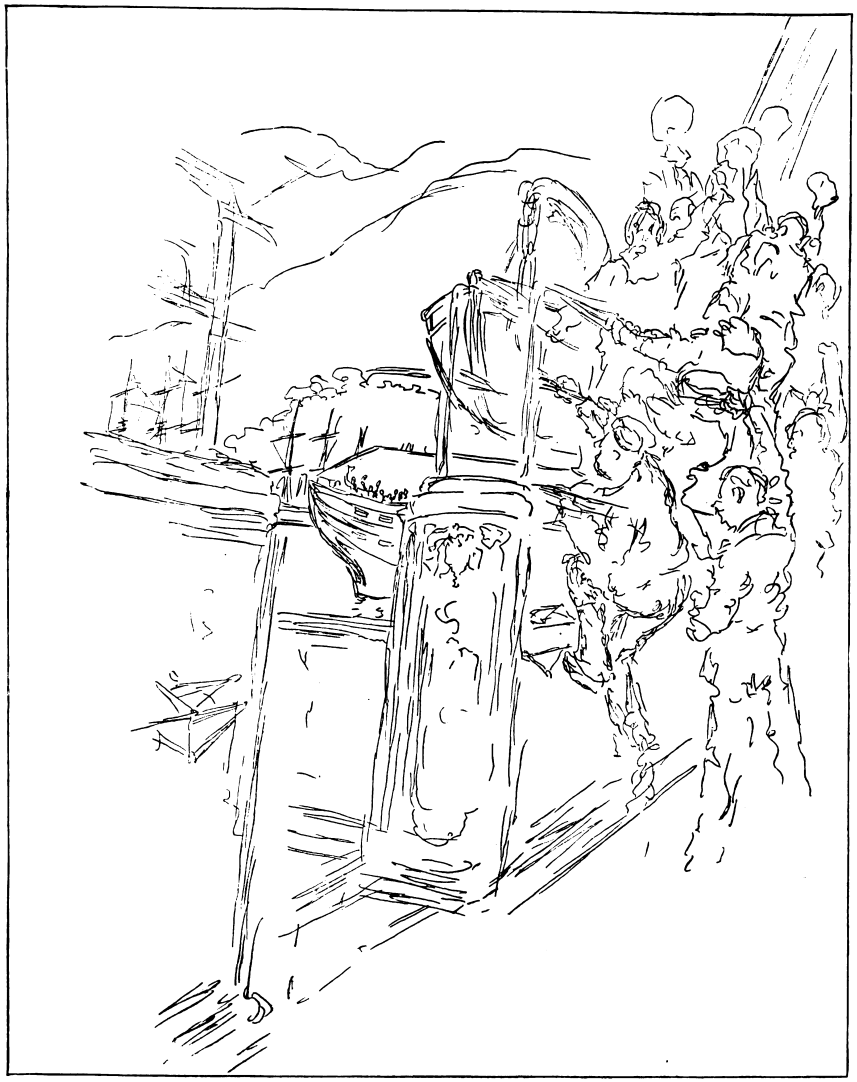
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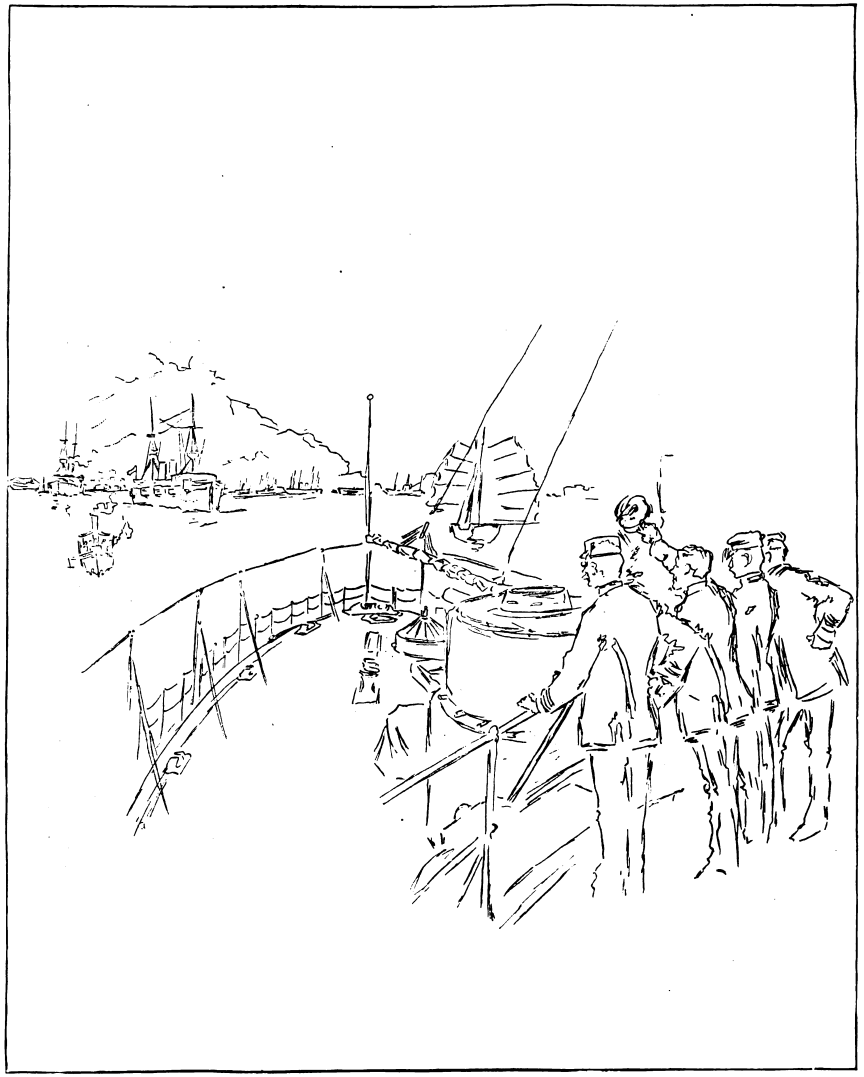
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ANGLO-AMERICAN SYMPATHY.
The Crew of the "Olympia" replying to the Cheers of the Crew of a British Troop-Ship.



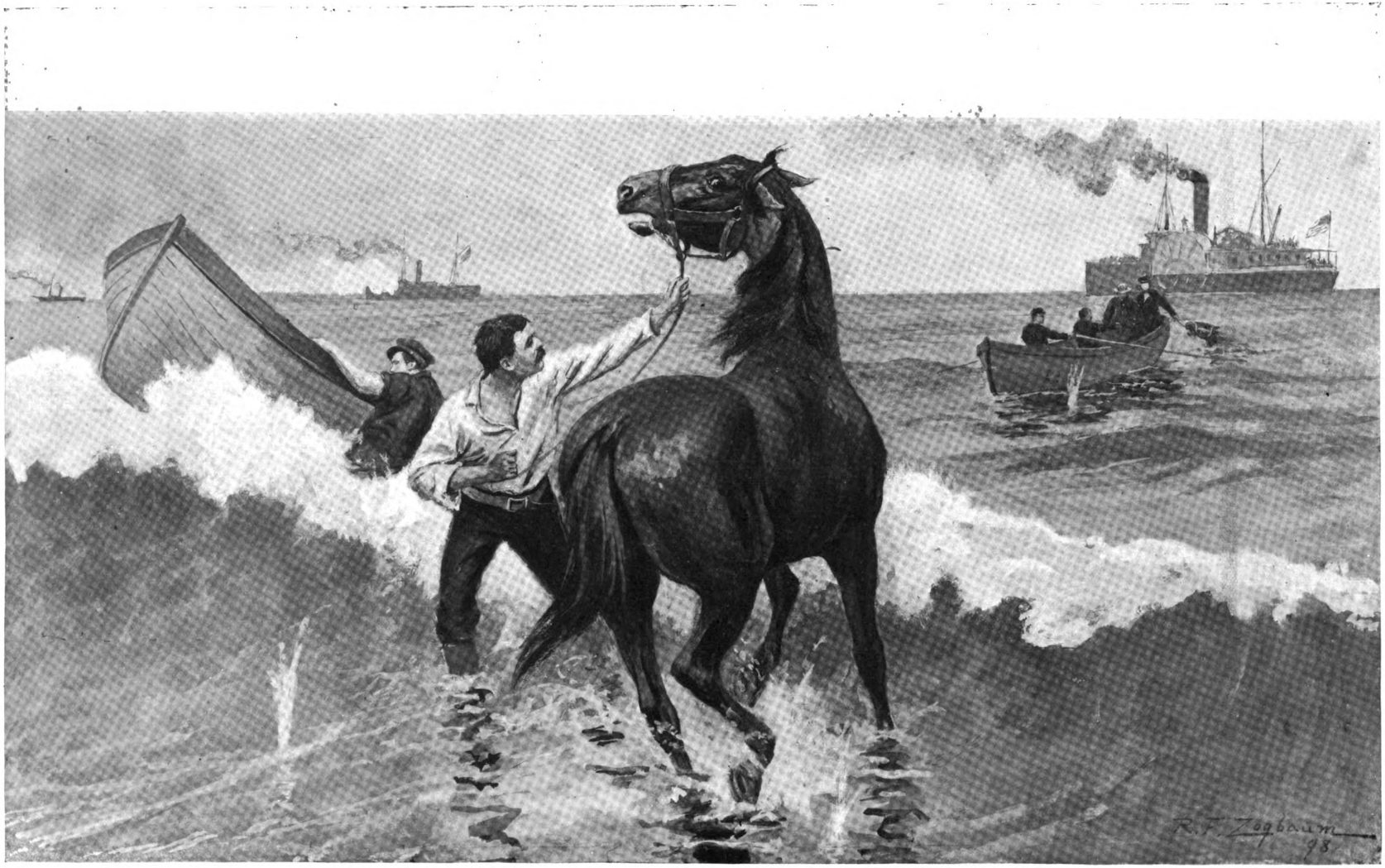
DEPARTURE OF U. S. SHIPS "OLYMPIA," "BALTIMORE," AND "RALEIGH" FOR MIRS BAY, APRIL 25.
U. S. Consul Wildman waving Farewell to the Officers of the Flag-Ship.

WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLEET—LEAVING HONG-KONG FOR MANILA.
SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE FLEET.

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THE "GUSSIE" EXPEDITION—LANDING HORSES THROUGH THE SURF UNDER FIRE FROM THE SHORE.

Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with the Expedition.—[See Page 578.]

Original from PENN STATE

CRUISING ON A TRANSPORT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Port Tampa, Florida.

It is early morning, yet the sun is well up, and Havana is bathed in a bright white light, and the mist is rising above the crowded houses, thick and heavy, obscuring the hills behind the city. We are very close in—I can plainly see the embrasures of the big battery under the Cabañas.

A curious-looking craft this on which our expedition is embarked, with her hull painted a brilliant red, her upper works and huge paddle-boxes white, and the old-fashioned "walking-beam" seesawing up and down. Bales of hay covered with canvas are stacked on the hurricane-deck; huge red water-tanks cumber the forecastle. From below, the occasional stamp of hoofs and the braying of mules mingle with the odor of the stable and the chug-a-chug-chug of the paddles, a Gatling gun shoves its many barrels over the rail forward, while everywhere about the ship the soldiers are scattered, leaning over the rail and gazing towards the land, as hardy, athletic, fine a lot of lads as ever shouldered rifle.

Our ship is the transport *Gussie*. Close alongside lies the "converted" revenue-cutter *Manning*, and as, turning our bows westward, we slowly steam away, she follows in our wake—a trim little ship, very businesslike in appearance. The object of the expedition is to land arms and ammunition for the insurgents, and cases of rifles and cartridges, clothing and supplies, fill the holds, while a number of mules and horses stand in stalls betweendecks. Some Cuban officers, with their asistente, or camp servant, an interpreter, and one or two pilots, are on board, and to-day we hope to land the officers for a mission to their people. As we proceed slowly along the coast we gradually creep closer and closer to the land. The houses of Havana mass into one shining spot astern, the light-house on Morro Castle silhouettes against the horizon, and but for the flickering flashes on the distant hills, where the heliographs are working, the whole coast seems deserted. But the apparent calm on shore is deceptive, and watchful eyes are following every movement of the lumbering old ship.

Up on a hill, where some buildings, bluish-white, show through the trees, a body of the enemy's troops appears, moving out from behind the walls of the houses, and forming in a mass near some great trees to the left of the buildings. On our consort the crew has gone to general quarters; the men are grouped around the guns, and as she quietly slips up to a position between our ship and the shore her batteries open, while a wild cheer breaks out from the soldiers gathered along the rails and crowding the hurricane-deck of the transport, eager and excited at this their first sight of the foe. As the smoke drifts away not a soul is in sight on the hill; the Spaniards have disappeared, as if by magic, from that particular point; but the noise of the cannonade has seemingly roused the whole neighborhood into action. Slowly we move past Mariel, opening out the beautiful bay, and looking right at the red-roofed houses. Our Cuban friends are buckling on their machetes and accoutrements, and handling the Springfield rifles that have been issued to them this morning. Their saddles and horse equipments lie ready on the deck. We are nearing the point where we hope to land them. Suddenly we see a man, waist-deep in the grass, running swiftly towards the thick brush beyond, and almost simultaneously up over the crest a number of horsemen come into view on the road. The flash of steel and the color of uniforms show the new-comers to be a body of Spanish cavalry, that has no doubt been following us all the way from Mariel. Then, detaching themselves from the mass, four troopers ride forward, disappear in the dense jungle, and emerge in a few moments directly abreast of us on the sandy beach.

Putting their horses into a gentle canter, they move along, keeping up with us, and paying no attention to the rifle-shots from a tug that has been accompanying the ship from the start. Riding well out to the front, the leader sits astride a handsome gray horse; the others canter a few yards behind, as brave and reckless a "set of fours" as ever delighted the eye of a cavalryman; there is more than one expression of generous admiration at the intrepidity of our enemies. Where a break in the shore—a little cove—stops their further progress, the Spanish troopers rein in, and after watching us for a few moments longer, the horses' heads are turned inland, and, with a parting defiant fist-shake from the man on the gray horse, all four riders are swallowed up in the dense undergrowth. There is no use to attempt a landing here. Every now and then the distant prutt of a volley from the shore warns us that the bush is swarming with the enemy; but the smokeless powder of their Mausers gives us no clew to the exact location of the firing, and we gradually draw out without replying.

It is well on in the afternoon as we near the entrance to Cabañas Bay and it is decided to attempt a landing on Arbolitos, the point on the western side. Sounding constantly, the big red hulk of our ship creeps closer and closer in towards the reef. With a roar of chain and upward splash of spray the anchor takes the ground, and we swing slowly abreast the beach—in sea parlance, "close enough to shy a biscuit on shore." The gunboat, with gentle, easy dip and roll, lies just off our quarter; a little further out to sea the graceful lines of a diminutive cruiser, the United States gunboat *Wasp*, show up in a gray mass on the unbroken surface of the sea. Of course the *Gussie* is short-handed—who ever knew of a hired transport that wasn't?—and it takes some time to lower the boats. Amid some confusion, for there seems to be no one aboard experienced in such matters to direct their movements, two of the boats are filled and manned by the soldiers, the boat first "shoved off" moving up the reef, as if seeking an opening, the second pulling direct for the shore. As it nears the reef the swell begins to lift it, sending it in quick-succeeding leaps rapidly forward, until in a burst and smother of foam it plunges right into the surf, almost disappearing from view. For a moment we on the ship hold our breath in anxious expectation; then, as we see one blue-clad form after the other boldly plunge overboard and rush through the water, stumbling, falling full length, picking themselves up again, in eager emulation to reach the land, while others grab the gunwales of the boat on either side, and shoving it along between them, carry it bodily up on the strand, an enthusiastic shout bursts out, as cheer on cheer goes up for the first American soldiers to set foot on Cuban soil.

Meanwhile the first boat seems to be hard and fast on the reef, teetering up and down in the swell like the *Gussie's* walking-beam; but the fine athletic fellows are out of her in a jiffy, and soon, strung out in long skirmish-line on the beach alongside their comrades, move forward into the bush. The Cubans are quickly landed, and the task of setting the horses ashore begins. The great port, opening at the side from the deck where the stalls are placed, is swung wide, a line made fast to the halter of the horse is passed to men in a small boat alongside, and the startled animal is pushed and driven to the opening, until with a desperate leap he plunges into the water. Guided by the man in the stern, while his companion heads the boat for the shore, the horse, snorting in alarm, but swimming easily, reaches the reef, and finding foothold, scrambles through the surf, making for the shore, where he is soon standing tethered to a tree, and apparently none the worse for his experience. The second horse gives less trouble; or perhaps the men who are taking him ashore have benefited by the experience of the first landing; and now the third animal is well on his way towards the beach. On the hurricane-deck of the ship, lined up under cover of the hay-bales, the men who form the covering party have been watching the proceedings with anxious interest. Suddenly some way up the beach, right on the edge of the brush, we see something moving. Two or three blue figures emerge partly, and are running forward, arms at a trail; one drops on knee; with quick, jerky movement up goes rifle to shoulder, and we see the flash of the discharge. "By God, they're attacked!" speaks a voice at my side, and simultaneously the air about us is filled with a whirring, humming sound, followed by a distant pattering noise, like fire-crackers on Independence day. Zip! hum! buzz! the angry bullets come flying, and a thin blue haze floats over the brush just beyond where one of the boats has been hauled up on the shore. "Ten shun!" The hardy figures behind the hay-bales become rigid. "With magazines, load!" A momentary rattling and clicking of steel on steel. "Aim just to the right of the boat on the shore! Steady! Fire!" and like the discharge of a single piece the volley hits back at the attacking enemy. Again and again, quietly and as on drill, the men respond to the orders. The fire on shore rolls here and there, now falling, now rising again, slacking finally to a few scattering shots, then dying away. The enemy's attack is repulsed, and he has retired, leaving behind him the bodies of an officer and two soldiers, victims of the first encounter between American and Spanish soldiers on Cuban shores. But, victorious as are our men for the time being, their position on shore is exceedingly precarious. Our morning's work has shown us that the country is swarming with Spanish soldiery. Cabañas is not far distant, the enemy knows our force, and it will not be long before he can confront us in overwhelming numbers. We must try to make the woods too hot to hold him, and so word is sent to our friends of the gunboats with request to shell and drive him away, while dispositions are made to re-embark.

It is a pretty sight to witness as the two gunboats move slowly broadside to the beach. Their fire sweeps the entire length of the jungle, and the boom of the guns, the whir of the projectiles, and the sharp burst of the shells as they plunge in among the trees mingle in one continuous roar, and are added to by the rumble of the storm over the land yonder. Time presses, the afternoon is waning, the tide is falling, and the roar of the surf strikes heavier and heavier on the ear. Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst, the officer in command of the expedition—his boat upset on landing, casting him and all its occupants into the sea—stands with the Cubans by the trees where the horses are.

Word had been brought off to the ship that our allies, alarmed by the presence of the enemy, hesitated to carry out the mission for which they had been put ashore; but now we see them saddling the horses, and soon they mount and ride off up the shore, picturesque figures in their wide-brimmed hats and loose cotton garments. Our men have gone forward into the bush again, ready to repel the enemy should he renew the attack, but now the bugle sounds the recall, and we see them emerging from the trees and gathering in squads on the beach. It is going to be more difficult to re-embark even than it was to land. The boats have to be shoved out to the reef, where the water deepens abruptly, and the surf is angry and growing more violent every moment as the swells run in from the open sea. The men wade into the water, pushing the boat before them, until the reef is reached, and scramble in; some, up to their necks in the water, throw their rifles into the boat, and clinging to the gunwales as the light craft is driven out over the swells, are dragged in by their comrades. A boat from the *Manning*, as close in to the reef as it can get, lies on its oars waiting to take Dorst off, and I own to a grateful feeling of relief when, after struggling neck-deep through the surf, I see him safe in the stern-sheets of the *Manning's* boat, the last to leave the shore.

Our good ship *Gussie* seems to like Havana. Here she is again, her red hull bobbing up serenely in the morning light, her white upper works shining, and her old walking-beam swinging up and down, as if wigwagging morning greetings to our old friends in Morro. Here we go, lumbering down the coast again in the same easy, friendly way as yesterday, with our guard and escort *Manning* steaming sociably along in company, and our little friend *Wasp* buzzing along off our bow.

"Something done drap in de watah ovah dere, sah," says one of the negro cabin-boys to me, as I pass out of the cabin on my way to the upper deck, and looking towards the shore away off yonder on the hill-side, where long rows of palms are standing, I see a little blue cloud melting away against the brown background. A flash, another cloud of smoke puffing out in a round cottony sort of cloud, and something else "done drap in de watah," just astern, so close this time as to send the spray showering high up over the rails, and I am not long in getting out and up on the deck above. Just off our bow on the shore, half hidden in the thick of the underbrush, a circular gray-white tower gleams in the sunlight; just beyond there is a gentle rise in the ground, and up from over the bushes there another cloud bursts out, and swish-wish-wish a shot passes over us. Look at the *Manning* jump forward, gallantly interposing her slender gray shape between the *Gussie's* old red hulk and the shore, while there comes graceful little *Wasp* right up across our bow, bristling with stings, and humming away to a merry tune as her very first shot, straight and true, strikes in the very midst of the battery on the hill-side. Another and another, right home she drives them, and the Spanish guns up there speak no more. Turn about, *Gussie*, old girl! there's no room for you here. The Spanish welcome is too full of passionate fervor for your brittle old sides; so steam away, and watch the gallant little fighters from a safer point of view. Your call has been close enough for the time being. Lieutenant Ward lingers awhile, with the *Wasp* flirting about and just praying for another chance, but courteously refraining from joining in the conversation the other gunboat is having with the gentlemen behind the tower. The *Manning* is banging away at a great rate over there; we can see the water splash around her, and a villanous crack and puff of smoke right under her bows show that her opponents are doing all they can to keep up their share of the conversation. The little gunboat, true to her sex, however, has the last word, and, soon all is silent along the shore; but it is rather a battered and discouraged looking tower that she leaves behind her on the point there.

The jig is up for this part of the coast, so far as you are concerned, *Gussie*—at any rate, for the present. You will make another attempt to-night; for Dorst, as brave a cavalryman as ever threw leg over horse, is loath to give up; but everywhere, by night or day, you will find our Spanish friends alert and watchful, and the game, under present circumstances, isn't worth the candle. All I can do is heartily to wish you better luck next time.

R. F. Zogbaum.

WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Despatch-Boat "Kanapaha," *May 21 to 28, 1898.*

From Havana eastward to the Bahama Channel, from Cuba on the south to the Bahama Islands on the north, the fleet of Admiral Sampson has scoured the waters since Monday last, looking in vain for a sail or sign of smoke that would indicate an enemy's vessel. Nothing but silent sea and sky, nothing but torrid sun or tropic rain-storm, to mark the days; the nights set with brilliant stars, from the great Dipper dear to Northern eyes to the fair Southern Cross hanging low over the dim coast-line.

Monday morning, in the mist and rain, rolling on the tumbling waters, the flag-ship gathered about her, like a hen her chickens, the scattered cruisers, the big *Indiana* alone unmoved by the noisy seas, the *Mayflower*, *Annapolis*, *Newport*, *Machias*, and the torpedo-boats *Foote* and *Rodgers*, and started off to the eastward. We knew that Schley's fleet had gone to the south side of the island, and from off Havana to the east meant a definite purpose of some sort, which strengthened during the day to our minds as we kept steadily on past Matanzas and Cardenas. A cloud of black smoke on the western horizon heralded during the afternoon an addition to the fleet, which overhauled us rapidly, and proved so complete a stranger as to make us think for a time that the mythical Spanish fleet had at last a representative; signals flew from the flag-ship's lofty signal-yards, answered by a cloud of flags from the new ship, which, passing near enough by this time, we found to be the *New Orleans*, foreign built, but now flying the stars and stripes, and making a fine sight as she foamed along at a high speed, her long low hull, bristling guns, and fighting-tops giving her a warlike and formidable appearance.

At noon of Tuesday (the 24th) the smoke of several steamers loomed down to the eastward; the fleet moved off quickly in that direction, one of the torpedo-boats darting ahead, and the rest of the ships trailing after the *New York* and *Indiana*. Again disappointment followed, for instead of Spanish ships, the Monitors *Puritan* and *Miantonomoh* appeared, and fell in line behind the *Indiana*, flying signal-flags of greeting and report. A third smoke materialized into the supply-ship *Supply*—a welcome addition to the fleet, for fresh provisions are scarce and valuable things on blockade duty. The *Montgomery*, flying the flag of Commodore Watson, and the *Wasp* joined the fleet during the afternoon, and all moved off to the eastward at night in three long lines, veiled and hidden at times in squalls of rain.

Wednesday morning early the *Cincinnati* and *Vesuvius* joined the squadron, composed now of sixteen vessels, and all headed west. "What are they doing, I'd like to know?" "We have come out for nothing, and are going back because we came," were the discontented remarks that passed current.

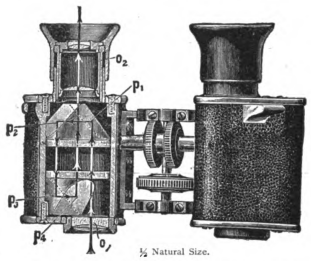
At no time but war-time would it be possible to get men to endure what the officers and men are going through with to-day in the apparently fruitless quest of the Spanish fleet—living on paymaster's stores, no ice, no fruit or vegetables of any kind on many or most of the ships; bulkheads torn out; all comforts pitched overboard; the engine-rooms intolerably hot; men coming out of these heated "hells" with a temperature of 130 degrees to sleep on deck, or any place they can, with the thermometer at 102 degrees. There are no awnings over the blistering decks; rain or the kindly mantle of night can alone cool or comfort the overtaxed endurance, and yet no one complains; only the impatience of brave men to meet the enemy and have done with him. The excitement of battle would be easy work compared with this weary task of waiting and watching.

Wednesday night brought a heavy squall of wind and rain, and the day closed with the ships pitching and rolling, and drenched with water from sea and sky. On Thursday smoke was again reported to the east, and the fleet promptly turned back to investigate, but again disappointment, and once more headed toward the west, the fleet moved slowly back toward Cardenas, continuing all day Friday—a perfect day alone of the entire week. At night the *New York* steamed back to Key West, and we followed, arriving on Saturday morning, and passing outside the *Oregon*, her long journey ended, and now surrounded by coal-schooners, from which her bunkers are being refilled.

Carlton T. Chapman.

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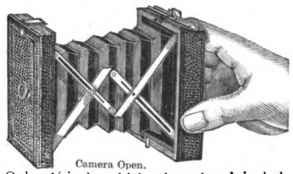
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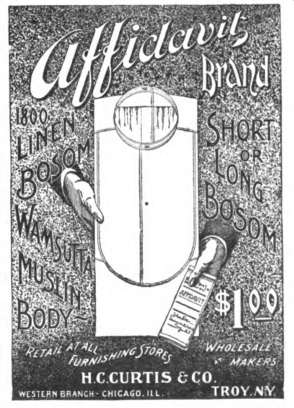


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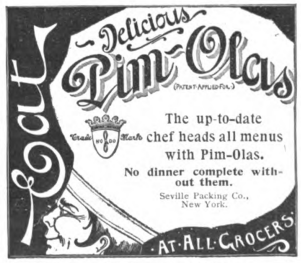
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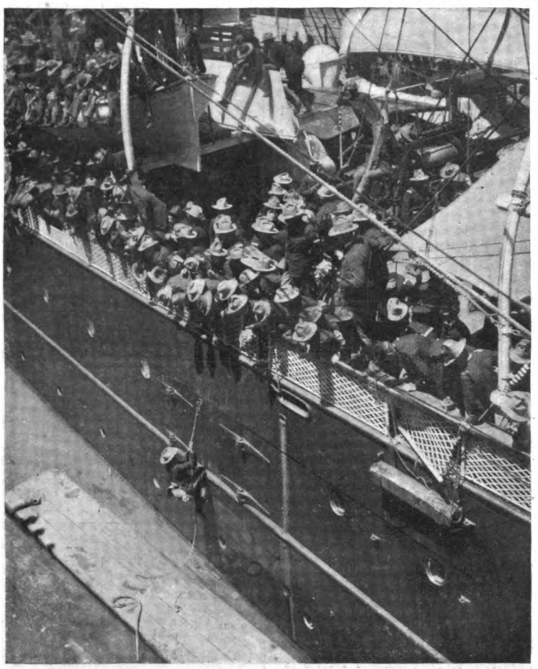
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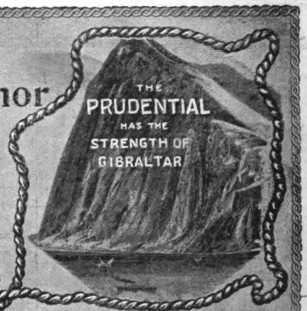
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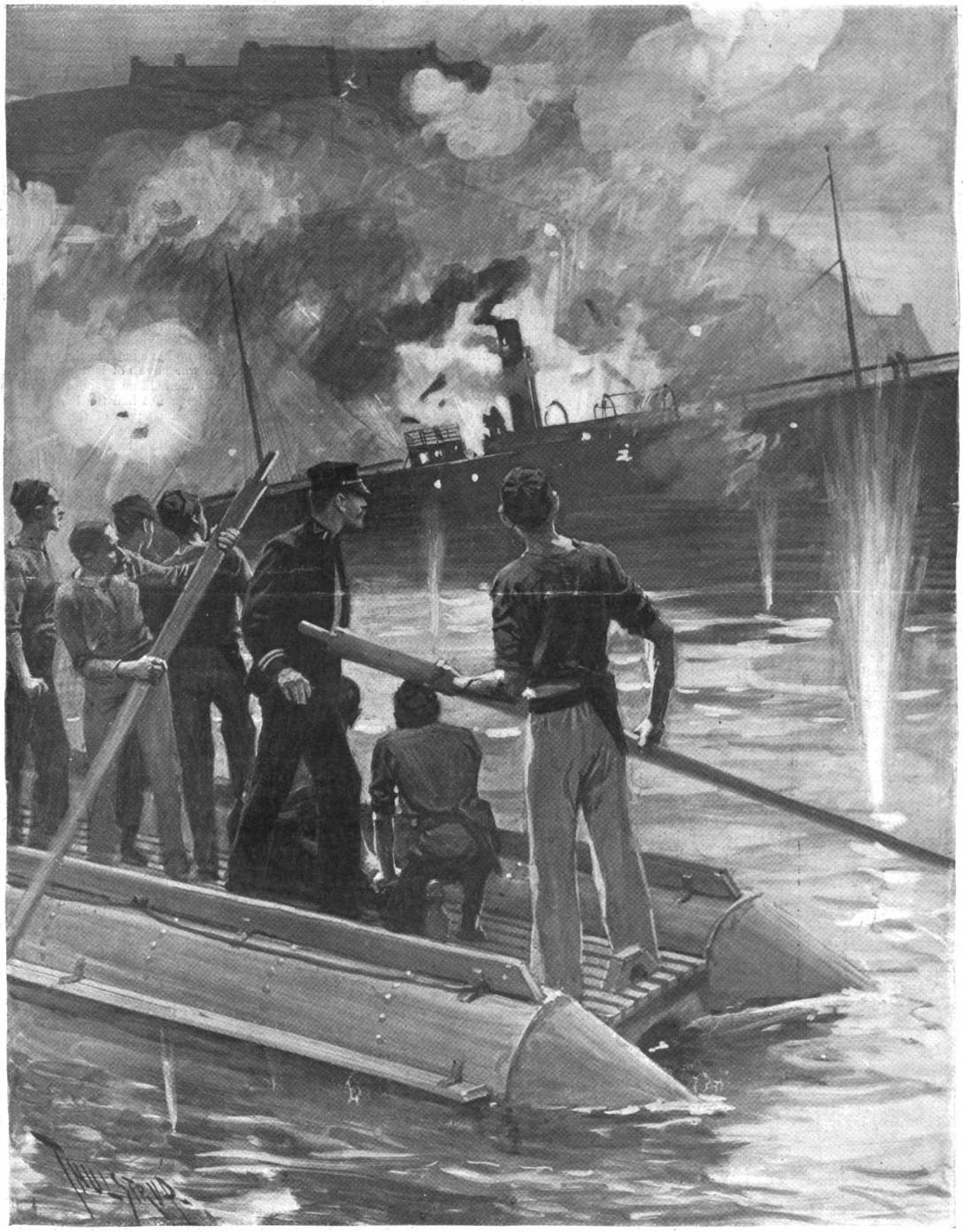
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PENN STATE

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"CORKING THE BOTTLE."

ASSISTANT NAVAL-CONSTRUCTOR HOBSON'S HEROIC EXPLOIT IN BLOWING UP THE COLLIER "MERRIMAC" AT THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR, 4 A.M., JUNE 3, 1898.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM DESCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

"The water was foaming with the commotion made by the shells and bullets. Hobson and his men floated down stream 150 yards, dragging the wires out after them. This was the distance for the contact to be made, and it was done."—*Press Despatch from Key West.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 18, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	JOHN FOX, Jr.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	O. K. DAVIS.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	HAROLD MARTIN.
W. A. ROGERS	CLYDE D. V. HUNT.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

ONE of the votes taken in the Senate on the passage of the war-revenue bill affords a striking illustration of how greatly war and national calamity steady the minds of the politicians. It is not long ago that Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. CARLISLE were the objects of vigorous attacks for issuing bonds under the act of 1875. Naturally their right to do so was questioned and denied. Senator PETTIGREW of South Dakota, believing that he might put an end forever to what he considered the pretence that this power existed, moved as an amendment to the revenue measure the repeal of the power, and his resolution was voted down, 43 to 31. So, whether this Congress had voted bonds or not, the government would not have been left helpless.

THE question as to whether Hawaii shall be annexed is part of a very large question, as Mr. DOCKERY said the other day in the House of Representatives. It is the question of the future policy of the United States as to extension and colonization; for it will not do to say, as Mr. LODGE and his friends have said, that the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands at the present time is a necessity of the war. The only advantage that we can gain in the present war through the annexation of the islands is the use of them as a coaling-station and a military depot, and that, as the friends of annexation well know, we now possess through the friendliness of Mr. DOLE and his government. We cannot by annexation get more than they will give us without annexation. But it will be said that if the Hawaiian government is not strictly neutral Spain will have a cause of war or a claim for damages against the island. The answer to this is that if the United States cannot arrange a matter of this kind for the protection of Hawaii, she cannot conquer Spain.

THERE is one virtue in the revenue bill, which at this writing is in conference between the two Houses of Congress, and that is, as has been pointed out by a writer on financial questions, that taxes will be brought home directly to those who pay them. We doubt if the price of beer will be any higher to the consumer on account of the increased tax, but probably the quantity of beer in a glass will be smaller. The price of tea also will be increased, and every time a citizen draws a check or takes a receipt or executes a conveyance or mortgage his attention will be called to the fact that he is helping to support the government. These taxes are annoying, of course, but they are necessary, and under the present conditions they will be cheerfully borne. But all taxes, at all times, ought to be thus brought home to the tax-payer; in other words, the tax-payer ought always to know just what the government is exacting of him. Then he will be in a position to criticise tax bills intelligently, and his representatives will be careful how they lay imposts upon him.

THE regular Republican machine carried the primaries in the city of New York last week. These were the first primaries held under the new law, which was intended to give all members of a party, machinists as well as anti-machinists, equal rights. It has been claimed that the Republican machine has been able to carry the Republican party primaries because Mr. PLATT'S "boys" counted out their opponents. Therefore a law was passed requiring an official enrolment, and, it seems to us, merely a semi-official primary. The reason the anti-machine Republicans were defeated was that they did not enrol. There are many reasons for this perhaps, but the fact remains that they did not show the same interest in the primary as the machine Republicans did, and therefore they did not succeed in making much impression. Perhaps they will do better in the fall, when the enrolment can be made without personal trouble to the voter. But the fact remains, of course, that that element of a party will control its nominating machinery which takes interest enough in politics to transact the business of politics.

THE Oregon election has gone Republican by an increased majority, and the two members of the House of Representatives will be Republican, while the new Senator will be of the same party. Moreover, they are all gold men, since the Republicans were frankly for gold, and were opposed by a combination of Democrats, Populists, and silver Republicans. Oregon has now only one Senator, so that the election of a gold Senator adds one sound-money vote to that body. This election recalls the fact that the elections for members of the House of Representatives occur this November, and no more important elections have taken place since the close of the civil war. The voters of the various districts ought to ignore party entirely in the coming elections. Neither party opposed the war, and neither party is wholly responsible for it. The war issue, therefore, ought not to enter into the election, but care should be taken to make the House of Representatives as intelligent a body as the nominations of the two parties permit. We want in the next House sober-minded men who will deal intelligently with the questions that will arise out of this war, and who will save the country from a crazy departure from its traditions, and from financial vagaries and disasters.

THE voting down by the Senate, with the help of Democratic and Populistic votes, of the proposition to issue greenbacks is a hopeful sign. It does not mean, of course, that the Senate itself has become a sound-money body because it adopted the WOLCOTT revenue bill requiring the coinage of that fanciful thing which the unsound-money men call the seigniorage. The reason we say there is hope in the vote is that it indicates differences of opinion in the conglomerate organization which followed BRYAN, touching a point that is likely to become an essential one in the next campaign. We take it that the cause of free silver coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one is distinctly weakened. As we all know, ex-Governor BOIES of Iowa has parted company with his old friends, and has told them that it is impossible and would be unfortunate to compel the free coinage of silver at that ratio. There have been indications given by other old-time friends of the cause of silver of a broadening of their financial madness. BLAND himself is one of those who have widened their intellectual mirage. In fact, the friends of free silver who do not own silver-mines have been moving rather rapidly towards a frank declaration of their design to advocate fiat money pure and simple. This vote in the Senate points, at least, to disintegration among the fiat-money hosts, and the tendency towards disintegration among the dangerous elements has always been a strong preservation of political sanity.

THE President is doing his best to make the new army of the United States—that is, the army composed of both regulars and volunteers—an efficient military organization. He has been hampered by the politicians, who invariably come to the front when there is any pelf or patronage to be distributed, but he has met them, yielding to them where it was necessary, but, on the whole, keeping them in hand better than was to have been expected, when the force of the pressure upon him is taken into account. Among the gross wrongs that have been perpetrated on the nation by Governors of States has been the sending into the field of incomplete regiments under the first call. A State having a certain number of men to furnish should have organized the quota into regiments of three battalions, each being composed of four companies, and each company of one hundred and six enlisted men. The general observation of this rule would have made the tactical units of the army equal in size, and therefore of equal value. But the politicians did not want this. What they wanted were as many commissions as possible for their friends, and therefore, in many States, the quotas were divided up into as many regiments as possible, a company in many cases being composed of only seventy-five men. In the State of Pennsylvania alone this plan gave the State fifteen regiments instead of ten, the latter being the proper number, and therefore five sets of unnecessary line-officers for the politicians. Mr. MCKINLEY insists that this wrong shall be remedied, and that under the new call the regiments furnished under the first shall be filled up to the required standard. Governor PINGREE of Michigan positively refuses to obey this decision of the President. He probably does not know that this inequality of tactical units imperils the success of their operations, and is a blow at the country. Probably if he had education enough to know this he would not take the position that he does. But it is to be hoped that Mr. MCKINLEY will bring him to his senses, if he cannot enlighten him, by refusing to accept any more troops from Michigan, and, if necessary, filling up those now in the field that have not the requisite number by men taken from other States. Of course it is not really necessary to do this, for if Mr. PINGREE sends his new skeletons into the field the Commander-in-Chief can make that use of them which he deems to be essential to the perfection of his military organization.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE WAR.

WHEN it comes to a question of personal daring or effective fighting, the American usually gives a good account of himself. The sailors and soldiers of the country are not only excellent war material, but our officers are as intelligent and as well instructed as any officers in the world, except of course in the actual handling of large masses of troops, such as are brought together every year in France and Germany at the army manœuvres. There are among the older men in the army, however, those who have commanded considerable bodies of men, and Generals MILES and MERRITT are distinguished examples of these; but the officers who have entered the service since the end of the war have not had much material to work with in the field on account of the size of our army, and have not had the happy occasions which are provided as part of the regular tasks of the officers of Continental Europe. Yet their theoretical training has been so thorough, and their intelligence is so marked, that they can be depended on to pick up very quickly in the field of actual war what they might have learned in advance if the opportunity had been afforded them, on the field of mimic war. It is only by the working of the vicious system of Congressional control and of politician command that the effectiveness of the army is impaired — for some reason the navy, neither here nor in Great Britain, suffering so much as the army from amateur interference. And yet even the navy has heard some mutterings against its failure to do more—to find CERVERA'S fleet, for example, while it was slipping about on the pathless seas; to finish the first bombardments of San Juan and of Santiago—while the Naval Strategy Board, so-called, is regarded with contempt by newspaper admirals who do not possess an iota of information as to what it is or is not doing or advising.

There has not so far, however, been an opportunity for real action that has not been amply improved; and while it has been the navy that has thus far gained the laurels, no one who knows the army doubts that the achievements of the soldiers will rival those of their brethren of the sea when they have their chance, and when they are actually engaged in the work for which the politicians, whose interference is naturally confined to the carrying out of projects that do not lead them into danger, have no stomach. The achievements of the war have been vastly to the credit of the nation, and they might have been even greater if the politicians had permitted the army to be as well prepared for war at its breaking out as the navy was. But let that pass for the moment, for we are really engaged in the work of making an army, and there is still hope that the soldiers may have their way in this arduous task; and if they do, the 260,000 men of the regular and volunteer forces will be as effective a body of troops as any body of equal size in Europe.

M. MARC LANDRY, the naval expert of the Paris *Figaro*, may be taken as an illustration of our Continental European critics. With the heart of a Spaniard, he writes with the pretensions of a judge, and he was at first able to impress himself even upon some unusually ignorant English friends; but not, it ought to be said, upon English officers of the navy, the best informed of whom, like Sir CHARLES BERESFORD, for example, know that, man for man and ship for ship, our navy ranks with theirs. But M. MARC LANDRY, who, for all that we know, may be also M. Four Stars, who recently wrote a paper for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he advised the Spaniards to invade New England at the latitude of the Delaware, and to es-

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tablish a naval station on the island of Nantucket—this M. LANDRY announced that at first our navy would meet with a great defeat, because the Spaniards had better ships than we; because their officers were better instructed; because our own officers, lacking instruction as they did, were not as brave as the Spaniards; because our crews were made up not of Americans, but of a miscellaneous lot of international offscourings. He added that they lacked discipline; that they could not be as loyal to the flag as the Spaniards naturally were to the flag of their native land; that, joined to bad ships, insufficient material, and lack of docking facilities, the native cowardice of Americans, the ignorance of our officers, the disloyalty and poltroonery of our sailors, would bring us humiliation and shame, although in the end, and if Europe permitted us to carry on the war for a long time, we might win, on account of our great natural resources and the exhaustion of Spain. Even after the war had lasted a month, and after DEWEY'S brilliant achievement at Manila, M. LANDRY asserted that Spain's advantages were greater than ours, because CERVERA had succeeded in crossing the Atlantic without having been seen. Thus far we have not heard this wonderful naval critic's opinion as to the performance of the *Oregon*, nor, indeed, do we very much care to hear it. His follies have been so numerous that they have ceased to be interesting.

To leave M. LANDRY and to come to the speaking of the truth: At the outset of the war the navy was in as perfect a state of preparation as the number of its ships and the size of its personnel permitted. Commodore DEWEY was able to make his way to Manila at once and without hesitation, with a remarkable self-confidence due to his faith in his men, to his knowledge of the bay, and his confidence in his ships, his guns, and his gun crews; he destroyed the Spanish ships in the Pacific, and relieved American commerce from all fear of capture in that quarter of the globe. This was the first answer given by the American navy to the charge that the American officer is uninstructed, that the American sailor is disloyal and undisciplined, and that both lack courage or enterprise. On this side of the water the fleets under the command of Admiral SAMPSON and Commodore SCHLEY have developed the position of a dodging enemy, and have securely imprisoned the fleet which our French critics predicted would ravage our coasts and bombard our great cities. In doing this, an occasion was presented to young HOBSON to perform a feat of splendid and useful daring which stands out among the great achievements of personal courage which have adorned naval history, and especially the naval history of this country and Great Britain, and in which neither France nor Spain has been lacking. HOBSON'S deed, by which CERVERA'S fleet was put out of the war, is one of the most useful of the historic exhibitions of bravery, and in carrying it out he illustrated not only the character but the intelligence and the training of the American naval officers. And, as if in answer to foreign sneers as to the disloyalty and cowardice of our crew, four thousand officers and sailors volunteered for the hazardous expedition, while the whole fleet was envious of the opportunity of the lucky eight, and yet generously proud of the glory that their comrades won—as generous as CERVERA himself, whose quick impulsive recognition of the daring of HOBSON and his men marks him also as made of heroic stuff.

The navy, at this stage of the war, has done all the work that it has been permitted to do, and it has done it well. It has displayed its readiness; it has demonstrated its discipline; it has proved its surprising skill in gunnery, the result of careful training; it has shown that it is worthy of its splendid traditions—traditions of which M. LANDRY either was shamefully ignorant, or which he conveniently, not to say mendaciously, disregarded. We may rest content with the achievements of the navy; and we firmly believe that if the regular army had consisted of 50,000 men at the outbreak of the war, physically as perfect, officered and trained as well as the regulars who were so quickly mobilized at Chickamauga and on the Gulf, the war in Cuba would have been ended by now, and that Spain would now be without her American possessions. If the war is to continue, the army will have a chance to assert itself, and it will then be found that there are no better troops in the world than our regulars; but in the mean time the army should be turned over to the control of its soldiers, at least to the extent that the navy has been left to the control of its sailors. An amateur soldier may be more efficient than an amateur sailor, but there is hardly anything else that he excels. Let politics go to the rear for the rest of the war. Let the Governors fill the ranks of their regiments, and cease to plot for chances to make place for field-officers by sending skeleton regiments to the front. Let the business of the war go on as the navy has begun it. Let Mr. MCKINLEY, who knows a soldier and respects him, have his way.

THE BOSS AND THE GOVERNOR.

ONE of the questions arising under our political system which have never received a final or satisfactory adjudication is the relation of the Governor to the boss, where the incumbents of the two offices do not happen to be the same man. It seems likely that this interesting question will soon come up for settlement, in that peculiar aspect of it which is presented by the Republican politics of the State of New York.

This is an aspect in some respects novel. Of course there can be no question of the several spheres of the two offices when they are united. That was the case with Democratic politics in New York during the Governorship and boss-ship of Mr. HILL. It was once difficult and useless to distinguish between the things which he did in his capacity of Governor and in his capacity of boss. That case has not arisen in the Republican politics of the State within recent years. Senator PLATT, whose term as boss has already outlasted the terms of several Governors, has uniformly been backward and bashful about exposing himself to the direct suffrages of his fellow-citizens, even on the rare occasions—as, for example, the campaign of 1896—when it seemed that he might have done so with safety, that having been what is technically known among practical politicians as a "yellow-dog year" for the Republicans in New York. Nor can any case fairly arise when the Governor is and recognizes himself to be the boss's "man." The respective rights and duties of the parties are in such circumstances regulated by what may be called an ante-nuptial agreement. Such an agreement seems to have subsisted between Boss PLATT and the predecessor of Governor BLACK, during whose term no evidence was permitted to come to light of friction or want of co-ordination in the working of the duplex machine.

But the present Governor of New York is neither the boss nor the boss's "man," and, as might be expected, evidences of friction increase and multiply. The Governor owes the boss no subscription. Each of two favored henchmen desired the nomination for himself, and the boss could favor neither without risking an insurrection led by the other. The natural outcome of the situation was a *tertium quid*. Mr. BLACK was that *quid*. He owed the boss nothing, except for not opposing him. He was apparently at liberty to administer his office according to his own lights. He has shown "velleities" of independence in some of the most discreditable as well as in some of the most creditable of his official acts. The unspeakable appointment of LOU PAYN to be Superintendent of Insurance is one for which the Governor cannot avoid complete responsibility on the one hand. On the other, it is understood that his boss, as well as the Tammany boss, was fully committed to the equally unspeakable bill for muzzling the public press which was introduced at the last session, and that it was the knowledge that the Governor would decline to approve that measure which led to its withdrawal; and a like opposition proved equally fatal to a measure, only less objectionable, of which it was announced in the Legislature that Mr. PLATT, described as an "influence," had instigated the introduction.

Evidently here are sufficient occasions of friction, and they are not all. Boss PLATT and Boss CROKER worked together for the election of a Tammany Mayor, and they walked hand in hand through the corridors of the next Legislature, figuratively speaking, of course, for, as a matter of fact, they sent for their respective law-makers instead of going to them. But now the bosses have "fallen out," that the proverb might be fulfilled, and the Republican boss in 1898 demands revenge upon his Tammany ally of 1897 for turning out, through his man, the Mayor of New York, Senator PLATT'S men, the Republican Police Commissioners. It is given out that he demands that the Governor shall exercise his constitutional power of removal at the expense of Mr. CROKER'S Mayor. But the Governor is very unlikely to put out of office by a stroke of executive power a Mayor who was put in by a plurality of 80,000 votes, and whose action in the premises, however offensive to Mr. PLATT, does not seem to be objectionable to any of those who voted for him. It is also suggested that an extra session of the Legislature, for which there is a plausible occasion in the exigencies of the war, shall be employed to inflict upon the offending boss and Mayor the penalty known as "charter-tinkering."

It is very questionable whether the Governor is disposed to oblige the Mayor to this extent. The certainties of his past and the uncertainties of his future course promise to add much zest to the proceedings of the next Republican convention in the State of New York. The outcome may be a settlement of the question stated at the beginning of these remarks. It is, however, already well settled that the only "final disposition" of a boss is to defeat him at the polls. But that desirable consummation of this controversy has been rendered extremely unlikely by the egregious unwisdom of the Democratic party in Washington and elsewhere.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Friday, June 3.—At four o'clock this morning, Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, Assistant Naval Constructor, sank the collier *Merrimac* in the narrow channel of Santiago de Cuba, thus effectually closing the entrance of the harbor and imprisoning Admiral Cervera's fleet. The plan, which was most gallantly carried out, was suggested to Admiral Sampson by Lieutenant Hobson, and had been under consideration for several days. Wednesday night was first selected for the attempt, but, as the work of stripping the collier was not finished in time, a postponement to the early hours of this morning was announced. Practically the entire companies of the ships volunteered for the dangerous service. The following six were chosen: Osborn Deignan, George F. Phillips, Francis Kelly, George Charette, Daniel Montague, J. C. Murphy; and to these must be added Randolph Clausen, who was at work on the *Merrimac* and declined to leave her. Torpedoes were fastened outside the hull on the port side, about ten feet below the water-line. They were placed against the bulkheads, and vital spots, and connected with the bridge and (by a wire under the ship's keel) with each other, so that they could readily be exploded by Lieutenant Hobson from his position on the bridge of the vessel. Soon after three o'clock the *Merrimac* steamed away from the fleet, Lieutenant Hobson and his crew of seven taking her first towards the western shore of the harbor entrance. The launch of the *New York*, in command of Naval-Cadet Powell, followed closely until the *Merrimac*, changing her course, headed straight for Estrella Point, off which, in accordance with the design, she was to be sunk by opening the sea-valves and exploding the torpedoes. Although exposed to a cross-fire of the Spanish batteries at short range, our men executed every detail of the plan with the utmost precision. The collier swung across the channel and went down—an impassable barrier. The eight men, who had finished their work for the day, drifted ashore on a catamaran. By a flag of truce from the Spanish Admiral, "sent in recognition of their bravery," Admiral Sampson was informed that all were prisoners of war, and two slightly wounded. In offering to exchange them for Spanish prisoners held by the Americans, Cervera said, through his chief of staff, "Daring like theirs makes a bitterest enemy proud that his fellowmen can be such heroes."

This afternoon the last cable strands binding Cuba to the outside world, except those connecting Santiago and Guantanamo with Haiti, and Havana with New York, were cut by a cable-vessel convoyed by the *Dolphin*.

Saturday, June 4.—The gunboat *Marietta*, which has made a longer trip even than her companion the *Oregon*, dropped anchor at Key West. The *Marietta* left Sitka, Alaska, December 9, and San Francisco January 16.

A letter from Lieutenant Carranza, formerly Spanish naval attaché in Washington, showing the existence of an elaborate spy system in this country, was made public.

Captain Charles V. Gridley, who commanded the flagship *Olympia* at the battle of Manila, died at Kobe, Japan.

Monday, June 6.—The Monitor *Monterey* and the collier *Brutus* sailed this afternoon for Manila.

The Navy Department posted the following bulletin: "Admiral Dewey reports that the insurgents have been actively engaged within the province of Cavité during the last week. They have won several victories, taken prisoners about 1800 men, 50 officers, of the Spanish troops not native. The arsenal at Cavité has been prepared for occupation by the United States troops upon their arrival."

Despatch from Manila, *vid* Hong-kong: "Chief Aguinaldo has said that the insurgents are eager to rush upon Manila forthwith, but that Admiral Dewey refuses to allow 'hosts of passionate semi-savages to storm a civilized metropolis.'"

A bombardment of the Spanish batteries and fleet at Santiago de Cuba was maintained by ten of our ships for two hours and a half this morning. About fifteen hundred projectiles are said to have been fired, to such good purpose that the forts were silenced, and the *Reina Mercedes* was sunk. Later in the day the defences at Aguadores, a coast town a little to the east of Santiago, were also reduced, while it is reported that at Daiquiri, just beyond Aguadores, marines were landed and formed a junction with the insurgents, after driving back the Spanish military forces that were guarding the place. Meantime Cuban troops attacked Santiago. Spanish accounts concede severe losses in killed and wounded.

Tuesday, June 7.—Great prominence is given in the despatches to Aguinaldo, insurgent leader in the Philippines. Since his landing, three weeks ago, he has assembled and armed a force of 3000 men, captured two batteries, won the whole province of Cavité, and declared himself "Dictator of the Philippines."

Admiral Sampson's despatch of this date to Acting Secretary-of-the-Navy Allen, so far as has been made public, reads: "Bombarded forts at Santiago de Cuba, half past seven to ten A.M., June 6. Have silenced works quickly, without injury of any kind [to our fleet], though within 2000 yards."

Wednesday, June 8.—A communication from Captain-General Augustin, at Manila, was published to-day in Ma-

(*Continued on page 602.*)

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LIEUT.-COL. DORST, U. S. VOLS.



THE EXPEDITION IN CAMP.



GENERAL FERIER,
Commanding Insurgent Forces near Puerto de Banes.



A YOUNG INSURGENT, AND OTHERS.



GENERAL SANGUILLY AND STAFF.



PACIFICOS WHO TOOK MOST OF OUR QUININE.



A GROUP OF VISITORS TO CAMP.



PUTTING AN ARMY MULE OVERBOARD.



SWIMMING FOR SHORE.



TERRA FIRMA AT LAST.

TO CUBA ON THE TRANSPORT "FLORIDA"—SUCCESSFUL LANDING OF CUBAN VOLUNTEERS AT PUERTO DE BANES, CUBA.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLYDE D. V. HUNT, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION. [SEE PAGE 599.]

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OFF FOR MANILA—CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS SAYING GOOD-BY, ON THE WHARF AT SAN FRANCISCO, BEFORE EMBARKING.—Drawn by J. A. Cahill, San Francisco.

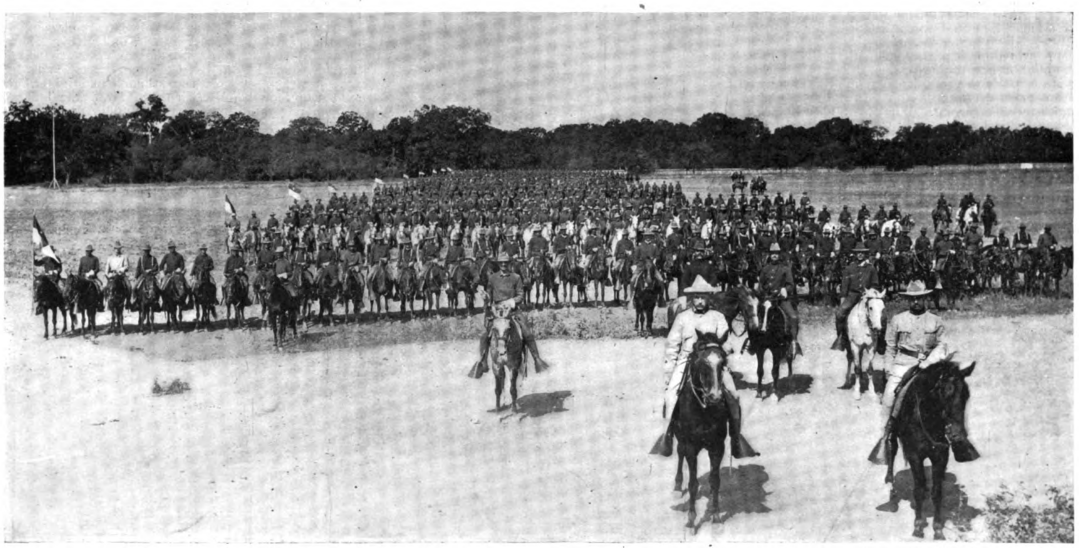
THIS BUSY WORLD

There has not been much important war news in the papers of late (though there may be by the time this writing becomes reading), but there has been a vast deal of minor news from camps, and about promotions and appointments, which has been eagerly read by folks everywhere who have wanted to know what their particular soldiers were about. There are millions of readers now who have relatives or near friends in the army, and who search the newspapers just as diligently when the news seems trivial as when there is something great to tell. It is the newspapers' excuse for existing just now that they supply this demand for personal information. Real war news they are not allowed to print, except in minute quantities, and ordinary news, not relating to war, readers scan with feeble interest. We ought, for example, to be exercised just now over June weddings, Commencement orations, and the prospects of college oarsmen and baseball-players, but interest in all those matters is slack. Out of the kindness of their hearts the news censors in the South have allowed us to be informed of the movements of Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and for that we are grateful, though when once the "Terrors" have got aboard a transport we shall doubtless hear no more even of them.

The American Unitarians are not very zealous in proselyting, and in particular are not much disposed to compete with their orthodox brethren in the work of Christianizing the heathen. They have, however, at least one foreign mission in Japan, of the condition of which an encouraging report was made at the recent annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association in Boston. Secretary Eliot, in his report, announced that this Japanese mission, which had always been regarded with misgivings by many members of the association, had in the last year taken the longest forward step in its history, and had done a work of great practical value in attracting the attention, sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile, of many of the best minds of Japan.

Not so satisfactory are all reports of Christian enterprises in Japan. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is grieved at the backsliding of Doshisha College in Kyoto, founded in 1875 by Dr. Neesima, with the assistance of the Board, and aided since then to the extent of $100,000. For fifteen years it was a strong force in Christian work in Japan, but after the death of its founder in 1890 it began to lose its grip on Christian principles, until four months ago its trustees eliminated Christian instruction altogether from the school. This action seems to have been taken to obtain government recognition and sundry privileges incident to it, but the American Board considers it a breach of trust, and wants its money back, to wit, $98,456 paid for land, houses, and equipments in Kyoto, and $75,000 given by the late J. N. Harris, of New London, "to found a school of science in connection with the Doshisha, to constitute a part of a Christian seminary." The Board expects to have trouble in getting back its funds, and anticipates a lawsuit and other interesting complications.

Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, the older sister of James Russell Lowell, who died in Boston on June 1, was eighty-eight years old, and was the widow of Samuel R. Putnam, a Boston merchant. After her marriage in 1832 she lived much abroad, and her earliest published writings were articles on Polish and Hungarian literature, which appeared in 1848–50 in the *North American Review*. Besides the Lowell aptitude for writing, she had the family capa-



Colonel Wood. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt.

COLONEL WOOD'S REGIMENT OF ROUGH RIDERS, AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Photograph by Barr.

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THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC"—SIX OF THE HEROES OF THE ENTERPRISE BY WHICH SPAIN'S FLEET WAS BOTTLED UP AT SANTIAGO

city for patriotic self-sacrifice, which found its special opportunity in the civil war. Her son, William Lowell Putnam, was wounded at Balls Bluff, and died of his injuries. She wrote a memoir of him, and also one of Charles Lowell. The generation of American mothers who sent sons to the civil war is nearly past now, but a new set of mothers have begun to realize how they felt.

It will be a relief to Admiral Dewey to learn that a new naval hero has transpired. Unless the Admiral's disinclination for publicity and all kinds of fuss has been exaggerated he must regard it as specially providential that Manila is ten thousand miles from home. Constructor Hobson's feat, however, will make it easier for him to come back, and before he gets ordered to our part of the world again there may be further subdivisions of glory which will help to make his native shores less ominous to him. Constructor Hobson himself seems to be a person who is more likely to be disturbed than over-exalted by applause. His record is that of an able and very thoughtful man, devoted to his profession and its problems, and bent on doing business rather than on gathering renown. Yet it is obviously the record of an ambitious man who has meant to get as near the top as his abilities and opportunities would warrant. What his abilities were he has demonstrated by the steady work which caused him to graduate second in his class (1889) at the Naval Academy, and then to be sent abroad for further instruction. His opportunities he has seized when they offered, and when they haven't offered he has invented them. He is credited with proposing the post-graduate course in construction at the Naval Academy, of which he had charge when he got permission to sail with Admiral Sampson's fleet. His chance to take the *Merrimac* into the Santiago channel was also of his own making, and all that he seems to have to thank fortune for is that he got away alive. The moral, therefore, of Mr. Hobson's sudden rise into celebrity is a particular sound and edifying one, considering that it is born of war. It is that success in feats of arms, like all other success worth having, waits on preparation, and that the man who turns out to be the right man in an important place is the man who learned how beforehand.



VICE-ADMIRAL CAMARA,
Commanding Spain's reserve Fleet at Cadiz.

Sigourney Butler, who died in Boston of pneumonia on June 7, was one of the best beloved of the younger generation of Boston men, and his death causes the deepest sorrow to those who loved him as a friend, and very deep regret to thousands of others who valued and esteemed him as a citizen. He was forty-one years old, and was the son of the late Peter Butler, of Quincy. He was graduated from Harvard in the class of '77, which included in its membership the late Governor Russell, and which was, in a way, a famous class, though its brighter lights are burning out before their time. Mr. Butler inherited Democratic political preferences, and developed early into a leader among the younger Democrats of Boston. His relations with Governor Russell were intimate, and in Mr. Cleveland's first administration he served as a comptroller of the Treasury. After that he settled down earnestly in Boston to the practice of law, for which he had



CAPT. GEN. DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN,
Governor-General of the Philippines.



SEÑOR AUÑON,
Spanish Minister of Marine.



SEÑOR GAMAZO,
Spanish Minister of Public Works.



DUKE OF ALMODÓVAR,
Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

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prepared himself by a full course at the Harvard Law School. His interest in politics continued, but he declined an appointment offered him in Mr. Cleveland's second term. Refusing to support the free-silver platform in 1896, he became a leading delegate to the Indianapolis convention of honest-money Democrats.

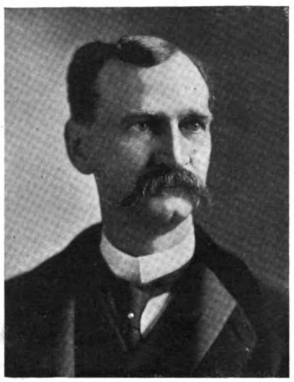
His standing at home, outside of politics, was attested the other day, when his name appeared as one of the Harvard graduates selected by vote of the alumni to be a candidate for overseer of Harvard University.

The rehearsal of Sigourney Butler's political activities touches on so small a part of his life that it seems comparatively unimportant. The politician was upright, honest, useful, an admirable citizen, exceedingly well qualified in some particulars to deal with men, and excellently equipped by study and practice to be concerned in the management of municipal and other public affairs. But the politician's work others may do. It is the man whose loss will seem irreparable—the son, faithful and devoted; the friend, full of cordiality and good-will; the companion, charming and delightful; the admired and beloved of his fellows, and yet unharmed by popularity, instant in well-doing, firm of purpose, driving himself by daily effort to the accomplishment of duty and the full development of his powers. It is not a careless use of language that terms the loss of men like Butler irreparable. To their fellows of their own generation it is never made up in this world. It is just so much gone out of life.

The Harvard men have a 6-pounder Nordenfeldt gun ready to be put aboard the cruiser *Harvard* whenever she comes within reach. The money to pay for it was raised by subscription, and Commander O'Neil, of the Bureau of Ordnance, is to supply the gun. A stand of colors and a silver loving-cup are additional tokens of Harvard's interest in the cruiser that bears her name.

Yale's gift to her cruiser, as will be remembered, was a pair of rapid-fire Vickers-Maxim 3-pounders, which were arranged for so promptly that it was possible to put them aboard before the vessel left port on her first cruise in government service.

A bit of news that seems worth remarking comes in the form of a despatch from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, dated June 6, which says that Storer Post No. 1, G. A. R., of that town, has adopted resolutions proposing to full membership all soldiers and sailors who serve in the present war with Spain. "The Commander-in-Chief," says the despatch, "now has the proposition under consideration." The resolution is full of suggestiveness of various sorts, and contains possibilities of lively interest. Could the G. A. R. assimilate the new soldiers without a considerable change of quality and modification of purpose? Will the coming veterans care to be assimilated? There will be much meat for meditation in this proposal if it promises to have practical results.



W. V. SULLIVAN,
Newly Appointed U. S. Senator from Mississippi.
Photograph by Bell.

To all appearances, at this writing, Mr. W. J. Bryan is the sure-enough colonel of the Third Nebraska Volunteers, and is going to war as soon as his organization is called for. Mr. Bryan's ambition to serve his country in the field has triumphed over serious vicissitudes. In order that the Governor of Nebraska might have a colonel's commission to offer him, it was necessary that the Secretary of War should allow Nebraska's last batch of volunteers to be formed into a new regiment, instead of being used to fill up the two short-handed regiments the State had already furnished. This concession, objectionable in itself, was felt by the administration to be expedient in Mr. Bryan's case, and doubtless it was. Mr. Bryan's qualifications to be colonel of a regiment seem to be all included in his possession of a reasonably sound body and a mind capable of understanding how the country may find honor and prosperity in the free coinage of unlimited silver dollars at a ratio of 16 to 1. Although doubtless he is as good a patriot, according to his lights, as another, it is impossible not to suspect a connection between his military aspirations and the disposition of nominating conventions to look with favor upon candidates who have served with distinction in war.

This would be a better world if all men who have made their mark in it had made it to as good purpose as Samuel Plimsoll did. He made his on the outside of the merchant vessels of Great Britain—the "Plimsoll mark" on the load-line—where any one can see it, and know that the vessel that keeps it in sight is not loaded deeper than the law permits. He died in England on June 3, seventy-four years old. The services which earned him the name of "the sailor's friend" were long continued, and pursued with devotion and at great cost of time and money. In 1853 he went into business in London, and doubtless in the course of his own affairs became acquainted with the methods of ship-owners, for when he was sent to Parliament from Derby in 1868 he set about the reform of the shipping laws, and in particular the prevention of overloading. Deck-loading was prohibited by British law from 1853 to 1863. Then the restriction was removed. Mr. Plimsoll demonstrated, in 1873, that the loss of life at sea had been quadrupled in consequence of the removal of the restriction. He spent $50,000 in his investigations, and earned the gratitude of sailors and the respect of all good men.

He came to this country two years ago, when there was so much talk about American dislike for the English, and looked into the report that it was due to the incendiary character of our school histories. He thought the school-books were much to blame for it. It is to be hoped that he lived long enough to believe that there was less bad blood between us and his countrymen than he feared, and that our school-books had less mischief in them than he fancied. Somehow the idea that young America must hate the English because he learns his country's history is much less plaintively dwelt upon than it was.

Are we to have no issue of special postage-stamps to celebrate our Spanish war? It is certainly a bigger thing

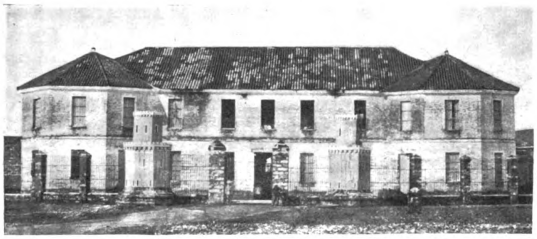


GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT FORCES.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

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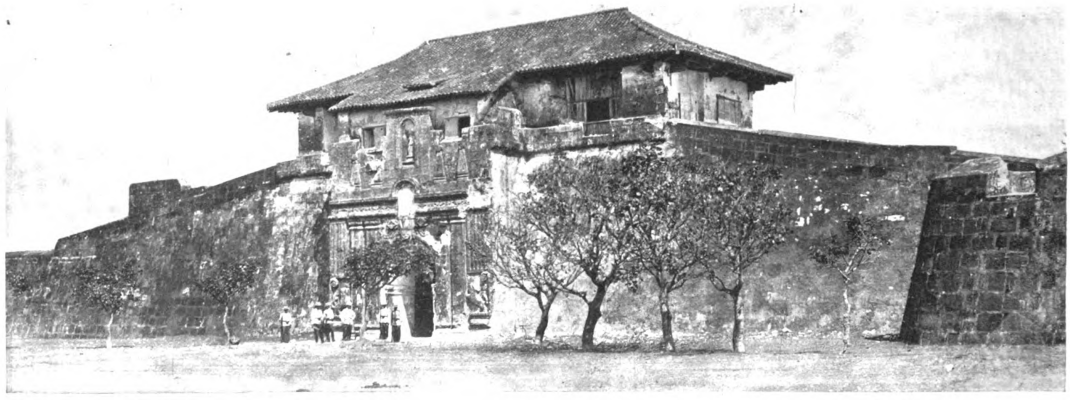
CORREGIDOR ISLAND.



THE PRISON, MANILA.



HOUSE OF THE COMANDANTE, CAVITÉ.



GATE IN THE WALL AT CAVITE.

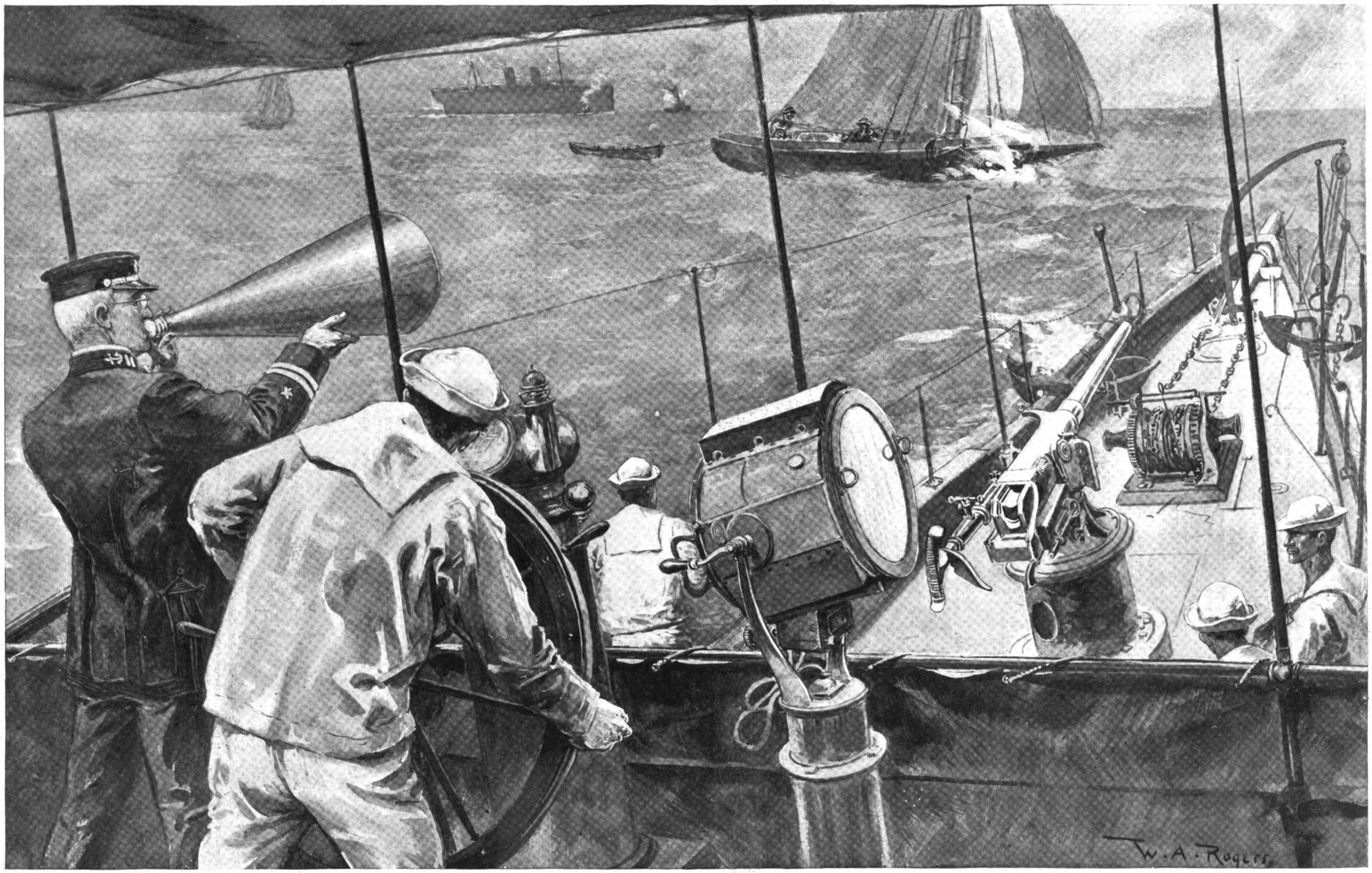
THE PHILIPPINES—IN AND ABOUT MANILA.

than the Omaha Fair, and is costing very much more money, for which we shall have much less to show. To be sure, we may have the Philippines to show for our disbursements, and maybe Porto Rico, but very many citizens look gloomily at the Philippines, and regard them as a good deal worse than nothing; and when we take Porto Rico, all Europe will declare our war was a war of conquest, and not of humanity. Let's have the stamps, and not the Philippines. The stamps will cost less, be far less troublesome, and it will be easier to distribute them so that each citizen may have at least one. There may be enough of the Philippines to go around, but that is uncertain, though geographers aver that there is an immense number of them.

The New York *Herald* says that Mr. Imre Kiralfy, a person of some note as a purveyor of public spectacles, is about to petition the Park Commissioners of New York to allow him to erect in Central Park a gigantic Eiffel Tower seesaw, 400 feet high, and having a horizontal spread of three blocks. If Mr. Kiralfy supposes that our Park Commissioners will allow any such edifice as that in Central Park he must have a disposition sufficiently sanguine to give him a great deal of innocent pleasure. He should try Coney Island, or possibly Boston Common, where nowadays "enterprise" seems disposed to find a congenial field.

E. S. MARTIN.

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WITH THE COAST-DEFENCE FLEET—ON A PATROL-BOAT IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 602.]

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LONDON.

May 28.

I HAVE just returned from the Abbey. Mr. Gladstone's funeral was stately in its simplicity. Except for the gorgeous attire of the Lord Mayor of London and the colored garb of the Chinese ambassador, the service might have been that of a village church. The effect of the three thousand voices singing "Rock of Ages" and "O God, our Help in Ages Past" was magnificent. Mrs. Gladstone, supported by her son, and little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's grandchild, presented a pathetic contrast. I was present in the Abbey at the Jubilee celebration of 1887, and again at Lord Tennyson's funeral. On neither of these occasions was the nation represented in the sense that it was represented to-day. The congregation was a miniature or microcosm of the nation. When Mr. Gladstone was laid in the grave among the dead men who ruled England before him, it was felt that an epoch was also buried in that grave. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, was charged with all the arrangements for the funeral. He has worked sixteen and seventeen hours a day, and with signal success. Nothing could have been better managed or more in keeping with the wishes of the nation. The ceremony was in marked contrast with the extravagant and indiscriminate language of the last week.

No one would have denounced more sternly the hysterical gush with which we have been flooded than Mr. Gladstone himself. The papers have been filled with suggestions by which the memory of the great man was to be honored. A walking funeral from Cheshire to London was one of them. Such poetry has appeared as,

> From the Creator's mouth this mandate ran,
> Fill me the measure of a perfect man.

Descriptive reporting has run riot over the details of Mr. Gladstone's long illness, his death-bed, the funeral preparations, and finally the obsequies in Westminster Abbey. The lying in state of the body of Mr. Gladstone in Westminster Hal recalls the fact that the body of William Pitt received a similar honor previous to interment in Westminster Abbey. The ceremonies followed in the case of Pitt largely formed the precedent in Mr. Gladstone's funeral rites. The body of Pitt, it is true, lay in the Painted Chamber of the old Palace of Westminster. This chamber was a survival of the original palace. Edward the Confessor died within its walls. On Thursday, February 20, 1806, and the following day, 60,000 persons visited the body of the Great Commoner. It is not yet known how many persons have passed the coffin of Mr. Gladstone. They were passing yesterday at the rate of 12,000 an hour. Some 300,000 souls gazed on it.

Already Mr. Gladstone's memory has passed into the domain of history. A careful analysis of the judgment given on his career by men of all ranks and of every race tends to show that he will live in history not chiefly for his intellectual attainments, nor in the purely academical, least of all in the political sphere, but pre-eminently as a man of the highest moral tone, with large sympathies for mankind, although destitute of knowledge of men. This point was well brought out by the late Lord Houghton, who wrote,

> We spake of two high names of speech and pen,
> How each was seeing, and how each was blind;
> Knew not mankind, but keenly knew all men;
> Knew naught of men, but knew and loved mankind.

Lord Houghton was referring to the two great political chiefs, for in a conversation some one remarked that, if Lord Beaconsfield was a good judge of men, Mr. Gladstone was a still better judge of mankind. The epigram was applauded, and Houghton put it into the above verse.

The extravagance of the language employed about Mr. Gladstone is certain to produce a natural reaction. Already signs of it are not wanting. The Newcastle *Chronicle*, to whose sympathies with Spain reference has been made in a former letter to the WEEKLY, has taken the opportunity of recalling the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone announced to an astonished world that Jefferson Davis had made a nation. This celebrated utterance was made at Newcastle, and is quoted as an instance of Mr. Gladstone's want of insight in affairs outside the sphere of domestic activities. Critics who are honest with themselves are bound to admit that the time has not yet come when justice can be done to Mr. Gladstone. Our troubles in the Transvaal, with Russia, and in Egypt are the direct results of the great man's policy. Mr. Gladstone was the representative figure of an age which but yesterday seemed to be our own. To-day, as his body was reverently laid among the ashes of the illustrious dead of the English-speaking race, we perceive that that age is buried with him. At the present time the majority of thoughtful people, in their heart of hearts, are the critics of his career as well as the admirers of his character. Mr. Gladstone was the personification and the embodiment of his epoch and his countrymen. His censors, therefore, are at the same time the critics of this epoch and the censors of this nation.

The Queen's messages of condolence and sympathy to Mrs. Gladstone and her family express true womanly feeling. It has not, however, escaped the notice of onlookers that her Majesty has not marked the death of Mr. Gladstone by any such expression of affection and esteem as that with which she distinguished the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. On April 19th, 1881, the Queen addressed the nation through the Court Circular as follows: "The Queen received this morning, with feelings of the deepest sorrow, the sad intelligence of the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, in whom her Majesty loses a most valuable and devoted friend, and the council of the nation one of its most distinguished statesmen." Nine days have now elapsed since Mr. Gladstone's death, and the Queen has made no sign. An attempt to force her Majesty's hand failed, as it deserved to fail. Mr. Gladstone has been buried without one official word from the Queen.* It would be affectation to ignore the significance of the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone held his last official interview with his sovereign. The interview took place at Buckingham Palace after the defeat of the Home-Rule bill by the Lords. The meeting is understood to have been marked by the expression of strong feeling on both sides. Mr. Gladstone wished to obtain power to override the opposition of the Lords by the creation of a sufficient number of peers to carry the bill through the Upper House. In urging his point, he addressed her Majesty with characteristic vehemence. In speaking of Mr. Gladstone's manner, the Queen is reported to have said to one of the ladies of her court that Mr. Gladstone habitually addressed her as if she were a public meeting. On this memorable occasion, however, his vehement nature carried him farther still. It is understood that Mr. Gladstone indicated the dangers to the throne that might ensue if the advice tendered by him were not accepted. Convinced that Mr. Gladstone did not command a majority in the country, and determined that the nation should be consulted before resorting to so drastic a measure as the coercion of the Second Chamber, the Queen firmly set aside her Prime Minister's warnings, and is understood to have declared that in such a matter as the safety of the throne she considered herself responsible, and until she sought advice on the subject Mr. Gladstone's anxieties in that direction need not be expressed in the audience-chamber. The interview is said to have closed not without tears on the part of the Queen; and it is a fact that Mr. Gladstone came down to the House of Commons visibly under the influence of strong mental excitement. That the Queen's judgment was vindicated, and her good sense exhibited for the hundredth time, was shown by the result of the elections. An enormous majority of the constituencies pronounced against the home-rule proposals of Mr. Gladstone, thus indicating that the Queen had read the heart of her people more accurately than had her aged minister.

* After Mr. White's letter was posted the Queen expressed her sympathy for Mrs. Gladstone in a letter in which, however, no tribute was paid or gratitude expressed for Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship.—Ed. WEEKLY.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham on May 13 is described to me by one who accompanied him as being one of the most marvellous exhibitions of oratorical power that was ever heard. My friend's enthusiasm was, however, damped by the reception of the speech in the press next morning. The *Times* and the other newspapers, it is true, referred to it, but seemed to attach no special importance to Mr. Chamberlain's excursion into the domain of foreign affairs. Nor did they seem then to regard his references to the possibility of an Anglo-American alliance as being significant of more than general good-will towards the United States, which forms part of the working creed of British statesmen. In forty-eight hours, however, the explosive condition of the political atmosphere was indicated by the reception of Mr. Chamberlain's utterances in foreign countries. It excited politicians from China to Peru, from Christiania to Cape Town. Some critics read in it a notice to France that she must budge on the Niger. Others discerned in it a declaration that the English-speaking people intended to have their own way. Others again saw in it a defiance to Russia, and in the quotation of the proverb that "He who sups with the devil must have a long spoon" the expression of rooted hostility towards our chief rival in Asia. Taking a wider view, there is reason to believe Mr. Chamberlain to mean that the question of the Far East is not whether this port is to be open or that province occupied by a European nation, but who is to be master in Asia? For a hundred years the Anglo-Saxon has ruled the roost. The Slav race is now a candidate for the first place. Mr. Chamberlain's speech, therefore, is most accurately to be construed as meaning that the solution of the problem as to who is to be master in Asia during the coming century is less likely to be accomplished by the writing of despatches than by the exertion of force—still the dominant factor in human affairs.

It should be noticed that whether or not this theory be correct, one thing is certain. Mr. Chamberlain has not been repudiated by Lord Salisbury, and still continues to hold his place in the cabinet. Defiance to Russia and the proffer of a working friendship with the United States may therefore be held to have the official sanction of the British government. The celebration of the Queen's birthday at Tampa and in many other parts of the United States produced a deep impression. The demonstrations of the United States troops are significant of much, especially to those who see in the Spanish war no greater issue than the entry of the American government into the circle of European powers. If the centre of gravity in international affairs is being shifted from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, it is inevitable that the English-speaking people of the world must unite for common objects if they are to retain the position now threatened by the Slav and the Latin races. To emphasize this fact Mr. Chamberlain laid extreme stress on the vast importance of the Chinese question. It is not a matter of ports or provinces, but of the whole Chinese Empire. If an Anglo-Saxon alliance be formed to maintain the "open door," it will be founded not on political convenience, but on identity of material interests and racial sentiment.

I have recently referred to the differences of opinion on the subject of the Spanish-American war which are alleged to exist among the Irish Nationalists. In the *Daily Chronicle*, a paper favorable to Irish Nationalist aspirations, a recent article appeared in which it was said that the conflict of view in the Irish party between the sympathizers with Spain and the friends of the United States had been suppressed with difficulty. As this is a matter of high importance in the development of the political situation at home, I asked Mr. John Dillon, M. P., for permission to make an authoritative statement on the subject in the WEEKLY. However hostile a Unionist like myself may be to Mr. Dillon's avowed political aims, it is, I think, only fair to record the conviction held by every one acquainted with the facts, that no one but an honest man could occupy the position held by the honorable member for Mayo. The ordinary attractions to a political life are absent in the case of the Irish Parliamentary leader. He is not likely to revive any serious interest in the home-rule question through constitutional efforts in the Parliamentary arena. These things being so, Americans know what weight may be attached to Mr. Dillon's opinions. Mr. Dillon tells me that, so far from the seventy-one members of his party being equally divided, on a resolution of sympathy with the United States being submitted to a private meeting of the party, there was but one dissentient, and after some discussion the resolution in question was made unanimous. It is true that four or five others have expressed academic sympathy with Spain, but this affinity with the countrymen of Weyler proceeds not from antipathy to the American people, but from the traditional connection between Ireland and Spain, and the sympathy created by the blending of some of the best Irish blood with the Spanish nobility. The Prendergasts, the O'Donnells, and others of the Irish gentry compelled to flee their country in the bad old days of Protestant ascendancy, now form part of the flower of Spanish chivalry. It is impossible to obliterate the traces of such an association, even if it were desirable. Substantially, Mr. Dillon informs me, the Irish Nationalists are solid for the States, and if there be a few members of the party personally disinclined to conform with the resolution referred to, they are bound by the rules that govern the Irish Parliamentary organization loyally to accept the decision arrived at as binding upon them.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., the leader of the Parnellite party, has also been good enough to make me acquainted with the facts relating to the allegation of Spanish sympathy existing in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary representatives. Mr. Redmond declares that, so far as the Parnellites are concerned, unanimity prevails. To a man they are for the United States and against Spain; but, he adds, that in the party led by Mr. John Dillon there are a few Spanish sympathizers. As this statement confirms that made by Mr. Dillon himself, there seems to be no doubt in the minds of the Irish leaders that the friends of Spain are putting their money on the wrong horse. In the course of further conversation with Mr. Redmond on the subject of the political situation created by the death of Mr. Gladstone, I gathered that the opinion of the Parnellite leader is that the air will now be cleared in regard to the Irish question. As Mr. John Redmond deservedly enjoys the reputation of being clear-headed, and possesses a logical mind, the following opinion, with which I thoroughly agree, deserves attention. The Irish leader considers that the death of Mr. Gladstone will lead to the open repudiation of home-rule by the Liberal party; that the Liberal party, or, at all events, that portion of it which is in touch with Lord Rosebery, will publicly shed the convictions they have professed during the last twelve years with regard to the solution of the Irish difficulty. Sir William Harcourt is old and unpopular, and his views on the subject are not of signal importance. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, never had a free hand. His principal supporter in the House of Commons was always caballing against him, and his belief in home-rule, so far as it went, was partly based on opportunism and partly on affectionate reverence for Mr. Gladstone's opinions. Mr. Redmond, therefore, believes that when Lord Rosebery returns to public life, an event that cannot much longer be delayed, he will openly abandon the Irish alliance, with the approval of those Liberals who for a dozen years have declared on every platform in the United Kingdom that a measure once inscribed on the banner of the Liberal party is never removed until it becomes the law of the land. The situation thus created, if Mr. John Redmond's prognostications should come true, will be that the Irish party will be face to face with the Liberals and the Unionists, and will once more occupy the independent position in which Mr. Gladstone found them when his conversion to the cause of Irish autonomy happened to coincide with his researches after a majority.

Discontent in Ireland and the failure of the constitutional agitation will be accompanied by a revival of the activities of the physical-force party. Mr. John Redmond, as a member of Parliament, does not take part in this movement, but, as an honest man, he admits that he does not disapprove of it. On the contrary, if his reading of Irish history be correct, he contends that at no time has the cause of Ireland advanced except when revolutionary energy has accompanied and supported constitutional agitation within the walls of Parliament. Prophecies of this kind are apt to cause their own fulfilment, especially when the prophet openly sympathizes with the movement he predicts.

As the principles which Mr. Redmond propagates and embodies are more widely held in America than the number of Mr. Redmond's followers in the British Parliament would lead one to expect, his views on the Anglo-American alliance are not without importance. He frankly expresses his determination to do what he can to prevent it until the wants of Ireland are satisfied. He does not believe that America has anything to gain from a good understanding with England, and that any steps taken to bring about common action between the two countries would be in the interests of England. How far Mr. Redmond's views are colored by his wishes I will not presume to say, but it must be admitted that Mr. Redmond is a good honest hater of this country, and the establishment of permanent and cordial relations between the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic is an aim the accomplishment of which he will do his utmost to frustrate. To speak plainly, Mr. Redmond is an avowed and bitter enemy of this country. In the event of war between England and two first-class powers, not only his sympathies, but his aid, would be given to England's enemies. There is something attractive in the outspoken and irreconcilable hostility of the Parnellite leader. Nevertheless, time is on our side. The healing process in Ireland has begun. It is not likely to be completed by any vast or dramatic change of policy on the part of the people of Britain. At the same time, the establishment of good relations between the United States and England will undoubtedly dispose the people and rulers of Britain to deal with Ireland in the spirit of justice and on the principle of equality. The Irish question is, after all, no matter of mere local government or of sops or doles. It is, as Mr. Gladstone once said, an imperial question of the highest order. It may be, therefore, that when Admiral Dewey's guns sunk the Spanish ships at their moorings in Manila harbor, the Irish question got "a lift in the powder-cart." In other words, the identity of imperial interests between the two branches of the English-speaking people revealed by the Spanish war extends to the Irish question as well as to the "open door."

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Much regret is expressed privately that the Anglo-American dinner, which is sure to attract a considerable amount of attention, is not in the right hands. A small coterie closely identified with the extreme, radical, humanitarian, and socialistic party, have practically captured the movement. Had it been in stronger hands, I have no hesitation in saying that fifty times as many representative Englishmen would have come forward. While there is every desire to promote the union of the English-speaking people, no particular enthusiasm is manifested by the leaders in society, politics, literature, or art for making that object an instrument for the advertisement of men and movements which have no hold on the people of this country.

As foretold in a former letter, a private sale of the late Princess Mary of Teck's possessions has been going on at White Lodge. Madame Bricka, her constant attendant, is selling the things, and the friends of the family go over to buy little mementos of Princess Mary in price from £1 to £25. These, of course, are the small things. Princess Mary's jewels have, by arrangement, become the property of the Duchess of York; and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has bought the plate for £4000.

ARNOLD WHITE.

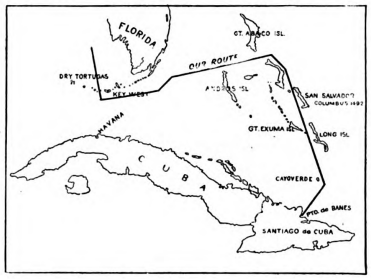
CUBA.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "FLORIDA,"

Wednesday, May 25, 1898.

IT is just a week since we embarked from Port Tampa with our cargo of Cubans, mules, horses, and ammunition. At Key West we found Admiral Sampson's fleet, which left the day after for Cuban waters. The tug *Osceola* with four guns, two of which are 6-pounders, was detailed to act as our escort to Cuba, and to go a round-about way to avoid, if possible, any collision with the Spanish fleet. We left Key West Saturday night, have come by the route shown on enclosed chart, and with the exception of a few merchantmen the first day out, have thus far met nothing. For the last thirty-six hours we have been going but five knots an hour, in order not to strike the Cuban coast before the evening. Puerto de Banes, in the province of Santiago de Cuba, is where we will try to make a landing. General Lacret will command the expedition after landing. I understand that the Vice-President, Domingo Mendez Capote, has left Cuba for Jamaica, and will go to New York, with the intention of representing the Cuban Republic in the United States.



PUERTO DE BANES, CUBA, *May 27, 1898.*

By the light from Lucrecia Light-house, which is kept up by the Spanish, our transport and her escort slowly felt their way towards Puerto de Banes Wednesday night. At twelve o'clock a small boat was lowered, which acted as scout to find the entrance to the narrow channel which leads into Banes Bay. After an unsuccessful attempt the small boat was picked up by the *Osceola*, and at daybreak our escort found the outer port. The *Florida* came up, anchored at the mouth of the passage opposite an abandoned block-house, while the tug went up into the bay to explore. In an hour she returned, and the transport followed her through a winding narrow passage, wooded on either side, into one of the most beautiful bays in existence.

At the opposite side of the bay, or to all appearances large lake, is the remains of Puerto de Banes, which was burned by Gomez a year and a half ago, and which we are to-day using as our first camping-ground. We picked up a Cuban sentry who came out from the brush while we were at anchor. He told us he had not been to headquarters for two months, and did not know the United States was at war with Spain. He was nearly naked, but had a rifle, four cartridges, and a machete. He had used one of the cartridges the day before to kill a deer. The poor devil had a bad case of chills and fever, and after we had given him a new suit and something to eat, we dosed him with quinine. To-day the pacificos — men, women, and children — with their small starved horses and dogs, have been coming into camp. They are nearly naked, and live on bananas and sweet-potatoes. A man and boy I met on the coast were boiling salt water in a pan, making salt for the army. If Clara Barton could come here, I think she would have her hands full without going farther. It seems strange, in a land that bears forth such fine fruit, there should be so much suffering. Pineapples, bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, limes, and wild tomatoes are plentiful. The hills surrounding the bay are covered with banana plantations, which are going to ruin; and they say, after Havana, the next best tobacco in Cuba is raised here. Our sanitary corps to-day gave out to the pacificos almost all their medicines, people coming from the country twenty miles around. All the visitors were given a little piece of salt pork and a few crackers, which they have not before tasted for two years. We have to be saving, as we only took provisions for five hundred men for forty days, and a great deal of that has already gone.

General Ferier, who has been laying siege to Sama, eighteen miles west of here, has just come into camp with fifty mounted men, says the Spaniards sent a thousand men from the garrison at Gibara yesterday to re-enforce the seven hundred already at Sama. They vacated the town of Sama, and have gone four miles to the sea-coast, where there are two small Spanish gunboats that came from Nipe to aid them. It is thought they all intend going to Gibara, where there is a garrison of six or seven thousand Spaniards.

One thousand of General Ferier's men will arrive in the morning to help transport the ammunition and stores the *Florida* has brought. General Lacret thinks it a mistake that Ferier should have, under the circumstances, weakened his besieging force. Lieut.-Col. Dorst, for the government, and Dr. J. D. Castillo, representing the Junta, deserve a great deal of credit for the soldier-like and business way our expedition has been handled. No casualties up to the present.

CLYDE D. V. HUNT.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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IN the wear and tear of life of the most active of business men, the Americans, there is too much waste and too little recuperation. Satisfied with the mere physical rest of the body, they renew from day to day the intense strain upon the nervous system, without giving it its required invigoration, which is done through rest and moderate stimulation. There is need at all times of a pure alcoholic tonic. It follows, therefore, as a sequence and axiom that the purer the stimulant, the surer and more beneficial are the effects. Hence in the manufacture of such as can in good faith be recommended, the sole object should be to make it pure. To accomplish this no expense and no art of distillation should be spared, and full time should be allowed for maturing and aging, thereby producing a purity as positive as can be reached. Such a stimulant is HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE, 10 years old, pure and mellow. The cost of production is greatly enhanced in the aging, to make sure of its acceptance for general use and its adaptation for tonical effects, and no whiskey now sold approaches its superiority in purity.—[*Adv.*]

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Ritschel. *Cervera's Fleet.*


Chominski. *Cervera.*

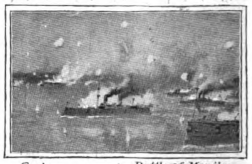

Beckwith. *Schley.*


Ritschel. *Schley's Fleet.*

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Yohn. *Cavalry Charge.*

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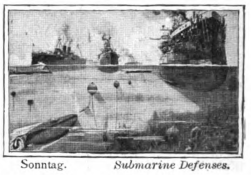

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Wenzell. *An Easter Anthem.*

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Art

Howard Pyle,
John La Farge,
W. T. Smedley,
Frederic Remington,
T. de Thulstrup,
A. B. Wenzell,
Geo. Wharton Edwards,
Eric Pape,
Alice Barber Stephens,
B. West Clinedinst,
C. C. Curran,
Peter Newell.

THE FOLLOWING STORIES WILL APPEAR SHORTLY:

"Love Among the Lions" by F. Anstey (Ill. by Peter Newell).

"Why I Remained a Bachelor" by Julien Gordon (Ill. by Alice Barber Stephens).

"The Blue Hotel" by Stephen Crane.

"Sir Bruin" by S. R. Crockett.

"When the Door Opened" by Sarah Grand (Ill. by A. B. Wenzell).

Literature

Henry James,
Stephen Crane,
S. R. Crockett,
Edmund Gosse,
Sarah Grand,
F. Anstey,
Julien Gordon,
Robert Chambers,
John Davidson,
Richard LeGallienne,
Francis Thompson,
Julia Magruder.


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THE COLLEGE BOAT RACE OF '98:

I. "The Prospect" in the issue of June 18th. II. "The Result" in the issue of July 2d.
"The College Man in War," etc.


Sonntag. *"Teutonic" in Winter.*


W. T. Smedley. *Spring on Fifth Avenue.*


John La Farge. *Illustration for Henry James' Story.*


M. F. Klepper. *Sleighing.*

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GENERAL WHEELER'S LEAP.

BY JOHN A. WYETH.

FIGURATIVELY speaking, many men in times of peace, as well as in the more exciting times of war, failing to accomplish the end in view, have been compelled to "take water." It does not very often happen in reality that a major-general of cavalry, caught in the toils, with all other avenues of escape closed to him, has shown himself so desperately in earnest not to be captured as to plunge on horseback at full speed over the high bank of a river into the raging torrent below. There have been recorded in history two such instances, and, by a strange coincidence, the heroes of both occasions had been christened "Joseph." The one was Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Marshal of France under the great Napoleon; the other, Major-General Joseph Wheeler, then of the Confederate army, recently appointed by the President Major-General of Volunteers in the army of the United States. Every reader of the life of Bonaparte remembers the tragic death of Poniatowski after the defeat of Napoleon at Leipsic, when he rushed in a mad charge through an intervening line of the enemy, and although wounded, at full speed rode over the steep bluff of the Elster into the river below, where horse and rider disappeared beneath the surface, never to rise.

The cavalry fight at Shelbyville was the liveliest engagement which marked the retreat of Bragg's army from Tullahoma to Chattanooga, in the summer of 1863. Inasmuch as the Confederates were finally driven from the field, the honors of the day rested with the Union troopers, although they stopped short of reaping the full success which was in their grasp as the result of the brilliant fighting they had done. The Southern troops, who for more than three hours, in the outskirts of Shelbyville, stood up before and held at bay a largely superior force of Federals, were a forlorn hope numbering 1200 men, placed there and commanded by Major-General Joseph Wheeler, in the desperate effort to protect from capture or destruction an immense wagon-train loaded with supplies invaluable to Bragg's army. While the fighting was going on, this immense train was filing across the narrow bridge which two miles from the battle-field spans Duck River, and was making its snail-like progress over the muddy and almost impassable road to Tullahoma.

The army of Rosecrans began its forward movement from Murfreesboro on the 22d of June, 1863. Convinced of the inadvisability of risking a great battle with so large a stream as the Tennessee River immediately in his rear, General Bragg had ordered a withdrawal of his picket-lines of cavalry under Generals Wheeler and Forrest to the south bank of Duck River. At Shelbyville, on the northern bank of this stream, there had been gathered a large supply of commissary and quartermaster's stores, and it became of the utmost importance to remove these to some point of safety. Wheeler, in command of all the cavalry operating in the department of which General Bragg was commander-in-chief, was directed to withdraw his troops south of Duck River by way of Shelbyville, holding off the Federal advance until the wagon-trains were across, when, by destroying the bridge, they would be safe from pursuit. In accordance with these instructions, General Forrest, who was operating in the neighborhood of Franklin and Spring Hill, was directed to fall back, in order to unite with General Wheeler at Shelbyville. The junction was to be effected as early in the afternoon of the 27th of June as was practicable, and the two commands were then to form the rear-guard of the army which was in retreat, and convoy the wagons southward. However,

> The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley.

General Wheeler had calculated that the force he had left to hold the Union cavalry in check at Guys Gap would be able to maintain their position long enough to permit Forrest, who had the greater distance to travel, to effect the junction at the time agreed upon; but upon this day the Federal troopers were evidently intent upon great deeds. Advancing on Guys Gap, they were backed by a corps of infantry under the command of General Gordon Granger, making a combination of strength against which the small Confederate cavalry command was able to make but feeble resistance. In addition to Granger's infantry, Major-General David S. Stanley, commanding all the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, was here at the head of the troopers, leading in person one of the best brigades of mounted men at that time in the Union army. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 27th of June, as Colonel R. H. G. Minty, in his official report, says, "the entire cavalry force was ordered to move on Guys Gap, the first division in advance." Colonel Minty at the head of the Fourth Regulars, and Major-General Stanley leading the Seventh Pennsylvania, Fourth Michigan, and Third Indiana, so overmatched the Confederates that they quickly passed by the left flank and gained the rear of their position, and drove them rapidly toward Shelbyville. Major-General Granger says, "Our advance met here with no resistance to speak of." From the Gap to within a few miles of Shelbyville the fight resolved itself into a horse-race, with the stampeded Confederates as far in the lead as they could get. The writer of this, who at the time was filling the humble rôle of a private in the Confederate cavalry, was one of a detachment stationed on this day about two miles in front of Shelbyville, several hundred yards in the rear of some abandoned earth-works which had been thrown up there earlier in the war. Even after the lapse of thirty-five years there comes vividly to mind the forlorn appearance of these flying troopers from Guys Gap as they passed through our line to the rear. The incessant rains, together with the trampling of horses' hoofs, had converted the roads into beds of mortar, and these demoralized cavaliers were so bespattered with mud from head to foot that no one could have told what uniform they wore. Many of them were hatless, some had lost their guns, and fully one-half of them seemed to have lost heart and hope.

So eager were their pursuers that we had scant time to jeer at or "guy" our unfortunate brothers. Moreover, the situation was not over-conducive to fun or frolic. General Wheeler was with us, and in command of our detachment, 1200 in number, which made the sum total of our effective force. With him on hand, every one of us realized that a lively fight was sure to take place. He impressed upon us the necessity of holding the enemy at bay, no matter at what cost, until the train of wagons could clear the bridge, and added that General Forrest was coming to our aid. We were greatly encouraged when we heard that Forrest with his command was not far off, for we knew that, no matter how weak we were, if we could only hold our own until General Wheeler's famous subordinate, who had already achieved a reputation as a successful fighter, could arrive, we could then beat back all the cavalry that could be sent against us.

For at least a mile in front of the position we occupied, which was upon a slight elevation, all the timber had been felled, in order to expose to view the approach of any attacking column. Along the road and out of the strip of timber to the north of this open space there came in sight a long array of Federal troopers, a deep blue fringe upon the border of the green forest beyond. There were so many of them it did not seem possible for us to stand up before them longer than it would take them to put spurs to their horses and ride over us; but, fortunately for us, the dashing tactics which they had employed at Guys Gap earlier in the day they did not practise now. Wheeler's bold front had evidently impressed them with the idea that we were there in strength, and were probably trying to lead them into a trap. If they had ridden down upon us then our destruction would have been complete, for we had no avenue of escape except by one narrow bridge two miles in our rear. Instead of smashing us then and there, as they could easily have done, and as they did after several hours of desultory fighting, in which time they lost the great prize they were fighting for, they dismounted the Seventh Pennsylvania under the brave Captain Davis, who deployed them as skirmishers, and advanced to engage our front. As this regiment advanced, another, the Fourth Michigan, moved from their heavy column in the turnpike around the left of our line, in order to turn our flank and force us back. Simultaneously the Third Indiana, was deployed in the opposite direction to overlap our short line upon the right. Immediately in rear of the Seventh Pennsylvania the famous

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Fourth United States Regulars came up directly before us, and behind this double line was a noisy section of artillery, which began to make its presence felt.

A cavalry fight well sustained on both sides is lively enough when one takes part in it, but it seems exceedingly tame on paper. This one did not lack in spirit. Of about a score of such "scraps," some of which, of larger growth, have passed to a place on the bloodiest pages of history, the writer does not recall a contest which, for downright pluck in giving and taking hard and heavy knocks through several hours, surpasses this Shelbyville "affair." The carbines and rifles were flashing and banging away, at times in scattering shots when the game was at a long range, and then when a charge came on, and the work grew hot, the spiteful, sharp explosions swelled into a crackling roar, like that of a canebrake on fire, when in a single minute hundreds of the boilerlike joints have burst asunder. Add to all this the whizzing, angry whir of countless leaden missiles which split the air about you; the hoarse, unnatural shouts of command—for in battle all sounds of the human voice seem out of pitch and tone; the wild, defiant yells and the answering huzzas of the opposing lines; the plunging and rearing of frightened horses; the charges here and there of companies or squadrons, or more than these which seem to be shot out from the main body, as flames shoot out of a house on fire; here and there the sharp, quick cry from some unfortunate trooper who did not hear *one* leaden messenger—for only those are heard which have passed by; the heavy, soggy striking of the helpless body against the ground; the scurrying runaway of the frightened horse, as often into danger as out of it, whose empty saddle tells the foe that there is one less rifle to fear—all these sights and sounds go to make up the confusing medley of a battle-field. And then there was the artillery, not thundering away—for artillery never thunders when one is near it. Two or three miles away the reverberations of the atmosphere convey to the ear the sound of distant thunder, but when, on the field, one faces or stands behind the battery which is engaged, the noise seems more like the sudden throb or impulse of some huge pump than the prolonged muffled sounds which are akin to thunder. So, for nearly three hours, passed this little fight.

The Federal advance upon the centre of our line did not succeed. Time after time it was attempted, but the baffled troopers went back again. As they spread out upon our flanks, our own line was stretched out more and more to meet them. At last, about five o'clock, taking advantage of a momentary lull in the attack, General Wheeler, with the exception of Russell's Fourth Alabama Regiment, withdrew the troops, and ordered them to retire as rapidly as possible to the bridge and cross the river; 200 of us were left under command of Colonel A. A. Russell, with orders to stay until they rode us down, in the hope that this catastrophe would be delayed long enough to permit General Wheeler to clear the bridge in our rear. I did not understand this movement at the time, but have learned since from General Wheeler that it was only then that the last wagon had passed across Duck River, and he felt now that he could save at least a portion of his troops on the field by a rapid retreat. We were told, when we were beaten, to make our way, every man for himself as best he could. Before the Federal cavalry realized what had been done, he was gone at full speed, and, reaching the bridge, had the troops and artillery which accompanied him safe on the southern bank. But before all this was accomplished the lightning had struck our little forlorn hope. The Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth United States Regulars rode out and over us in the most brilliant cavalry manœuvre the writer ever witnessed. They formed, and were in view for at least a half-mile before they came within firing distance. On either side of the highway, in columns of fours, they advanced at a steady gallop, until they passed into the opening in the line of earth-works, through which the main road led, some two or three hundred yards in our advance. As soon as they reached this point inside the works, still on the full run, they deployed from columns of fours into line of battle, like the opening of a huge fan. The movement was made with as much precision as if it had been done in an open plain, on dress parade, or in some exhibition of discipline and drill. Huddled there as we were, knowing what fate was impending, we could not refrain from expressing our admiration not only of the courage which they were displaying, but of the marvellous precision in the change of formation. Our orders were to stand until they approached within fifty yards, when we were to empty our rifles, draw our pistols, and then *sauve qui peut*. The Union troopers, with sabres high in air, made no sound whatever beyond the rumbling tattoo which their horses' hoofs played upon the ground. It was only a short space of time, probably the fraction of a minute, until they were so near that we could distinguish their faces, and in fact their individual features. Levelling our guns at them, we fired our final volley, and by the time our horses' heads were faced to the rear they, coming at full speed, were upon us. In an incredibly short space of time the writer found himself on the ground and well in the rear of the charging line. No more gallant work was ever done by any troops than was done on this day by the Seventh Pennsylvania and the Fourth Regulars. Meanwhile, General Wheeler, who had safely crossed the river, was in the act of firing this structure, when a member of General Forrest's staff, Major Rambaut, reported to him that Forrest, with two brigades, was within two miles of Shelbyville, and advancing rapidly to cross. Realizing the danger which threatened Forrest, Wheeler, notwithstanding the Federals were in strong force in the suburbs of Shelbyville and advancing into town, taking with him two pieces of artillery and 500 men of Martin's division, with this officer, hastily recrossed to the north side in order to hold the bridge and save Forrest from disaster. The guns were hastily thrown into position, but the charges had scarcely been rammed home, when the Union troops came in full sweep down the main street. When within a few paces of the muzzles of the guns they were discharged, inflicting, however, insignificant loss. With their small force of 500 men Generals Wheeler and Martin stood up as best they could under the pressure of this charge. They held their ground manfully as the cavalry rode through and over them, sabring the cannoneers from the guns, of which they took possession, and then passed on and secured the bridge, leaving the two Confederate generals and their troops well in their rear. The bridge had become blocked by one of the caissons, which had been overthrown, and now, thinking they had them in a trap, the Union forces formed a line of battle parallel with the bank of Duck River and across the entrance to the bridge. The idea of surrendering himself and his command had not entered the mind of General Wheeler. As Poniatowski had done at the Elster, he now shouted to his men that they must cut their way through and attempt to escape by swimming the river. With General Martin by his side, sabres in hand, they led the charge, which, made in such desperate mood, parted the Federals in their front as they rode through. Without a moment's hesitation, and without considering the distance from the top of the river-bank, which was here precipitous, to the water level, these gallant soldiers followed their invincible leader, and plunged at full speed sheer fifteen feet down into the sweeping current. They struck the water with such velocity that horses and riders disappeared, some of them to rise no more. The Union troopers rushed to the water's edge and fired at the men and animals struggling in the river, killing, or wounding and drowning a number. Holding to his horse's mane, General Wheeler took the precaution to shield himself as much as possible behind the body of the animal, and although fired at repeatedly, he escaped injury and safely reached the opposite shore. Some forty or fifty were said to have perished in this desperate attempt. "Fighting Joe Wheeler" never did a more heroic and generous deed than when he risked all to save Forrest from disaster.

Major-General Gordon Granger missed that night the opportunity of a lifetime. Within nine miles of him, at dark on the 27th of June, floundering slowly through the muddy and almost impassable road to Tullahoma, Bragg's enormous train of wagons was creeping at a snail's pace. Forrest had been forced to make a detour of eight miles to effect a crossing. Martin's division was temporarily in disorganization. With the bridge in his possession, had he been as bold and persistent in pursuit as either Wheeler or Forrest, he would have destroyed those wagons and administered a staggering blow to Bragg's army. General D. S. Stanley proposed to go on that night in pursuit of the beaten Confederates; but his chief, satisfied with the performance of the day, dissented, and "bivouacked near the railroad station."

WASHINGTON.

June 10, 1898.

Some excitement was caused in army circles to-day by the published statement that General Miles had passed a severe criticism upon the maladministration of certain officers in handling the commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance supplies for the troops concentrated at Tampa. The facts, on investigation, appear to be that General Miles indulged in some very plain criticism of the condition of things he found at Tampa, where the supplies had become confused, and some of them made inaccessible by the freight congestion. It cannot be ascertained that he censured any one personally, but he undoubtedly left a great many things to be explained by the officers who would, in the ordinary course, be responsible for such shortcomings. The impression prevails here that the fault lies somewhere between the raw staff assistants recently appointed from civil life, with no idea of the duties expected of them, or of the government's methods of doing business, and the railroad management. It has been considered from the first a mistake to choose for the concentration of a large body of troops a place where the freight facilities were so meagre, and the administration of the transportation service so unfamiliar with large undertakings. What General Miles did was apparently to condemn conditions as he found them, without attempting to identify their authors.

Francis E. Leupp.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT.

On Board Flag Troop-Ship "Seguranca,"
Off Port Tampa, *June 9.*

Once again orders have come from Washington, and again the army of invasion is halted. We came very near getting off this time—in fact, three of the transports were hull down when at five o'clock yesterday afternoon General Shafter sent a despatch-boat to recall them.

Tuesday evening about seven o'clock, in pursuance of instructions from Washington, the troops were ordered to embark at once. All night long troops were filling trains; some of the regiments did not reach the Port—nine miles away—until eight o'clock the following (Wednesday) morning, and all of us, with our equipments, were up all night awaiting the starting of the trains on the single-track road which connects Tampa with Port Tampa. As the soldiers reached the Port, train-load upon train-load, they were marched into the transports as rapidly as the congestion of traffic would permit. One regiment of infantry, the artillery, the horses, the ammunition, and a certain amount of provisions had been put on board two days before, otherwise such congestion would have resulted yesterday as to have made intelligent progress impossible. As it was, about 12,000 men were moved and put on transports between nine o'clock Tuesday night and five o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Considering the single-track railroad line and the narrow neck of land upon which the cars unloaded, the embarkation time was creditable.

There was confusion without limit—an unnecessary amount of it—no small part of it due to the presence of people moved by curiosity to view the embarking, and who should have been kept their distance by sentries. The absence of sentinels about the quartermaster's preserves has been most notable and annoying since the very beginning of the loading, many days ago.

As the transports were loaded yesterday, they dropped away from the wharf and out into the harbor, their rigging filled with cheering soldiers, and the music of the regimental band swelling up from the decks below.

At 4.30 General Shafter came over the side, but instead of flying signals to move, he sent a despatch-boat post-haste to notify all the transports to come in close to the wharf and anchor. A telegram had been received from Washington saying, in effect, "Stop where you are"; later telegrams brought the information that two of our small auxiliary gunboats had seen and in one instance been chased by two Spanish cruisers five hours from Tampa Bay. General Shafter's hurry call brought in all the transports, some wisely going into the canal to unload the horses, and give them air and a rest from the most cruelly botched of stalls I have ever seen on cattle-transports. So here we are, some thirty transports of us, almost within hailing distance one of another, awaiting further developments.

Incidentally Santiago appears not to contain the only bottled fleet, nor are the stoppers all of the American brand. At Santiago there are six Spanish cruisers inside, while outside is a fleet of American war-ships—cruisers and gunboats, variously estimated from twelve to sixteen. At Port Tampa inside are some thirty transports with about 13,000 men, and two gunboats; outside, if report be true, have been seen two Spanish cruisers and two torpedo-boats. Certainly Spain has simply played horse with our Navy and War departments—who, in conjunction with the Strategy Board, are directing this war. She has completely outwitted us.

The idea of Tampa Bay being left with only two small gunboats near the transports, with none at all at the entrance to the bay, no search-lights playing all night, and no serious precautions against attack, while twice as many ships as are actually needed float lazily off Santiago!

What the plan is for the immediate future none off the Strategy Board probably knows.

If the same measures are employed now as when that other Spanish fleet was at liberty—*i.e.*, if we are not to move until these latest boats of Spain are marked down, then we shall probably remain here all summer.

To sweep the seas of the enemy before convoying troops is a novelty in naval history. Hitherto, where movements of troops were necessary, convoys strong enough thoroughly to protect troop-ships have been the habitual procedure. Now that we have 25,000 troops fit and ready for movements, we are wasting valuable time in delay. There are enough men-of-war to spare a strong convoy for these transports.

If we consulted our best interests, we would go first to Porto Rico and then go to Santiago, if that "bottled" Spanish fleet has not by then been destroyed.

We very much need Porto Rico at this stage of the game. Santiago will keep until we have put an army of occupation at San Juan. However, the chances are, when we do move, if ever, we will go to Santiago first, because Washington favors it.

The troops now on the transports include regulars, the 71st New York Volunteers, and half the regiment of volunteer cavalry. Originally it was intended to take nine regiments of volunteers, but later it was decided to lessen the force. Of the volunteer infantry, only the 71st New York and 2d Massachusetts will go.

If it is proposed to wait until the enemy is located, the men will go into camp again, but if a strong convoy is to be gathered from Santiago and Key West, the men are likely to remain on the transports, although it will take five days for ships to come here from Santiago.

We at least hope for something definite; the infirmity of purpose of which we have seen so much is wearing out everybody.

Caspar Whitney.

PATROLLING THE MINE-FIELDS.

While our squadrons are engaged in foreign waters gathering in glory and prizes, the gray shades of two or three pleasure-yachts, stripped, and painted with Uncle Sam's war-paint, patiently guard the waters about New York from Throgs Neck to Sandy Hook. The former owner of the *Aileen* would find it hard to recognize her, with all her top hamper gone except the smoke-stack, signal-mast, and bridge. "All the comfort taken out of her," and in its place five or six guns and a megaphone. Her commander, Lieutenant Kilburn, has his hands full; on duty from dawn till dark, and from nightfall till morning, makes pretty long days. All day long the *Aileen* circles about in the neighborhood of the channel, her commander shouting his warnings through the megaphone at careless skippers who insist on sailing over waters reserved exclusively for the enemy.

At night the search-light is turned on, and from the Narrows far out toward Sandy Hook not even a row-boat could escape its vigilant ray. It can be easily imagined how the crew on board the *Aileen* long for a more warlike service than chasing mud-scows and lighters off the mine-fields. One old salt remarked, in tones of utter disgust, that after nine years of service in the China seas and over the world, here, in time of war, he was left near enough home to ride there on a trolley-car. But the service rendered by the *Aileen* and her sister ships in guarding the defences of New York Harbor is a most important one, and, as Lieutenant Kilburn says, "while it is only one chance in a thousand that we will have anything serious to do here, it is to know and be ready if that chance comes." The people of New York may congratulate themselves on having men at the gateway of their harbor who faithfully perform their duty while longing for the more adventurous service of their comrades in the West Indian waters.

W. A. Rogers.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 583.*)

drid. Augustin confesses inability to "hold the ground against two enemies"—the insurgents and Admiral Dewey—and says that "the insurrection has reached great proportions."

Thursday, June 9.—Despatches from Madrid state that the people are stunned by the news from Manila, that Spain is being urged on all hands to seek peace, and that the Minister for Foreign Affairs has been authorized to confer with ambassadors of the powers.

President McKinley sent these nominations to the Senate: To be major-general in the volunteer army, J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio; to be brigadier-general, John P. S. Gobin, of Pennsylvania.

Friday, June 10.—A fleet of war-ships has been assembled at Port Tampa, Florida, to convoy the troops to Santiago de Cuba. Intimations have been received regarding the appearance of Spanish war-ships in Southern waters, and it has been decided to run no risks.

President McKinley sent to the Senate to-day nominations of Charles F. Roe, of New York, and Thomas L. Rosser, of Virginia, for appointment as brigadier-generals in the volunteer army.

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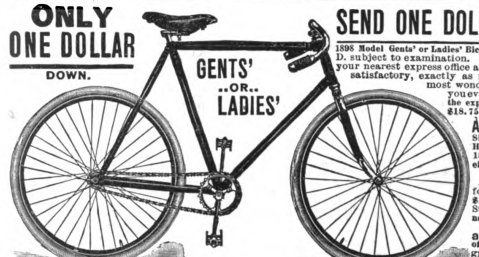
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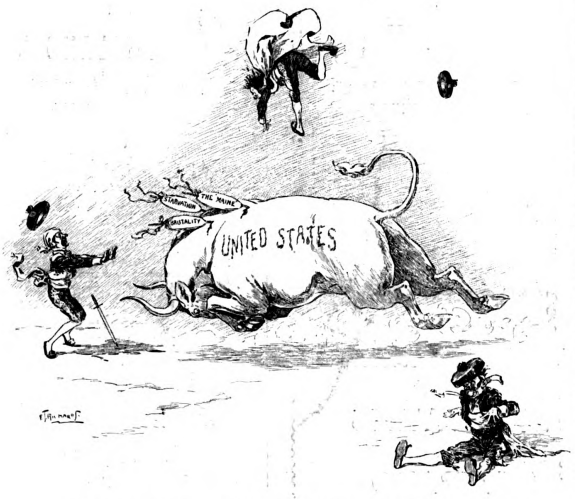
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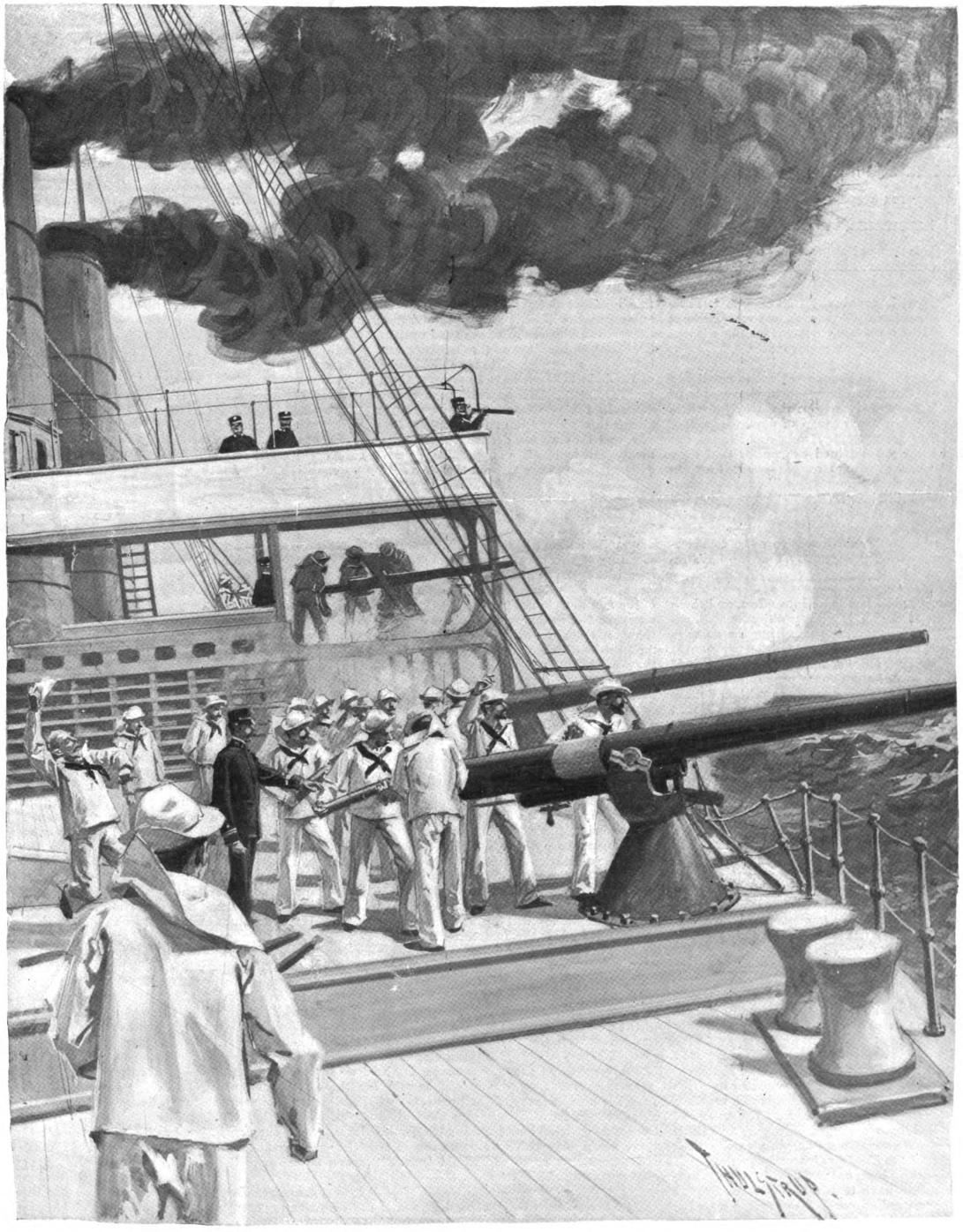
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

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THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "ST. PAUL" ON SCOUT DUTY.

A SUSPICIOUS CRAFT SIGHTED: PREPARING TO FOLLOW A BLANK CARTRIDGE WITH SOLID SHOT.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, AFTER A SKETCH BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 25, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, Jr.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN,
CLYDE D. V. HUNT.	AND OTHERS.

Mr. FOX *and* Mr. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, Mr. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* Mr. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S NEW SERIAL,

"THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS,"

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST,

Will begin in the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE report is eventually that Tampa is to be abandoned as a military rendezvous. Perhaps there could be no better comment on the wisdom of the selection of the place originally.

THE change in the French cabinet is not likely to mean anything, so far as the foreign policy of the French Republic is concerned. Nor, indeed, is it likely to mean any change of domestic policy. The Socialists are growing stronger in France, but they have not yet obtained the power that they seek. They are growing stronger because they are the only party in the country which is not completely under the control of the priests and the army. France has very troublous times before her, but of one thing she may rest assured—when her day of trial comes she will receive more considerate treatment from this country than we have received from her.

THE war tax bill has gone into effect, and there is little in it which is vitally objectionable, except perhaps the provision requiring the coinage of a million and a half of silver bullion per month. This was a compromise compelled by the House of Representatives of the Senate proposition to coin the seigniorage at the rate of four million dollars per month. It is to be regretted, of course, that any concession was forced by the silver men, but they obtained the smallest thing possible, and the coinage of this amount of silver will do little practical harm. The regret, however, that any concession was made is strengthened by the result of the election in Oregon, and the evidence of weakness of the silver movement. It seems likely now that silver will not be an issue in the coming campaign, although fiat money will be made prominent. It is clear, therefore, that the Republicans can carry the next House of Representatives on the money issue if they will insist upon the gold standard as strongly as the Oregon Republicans insisted on it. The country is for sound money, we believe, and will declare against fiat money, if the issue be presented fairly and squarely to it.

THE threatening cloud of war between France and England has disappeared for the present. It will be recollected that in occupying Boussa on the Niger, the French distinctly violated a treaty obligation to Great Britain. British rights were violated, and so the British government was put in a position where it was obliged to force France to retire or to accept war. Very few persons outside of official circles in France and England know how near to war the two nations were. The tactics of the fleets had been arranged, however, and those who were in the secret were keeping watch on the movements of the English Channel squadron. If the squadron had been ordered to Gibraltar, for example, it would have been notice that the French were to be coerced at once. So complete were the preparations that France had made ready ships for cutting England's cable communications with the world, while England had fitted out vessels for relaying them. Finally Monsieur HANOTAUX begged for a delay until after the French elections, and they being over, Boussa has been evacuated along with several other less important towns, while France retains Nikki; and all of this was predicted some months ago by Mr. ARNOLD WHITE in his London letter to the WEEKLY.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the decision of the authorities that the hospital ships shall invariably run away from the Spaniards, on account of Spain's cruel methods in war, is justified. There is no reason to believe, from anything that Spain has done or refrained from doing, either in our war or in its efforts to put down the Cuban insurrection, that a hospital ship crowded with wounded and dying men would be respected by Spanish naval or military officers. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the Spaniards would delight in making war upon the dying. Their reported mutilation of the marines who fell at Guantanamo is denied, but that denial does not change our estimate of the possibilities of Spanish character, judging entirely from the cruelties that they have practised in Cuba. The Spaniards are the last remnants of white barbarians, and, like their prototypes of the Middle Ages, whom they closely resemble, they have the savage instincts and methods that are found nowhere else in civilized Europe in this nineteenth century except in Turkey, and, with the exception of Spain and Turkey, are found only among the uncivilized red men of the remote regions of our own continent, and the brown and black and yellow men of Africa and Asia.

THE war loan promises to be greatly oversubscribed in this country, and doubtless much of it will be taken in subscriptions of from twenty to five hundred dollars each. In other words, the subscription will be largely a popular one; and as these small bids are to be accepted until the whole $200,000,000 are taken, the bankers and syndicates who are prepared to take millions of dollars of the loan will not have their opportunity. The moral effect of this expression of popular confidence in the government will be very great. It means that we are rich enough to pay for our own war, and that we are determined that the government shall be heartily supported. If the Spanish government were not afraid that to sue for peace would bring on revolution, we have no doubt that this manifestation of public confidence and public support of the war in this country would, with DEWEY'S victory at Manila, conduce to an immediate termination of the conflict. Another happy meaning of this great popular subscription to the loan is that the people who have savings, and who constitute both the moral and industrial backbone of the country, do not take seriously the fiat-money movement—in other words, the movement to pay the public creditor with less value than he gave. And this is another reason why the political party that is likely to win at the coming Congressional elections should, among other things, settle the money question for good.

WHILE there has been little movement looking to a formal treaty of alliance between England and the United States, there is no doubt that the feeling of friendship between the two countries has been greatly strengthened, and the payment by us of the Bering Sea award removes the last cause of friction. Perhaps the time is now propitious for renewing the attempt to secure the adoption of a general treaty of arbitration. That probably would be a sufficient union, because it would mean to the rest of the world that the two countries consider their interests identical. Whatever comes, however, it is to be hoped that the friendship between the two countries will grow in strength and in grace, for, besides the material interests that will be advanced by such a friendship on both sides of the ocean, and besides the pleasure such a union will afford to all English-speaking peoples, the peace of the world will be promoted thereby. And we think it well that the Irish on both sides of the water should make up their minds not to interfere between the two branches of the English race. We in the United States are mostly in favor of home-rule, and those Liberals in England who have done most to promote home-rule for the Irish are also in favor of the promotion of friendship between Great Britain and the United States. Such a union would not injuriously affect the Irish, but opposition to such a union on the part of Irishmen either here or abroad would work disastrous consequences to their cause.

THE troops are finally at Santiago, and the invasion of Cuba has begun. We have thought such an invasion unwise, because the end to be gained could be better accomplished, we believe, at less cost, if the expedition were undertaken later in the year. But the authorities in command of the army have thought it best to invade now, in the summer, and no doubt the landing of troops on the soil of Cuba is the real beginning of the real end of Spain's power in the island. General SHAFTER has taken with him a splendid body of men. His army, with the exception of the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts, and some of Colonel WOOD'S volunteer cavalry, are regulars. There are no better soldiers in the world. There are very few soldiers in the world who compare, man for man, in physique, in courage, in discipline, and in effectiveness, with the troops of our service. Undoubtedly the volunteers that accompany the expedition will in a short time be as good soldiers as the regular troops. In one respect they are probably superior, and that is in the general education of the rank and file. But the country ought to recognize that the invasion has actually begun, that this is not merely an expedition to take Santiago or to capture CERVERA'S fleet. Once upon the island, the troops cannot be withdrawn until the power of Spain in Cuba is ended. Another expedition is to start for Porto Rico. That expedition is less hazardous in every way. It will encounter fewer perils from the Spanish and from nature. The Spanish have a comparatively small force in Porto Rico, and the island is a healthy one. Now comes anxious times to the country and to those whose relatives and friends are engaged in real war. But there need be no fear of the result. We doubt if there will be any check to the triumphant advance of the American arms in these Spanish West-Indian possessions. The army and the navy will do the work allotted to them enthusiastically, courageously, and intelligently. And if the questions that must follow victory are left to the people, we have no doubt as to the result of their decision.

THE GOVERNMENT OF DISTANT TERRITORY.

IF the Hawaiian annexation resolution pass both Houses of Congress, with the great majority or anything like it which it commanded in the House of Representatives, this country will probably enter upon a colonial policy. The movement in that direction cannot be arrested at Honolulu. Expansion is in the blood of many Americans, and these Americans of the purest type—of the type whose intellectual activities and vagaries mark the idiosyncrasies of our people, and make them most interesting to the old and settled world. If these enthusiasts gain one point in their contention, if they put one American governing foot on a single island of the sea, their enterprise in conquest will after that enjoy the alliance of the *vis inertiæ* of their fellow-countrymen, who are chiefly inclined to believe not only that "whatever is is right," but that it shall remain right. Therefore, if we annex Hawaii, we may rest assured that the country will be asked, and perhaps coerced, to keep the Philippines, take the Canaries and Porto Rico, and perhaps forget our promise as to Cuba, now that it has been fully demonstrated that there is no insurgent government, and hardly enough of an insurgent force to strengthen and aid the little landing party of marines at Guantanamo. It is true that Congress solemnly promised that this should not be a war of conquest, declaring that it was undertaken in the interest of humanity and for the purpose of saving the reconcentrados from a cruel death. It is true also that it is the fundamental theory of our government—we quote from our great Declaration—that a people have the right to "the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them," and that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." It is true that among the complaints made in our Declaration of Independence against the King of Great Britain are that he "cut off our trade with all parts of the world," meaning that he had applied to us the colonial policy which our triumphant revolution finally drove England to abandon, and that he imposed "taxes on us without our consent." It is further true that for seventy years our Congress has been the object of constant complaint by reason of its inefficiency in domestic affairs; that its legislation has been crude; that its interference with the Executive has been scandalous; that its ignorant trifling with the money question has been disastrous; that party politics and personal aggrandizement rather than the public good have characterized its conduct. Notwithstanding all this, there is a strong party in the country, led, as we have said, by Americans of the native stock, who are willing to break the pledge given by Congress; who strongly desire that this war shall be a war of conquest; who

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are eager to overthrow the Declaration of the fathers, and to insist that the Hawaiians, as represented by the majority of them, the Cubans, the Porto Ricans, and the Philippinos, are without the pale of the "laws of Nature and of Nature's God," and that they are not entitled to a government deriving its "just powers from the consent of the governed"; that they may be ruled by our Congress, sitting at Washington, enacting laws for those whom few Congressmen have seen, and of whose needs they are ignorant—laws that may differ as to each distant colony; or, what is perhaps the most likely result of such rule, Congress may forget or absolutely neglect its subjects, as it has forgotten Alaska, for example, and as it has neglected the District of Columbia.

Congress is the power which governs territories, and it governs them so absolutely that some of the judicial decisions, asserting or affirming this power, indicate that the day may come when the Supreme Court of the United States may declare that the limitations of the Constitution affect Congress only in respect of legislation touching the States of the Union, and that they do not prevent Congress from exercising a power over territories as unrestricted as that which is exercised by the British Parliament. In a recent case decided by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at San Francisco, Judge MORROW said: "The Territories of the United States are entirely subject to the legislative authority of Congress. They are not organized under the Constitution, nor subject to its complex distribution of the powers of government as the organic law." Justice BRADLEY of the United States Supreme Court, in 1889, in an opinion in a case involving this question, said: "Doubtless Congress in legislating for the Territories would be subject to those fundamental limitations in favor of *personal rights* which are formulated in the Constitution and its amendments; but these limitations would exist rather by inference and the general spirit of the Constitution, from which Congress derives all its powers, than by express and direct application of its provisions." Justice BRADLEY moved forward a little along a line pointed out by MARSHALL, going beyond any decision that had theretofore been made by the Supreme Court; and while it may be that the Court will always find a reason for keeping Congress within the constitutional limitations, its recent history shows that it is equal to bold departures. It may therefore some day reach the point of declaring that there is no limitation upon the powers of Congress in its government of territories.

Without regard to this point, however, the question as to the advisability of adding territory to our government, which shall be completely under the control of Congress, is a very serious one. Certainly most of us are wrong in our judgment of Congress if the powers of that body ought to be enormously increased. It has been supposed that a proper regard for the interests of the country demanded rather that they should be curtailed. For many years it has been very difficult, practically impossible, to induce Congress to devote itself to the promotion of the general welfare. It has neglected its present duty. Are we to be happier, are our problems of government to be more easily solved, by increasing the already neglected duties of Congress? The decisions of the United States Supreme Court on this subject are explicit, and they fully sustain Judge MORROW'S assertion that "in a territory all the functions of government are within the legislative jurisdiction of Congress, and may be exercised through a local government, or directly by such legislation as we have now under consideration." The legislation was a liquor law passed by Congress, and applying to Alaska. It may be added that Congress has not only the power to establish a territorial government, its establishing act being the organic law of the territory, but it has the power to declare invalid the enactments of the territorial Legislature erected by itself.

What is the actual constitutional and legal situation? There is, in the first place, no doubt as to the power of Congress to acquire territory. The power to declare war and the power to make treaties imply the power to acquire territory. There is no one who questions its existence. It has been declared over and over again by the Supreme Court. Neither is there any doubt as to the power of Congress to govern territory so acquired. This is expressly granted to Congress in the provision of the Constitution which authorizes the legislative branch of the government to make needful rules and regulations respecting territories. As Justice BRADLEY said, in "The Late Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints *vs.* United States": "It would be absurd to hold that the United States has power to acquire territory and no power to govern it when acquired." Nothing, then, can prevent the annexation of territory that may be acquired in war with Spain or through a treaty of peace; whether a resolution of annexation would hold is another question, which, however, is not likely to be raised. And territory once acquired, it will be governed absolutely by Congress, the President and the regular judiciary having nothing to say in the matter after the organic law establishing the territorial government, if such a law be passed, is once in operation. If, however, Congress assumes full control as a local government, it will be free to do as it will—to pass one law for one territory and another for another, or to neglect all impartially, while as to the executive and judicial authorities of these territories, they will be such men as the politicians of Congress prefer. Now the serious question is, do we want all this? And the question is so serious that Congress ought not to take the first step towards it, which it will do by the passage of the Hawaiian annexation resolution, until the issue has been submitted to the country and fully discussed in a general campaign. The passage of this resolution at this session would be a snap-judgment against the people.

GERMANY AND THE WAR.

IT is easy to account for the persistency of the rumors which attribute to the German government the intention to reap some benefit for itself out of the settlement of our war with Spain. The German government is itself accountable for this persistency.

The Kaiser has announced that a satisfactory "Imperialism" requires maritime power, and his brother has assumed the mission of preaching the gospel of his Majesty's consecrated person to those who would hear, and also to those who would not hear. In order that this gospel shall be properly expounded in the Pacific, it is plain that a considerable extension of Germany's present "holdings" in that ocean must take place. These at present comprise only the recent acquisitions in China, a German protectorate, comprising ninety-seven German inhabitants, in the northern part of Southeastern New Guinea, and the neighboring "Bismarck Archipelago," and some of the Solomon and the Marshall Islands. These possessions by no means make an "imperial" showing on the map or in statistical returns. The Philippines do really constitute an imperial possession, and if they were to come into the possession of the United States as a consequence of the war, they would efface the outlying islands which Germany has been accumulating for fourteen years. It is of course unlikely that Spain would consent to deliver the Philippines for any advantage that a German alliance would give her, even if she were able to show a clear title to them. That she cannot do, so long as Manila Harbor is in the possession of an American fleet and Manila town under its guns. But the Carolines and the Ladrones are still, without dispute, Spanish. Upon the former of these, at least, Germany has already cast a covetous leer, and the latter would afford a convenient naval station in view of the Chinese acquisitions.

It is unfortunately not necessary to assign a rational motive for German acquisitiveness. "Imperialism" is its own excuse for being. It is not necessarily more sane or defensible when it is entertained by any proportion of seventy millions of private persons than when it takes possession of the crowned bonnet of an anointed monarch. General MERRITT, when, the other day, at San Francisco, he expressed his own belief in what, without any sort of authority, he described as the "new policy" of the United States, committed a much less commendable indiscretion than when he publicly quarrelled with his orders and objected to going to Manila without an adequate force, including a considerable proportion of regular troops. If any adult American had proposed a year ago that we should pay what General MERRITT'S expedition will cost for the Philippine Islands, or take them as a gift, his fellow-citizens would have regarded him as of unsound mind. Now that we have, so to speak, found the islands, in the course of the legitimate warlike enterprise of destroying the Spanish fleet in the Pacific, it does not follow that our retention of them will be either desirable or justifiable, much less that Admiral DEWEY'S establishment of his squadron in Manila Bay, partly in default of any other place to take it, of itself inaugurates a new national policy.

Our true interest in the East is of course the utmost possible extension of our trade. That is England's object also; and considering that it is ours, we might properly have given her a moral support in the contest with Russia, France, and Germany, which we have allowed her to carry on single-handed. That is also the object of Japan, as she showed in the treaty which the three powers in question interfered to nullify. Of course nobody doubts that the combined naval power of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, if our own potential naval power were developed and made actual, would be far more than a match in the Pacific for all the other navies of the world combined. Nothing could more surely determine us to develop our naval power, and to enter into such a combination to prevent exclusive acquisitions in and by European powers, than a popular belief that Germany, alone or in conjunction with other powers, meant to treat us as the three powers treated Japan. If that came to be believed in this country, there would be danger that we should retain the Philippines, irrespective of our own interests, by way of defiance to dictation. It is not at all to the interest of Germany that we should maintain in the Pacific as great a naval force as we could maintain. Wherefore the assemblage of German war-ships in the Philippines, in numbers beyond what the protection of German subjects or of German commercial interests require, and apparently by way of a "naval demonstration," seems to be "bad politics."

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Friday, June 10.—By a vote of 43 to 22 the Senate agreed to the war revenue bill.

A force of more than 660 marines from the troop-ship *Panther* was landed on the eastern shore of Guantanamo Bay, province of Santiago de Cuba, under the protection of the guns of the *Oregon*, *Marblehead*, *Dolphin*, *Yankee*, *Yosemite*, *Porter*, and *Vixen*. A small flat-topped hill was selected for encampment, receiving the name "McCalla," in honor of the *Marblehead's* commander. The landing was effected in an hour, without accident. The position taken by this landing party, or possibly a less exposed camp in the immediate neighborhood, will be held for the present, with the object of rendering the outer harbor secure for the use of our fleet.

Saturday, June 11.—The Navy Department made public an official report from Rear-Admiral Sampson on the sinking of the *Merrimac* in the channel leading into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. Admiral Sampson's "appreciation of the conduct of Mr. Hobson and his gallant crew" is expressed in the warmest terms.

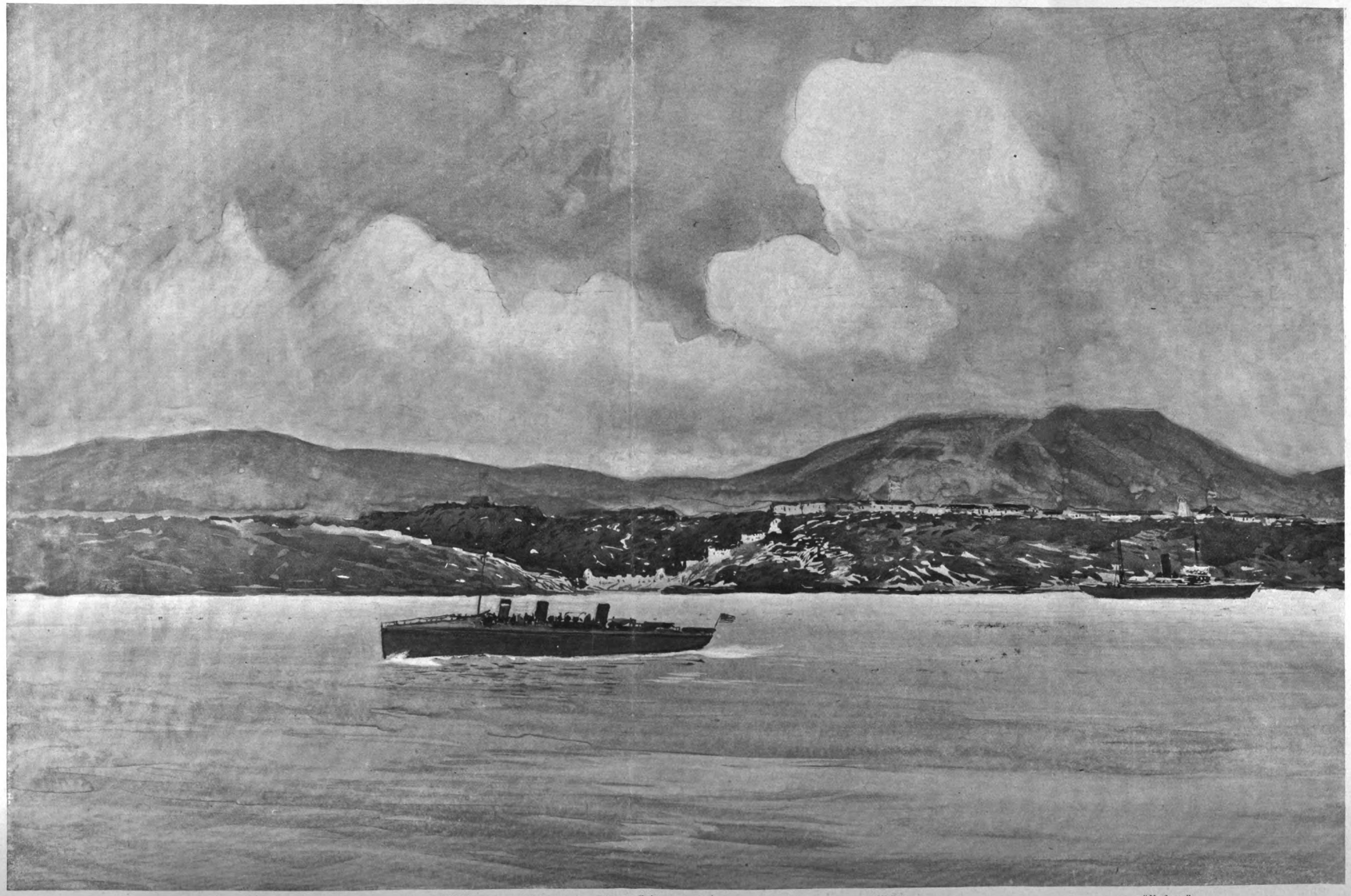
The *Vixen* landed rifles, ammunition, and provisions for the insurgents at Aserradero, about twenty-five miles west of Santiago.

Saturday and Sunday, June 11 and 12.—At half past five o'clock on Saturday afternoon an insurgent scout brought word to Camp McCalla, Guantanamo, that an attacking force of Spanish infantry was at hand. Almost immediately afterwards our outposts were fired upon. Hurried measures for the defence of the camp were all that the circumstances allowed. The Spaniards, superior in numbers, were hidden in thickets that stretched away on all sides from the unfortified hill, and, as reported by Lieutenant Neville, many of them had leaves and branches wrapped around their bodies, so that they could scarcely be distinguished from the undergrowth. Our marines, with their entrenchment scarcely begun, offered an easy mark. But this first attack proved to be rather in the nature of a skirmish; the firing lasted about an hour. Marines from the *Marblehead* were sent ashore; men who had been bathing ran half naked into camp. Before night fell the sentries came in. Two of our men had been killed. The bodies, when recovered, appeared to have been hacked with machetes. In the course of the night we lost two more, Sergeant Smith and Dr. John Blair Gibbs, the former killed (and his body "terribly mutilated") in the woods, the latter meeting his death while on duty in the camp; and several of our men were wounded. Renewed and repeated a dozen times before daybreak, the Spanish attacks were most threatening about 1 A. M., when it seemed that the camp was completely surrounded. The little force of Americans held the ground coolly, and their volleys seem to have been delivered with good judgment, for they sufficed to hold the enemy in check. From Guantanamo Bay the *Marblehead's* search-light was trained on the thickets; this, with the flash of the Mauser rifles, served to guide the aim of our men. The night was uncommonly dark. The Spanish losses are not certainly known. At six o'clock on Sunday morning field-pieces in the camp opened fire and drove a body of Spanish infantry from cover; the *Texas* arrived and landed forty marines with two Colt automatic guns; meanwhile the *Marblehead* was shelling the thickly wooded hill-side on the south, where the Spaniards were supposed to be concealed. The guns from the *Texas* were hauled up the path and mounted on the earth-works that now, hurriedly completed, promised a certain degree of security to the men remaining in camp, while one company of Colonel Huntington's command, deployed in skirmish line, moved forward to discover and dislodge the enemy. At this juncture the Spaniards proved that they also were to have the support of artillery, one of their guns opening fire unexpectedly across a bar that juts out into the bay northwest of Camp McCalla. It was silenced by the *Texas*. The efforts of the skirmishing party to engage the Spaniards on even terms, and the firing of guns from the *Marblehead* and from the camp were wellnigh continuous, but the Spanish guerilla attacks, shifted from point to point, were not less persistent, irritating, and, at last, intolerable. Accordingly the camp was removed to the foot of the hill, bluejackets from the *Texas* and *Marblehead* and sixty Cuban insurgents lending their assistance. The two marines first to fall Saturday afternoon were buried. The funeral service was interrupted by the bullets of the enemy, to whom the sacred purpose of those sharing in this observance must have been apparent. Prayers for the dead were finished under fire. Throughout the evening and the night this exhausting attack was maintained, guns from the *Panther* and *Abarenda*, as well as the *Marblehead*,

(Continued on page 616.)

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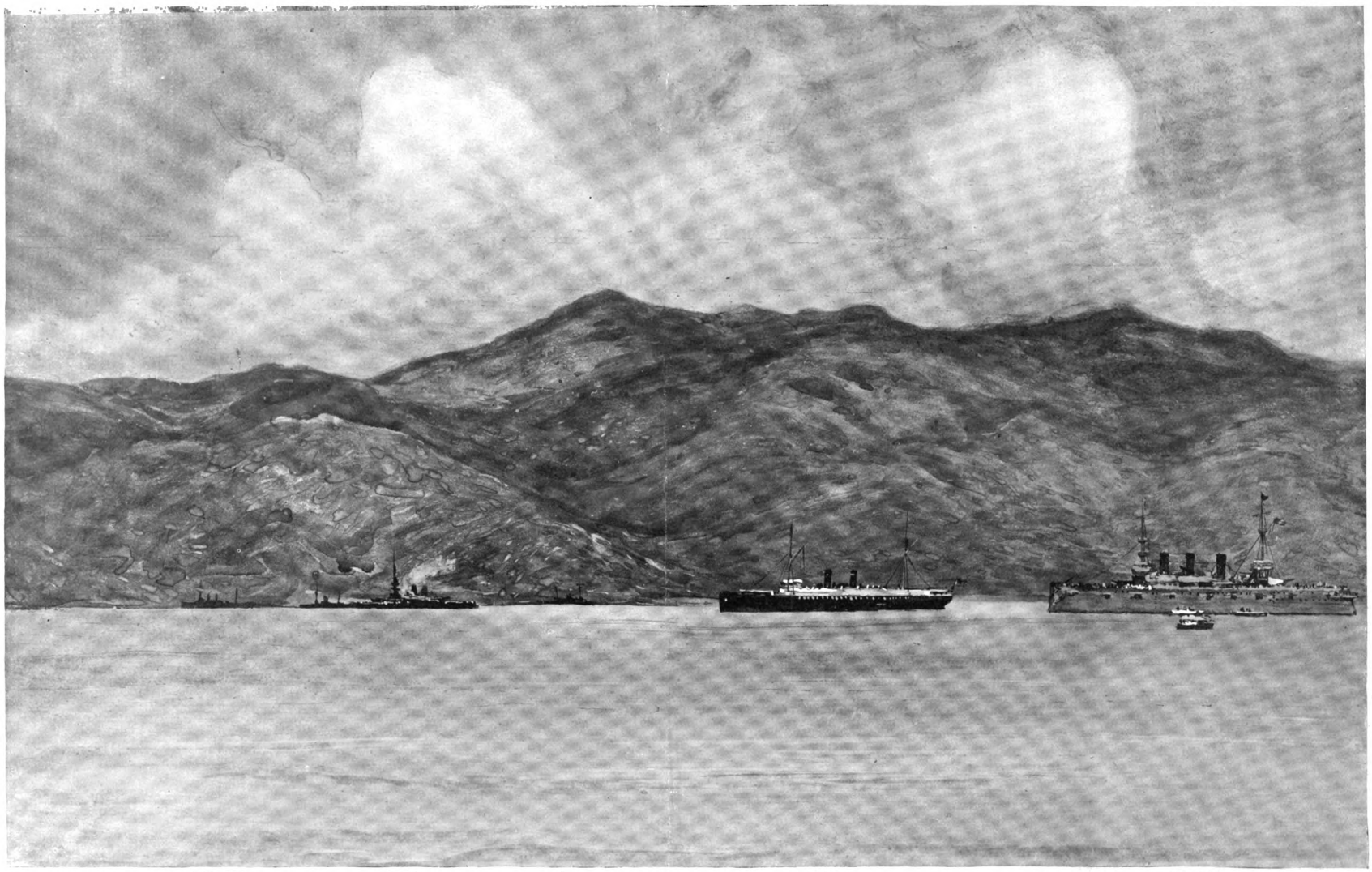
GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO, JUNE 3, 1898.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

"The small cruisers run about close inshore."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's letter.*

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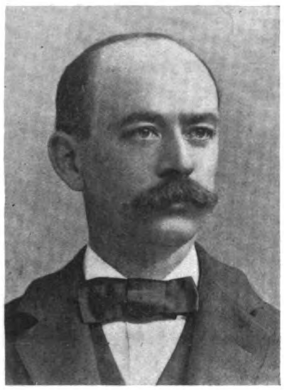
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OUR WAR-SHIPS OFF THE COAST NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JUNE 3, 1898.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

"The great battle-ships under the towering hills look like pygmies."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's letter.*

Original from PENN STATE



ASSISTANT-SURGEON JOHN BLAIR GIBBS, U.S.N.,
Killed, June 12, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.



PRIVATE JAMES McCOLGAN, U.S.M.C.,
Killed, June 11, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.



SERGEANT CHARLES H. SMITH, U.S.M.C.,
Killed, June 11, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE net sum raised for the Lowell memorial park at Cambridge was $37,427. That amount insures the purchase of the Elmwood lands offered, with a surplus of $2400, which may possibly be used to buy additional land.

Our war has brought Lowell prominently into the public mind, and made very noticeable how peculiarly representative of national sentiment his poetry is. He has been more quoted in the newspapers and elsewhere during the last two months than all our other older poets put together. It is interesting to search out of his letters his impressions of Spain and the Spaniards formed during his stay as American minister in Madrid. He said, in a letter to Mr. Howells: "Spain is as primitive in some ways as the books of Moses, and as Oriental. Spaniards have, I believe, every possible fault—and yet I love the jades for a' that. . . . Their indifference to legitimate profit is a continual comfort, and they have no more enterprise than an Old Cambridge man."

The sale of the publishing business of Messrs. Roberts Brothers of Boston, to Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., is of interest in the world of books. Among other authors whose books the Messrs. Roberts have published are Louisa Alcott, Louise Moulton, and Edward Everett Hale. The editions of translations of Balzac and Molière, on which the Messrs. Roberts' imprint is familiar, do not pass in this transaction.



GEORGE F. PHILLIPS, OF THE "MERRIMAC."
One of Lieutenant Hobson's Volunteer Crew. Promoted Chief Machinist for Gallantry.

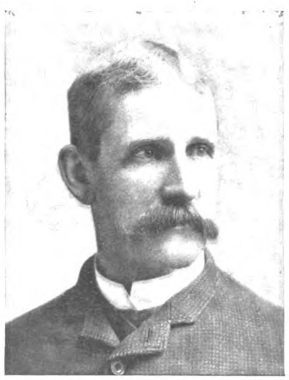
Word comes from Ithaca that when Cornell enters another oratorical contest she will try to make sure that other States besides Ohio are represented among the judges. This year, it appears, the six judges were all Ohio men, and an Ohio man, Mr. Longfellow of Wesleyan, took the first prize. Cornell's man, Mr. Mayer, was second. "Too much Ohio," grumbles Cornell, whereat her friends may be excused for smiling.

The election of Charles Francis Adams 2d to succeed Mr. Hooper as treasurer of Harvard College attests that an active interest in sports is not inconsistent nowadays with a reputation for business ability and sound judgment in matters of finance. Mr. Adams is one of the best known of American yachtsmen, and with his brother George won great aquatic victories in the *Gossoon*, the *Bubboon*, and other good boats. He has discernment, too, about rowing and football, and has labored strenuously to bring Harvard success in those pursuits. He graduated with distinction at Harvard in 1888, was admitted to the bar in 1893, and, as a practising lawyer, is deep in the business—familiar in Boston—of being a director of companies, and a trustee of savings-banks, trusts, and other corporations, and of individuals. In Quincy, where he lives, he has twice been chosen Mayor of the city. He is a son of John Quincy Adams.

Joseph Leiter's experience seems something like that of the King of France, who, having marched his cohorts up the hill, marched them straightway down again. It recalls that of the Nantucket whaling captain who came back after a three years' cruise "with nary bar'l of oil, but had a durn fine sail." Mr. Leiter has excelled the King of France in that he has not climbed his hill for nothing, but has taken the advantage of the laws of gravitation and slid down considerably beyond the point where he started to climb up, and he has the advantage of the Nantucket Yankee in having compressed his experience into one year instead of three. It will be said now that, after all, the earlier Joseph was a more sagacious grain-operator than his namesake, but that is not altogether fair, for Jacob's son had certain foreknowledge of a seven-year famine, whereas our son of Levi had to get in and out again within fourteen months. What matter to him if he has not succeeded in doing it profitably. Inasmuch as he had no visible motive for playing with grain except to enlarge his mind and add to his knowledge of human concerns, rather than condole with him over his losses we should congratulate him that his business experiences promise to be rounded out and completed. To have toiled for months, and taken great risks, and thought hard, and only learned at last how it feels to win would not have really paid him. It is not in human nature to be content with winning alone. An experience of loss seems essential to wisdom and to contentment. As matters stand now, Joseph Leiter seems to have had both experiences, and had them in satisfying measure. Whether his losses were due to his unwillingness to take the paternal advice, or to lack of appreciation of when it was time to stop, or to events which could not be foreseen or prevented is matter for discussion among interested experts. What appears on the surface is that he seems to have proved constant in adversity, and that his rivals and brother strategists speak kindly of him. Inasmuch as his collapse, besides enlarging his experience, lets down the price of wheat, allowing mills that have been idle to grind again, and making bread cheaper, we must regard it as, on the whole, a good thing for all concerned.

Mr. Philip Armour's experiences with Mr. Joseph Leiter seem not to have impaired his ability to distribute funds. The other day he gave half a million dollars to the Armour Institute of Technology, which had outgrown the income of the million-dollar endowment with which he started it. The institute has 1100 students, and must be making very satisfactory returns on the sums invested.

The fiscal prostration of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, the British promoter, has been quite as interesting to our neighbors in London as Mr. Joseph Leiter's set-back is to us. Mr. Hooley has had the gift of discerning potential values, and of being able to make other folks see them on an enlarged scale. One of the exploits with which he is credited was the purchase of a pneumatic tire company for ten million dollars, and its sale within a fortnight for twenty millions. He made other great sums in the promotion of a beef extract company, and still others in dealings in tubing for bicycles. He grew in munificence as well as wealth, had several splendid country places and some famous yachts and race-horses, established a great Jubilee fund for the poor of Derbyshire, and gave St. Paul's Cathedral a magnificent service of gold plate. Hooley's failure seems to be due to the depreciation in value of various companies in which he was interested—bicycle companies especially—and to his connection with a Spanish loan which he had undertaken to float when the war broke out and Spanish credit gave way. The jugglers of finance, like Hooley, who make huge fortunes by sleight-of-hand processes seem never really to learn the qualities or liabilities of money. A higher wave than usual comes rolling in and brings one of them on its crest, and leaves him in the sand. Instead of scrambling ashore to the real dry land, he usually stays frolicking where he was dropped, and making sand castles, until the next big wave picks him up and carries him out again.



LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT W. HUNTINGTON, U.S.M.C.,
Commanding 1st Battalion of Marines, Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

Inasmuch as it is confidently believed at this writing that Colonel Roosevelt's "Terrors" have actually gone with some 15,000 other troops to Santiago, there is a prospect that we shall have, presently, some war news that will be worth talking about. The fact that the particular accomplishment which, more than any other, differentiates Colonel Roosevelt's troopers from our other soldiers is the ability to ride anything that goes on legs, makes it matter for regret that the regiment's collection of trick-animals should have been left behind. What the Rough Riders will do with nothing to rough-ride is hard to predict, but we shall all want to know, and will be diligent in trying to find out.

The Astor Battery is going to Manila. There is not quite as much popular interest in the Astor Battery as there would be if its founder was personally serving with it instead of elsewhere; but still, like the Rough Riders, it has a name that brings it attention and identifies it. It is an interesting question whether the appetite for adventure is better appeased by orders to the Philippines or to the Antilles. Manila is far, far away, and going there is somewhat more like going to the moon than a trip to Cuba or Porto Rico is. What will happen there, too, is harder to forecast, and the time of return is rather more uncertain. Inasmuch as there are comparatively few Spanish troops there, military service in the Philippines seems somewhat less hazardous than in Cuba, and the climate is better than that of Cuba in the rainy season. Altogether, the chances of eventual return from Manila seem good for most soldiers who go there, while the prospect of entertainment meanwhile is very fair. If an archipelago with a population of eight millions cannot keep twenty thousand Yankee soldiers comfortably busy for a year, life in the tropics must be more stagnant than we have been used to think it.

There will be great times aboard the *Olivette*, the steamer which carried the newspaper correspondents and the military and naval attachés of the foreign legations and embassies from Tampa to Santiago. Think of cooping up together in a single steamer fifty or sixty newspaper correspondents, all fertile and ingenious, and a dozen or more accomplished foreign officers! Does it not seem that the command of the expedition should be with that vessel? And does it not stagger the imagination to think of the talk exchanged there, the opinions formed and aired, and the hypotheses invented in that steamer?

Amherst seems to have a sort of silent sorrow in the unsatisfactory relations between the college and its President. President Gates has gone to Europe, and it is a question fraught with tribulation whether he is to be President of the college on his return or not. The trustees are said to be divided in opinion as to the expediency of retaining him in office, and some of the most influential of them, including the Rev. Dr. Storrs, are understood to have given notice that action taken by the trustees to terminate Dr. Gates's administration will be followed by their retirement from the board. So the predicament is a painful one, and all the parties involved seem proper objects of commiseration. It has never come to public notice that there were more specific objections to Dr. Gates than that his administration had not seemed to promote in due measure the welfare and peace of Amherst college and the contentment of its friends.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop asks for gifts of money to support her Home for Cancer Incurables at 668 Water Street, New York. The value of Mrs. Lathrop's work, and the quality of her devotion to it, are too well known to need to be rehearsed.

There is something as good as new besides war in the air, if not necessarily in the wind. It is a gas which has been named "crypton," and it constitutes one twenty-thousandth part of the atmosphere. Its finder is Professor Ramsay, who was joint discoverer with Lord Rayleigh of argon. It is just as true as ever that there is nothing really new under the sun, but there are so many things that have not yet been identified and labelled that the business of investigation promises to be brisk and remunerative for eons to come.

Professor Norton vehemently disapproves the war with Spain, but still feels that, now we are in it, we must "pro-

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vide the administration responsible for the conduct of it with every means that may serve to bring it to the speediest end." This admission has outraged the feelings of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, who apparently wants to stop just where we are and take the back track. Mr. Garrison has relieved his mind in a letter to the Boston *Transcript*, which is hospitable to all the views of all of its constituents, provided they make interesting reading. Mr. Garrison has a great gift of disagreement. It would be interesting to know if any one—even Mr. Love, of Philadelphia—could hit upon a course of action under present circumstances in which he could conscientiously co-operate. It remains to be seen whether he will feel it his duty to stand out against the new war taxes, and eschew beer, tobacco, tea, bank checks, and the other luxuries from which it is proposed to raise revenue.

The audacity of sundry of our enterprising journals in seeking to add Admiral Cervera to their lists of special correspondents was magnificent, indeed, but was it war? Perhaps Admiral Cervera thought it was not, and was the readier on that account to be relieved of the charge of Constructor Hobson.

A life of much value and the brightest promise was cut short by the bullet which brought down Dr. John Blair Gibbs in the night attack on our marines made by Spaniards on June 12 at Guantanamo, Cuba. Dr. Gibbs was one of the first of the recent volunteers—the very first, some accounts say—to receive a commission in the navy. He was the son of the late Major Alfred Gibbs, of the Seventh Cavalry, and was a successful practising physician, a partner of Dr. Parker Syms, of New York. When the first call for volunteers came, Dr. Gibbs determined to go. His father had been a soldier, and the impulse to serve his country was stronger in him than considerations of personal advancement. He was about forty years old, and after receiving a prolonged and careful medical education he had taken good rank in his profession, and acquired a valuable surgical practice. He knew that in entering the navy he could not get rank commensurate with his age and qualifications. Nevertheless, being unmarried and having no one dependent on him, he felt it his duty to apply for a commission. He was at once accepted, made assistant surgeon, and detailed to assist the Board of Examining Surgeons at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Then he applied for active service, and was detailed to report to the Chief Surgeon at Key West, when he was assigned as acting assistant surgeon on the *Panther* —an assignment which took him ashore with the marines at Guantanamo, and brought him to a soldier's end.

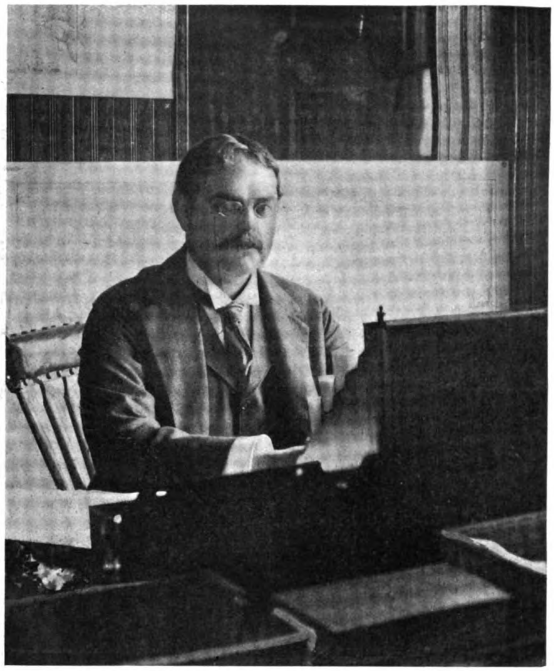
He is spoken of with great affection and respect by his acquaintances, who are many, in New York. He was a graduate of Rutgers College, the University of Pennsylvania, and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

There is a good deal of interesting Commencement news which is likely to receive rather scant attention. Princeton was the second university to make Admiral Dewey a Doctor of Laws. Princeton is related to the Admiral through his son George, who is a Princeton alumnus of two years' standing.

An interesting Princeton appointment was that of Walter A. Wyckoff, of the class of '78, to be Professor of Economics. Mr. Wyckoff will be recalled as the gentleman whose protracted experiences in earning his living by his hands as an unskilled laborer have been recorded to the edification of so many contemporary readers.

Harvard, whose Commencement does not come until June 29, deserves attention for the appointment of Mr. E. H. Strobel to be Bemis Professor of International Law. By the terms of its foundation this professorship—a new one—calls for a person of practical experience in diplomacy. Mr. Strobel was Secretary of Legation at Madrid for five years, and was afterwards minister to Ecuador, and later to Chile. He is an accomplished linguist, and has been very efficient and successful in his diplomatic employments. One of the duties of the professors of international law in our colleges seems to be to enlighten the public from time to time through the newspapers as to the merits of various foreign complications which we get into. If Mr. Strobel's diplomatic experiences have not taught him too well the virtue of silence, his views on coming problems in our relations with our foreign brethren should be very well worth our attention. He certainly ought to know Spain, Spaniards, and Spanish-Americans, information about all of whom is just now in special request.

Prince Albert of Flanders, Crown-Prince of Belgium, who has been visiting in this part of this country, is a dignitary in good and regular royal standing, and entitled to all the polite consideration which there is opportunity to offer him. He has seen Newport, and has been hospitably entertained there, both ashore and on the water, and at last accounts was in New York, experiencing the tranquillities of the Astoria Hotel, and about to witness an exhibition of tumbling by that maritime acrobat the Holland torpedo-boat. There is a war on just now, in which this country is concerned, which should interest a visitor, but it is hard to get sight of it. The Omaha Fair is easier to find, and the Prince should not go home without inspecting it.



JOHN ADDISON PORTER, SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.
In the War-Office at the White House.

It appears, from statistics furnished by the graduating class at Yale, that the average annual expenditure of the contemporary Yale undergraduate is $915. This conclusion is reached from reports furnished by 200 men out of a class of about 300. The largest estimate sent in was $2800; the smallest, $91 25. From 40 to 50 men reported expenditures of from $900 to $1100 annually. The estimates of more than three-fourths of the students making reports fell between $300 and $1300. Whether the men who did not report were the poorer men or the richer ones, or men of average means, does not appear.

Out of a graduating class of 121 of the Sheffield Scientific School, 15 members enlisted for the war, which is the largest number in proportion to the size of the class as yet reported from any institution.

The author of "The Sweet By-and-By" is dead. He was Dr. A. Fillmore Bennett, of Richmond, Illinois, a veteran of the civil war, and author of many songs and hymns. The air of "The Sweet By-and-By" is a good marching tune, and the hymn might be paraphrased to good advantage for use in the present emergency. The By-and-By when the last Spanish soldiers shall have sailed away from Cuba, and a suitable orphan asylum shall have been provided for the Philippines, is awaited just now with an expectation that is not the less ardent because it is patient. The present war has produced columns of verse, but has not as yet given us any song that has become epidemic. There is a call for a song that will express our feelings. We shall know better just what our deepest feelings are about this war when we see the song that expresses them.

As the result of a competitive examination open to college graduates, one of the two $600 fellowships offered by the American School for Classical Studies in Rome has been awarded to Mr. Charles Upson Clark, of Brooklyn. Mr. Clark was valedictorian of the class of 1897 at Yale, and has been a postgraduate student there for the past year. He won distinction while in college as a successful debater in intercollegiate contests. His father is a well-known editorial writer of the New York *Evening Post*, and his mother, equally well known in the republic of letters, is Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, of Brooklyn. E. S. MARTIN.

JOHN ADDISON PORTER.

IN speaking with a correspondent of the WEEKLY a few days ago, the Secretary to the President characterized the members of the cabinet as "princes"—meaning that the government business transacted in each department has so greatly increased and is now of such extent that it is useful to regard the separate departments as little kingdoms or principalities. No one man at Washington can know all that is going on; the head of a department is practically supreme, as to most of the matters of his "principality," because the details of his work are familiar to him alone—*terra incognita* to those connected with other branches of the government, and unexplored territory even to the President.

Fortunately the Secretary to the President has not a task beyond human powers. He is not exactly expected to "know all that is going on," but it is his duty (which a man of tact converts into a privilege), more or less, to put every one in the right way to gain the information required—one of many duties. And this is mentioned, not in order to show how the responsibility of the office now held by Mr. Porter has increased, for it has grown in other directions as well; rather it is mentioned in order to add point to the recognition of eminent fitness for the difficult work intrusted to him.

A brief sketch of Mr. Porter's career was published in the issue of the WEEKLY dated April 3, 1897. Instead of repeating the information which the author of that article presented in a very pleasant fashion, it may be sufficient to refer to it now, in connection with the recent portrait which is reproduced on this page, with the mere suggestion that has been given of development during the stirring and driving months that have intervened.

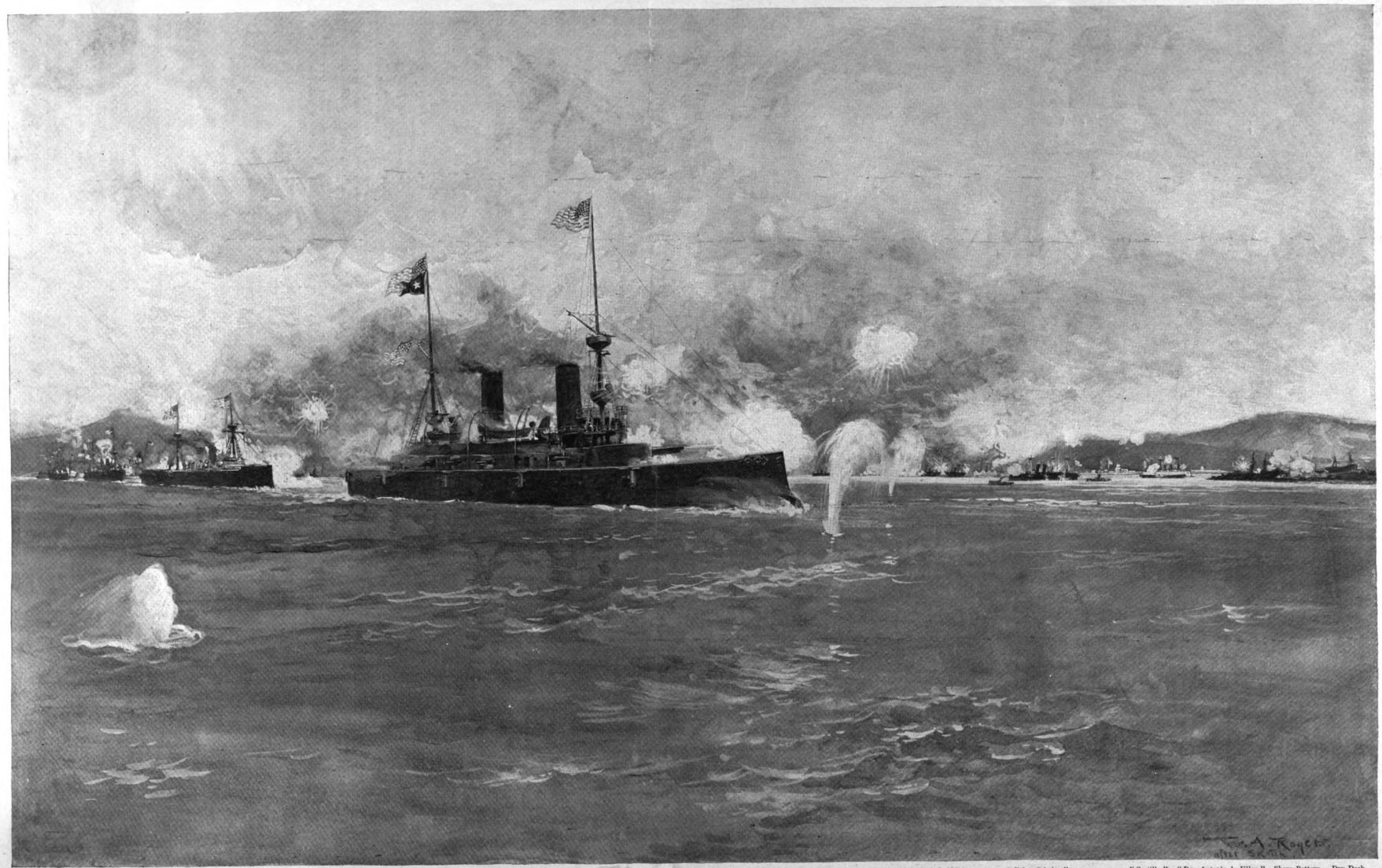


SEVENTY-FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS GOING ABOARD TRANSPORT "VIGILANCIA" AT PORT TAMPA.

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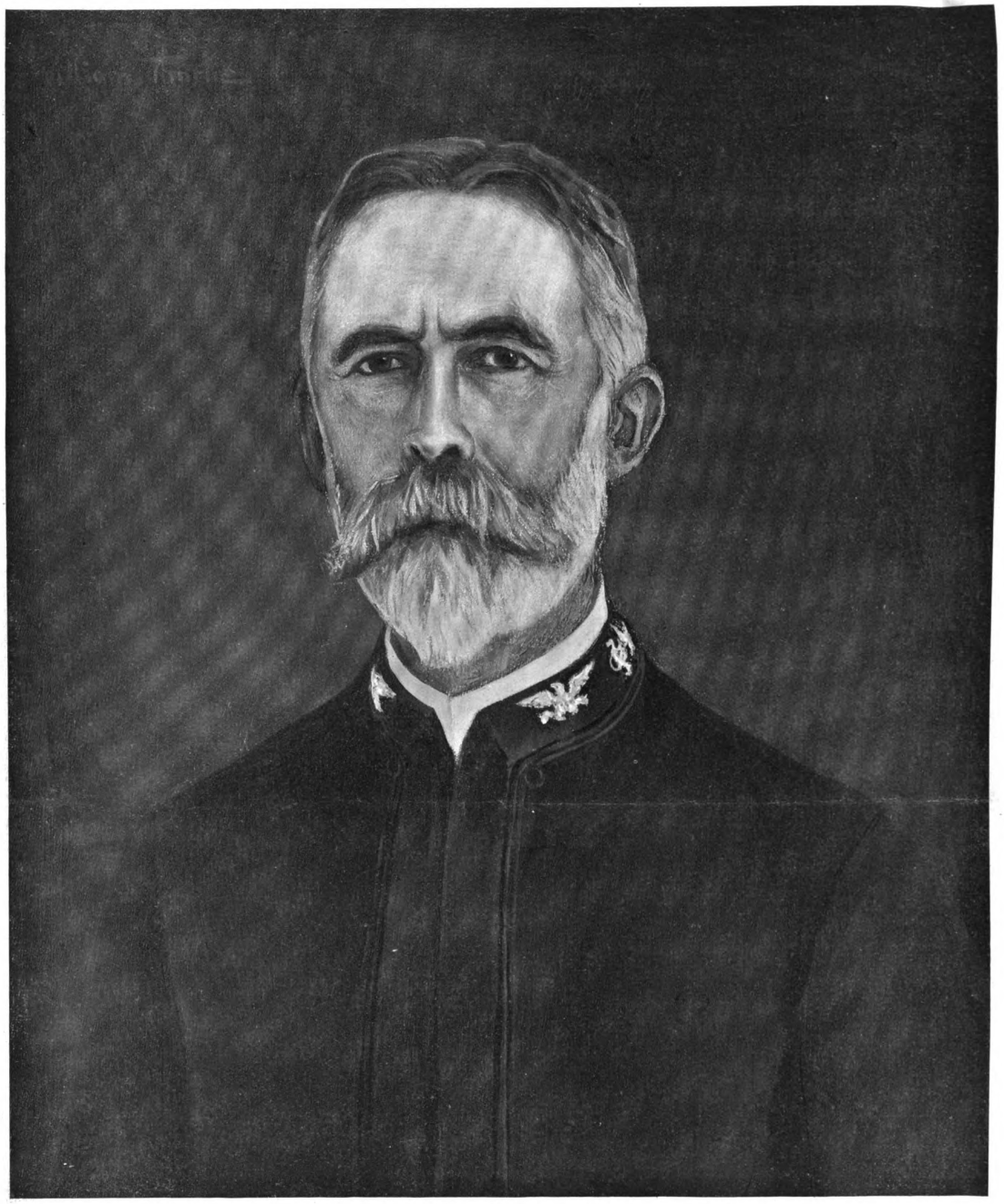
THE BATTLE OF MANILA—ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON SWINGING AROUND THE ELLIPSE.



DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS AFTER A SKETCH MADE ON THE DESPATCH-BOAT "MCCULLOCH" BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 622.]

Mr. McCutcheon writes: "The American vessels carried ensigns from every mast and peak. The Spanish ships flew only one flag each, from the mizzen-peak. All the American ships were painted lead-color, and so were all the Spanish ships, excepting the 'Castilla,' which was white, and had two barges alongside to protect her water-line."

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ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON, U.S.N., COMMANDING NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.—Drawn by William Thorne.

CAPTAIN WHITNEY'S OPPORTUNITY.

The story begins very quietly, in a time of profound peace, with record of a fact or two before we come to the second week in last April.

Henry H. Whitney was born in 1866, and was eighteen years of age when he was graduated, as second in his class, from the Williamsport Dickinson Seminary. A few years later he went to West Point, on the strength of his success in a competitive examination, the appointment being made from his native State, Pennsylvania, by General Patton. He was president of his class during the four years — the highest honor in the gift of cadets; was Cadet Captain of B Company — graduated in 1892. Immediately after graduation Whitney went abroad, travelling extensively in Europe in order to visit and inspect military centres. Returning to this country, he reported for service in his regiment, the Fourth Artillery, at Fort McPherson, Georgia. This regiment moved to Washington in 1893. In 1895 Whitney was detailed on special duty in the War Department, in the military-information division, and here the reputation gained at the Point for skill in drawing and map-making came to his aid like a friend in the nick of time. He was put in charge of an elaborate piece of work, which is doubtless already a familiar object to many of the Weekly's readers. The Military Map of the Island of Cuba, the authorized government publication, was prepared under his direction.

Whitney received an appointment as military attaché to Buenos Ayres, and was selected in April for a confidential mission to Cuba and Porto Rico—a mission not unrelated to the map-making, it might be thought, but more obviously incidental to his appointment as military attaché; for one of the duties of a military attaché is to gather military information from foreign countries. At the same time (and here is the beginning of mystification), if Lieutenant Carranza's spies should concern themselves with the reasons for his going, an answer was furnished in his publicly announced appointment:

"Why has Whitney left Washington?"

"Didn't you notice?....Something to do at Rio or Buenos Ayres, or one of those places...."

This statement is not quite clear at first glance; neither was the actual situation, in which one thing, while not a mere pretext, served to veil the really important plan.

But Whitney saw clearly that any delay for debating of ways and means, or for other cause, would defeat the purpose of the mission. He waited for nothing beyond the authorization; drew all the money he had in the bank, and went; when that sum was spent, borrowed from a consul and went on. He left Washington April 12, and returned to the same point June 8. In less than two months he had completed his task—had made his way to Gomez, as the bearer of despatches to the Cuban leader, and, by personal observation and skilful inquiry in various parts of Porto Rico, collected information for the use of the President and Secretary Alger in their plans for the campaign in the smaller island.

It was necessary to play many parts. At one time his rôle was that of newspaper correspondent; at another time he had all the appearance of being a member of the crew of the steamship that took him to Ponce, on the southern coast of Porto Rico; and while going about among the Puertoriqueños he permitted his hosts to assume that he was an English officer, in whose presence they did not hesitate to speak of Americans with the hatred and contempt they unquestionably feel. Curiously and deplorably unattached, the little island, while it is separated from us by hatred, due in part at least to ignorance of our character and our institutions (let us hope), is separated from Spain also by hatred. But as between the mother-country and the colony the smouldering hostility is not due to ignorance. The so-called "inquisition" of '87, the torturing of persons suspected of disloyalty, and the years of oppressive occupation have strengthened an impulse, springing from a too intimate knowledge, to revolt from such maternal caresses. The

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impression of Porto Rico's isolation is not less noteworthy than certain other impressions, as, for example, that in regard to the delightful hospitality of its people, which Captain Whitney holds in grateful remembrance; and again, that it is a "right little, tight little island," fit to be compared with the best of the eminently delectable bits of earth's surface, and to make a military strategist's mouth water; and again (although this is a good deal more than an impression), that the strength of the Spanish forces has been perhaps as absurdly overestimated as the might of a warrior with a tin sword-blade in his formidable scabbard.

Captain Whitney will say that he has no story of personal adventure to narrate; that there were no old-fashioned hand-to-hand encounters; that he carried a revolver, but never used it. But I find the distinction of his exploit, and its modern note, so to speak, in this very circumstance. Playing a cool game, with life at stake every minute of six or seven weeks at least, he had no time for other diversions. During the six or seven weeks



CAPTAIN HENRY H. WHITNEY,
Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Volunteers.

of continuous exposure he did not forget for a minute that violence is not strength. There was a certain duty to be done, and to be done quickly.

"Your gentleness shall force more than your force move us to gentleness."

Yet one old-fashioned feature the story certainly has in its agreeable ending, namely: The young officer whom his friends will continue to call "Lieutenant" Whitney long after his present title of Captain shall have been exchanged for the well-earned majority, was ordered to report to President McKinley, and went to the Executive Mansion in company with Secretary Alger. At the door of the President's room he stood still, finding himself for the first time in the presence of his Commander-in-Chief. So Mr. McKinley came all the way to meet him, holding out his hand.

MARRION WILCOX.

SAN FRANCISCO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

June 6, 1898.

It is a long time since San Francisco has seen so many brass buttons, and under the excitement of preparations for the invasion of the Philippine Islands the city is exclusively given up to things military. Whenever new detachments of troops arrive, the crowd chokes the streets, and all traffic along the line of march is stopped. In skirting the edge of this crowd and feeling its pulse, one cannot but come to the conclusion that their pleasure in the swing and dash of martial display comes of a light-hearted pride that at last they have an army like other countries, rather than from any deep appreciation of what war really means.

However, the people of San Francisco deserve the greatest praise for the generous hospitality they have shown. The Red Cross have been especially active. Arriving troops are marched into a long hall, where the Red Cross give them a hearty meal. Some of the leading society women wait on the tables. This kind treatment is thoroughly appreciated by the men. Only the other day one of the volunteers handed his waitress, a daughter of a California millionaire, a tip of ten cents, with the assurance that he had not had so good a meal since he left his home in Pennsylvania.

Between two hills, in the outskirts of the city, lies Camp Merritt. At one end of the camp begins the Golden Gate Park, with its thick masses of bright foliage, its smooth greensward, and well-kept winding roads. Here and on the hill-side above the camp, squads drill daily. The sandy ground of the camp is separated by wooden fences into lots, each reserved for one regiment. Around the barriers, eager to talk to the soldiers, visitors gather. Women predominate, and they nearly all beg the soldiers for buttons. I saw one soldier, on arriving in San Francisco, deliberately cut all the buttons from the front of his coat and throw them among the crowd. This fad of button-collecting has become such a nuisance that officers jokingly declare that unless the troops move on soon the army of occupation in the Philippines will have to rely on pins.

The twelve thousand troops here, coming as they do from every part of the Union, differ materially in preparation and equipment. Some of the States would not allow the militia to take their uniforms with them, and the men came here in a very ragged condition. Luckily the Red Cross have furnished many of these soldiers with shoes and other articles of clothing. It is noticeable that these same troops are the least efficient in their drill. Other regiments, such as the Tenth Pennsylvania, are well equipped and smart, and make an excellent showing by the side of the regulars on the drill-ground. Indeed, if there is any delay in sending off the second expedition for Manila, it is not that a sufficient number of trained men is lacking, but because the steamship companies are slow in fitting up the transports, and the government seems unable to turn out rapidly the required number of duck uniforms which are necessary for a campaign in a tropical climate.

For all the apparent delay in getting off troops, the wonder is, considering our inexperience, that preparations are so near complete.

The days of Lexington are over, when a farmer could take down his old gun and go potting the enemy on his own account. The soldier of to-day should know something of the intricate tactics of modern warfare. The non-commissioned officer, "the backbone of every army," must be formed. In European armies it takes a year to bring men up to the ordinary duties of a soldier from the time of individual drill to the grand manœuvres, and this when all the officers are trained to their profession. The hardy mountaineers of Greece, who had carried rifles all their lives, found that a knowledge of field tactics limited to lying on mountain ridges and shooting at Turks was not sufficient for the requirements of modern war. There is no other occupation in which the accurate and instinctive knowledge of details is more essential than in that of the soldier. In battle the coolest man may lose his head; he must then depend on habit—and military habit is very foreign to our country, where every man is accustomed to act independently.

To add to these difficulties the campaign in hand is one of foreign conquest, and the expedition which goes to the Philippines must be efficient in itself. The difficulties are thoroughly appreciated here. One of the most experienced officers at headquarters said to me, "The details of the expedition are all experimental with us; every question that comes up is new."

The difficulties are lightened, however, in the splendid material with which the officers have to deal. None of the troops, it is true, come up to European standards in finish; but they are learning rapidly, and they bring to the task an unlimited supply of good-will and energy. In comparing them with Continental troops, the superior determination and life of the men immediately strike one. They march as if they were going somewhere and meant to get there. I understand that excessive finish in drilling is not aimed at in our army, as it is supposed to make mere machines out of the men. According to this standard, the "painfully perfect" company is not looked upon with favor.

JOHN F. BASS.

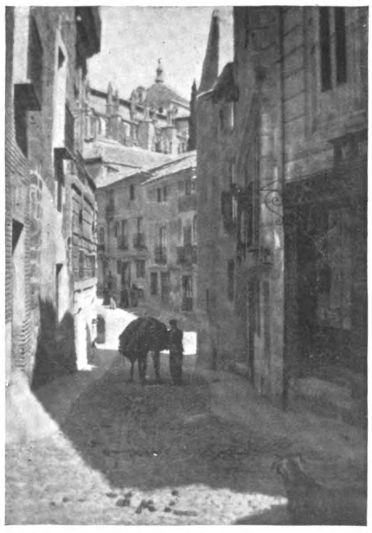
A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

VII.—THIRD-CLASS TO TOLEDO.

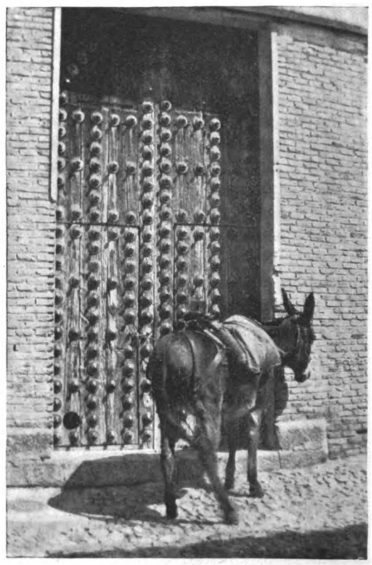
BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

In Spain things are spoken of as modern which we would regard as bits of antiquity. The age of Queen Elizabeth seems long ago, and we make a fuss over the antiquity of a house that has survived since the time of George Washington. Here, on the other hand, so clear is the air, so dry the climate, that buildings erected about the time of Martin Luther and Charles V. look as sharply cut and clean in color as though built within the last fifty years. Things which we call old the Spaniard looks upon as comparatively new; when he says a thing is old, then we can conclude that it happened in the hazy



STREET IN TOLEDO.



AN OLD DOORWAY, TOLEDO.

days of that historic border-land between the Dark Ages and those of so-called chivalry.

Toledo combines more different stratifications of architecture and historic association than any single place I know of. It is perched upon a rocky elevation overhanging the Tagus River, and used to be best known outside of Spain as the place where swords were made of such splendidly tempered steel that they could be twisted like a watch-spring without breaking. The Tagus is here a rushing stream, which tumbles over several dams, and turns to-day the same kind of water-mills that furnished manufacturing power in the days of ancient Rome. The streets of the town are so called by courtesy, for in fact they are mostly so steep and narrow that only pack-animals can make their way about the city. There has been apparently no change since the days of the Moors—in fact, whoever has seen such Moorish towns as Oran, Bugaria, or Algiers will recognize immediately the likeness to this central city of the Peninsula. The houses present to the street only a few small windows, heavily barred, like those of a prison, with a balcony or so up out of reach, and a court-yard that can be seen through the half-open street door. This town used to have a population of two hundred thousand, but, thanks to persecution and bad government, that number has now dwindled to seventeen thousand. If you subtract the beggars, the guides, the priests, and the garrison, the result would be much more discouraging.

It was hard for me at first to divest myself of the feeling that everything here was make-believe; that the ruins were artificial and the houses made purposely picturesque, after the manner of certain "antique" edifices erected near Potsdam. The old bridge over the Tagus was like something out of a Doré sketch-book. It was too dramatic to be real, too picturesque to appear truthful. I strolled into the house where Cervantes had lived, and I was quite prepared for Sancho Panza, or even the great Don Quixote himself, for in the stable-yard was the very donkey the jolly squire should have ridden upon, and the lean Rosinante just made for the knight-errant. There were swarthy, good-natured peasants enjoying their noon-time siesta, with huge rolls of cloth wrapped around them by way of belts, and every other element of picturesque costume. It was all too good to be true. Everywhere else we met with disappointment when seeking with a guide-book the romance of bygone ages. In Toledo the centuries have stood still, and to dream of the past is to live in the present.

Toledo is the holy city of the kingdom, and has a cathedral containing more treasures of priestly potency than any other sanctuary in this saintly state. The Archbishop of Toledo is the most important man in Spain, and there are here more priests to the square inch than anywhere else. The Romans had their temples here. The cathedral is built on the site of a Moorish mosque. It is a wonderful building, not finished yet, and its construction commenced in the early years of the Christian era. The Jews piled up wealth here, and so did the Moors. This went on until the Christians felt that the distribution was not satisfactory, and so they confiscated what was needed for clerical purposes, and drove out those who protested unreasonably. The archbishops of Toledo commanded armies in person, and conceived that the kingdom of God on earth improved its chances of permanency by effectually discouraging other theological versions than their own. All Toledo could be put inside of the Escorial, yet, from its great variety in architecture, it makes the impression of a very large and important place. The tortuous alleys never go far without bringing us to a costly building of some kind, generally an ecclesiastical palace, and I calculated that the population must spend a large share of the day in the churches in order to give the priests something to do; for seventeen thousand is, after all, not much when it comes to supporting several dozens of big churches.

I met a nice old fellow whom I took such a fancy to that I made a sketch of him. He was hung about with a varied collection of rat-traps and rosaries. I gave him a couple of pesetas and pretended that I wished to purchase something from him. He at once understood my meaning, and unhooked a few rat-traps, which he placed in my hand; but these were too big, so he took them back, and pulled from an inner pocket a handful of medals,

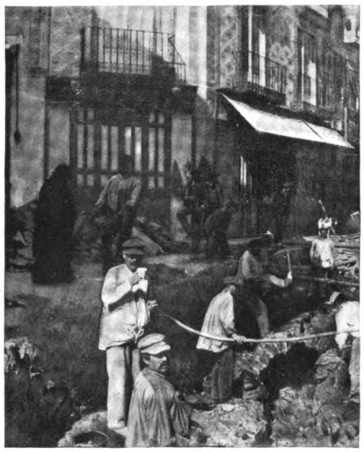
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which he said were very efficacious because they represented certain saints and enjoyed certain qualities which protected the wearer from disease. He piled one saint on top of the other so generously that I felt ashamed of absorbing so much spiritual insurance, and begged him to stop and not rob himself any more. He was a jolly old fellow, who flitted across the stage in this Middle Age drama as though for no other purpose than to preserve an illusion.

Pretty soon I found a party of workmen digging up the foundations of an old sewer, that looked as though Hannibal might have been its contemporary—it smelt so, at any rate. The drainage-pipes from the abutting houses into this main drain were constructed obviously on the principle that the sewage should, so far as possible, drain away into the surrounding earth and neighboring wells. The earth that was fetched up in baskets had turned black, and the stench left no doubt as to the antiquity of this structure. Toledo is reputed as deficient in sanitary matters. This I have no difficulty in believing.

I walked the little lanes up and down as energetically as the traffic allowed, and spent some five hours in this exercise, interrupted only by having to flatten up against the wall when heavily laden donkeys or mules passed me. It took me about as long to pace the streets of Toledo as to get through the different walks and colonnades of the Escorial, and this gives one a rough basis on which to estimate the relative size of the two places—the one a city which held two hundred thousand souls, the other a residence for one king and his monastic court.

On winding my way down from the famous old Alcazar, around its ancient walls fronting the gorge through which the Tagus rushes, I was suddenly arrested by two young women, who appeared to be eager to make my acquaintance, for they each grabbed one of my arms, spoke to me with startling rapidity, and acted as though they expected me to chaperon them. The elder of the two forced her umbrella into my hand, and pointed behind me to a long-horned bull, who was ambling in our direction, waving his head from side to side, as though desirous of having the road to himself. This was not strictly the sort of thing that had originally drawn me to Toledo, but I could not explain this to the two young ladies, so I pushed them up on top of a wall and speculated on my general fitness for playing at toreador. I was strongly disposed to try a sprint with that bull, to see who would get first to the river, but I gave that up for political reasons. Americans were already unpopular enough in Spain, and, besides, I knew the bull would get there first. However, in all these things events happen too quickly for proper classification, and in this case the beast with the long horns had rolled himself beyond me before I had properly arranged my plan of battle. The girls, however, thought the episode very exciting, to judge from the number of times they crossed themselves, and laughed hysterically.



OPENING AN OLD MOORISH SEWER, TOLEDO.

I had pushed them up on to the wall with considerable facility, owing to that mysterious access of acrobatic ardor which Providence arranges on occasions where personal safety is involved. But to get them down again was a much more difficult task, for there was no bull on the other side of the wall to make them indifferent to personal exposure. However, by dint of much scuffling and laughter and hard pulling, they were finally coaxed down, photographed, and sent off home with their precious umbrella. This is the nearest I ever came in Spain to a bull fight, either as spectator or toreador. The panic which that long-horned bovine produced through the rest of his journey, so far as I could watch it, gave me considerable satisfaction, particularly after he had got through with me and my girls.

A bull has not much chance in a bull-ring, but on the public thoroughfare he can enjoy himself with a very small expenditure of activity. This particular animal had got loose somewhere in the neighborhood of the Alcazar, had ambled all the way down to the river, crossed the old bridge, and the last I saw of him was a pair of horns, and a tail like a flag-pole waving triumphantly in the direction of Gibraltar. The courtesy shown to that bull by gendarmes, soldiers, policemen, priests, and population generally could not have been exceeded had he been a popular opera-singer.

On the way from Toledo to Madrid I had a further exhibition of Castilian courtesy. The journey is about fifty miles by train, and takes therefore three hours and a half by the express. Some people would call this slow travelling (for instance, Russians or South Americans), but I had



AT THE FOUNTAIN, TOLEDO.

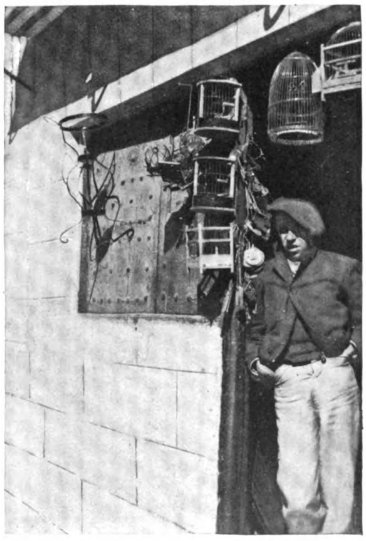
lived so long here—nearly a week—that I had no fault to find. On one side of me sat a glorious warrior, with a Remington rifle between his knees, and a Napoleonic cocked hat on his head. He was one of a picked body of men which does for Spain what the Texas Rangers do for the Department of the Rio Grande. He had a vast cape, which concealed everything around him excepting his head and two massive black eyebrows. On the other side of him sat a communicative young man from Dalmatia, who spoke German, though his native tongue was Italian. He was an optimist, for he had been visiting Toledo with a view to selling sanitary fixtures. He told me cheerfully all about his struggles to excite in Toledo enthusiasm for certain arrangements which we do not speak of in public, but which rather force themselves upon our attention if they are neglected. He said he had not expected much in Tolodo, and was consequently not disappointed. Opposite to me sat a bright-eyed young woman with a pretty lace scarf covering her head and shoulders. She seemed to be on her good behavior, for with her was a religious "Sister," who was either being chaperoned by her or maybe was herself acting in that capacity. I could not tell which was intended to be the more exclusive of the two. The voluble Dalmatian explained to them that I could not speak Spanish, and this rather broke the ice, for it excited the pity of the two young women, who assured me that it was the most easy language to learn—that, in fact, they had acquired it when they were mere children. This seemed rather obvious to me; but I did not know how to tell them that, for my own part, I had spoken English fluently at an equally precocious age. The fact that these pious women had never before seen any one who could not speak Spanish was somewhat in my favor, for it caused so much conjecture and sympathetic interest that I began to feel almost as important as Tom Sawyer when he exhibited his newly drawn tooth. The warrior unbent little by little under the soothing influence of the devotional women. He laid aside his great cape and accepted the cigarette I offered him.

Pretty soon the young women fetched out a basket full of very dry chicken legs and bread, and made such a meal as inevitably generates consuming thirst. During the meal the gendarme had held the attention of his audience by a graphic description of a desperate encounter he had had with several brigands. He raised his gun, pointed it with ferocious expression out of the window, smote himself upon the breast, and even if the sanitary Dalmatian had not subsequently interpreted the tale for me, I could not have failed to appreciate the heroic pantomime. It was obvious that now the brave gendarme had won for himself all the sympathy which had been formerly wasted upon me. So complete was the triumph that they offered him a share of their desiccated provisions, which he wisely and most courteously declined, on the plea that he had just risen from a hearty meal. But he smoked some more of my cigarettes, and then commenced to unstrap his knapsack. I expressed curiosity as to its contents, and expected to see boots and socks and shirts and shaving implements curled up snugly with military accuracy. But instead of these campaign impediments he pulled out a skin bottle, reminding me of those India-rubber cushions used by self-indulgent canoeists. He lifted it out carefully, winked at the religious chaperon, and passed the bottle generously to each of us in turn. The dry chicken bones and bread had paved the way for relaxation in this direction, and we soon gave the warm-hearted guardsman a lighter load for his knapsack. The wine was dark and fiery. The sack held about four quarts, and there were five of us. The sanitary drummer told me that this wine was considerably cheaper than milk, and that it was retailed to the army at about three cents a quart. In Barbadoes it was accepted as proved that ten cents' worth of rum would furnish a negro with a complete drunk. But in spite of the Spaniard's obvious advantage in the way of price, I have not yet seen a single drunken person in Spain.

When I learned the price of this wine I felt less compunction in joining with the religious sisterhood at the warrior's expense. He, by-the-way, had a certain professional facility in the manipulation of his wine-skin that baffled me. He held the wine-sack nearly a foot above and beyond his mouth, and directed the nozzle so deftly as to squirt the refreshing stream directly down his throat. I did the same—that is to say, I squirted the wine—but it went mostly down inside my collar, to the huge delight of the religious ladies. When the wine-case had become pretty limp he stowed it away once more in his knapsack, and began to spin us more yarns about the life he led. From what the Dalmatian interpreted, it seems that every train must have two of these gendarmes on board, whose business it is to protect the train against brigands from without and revolutionary plots from within. Besides this, they patrol the highways and protect government property in all parts of Spain. Just now a batch of them have to stand guard over the United States Legation, to protect our bird of freedom and E Pluribus Unum from being taken down and badly treated by the populace. These gendarmes bear an excellent character, I am told, and this is certainly borne out by what I have seen of them, notably my companion from Toledo to Madrid. Had his corps not stood high in the opinion of respectable people, I am sure that the religious sisters would have been less sociable. These men always travel in pairs, and necessarily visit lonesome districts, where they could easily be ambushed and murdered before assistance could reach them. But they think little of this danger—first, because they are brave men; secondly, because they are respectable characters; and lastly because such as may be suspected of injuring a *guardia civil* are tried not by the slow and slippery procedure of ordinary courts, but are brought to a swift and sudden decision at the hands of military court martial. My intelligent Dalmatian friend, who does nothing but travel in the interests of his sanitary appliance, told me that he considered Spain to-day as safe to travel in as any other country of Europe. I should not like to be accused of holding up the Spanish government as a model for us to follow in all things. In the matter, however, of protecting our highways against tramps, who sometimes develop into cattle-thieves or burglars, we could with advantage adopt an institution common not merely in Spain, but all over Europe—namely, a national mounted police, separate from the municipal authorities, with a military organization that would enable them to act singly or in groups, as occasion might demand. As a part of the United States army it would command the respect of the different States, and would give to lonesome farm-houses and remote country places generally a sense of security which at present is very much needed. To-day with us the interest of a township, or county, or State is not so much to catch and punish a criminal as to coax him away into the next township, county, or State. Our local police act upon a once popular war maxim—that we must build golden bridges for the enemy. This may be well enough for the moment, but it does not tend to the suppression of crime throughout the country.

A great deal of the pleasure which I have so far had in life has been extracted from fellow-passengers in a third-class railway carriage. I could have got an equal amount out of a fourth-class one, but unfortunately Spain has only three classes of people. I venture to think that a traveller who should do nothing more than cross Spain in a third-class carriage would learn more of its people and institutions than if he spent a month in a fashionable hotel of the capital—coming and going first class. It might take him about a month to get across Spain, going as I have suggested; for third-class carriages are not attached to the limited express. When I am in a great hurry I am compelled to adopt the luxury of the first, which is not to be despised when bedtime comes. But for day purposes the company is apt to be inferior in social interest to that which is to be found on the popular level. The conversation of fashionable people is usually artificial, and in the first-class carriages I am apt to find millionaires and a certain class of English tourists, to whom conversation with strangers is absolutely taboo. I meet also a great many dyspeptic Americans who try to pass for English, and they are sad companions indeed.

A man with a guitar entered our third-class compartment when we had got pretty well on with the time-table and the sack of wine, and we managed to make the rest of the journey melodious to ourselves if not to the rest of the train. The gendarme evidently prided himself upon a good voice, and the Dalmatian did his share. Even the Sister of Charity did some demure chorus-work, and the last drop out of the wine-skin went in part payment for the orchestra. When we rolled into the Madrid station I felt as though separating from old friends. I shook hands with the warrior, and wished him a rifle whose barrel should always be full of good cigars. The sanitary Dalmatian promised to come and see me in New York, and even the religious young women parted from me with expressions of good-will—they did not know that I was both a heretic and a Yankee!

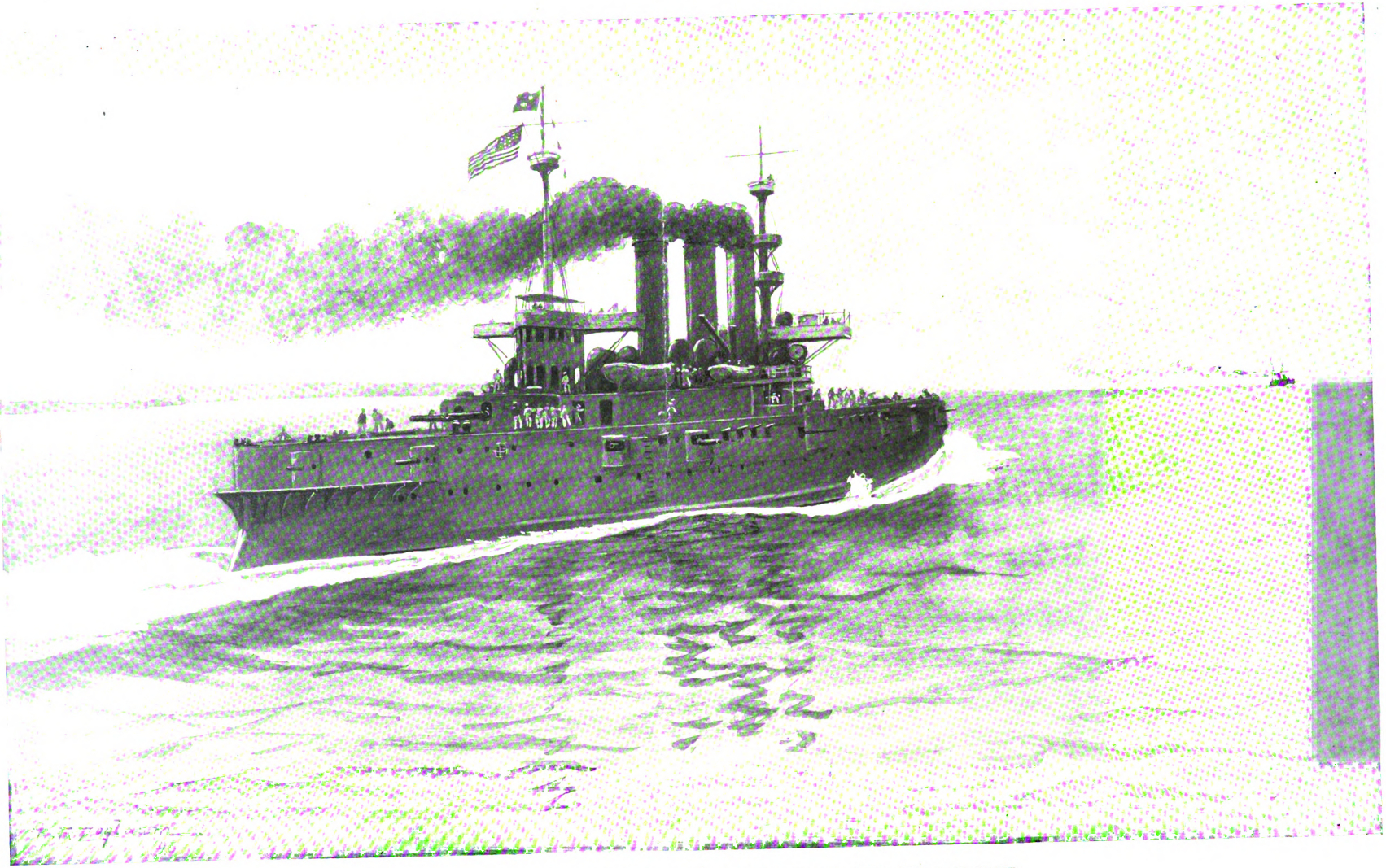


A SHOP IN TOLEDO.

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WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON IN CUBAN WATERS—THE "NEW YORK" IN CHASE.

Drawn on the Flag-Ship by R. F. Zogbaum, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

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1. Ensign—Service. 2. Naval Cadet—Full Dress. 3. Lieutenant—Service (Shore Duty). 4. Lieutenant-Commander—Overcoat. 5. Commander—Service. 6. Captain—Full D
Marines—Full Dress. 12. Lieutenant of Marines—Service. 13. Surgeon—Undress. 14. Seaman (Starboard Watch)—Jumper and Watch Cap. 15. Second Class Petty Office
19. Enlisted Man—Rain Dress. 20. Messman (Steward)—Dress. 21. Chief Petty Officer (Chief Master-at-Arms)—Dress. 22. Musician (Navy)—Undress. 23. Warrant Office
Corps)—Service (Heavy Marching Order).

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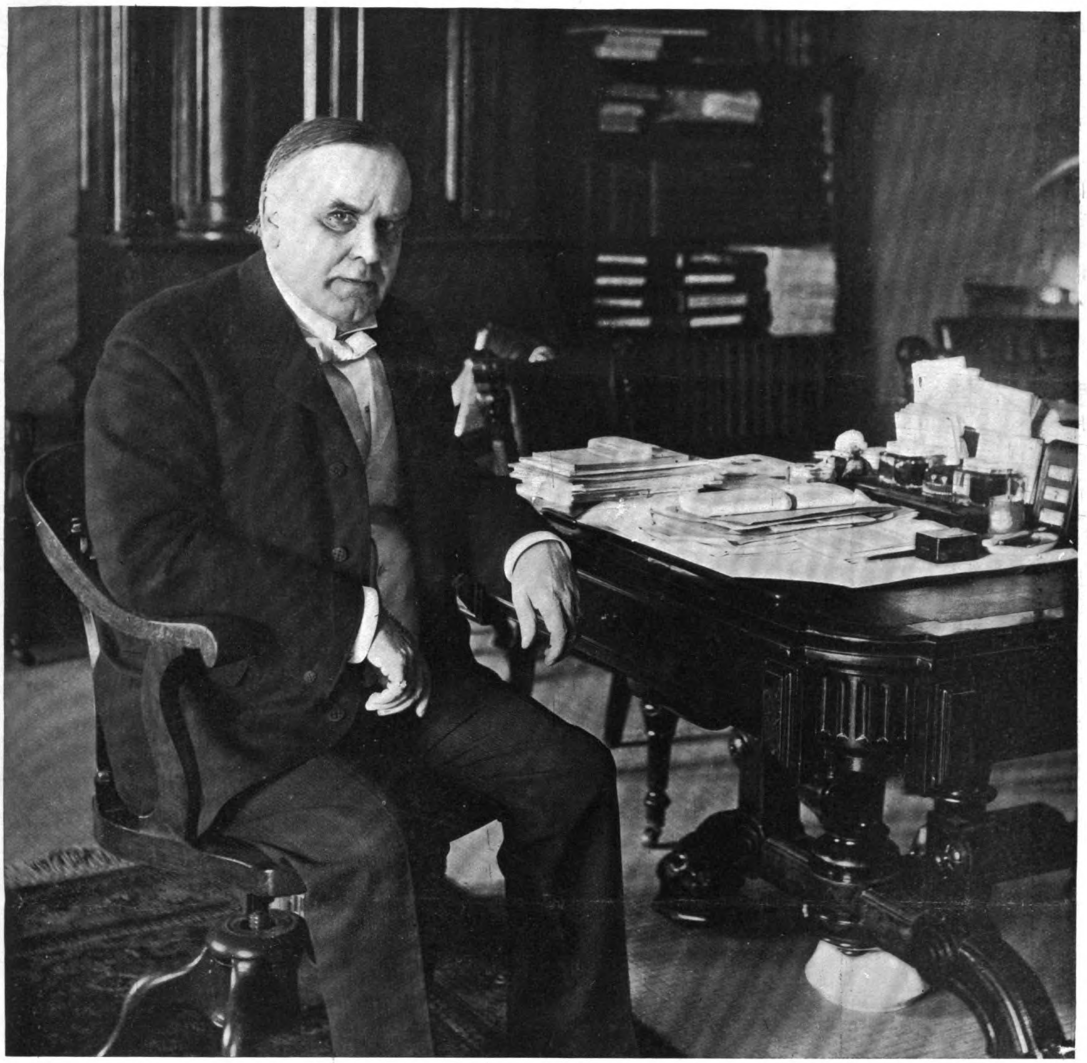
ress. 7. Commodore—Undress. 8. Rear-Admiral—Special Full Dress. 9. Lieutenant (Junior Grade)—Summer Dress. 10. Chief-Engineer—Undress. 11. Captain of (Gunner's Mate)—Dress. 16. Seaman (Port Watch)—Service. 17. Third Class Petty Officer (Master-at-Arms)—Shore-duty Dress. 18. Enlisted Man (Seaman)—Overcoat. (Gunner)—Undress. 24. Drummer (Marine Corps)—Full Dress. 25. Private (Marine Corps)—Service. 26. Private (Marine Corps)—Full Dress. 27. Corporal (Marine

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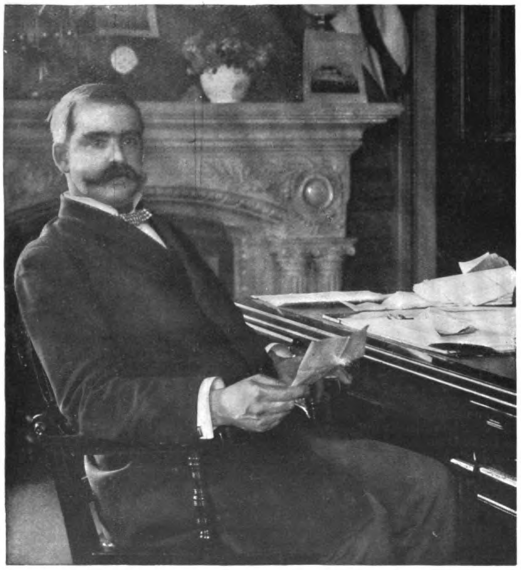
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PRESIDENT McKINLEY.— From his most recent Photograph, taken June 7, 1898.
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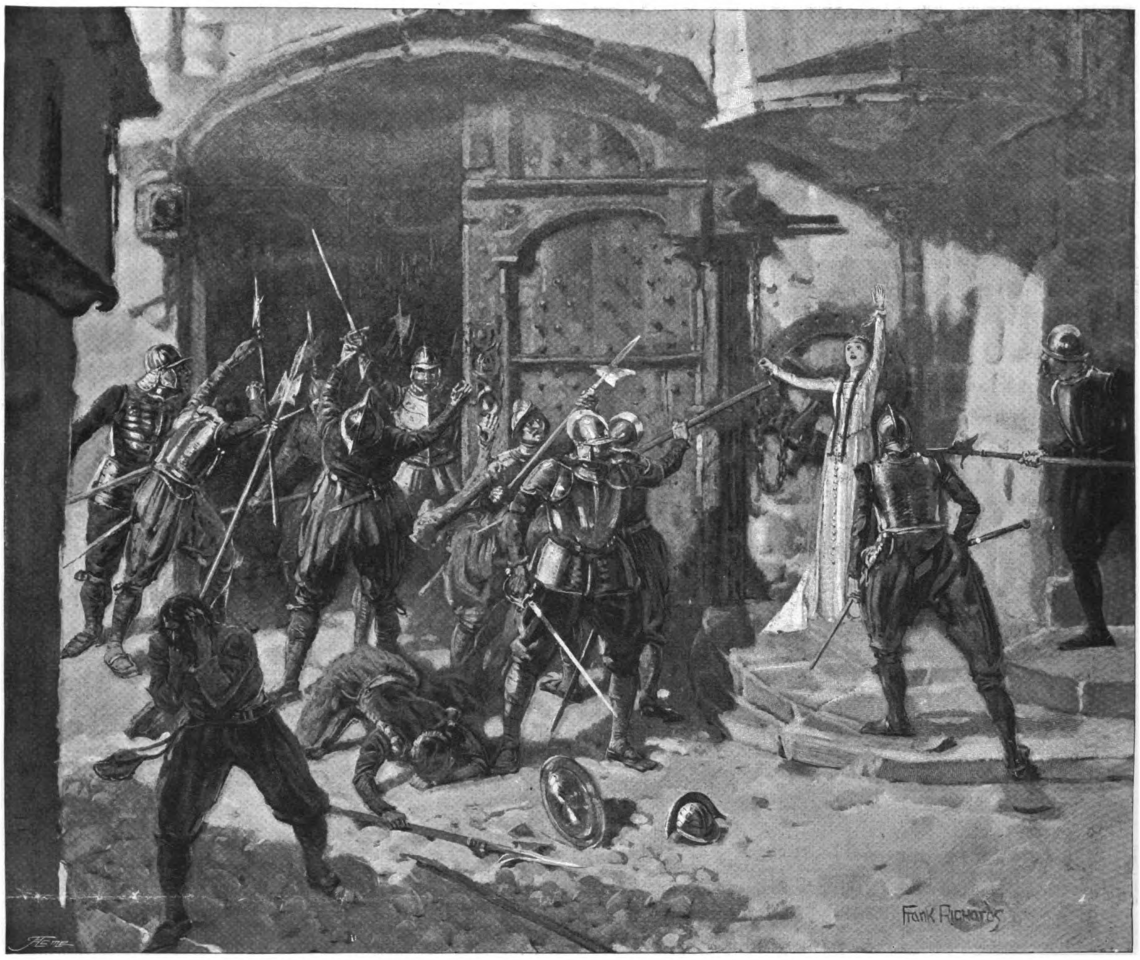


GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.



CHARLES H. ALLEN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

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THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER LV.

THE LADY YSOLINDE SAVES HER SOUL.

THE Duke's body sank down upon that of the soldier, still further blocking the passage. And as for his head, I know not where that went to. But the rush of his followers was utterly checked by the barrier of dead. With a wild cry, "The Duke is slain! Duke Otho is slain!" they rushed down and out of the Red Tower, eager at once to escape unharmed, and to carry to their companions in the Wolfsberg the startling news.

Nevertheless, I cleared my arm, and again stood ready.

"Come," I cried—"come, all of you! You desire to kill me? Well, I am still waiting!"

But not a man answered. The stairway was clear, save of the headless dead. And then, sudden as summer thunder, through the silence, I heard clear and loud the clanging of the hammers of Prince Karl upon the gates of Thorn.

I felt that I must roar aloud in my fierce joy. I shouted angrily for more and more assailants to come up the stair, that I might kill them all. I yearned to be first at the gate to see the men whom I had led break their way in to deliver the city. I had brought them there. I had trained them for that work. Best of all, across the stairway beneath me lay dead Otho, Duke of the Wolfmark, headless by the Red Axe of his own Justicer.

"Husband! Hugo! Are you wounded?" said a soft voice behind me—a voice which, in a moment, recalled me from bloody imaginings and baresark fury of fighting.

"Helene!" I cried.

She approached, and would have thrown her arms about me. But I held out my hand to keep her off.

"Not now, child," I said. "Touch me not. I am unwounded, but wet!"

And so I was, wet with that which had spouted from the neck of Otho von Reuss as his trunk stood a moment headless in the stairway ere it fell—a hideous thing to see.

"Come, Helene," I said; "we must away. There is other work for your husband to-night. You I will place with the Bishop Peter. But my place is with the men of Plassenburg and with Karl, my noble Prince."

And I took her by the hand to lead her out.

"Not that way!" she cried, shrinking back.

For the bodies of the two slain men lay there. And the stairs ran red from step to step in red drips and lappering pools.

So I bethought me what we should do, and ran forthwith for my father's cord with which he was used to bind the malefactors upon the wheel.

"Come, Helene," said I, and straightway fastened the rope to the iron bar from which I had made so many descents to the pavement in the old days of the White Wolves.

I let myself down, and there in the angle of the tower wall I waited to catch my wife. She delayed somewhat, and I could not think wherefore.

But at last she came, bringing the Red Axe in her hand.

"Go not weaponless!" she said, and I reached up and took from her hand that which had already served me so well. The Red Axe had done its work now, and she was grateful.

Then she descended to my side, and we went down the streets of Thorn, which were filled with hurrying burgesses with weapons in their hands, rushing to discover the cause of the clamor. I took Helene hastily to the palace of the Bishop. And when I arrived there I saw Peter himself with his head out of a window.

"I come to claim your protection for my wife!" I cried.

He came down immediately, with an attendant.

"Fear not," I said; "you will never be called in question for this kindly deed. The Duke Otho is slain, and the army of Prince Karl of Plassenburg is already at the gates."

"The Duke is dead!" he gasped. "Who slew him?"

"The Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark," said I, smiling at his astonishment. And I held up the Red Axe, on which there was now no crystal-clear rim of shining steel. All was crimson from haft to edge—red as blood.

"Here for an hour, Helene, little wife, I must leave you," I said. But now she sobbed and clung to me as she had not done before, even in the dungeon.

"Stay with me," she said. "I need you, Hugo!"

I took her by the hand.

"Little one," I whispered, as tenderly as I could, "I would not be worthily your husband if I went not to meet those who are fighting to save us this night. They have come from afar to deliver us. I were false and recreant if I went not to their assistance."

"I know—I know," she said. "Go!"

And with that she gave a hand to the good Bishop and went quietly within.

Then I betook me with all speed to the Weiss Thor, where I judged the chief struggle would take place. And as I came I heard the rattle of shot and the jarring thunder of the forehammers. The soldiers without shouted, and the men within more feebly replied.

I came in sight of the gate. There on my left hand was the house of Master Gerard von Sturm.

A fire was still flickering upon the tower of it.

Without I could hear the cheering and clamoring of the besiegers. But the gates remained obstinately shut. They were stronger than the Prince had anticipated.

As I stood uncertain what to do I saw a slim white figure, the figure of a woman, flash across the open space toward the gate. The men who defended the gate towers were all upon the top of the wall. Before any could stop her she had thrown herself upon the wheel by which the bars were unfastened, and with a few turns had drawn them as deftly as evil Duke Casimir had been wont to remove the teeth of the rich Hebrew folk when he wanted supplies.

The White Gate slowly opened. The faces of the soldiers of Plassenburg were seen without; the weapons gleamed in their hands as they came on shouting fiercely. The guards of the Duke rushed forward to close the gate. But the woman had clamped the wheel and stood holding the bar.

It was the Lady Ysolinde. She saw me as the soldiers of Duke Otho closed threateningly upon her. She waved her hand to me almost happily.

"*I have saved my soul, Hugo Gottfried!*" she cried. "*I have saved my soul!*"

At that moment a soldier of the Black Riders struck her fiercely with his lance. I saw the white bosom of her dress redden as he plucked his weapon to him again.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

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I was in time to catch her in my arms as the soldiers of Plassenburg, with Prince Karl at their head, came in like a spring-tide, carrying all before them.

The Prince staid at his wife's side.

"Ysolinde!" cried the Prince, aghast, bending over her—not heeding, nor, indeed, as I think, even seeing me.

"Karl!" she said, looking gently at him, "try and forgive me all the rest. But be glad that I opened the White Gate to you. I, Ysolinde, your wife, did it for your sake."

I put her into her husband's arms. I saw at a glance that there was no hope. She could not live many moments with that lance-thrust through her breast.

She looked at him again.

"Karl—say, 'Ysolinde, I love—love you!'" she whispered, almost shyly.

He looked down, and a rush of tears came to the unwonted eyes of the Prince of Plassenburg.

"Ysolinde, I love you!" he made answer, in a broken voice.

She smiled, and then looked up at me.

"*Hugo Gottfried, have I not saved my soul?*" she cried.

And so passed.

CHAPTER LVI.

HELENA, PRINCESS OF PLASSENBURG.

THERE was deadly work yet before the men of Plassenburg. We found, indeed, that the townsfolk were with us almost to a man. Their guild train-bands gathered and mustered at their halls. The guards at the city gates turned their arms to the ground.

"The Prince will restore your ancient liberties," I cried. And the people shouted, "Prince Karl of Plassenburg and our ancient liberties!"

Then we made our way up the street by different routes to the Wolfsberg. There was little fighting till we arrived under those vast and gloomy walls. The Black Riders had disappeared within. Those worst tools of grim tyranny had withdrawn themselves, knowing that small mercy would be shown them by the people if the Wolfsberg were taken. But the common soldiers of the fighting rank, sons and brothers of the women of Thorn, tore off the badge of the bloody Dukes and marched with us as comrades.

But when we came before the walls, and with sound and trumpet summoned the Wolfsberg to surrender, a discharge of musketry from the walls and the determined faces of a multitude of defenders showed us conclusively that all was not yet over.

It was no use wasting men in attacking the great pile of buildings with the force at our disposal. We had men in plenty, but we needed the cannon, which were coming up more slowly than these swift forces, which, marching day and night, had arrived in the nick of time before the walls of Thorn.

Nevertheless, it was not the fate of the Wolfsberg to be taken by Lazy Peg and her compeers.

These ponderous pieces of ordnance were being dragged through the swamps and over the brick-dust barrens of the border-lands, and it might be three or four days before they could arrive to aid us. There was nothing, therefore, to do but to sit down and wait, drawing a cincture that not a mouse could creep through about the cliffs of the Wolfsberg.

But deep within the heart of the old Red Tower there was one stronger than Lazy Peg fighting for us.

"Fire! Fire!" cried the people in the streets. "The Wolfsberg is on fire!" And so surely it was. The flames burst out at the summit of the Red Tower, and were rapidly carried by a dry fanning northerly wind along the wooden workshops and kennels to the main building, where the Hall of Judgment was soon blazing like a torch. The defenders seemed paralyzed. Some ran to the castle well. Some threw themselves desperately from the walls; others crowded to the gates and besought our Prince's pledge that mercy would be shown them.

Then the crowd without were ill to deal with, for they cried aloud: "No mercy to the murderers! Show us our Saint Helena!"

Then it was that I leaped upon the scaffold, which had seen such a sight the day before, and cried: "Duke Otho is dead. I, Hugo Gottfried, slew him with this Red Axe. Prince Karl is come to save you, and to give you back your ancient liberties. Your Saint Helena is my wife, and is safe under the protection of Bishop Peter."

But though they cheered at my words, they would not cease from crying, "Show us Saint Helena, and if she bid us we will have mercy on the wolves of the Wolfsberg!"

So it was necessary for Helene to be brought and to show herself to them, for the sake of the poor souls sore driven 'twixt the fire and the knives.

"Have mercy on the poor folk!" she cried, when they had done shouting because of her safety. "They are but misguided, ignorant men!"

By this time the doors of the Wolfsberg were thrown open from within, and the men crowded out, casting down their arms in heaps on either side of the gate. They were marched, under charge of the soldiers of Plassenburg, to various strongholds which were pointed out by the Burgomeister and the chiefs of the guilds. The fortified halls of the trades were filled with them. By daybreak the whole of Thorn was in our hands, while the gray barrens of the Wolfmark were lit for leagues by the flaming Wolfsberg, which, on its craggy height, vomited fire and sparks into the blackness of night.

And the reek of this great burning hung for days after in the heavens. Thus was an end made to the iniquities of the house of the Black Duke Casimir and the Red Duke Otho. And the last Duke mixed his ashes with those of the fatal tower. For on the morrow there remained only the blackened walls and glowing beams of all that mighty palace. Which, indeed, has never been rebuilt. For the people of Thorn, under the mild and equitable rule which followed, erected a great memorial church upon the spot—which may be seen to this day, a landmark from far to witness if I have lied in the tale which has been told.

So the Prince Karl gave to Thorn its liberties, as he had promised. But the regality of the Dukedom he kept for himself, and he took the Wolfmark and made it part of his dominions, till, as he said, the broom-bush kept the cow throughout the length and breadth of Plassenburg and the Mark.

There was a noble home-coming when we returned to Plassenburg—victorious and famous; but also mourning deep and solemn for the Princess Ysolinde, who by her sacrifice had wrought such great things for the arms of Plassenburg, and died in the moment of victory.

Then, when after the stately funeral of the dead Princess we returned back to the Palace, it was the Prince's pleasure that Helene and myself should ride on either hand of him through the city.

And when we were announced in the court, and the councillors of state stood about, my little wife was named by her true name, "Helena, Princess of Plassenburg!"

Whereat all opened their mouths and widened their eyes, thinking, perhaps, that that ancient wizard Chancellor Leopold von Dessauer had suddenly gone mad.

But when all were in their places, and the representatives of the cities of the Princedom, and the delegates from Thorn and the Mark had been received with due honor, the Prince bade his Chancellor recount all he had learned from my father, and all that he had discovered in the archives of Plassenburg.

Then, when he had finished, the Prince Karl arose.

"I am," he said, "a plain, brusque man. And speech was never my stronghold. But this I say. When Karl, the Miller's son, goes the way of King's son and beggar's son, it is his will that Helene, legitimate Princess of Plassenburg, shall reign over you. And also that her husband Hugo, who, as you know, won her from dreadful death, shall stand by her right hand."

Then the nobles and great lords, fearing the Prince, and perhaps also fearing a little the man who was the Prince's general of his armies, shouted amain,

"We swear to obey the Princess Helena!"

Whereat uprose the Little Playmate, very princess like and full of a sweet regal dignity.

"I thank you, noble Prince," she said. "I am glad that I can claim so honorable a name and lineage; but I had rather be no princess, nor anything else than that which my husband hath made me—the wife of the captain-general of the armies of Karl, the true and noble Prince of Plassenburg!"

Then the Prince rose and clasped her in his arms, kissing her fondly on both cheeks.

"Fear not," he said, "dear and loyal lady. If you live to be the Princess, your good man shall be the Prince. Never shall the gray mare flaunt it first in Plassenburg!"

And he gave us each a hand, and set us on two seats which had been set level with his on the platform of the Council-chamber of the Princedom.

The Prince Karl lived many days after the winning of the Wolfmark and the ending of the ducal Wolves. But he gave less and less care to the regalities, leaving them more and more to me, sitting mostly in the pleasaunce by the river-side, or in the fairy far-regarding room which had been the Lady Ysolinde's.

But he never looked again on the face of a woman, except as it might be to bid them good-day—save on that of my wife Helene, who, as you who know her may guess, waxed but the sweeter and the fairer as the years went by.

And the blessing of children came to us, and in this thing the Prince Karl was even happier than we.

One day, however, it chanced that he was seated in full council, and right noble he looked. I had just handed him a paper to sign. But he looked neither at me nor yet at the paper. His eyes were fixed on the locked doors of the presence-chamber, through which only those of princely blood might come.

He stood so long at it that to recall him I put my hand on his arm, and said, "Prince, the Council waits your pleasure."

But he heard me not, his eyes being fixed on the door.

"Your pardon, my lords and knights," he said at last, fighting a little with his utterance, "but it seemed that I saw the Princess, my wife, come through the door, clad in white, and beckon me with her hand. I must go to her, my lords; I thinks she calls for me. The Prince Hugo will take my place at the Council!"

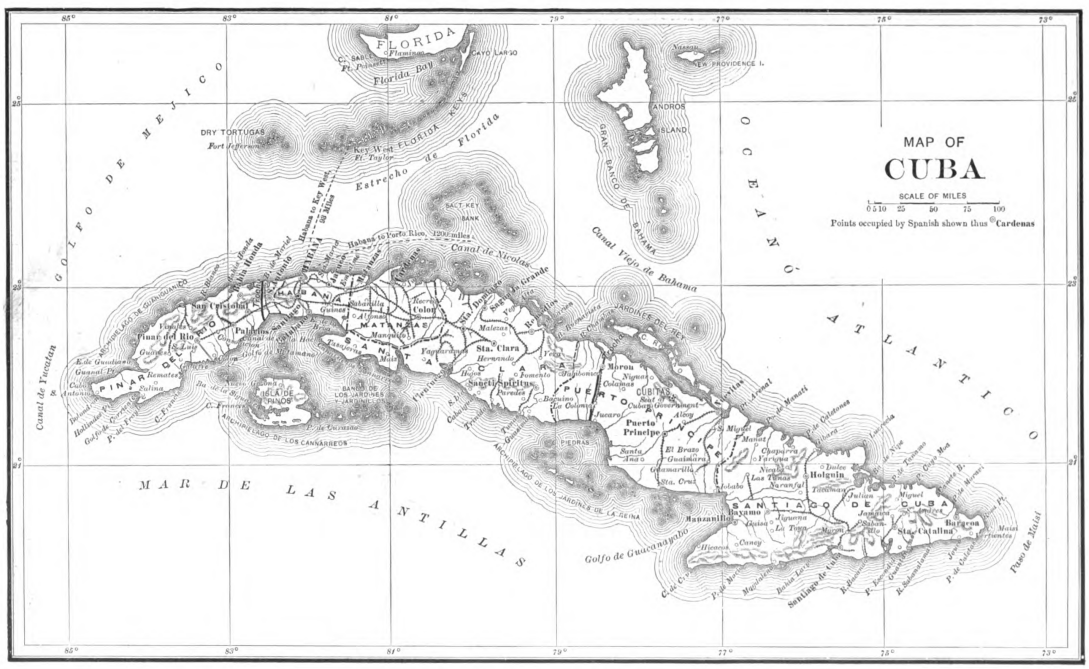
And the old man took a step from the high seat. But he at the foot of the throne stumbled and fell into my arms.

He said but one word after that, with his eyes fixed on the bolted door—"*Ysolinde!*"

And so the Prince Karl and his wife were one at last.

Since then we have lived long, the Little Playmate and I; but never have we been other than comrades and friends—lovers also, and so (an' the good God please) we shall abide till the end comes. And in the gloaming we two also shall see the beckoning hand from beyond the bolted door, and turn our feet homewards, passing the bourne of the new life hand in hand—and undismayed.

THE END.

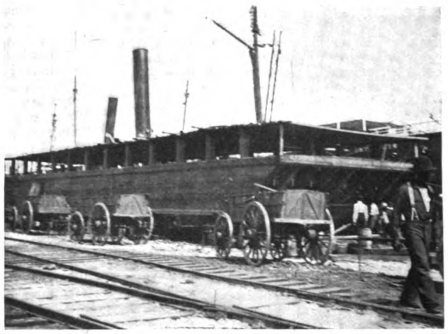


MAP OF CUBA COMPILED FROM LATEST INFORMATION, AND SHOWING THE LOCATION OF PRINCIPAL POINTS NOW HELD BY SPANISH FORCES.

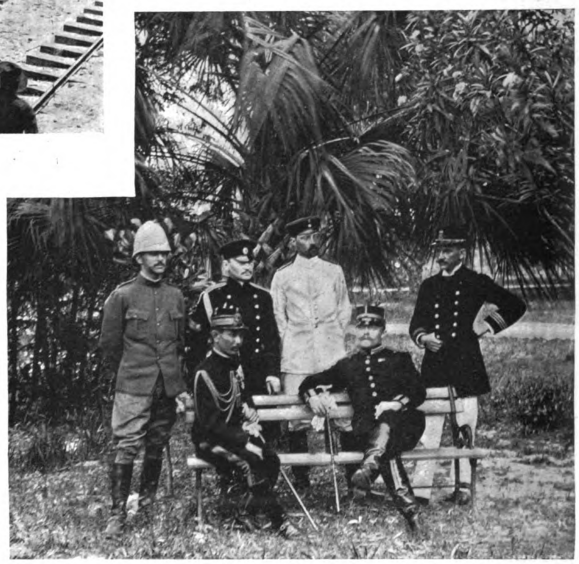
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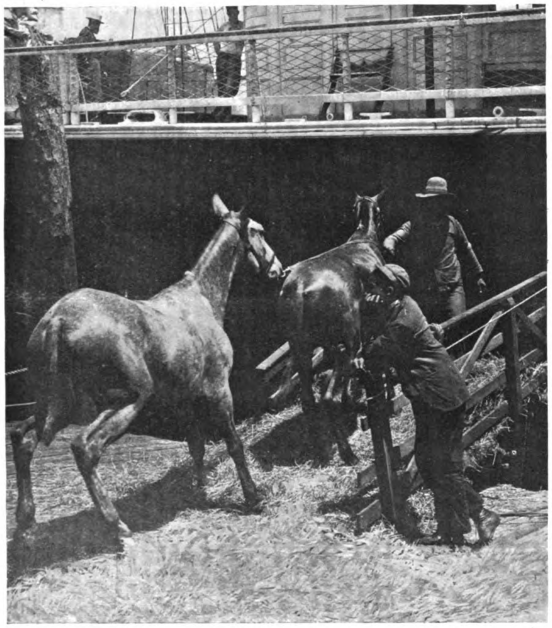
HOW THE ROUGH RIDERS RODE ROUGHLY TO PORT TAMPA.



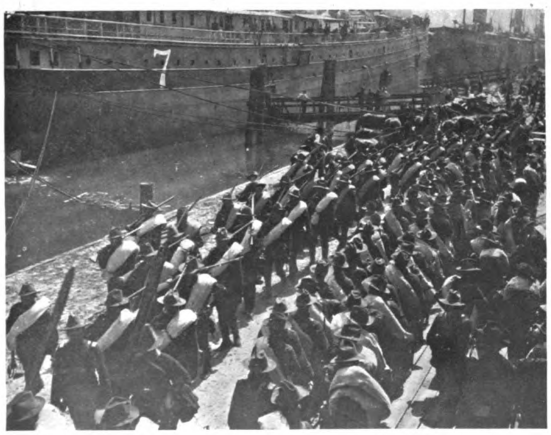
SCOWS BUILT TO CARRY WATER FOR THE TROOPS.



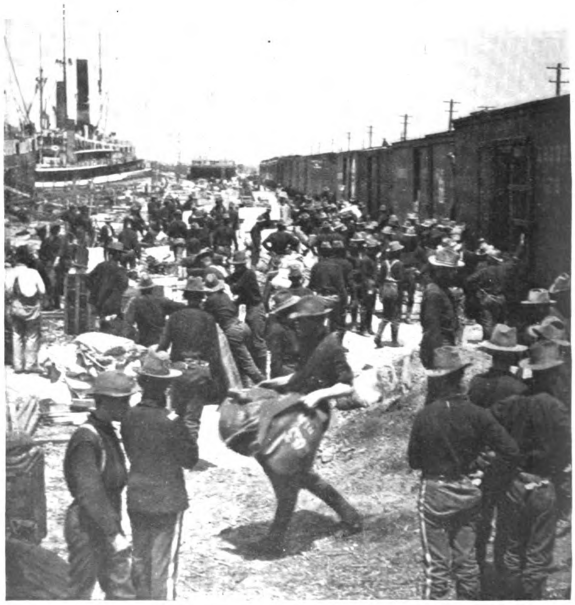
FOREIGN ATTACHÉS AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS.



A RELUCTANT INVADER.



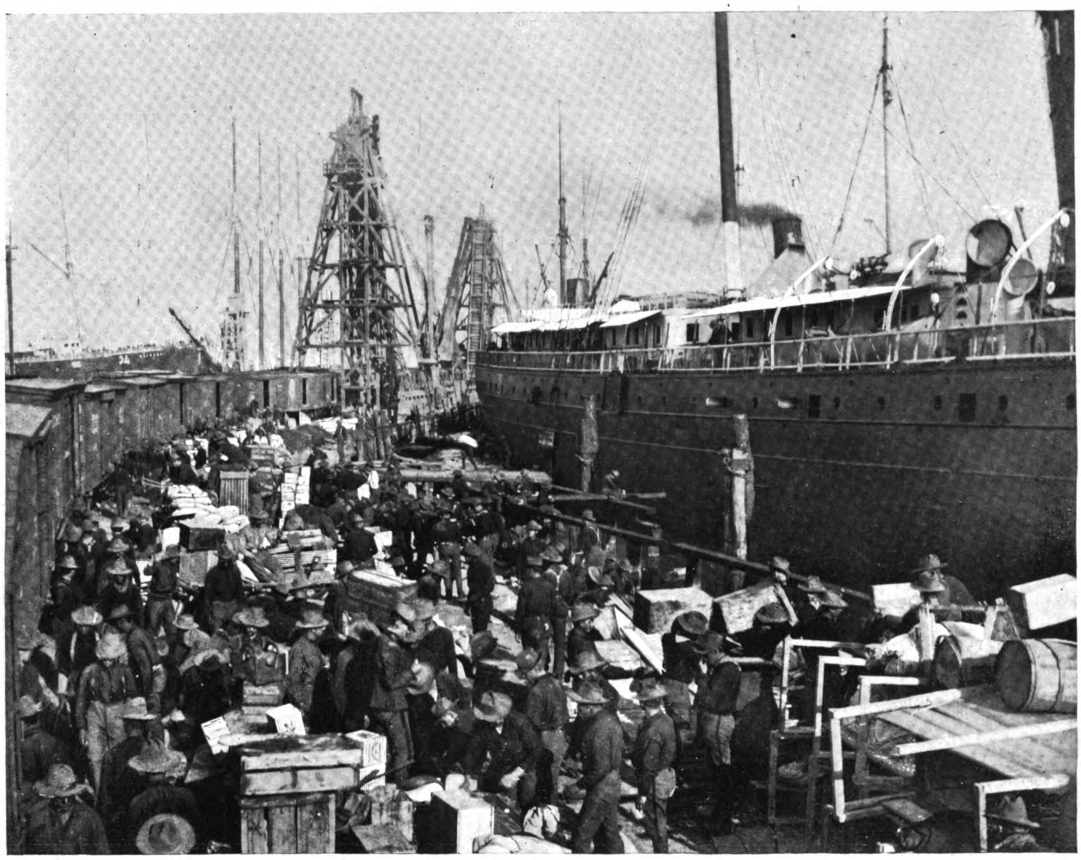
2d MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS WAITING TO GO ABOARD TRANSPORT.



TRANSFERRING STORES FROM TRAIN TO TRANSPORTS.

OFF TO SANTIAGO—U. S. TROOPS EMBARKING AT PORT TAMPA FOR THE INVASION OF CUBA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.

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OFF TO SANTIAGO—ON THE DOCK AT PORT TAMPA—LOADING THE TRANSPORTS.
PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.

LIFE ON A DESPATCH-BOAT.

OFF HAVANA IN HALF A GALE, *May 22.*

FROM Key West to Havana in a straight line is a matter of ninety miles across the Gulf Stream, that here runs from two and a half to three knots an hour. When the wind is from the southward, or when there is no wind at all, there is a considerable swell made by tide and current, but that is rather pleasant than otherwise, and would not bother even a poor sailor. But those days are rare; the prevailing winds are from the northeast—the trade-winds of these latitudes—that blow steadily and with greater or less violence, but always whipping up the opposing current into a lively and disagreeable sea.

Now when you have to lie out in this uncomfortable commotion day after day, with no harbor short of Key West and not even the comfort of going *somewhere*, simply staying on and taking it, you begin to hate the Gulf Stream and the northeast trades, and the still blue hills of Cuba seem pleasant and hopeful for our bruised and weary bones.

The *New York* and the big battle-ships do not mind such seas at all; the *New York* especially, being one of the most graceful of ships, riding the waves like a bird, and when going ahead at full speed into a head-sea, she dips her gilded figure-head or rolls her broad white decks to the swell with a stately movement that is the embodiment of power and grace.

The small cruisers and poor little wet torpedo-boats have to suffer, though, on a day like this, and roll and flounder and gasp for breath in the drenching seas; but then they are used to it, or at least they get credit for it, while the unhappy newspaper-boat does not, and has to endure as best it may. We cannot get news, or get away, or get any comfort out of life. Built for Long Island Sound's smooth water, or, some of them, to stay in harbors where they belong, it is a wonder these boats dare tag along as they all do, no matter what the weather.

On this low, black, rakish craft we are better off than some of them, but we stay longer, too, and refuse to give up and go home or let the flag-ship get out of sight, though we cannot get near enough to squeeze any information out of the long-suffering admiral or his aides, and content ourselves with looking on at that steady going ship, while we roll—decks under. If ever a boat found herself in her old age in an unexpected business, this one has. Built for a millionaire, and to cruise up and down in smooth summer seas and wave a yacht pennant and club burgee, painted and polished, her brass-work shining, a clean and natty crew forward, and well-dressed and comfortable-looking people aft under the awnings, their easy-chairs spread about on a well-scrubbed deck; down in the cabin, divans covered with cushions, rugs, and curtains, and shining glass setting off the rich mahogany wood-work, while an attentive steward listened to their wants and knew how to fill them—all that would be soon turned topsy-turvy in a Gulf Stream sea. But now comfort is a minor consideration, decks are heaped and piled with bags of coal, barrels of potatoes, and coils of rope, boats lashed on the poor remaining space of quarter-deck, that is either grimy with coal dust or inch-deep in slopping seas that will come on board, soaking coal out of the bags and sending trickling streams of dirty water down the cabin companionway, or whole barrels of water down the after-hatch. The deck-house is piled with flags and rugs and carpets, barrels of flour, boxes of canned provisions, hardtack, and last resorts of every kind. The cabin floor, bare of carpet or rugs, is covered on this sort of day with a paste of coal dust and broken glass, for lamp-shades and tumblers and ink-bottles will carry away and land as they please, and stay there till they begin to worry the steward, who is too busy to bother with such details. The wood-work creaks and groans, and two big rocking-chairs, relics of more peaceful days, rival each other in the variety of their motions. Water soaks through the ports and wets the dirty covers on the divans or the bedding in the state-rooms with equal impartiality. To our appeal to try to repair a water-soaked bed, the steward responded, "Oh, that's nothing; you ought to see my bed." Meal-time comes and goes, however, and the cook does not get seasick, though he does not like eight-inch shells, and threatened to jump overboard at San Juan.

The cabin skylights have lately broken in, and we get a complement of coal dust and salt-water down through the broken glass at meal-times; it probably comes in at all times, but we notice it most then. Sometimes we celebrate the hour when the sun crosses the yard-arm, which brings a momentary gleam with it, then we go back to the perusal of stale newspapers or forgotten books, or vainly attempt to get a little work through.

When night comes down we sit on deck till sleepy enough to dare the stuffy, groaning state-rooms below. The blockading fleet disappears in the night, and we, equally dark—for no lamps are allowed—watch Havana lights, and toss up and down and back and forth till morning brings the hope of something turning up. At least we get a bath on deck, watch the gathering of the fleet to report to the flag-ship, and trust the day will send us back to Key West with a story worth the telling.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

HINTS ON SPANISH PRONUNCIATION.

THE difficulty experienced by the average American in pronouncing the Spanish names with which the newspapers are filled nowadays renders the following hints on pronunciation of some timeliness.

There are, of course, as many dialects of Spanish as there are of English, and they vary even more widely; but the Castilian is the language of the educated classes, and is followed here.

The letters not given below are pronounced as in English, and each Spanish letter has but one sound. A is pronounced ah; b has no exact equivalent, but is between the English v and w. C before e and i=th in think, elsewhere=k; d=th in though; e=a in fate; g before e and i=h, elsewhere as in English, but gue and gui are pronounced gay and gee; h is not sounded; i=ee in feel; j=h in horse; ll=li in million; ñ=ni in minion; o=o in go; qu=k; r with a long roll; u=oo in fool; y=ee in feel; z=th in think. Each letter always has its full sound. Spanish words ending in consonants are usually accented on the last syllable, excepts plurals of adjectives; words ending in vowels are accented on the penultimate syllable; where the accent is otherwise it is always indicated. The Cubans generally pronounce d as in English, and c before e and i like our s. Otherwise their enunciation is much the same as that of the Spaniards.

It may have been noticed that many Spanish names consist of two separate and distinct words joined by "y," as "Macias y Casado." This is due to the fact that Spaniards often add the mother's name to the father's. Thus, in the example above, Macias is the father's name, and Casado that of the mother, "y" being the Spanish word for "and."

The following is the correct pronunciation of the more prominent Spanish names of towns, ships, generals, etc.:

Almodóvar	Ahl-moh-doh'-vahr.
Alfonso	Ahl-fohn'-soh.
Almirante Oquendo	Ahl-mee-rahn'-tay Oh-kain'-doh.
Blanco	Blahn'-coh.
Banes	Bah'-nace.
Cámara	Cah'-mah-rah.
Cadiz	Cah'-deeth.
Cienfuegos	The-en-foo-ā'-gohs.
Cardenas	Kar-day'-nahs.
Cristobal Colón	Krees-toh'-bahl Kohlone'.
Calmanera	Kah-see-mah-nay'-rah.
Cervera	Thair-vay'-rah.
Castelar	Kahs'-tay-lahr.
Emperador Carlos V	Em-pay-rah-dor' Car'-lohs Keen-toh.
Guillón	Goohl yohn'.
Guantanamo	Gwahn-tah-nah'-moh.
Gomez	Goh'-mayth.
Garcia	Gahr-thee'-ah.
Habana	Hah-vah'-nah.
Holguin	Hohl'-geen.
Matanzas	Mah-tahn'-thahs.
Morro	Moh'-rroh.
Maria Teresa	Mah-ree'-ah Tay-ray'-sah.
Nuevitas	Noo-ay-vee'-tahs.
Pinar del Rio	Pee-nahr thel Ree-oh.
Puerto Principe	Poo-air'-toh Preen'-thee-pay.
Pelayo	Pay-lah'-yo.
Santa Clara	Sahn'-tah Clah'-rah.
Santiago	Sahn-tee-ah'-goh.
San Juan	Sahn Hwahn.
Trinidad	Tree-ni-thath (hard th).
Vizcaya	Veeth-cah'-yah.

C. S. v. P.

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AN ORCHARD NOTE.

In clusters fragrant blowy,
A frail, bee-haunted sea,
Bright beam the blossoms snowy—
The fancies of the tree.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

SINKING THE "MERRIMAC."

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, *June 4, 1898.*

SANTIAGO DE CUBA lies on a high plateau, secure above the sea, with a landlocked harbor whose narrow entrance is guarded by an old fort and water-batteries, and by an earth-work mounting heavy modern guns. Back from the city are ranges of lofty hills, whose green summits are crowded with rolling masses of clouds that shine and glow in the sunlight, or lower deep and black with wind and rain at the mood of the changing tropic day.

Swinging at anchor within the shelter of the hills are the ships of Admiral Cervera, now securely held by a strong force under Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley.

Under the towering hills the great battle-ships and cruisers seem from a little distance mere pygmies as they move up and down in front of the city, guarding with watchful eye their hidden foe. Yet, watch as they may, the inky blackness and sudden and terrific downpours of rain that sweep off the hills make it possible for a ship to slip out, hidden by night and storm, and get away undiscovered. For this reason Admiral Sampson, not wishing to go in and batter down the forts and force the Spanish fleet to fight, decided to bottle them up securely by stopping the channel. For this purpose the collier *Merrimac*, a fine steamer of 5000 tons, was selected, her guns, valuables, and private property taken off, and the ship made ready to sink at a given word. To do this required some time, and a large force of men worked steadily on Wednesday in preparing the ship, the *Massachusetts* being alongside, filling her coal-bunkers from the 2500 tons the *Merrimac* had on board. Torpedoes were made by filling metal gun-shells with prismatic powder; these were placed in the hold when all was ready, the electric wires being laid to the deck, so all the torpedoes could be fired at once. The stop-cocks were taken off the water-pipes and temporary stopping provided, which the settling of the ship would immediately carry away.

Volunteers were called for to take the ship in and sink her across the channel, and the response that came included every man that had the slightest chance of going, so that practically the Admiral had the pick of all the men in the fleet.

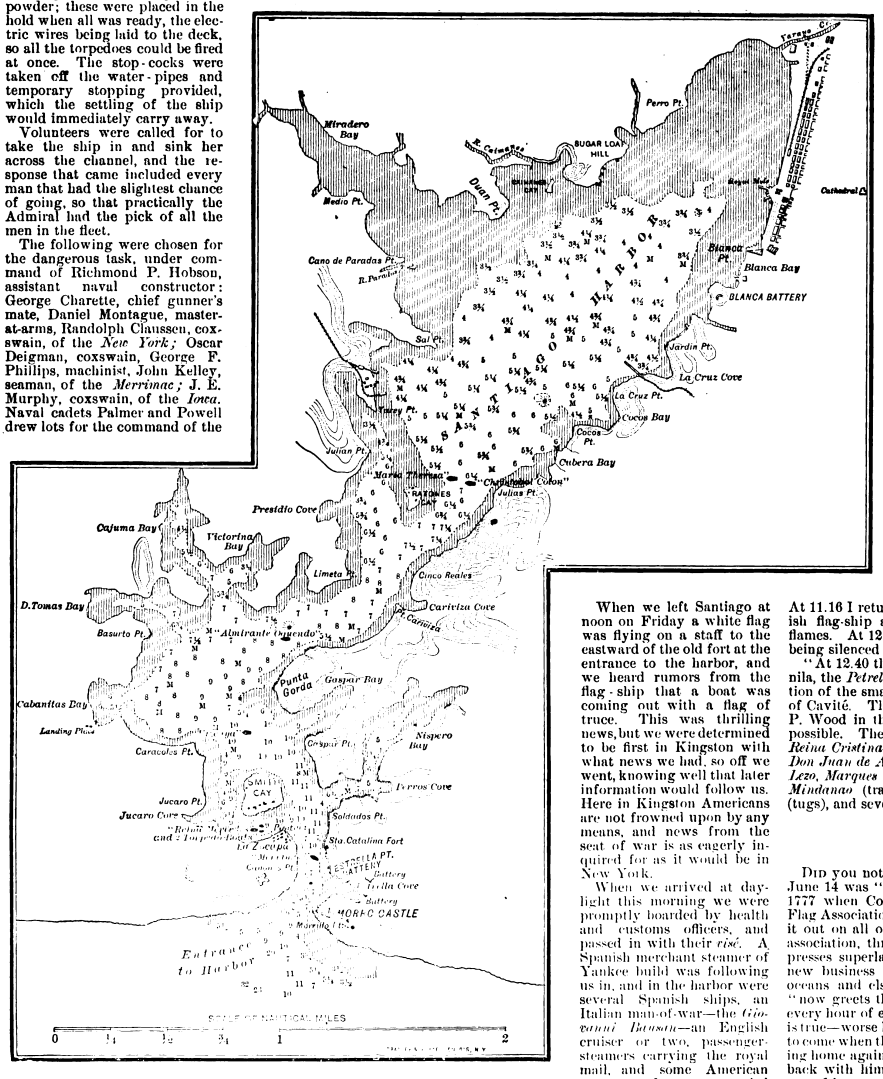
The following were chosen for the dangerous task, under command of Richmond P. Hobson, assistant naval constructor: George Charette, chief gunner's mate, Daniel Montague, master-at-arms, Randolph Claussen, coxswain, of the *New York;* Oscar Deigman, coxswain, George F. Phillips, machinist, John Kelley, seaman, of the *Merrimac;* J. E. Murphy, coxswain, of the *Ionca.* Naval cadets Palmer and Powell drew lots for the command of the cutter to follow the ship in and take off the crew when the ship sank. All the men were good swimmers, Charette, of the *New York*, being an expert, and it was expected that they would jump overboard and swim out to the cutter.

These preparations consumed much time, and it was not until nearly daylight on Thursday morning, the 2d, that all was ready for the *Merrimac* to go in. The ships of the fleet formed a crescent off the entrance to the harbor, ready to open fire on the forts if they should discover and begin firing on the *Merrimac*. In the mist of the early dawn the big collier started toward the entrance of the harbor, but as daylight was rapidly coming on, a boat was sent after Lieutenant Hobson with orders to return; he begged to go on, but a second peremptory order from the Admiral commanded him to report on board at once. So the *Merrimac* turned back without waking the forts, and the project was abandoned for the day.

Thursday the fleet was drawn off, a patrol being kept near the harbor mouth, as usual. As night came on a tremendous thunder-storm gathered over the hills, shutting in the town and forts completely in a gray veil of rain and mist. At sea, however, all was calm and quiet, and the moon shed its mellow light over a seemingly peaceful scene.

About three o'clock in the morning the *Merrimac* went in, guided by the eight brave men. Just when she sank no one could tell, the muffled explosion that sent her to the bottom not being heard by the nearest ships. When daylight came the *New York's* cutter, with Cadet Powell in command, was still waiting and watching for the men to return, and not until driven off by a fire from the forts, and the certainty that their presence could no longer help their shipmates, did they give up. When the Spaniards discovered the masts of the *Merrimac* in the channel entrance, and found the *Texas* and *Massachusetts* off the harbor, they thought an attack was intended, and opened fire on the two ships, sending six or eight shots that did no harm and were not replied to.

The *Merrimac* is sunk across the channel just where it was planned to sink her, and lies in deep water, but offering a sufficient obstruction to heavy-draught vessels. The eight brave men who went in with her have to a certainty been taken prisoners, and the forts and ships at Santiago de Cuba still remain to be contended with.



MAP OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

Showing the Location of the sunken Collier *Merrimac*, and of the Vessels of Admiral Cervera's Squadron after the Bombardment of May 31, as reported to Admiral Sampson by Cuban Spies.

When we left Santiago at noon on Friday a white flag was flying on a staff to the eastward of the old fort at the entrance to the harbor, and we heard rumors from the flag-ship that a boat was coming out with a flag of truce. This was thrilling news, but we were determined to be first in Kingston with what news we had, so off we went, knowing well that later information would follow us. Here in Kingston Americans are not frowned upon by any means, and news from the seat of war is as eagerly inquired for as it would be in New York.

When we arrived at daylight this morning we were promptly boarded by health and customs officers, and passed in with their *visé*. A Spanish merchant steamer of Yankee build was following us in, and in the harbor were several Spanish ships, an Italian man-of-war—the *Giovanni Bausan*—an English cruiser or two, passenger-steamers carrying the royal mail, and some American newspaper boats—unwearied scouts and messengers whose coming and going seem to be accepted as part of war's necessities, and also of the ship-chandlers' and coal-merchants' opportunity. Following us in came a later boat by several hours, whose news of the flag-of-truce story sent a thrill of joy and of war's fierce anger through every American sympathizer in the place.

The Spanish Admiral did send a flag of truce to the American Admiral, presenting his compliments, and saying that "the eight men of the *Merrimac* were now his prisoners." This has a note of politeness as well as of defiance, but at any rate saves us from thinking that they had gone down with the *Merrimac;* for now there is a probability that they will regain their ships, and that soon.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

(Extract from Admiral Dewey's Official Report.)

"FLAG-SHIP 'OLYMPIA,' CAVITÉ, *May 1, 1898.*

"THE squadron left Mirs Bay on April 27, arrived off Bolinao on the morning of April 30, and finding no vessels there, proceeded down the coast, and arrived off the entrance to Manila Bay on the same afternoon. The *Boston* and the *Concord* were sent to reconnoitre Port Subic. A thorough search was made of the port by the *Boston* and the *Concord*, but the Spanish fleet was not found. Entered the south channel at 11.30 P.M., steaming in column at eight knots. After half the squadron had passed, a battery on the south side of the channel opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. The *Boston* and *McCulloch* returned the fire. The squadron proceeded across the bay at slow speed, and arrived off Manila at daybreak, and was fired upon at 5.15 A.M. by three batteries at Manila and two near Cavité, and by the Spanish fleet anchored in an approximately east and west line across the mouth of Bakor Bay, with their left in shoal water in Canacao Bay.

"The squadron then proceeded to the attack, the flag-ship *Olympia*, under my personal direction, leading, followed at a distance by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston* in the order named, which formation was maintained throughout the action. The squadron opened fire at 5.41 A.M. While advancing to the attack two mines were exploded ahead of the flag-ship, too far to be effective. The squadron maintained a continuous and precise fire, at ranges varying from 5000 to 2000 yards, countermarching in a line approximately parallel to that of the Spanish fleet. The enemy's fire was vigorous, but generally ineffective. Early in the engagement two launches put out toward the *Olympia*, with the apparent intention of using torpedoes. One was sunk and the other disabled by our fire and beached before they were able to fire their torpedoes.

"At 7 A.M. the Spanish flag-ship, *Reina Cristina*, made a desperate attempt to leave the line and come out to engage at short range, but was received with such a galling fire, the entire battery of the *Olympia* being concentrated upon her, that she was barely able to return to the shelter of the point. The fires started in her by our shell at the time were not extinguished until she sank. The three batteries at Manila had kept up a continuous fire from the beginning of the engagement, which fire was not returned by my squadron. The first of these batteries was situated on the south mole head at the entrance of the Pasig River, the second on the south position of the walled city of Manila, and the third at Molate, about one-half mile further south. At this point I sent a message to the Governor-General to the effect that if the batteries did not cease firing the city would be shelled. This had the effect of silencing them.

"At 7.35 A.M. I ceased firing and withdrew the squadron for breakfast. At 11.16 I returned to the attack. By this time the Spanish flag-ship and almost all the Spanish fleet were in flames. At 12.30 the squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced and the ships sunk, burned, and deserted.

"At 12.40 the squadron returned and anchored off Manila, the *Petrel* being left behind to complete the destruction of the smaller gunboats, which were behind the point of Cavité. This duty was performed by Commander E. P. Wood in the most expeditious and complete manner possible. The Spanish lost the following vessels: Sunk, *Reina Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa;* burned, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marques del Duero*, *El Correo*, *Velasco*, and *Isla de Mindanao* (transport); captured, *Rapido* and *Hercules* (tugs), and several small launches."

FLAG DAY.

DID you notice more flags than usual out on June 14? June 14 was "Flag day," the anniversary of the date in 1777 when Congress adopted the flag. The American Flag Association wants everybody to have a flag, and hang it out on all occasions, but especially on June 14. The association, through a circular issued in its name, expresses superlative enthusiasm over the development of new business for our flag in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and elsewhere. "The sun of heaven," it says, "now greets the stars of hope in liberty's banner during every hour of every revolution of the round earth." That is true—worse luck! Most of us venture to hope for a time to come when the American eagle may feel justified in coming home again to roost, and may bring our blessed banner back with him. We would just as lief as not let the sun of heaven rub along for four or five hours every day without so much as a glimpse of it. The earth is big, and we don't want to spread our flag too thin on too much

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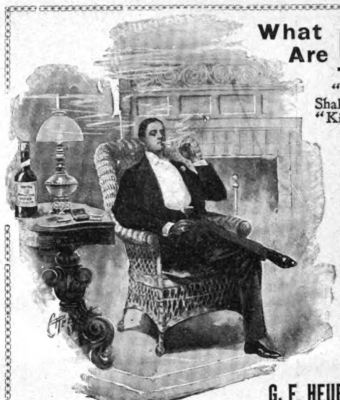


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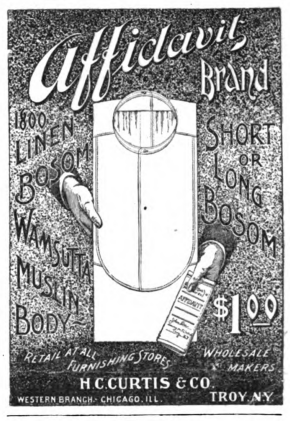
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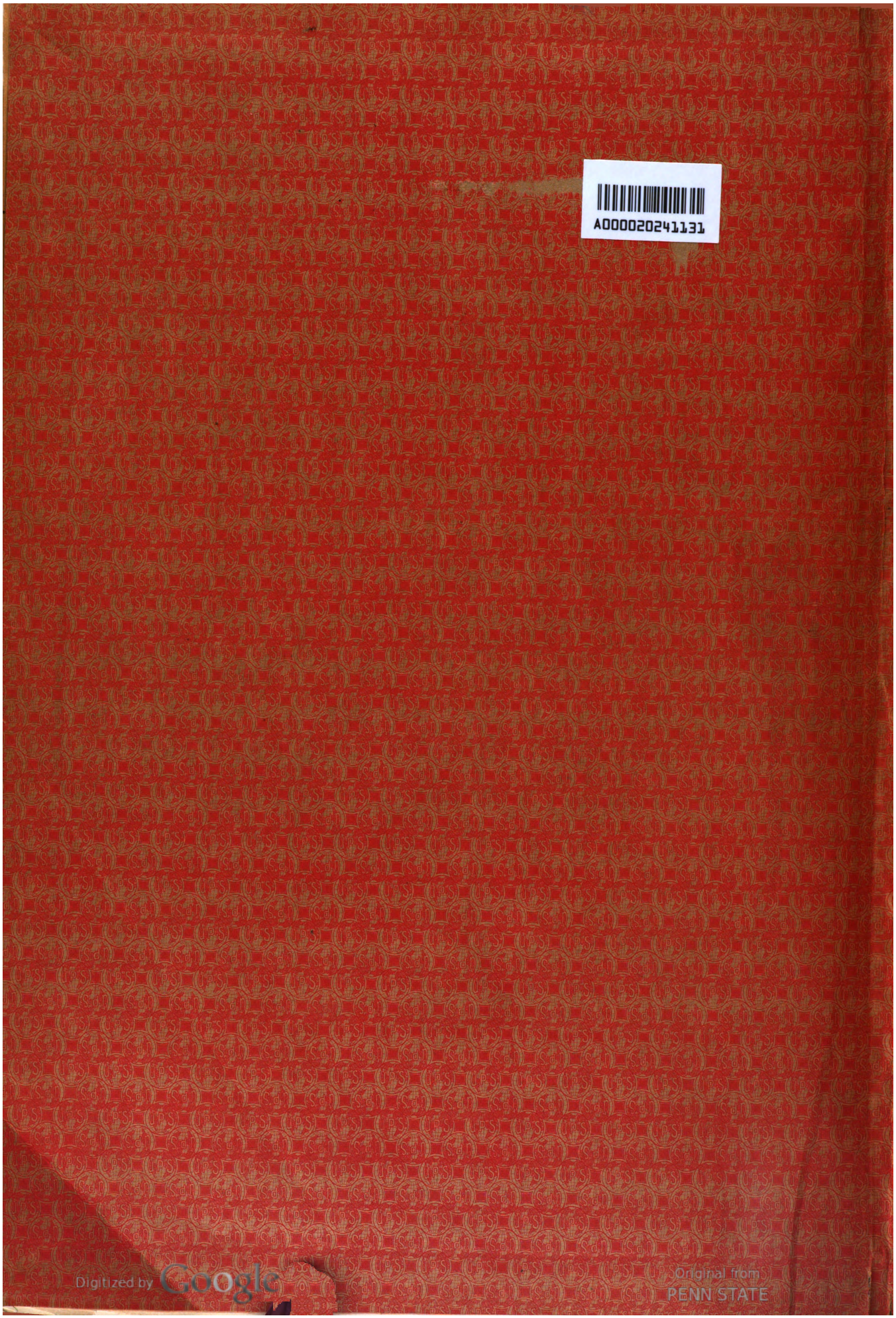
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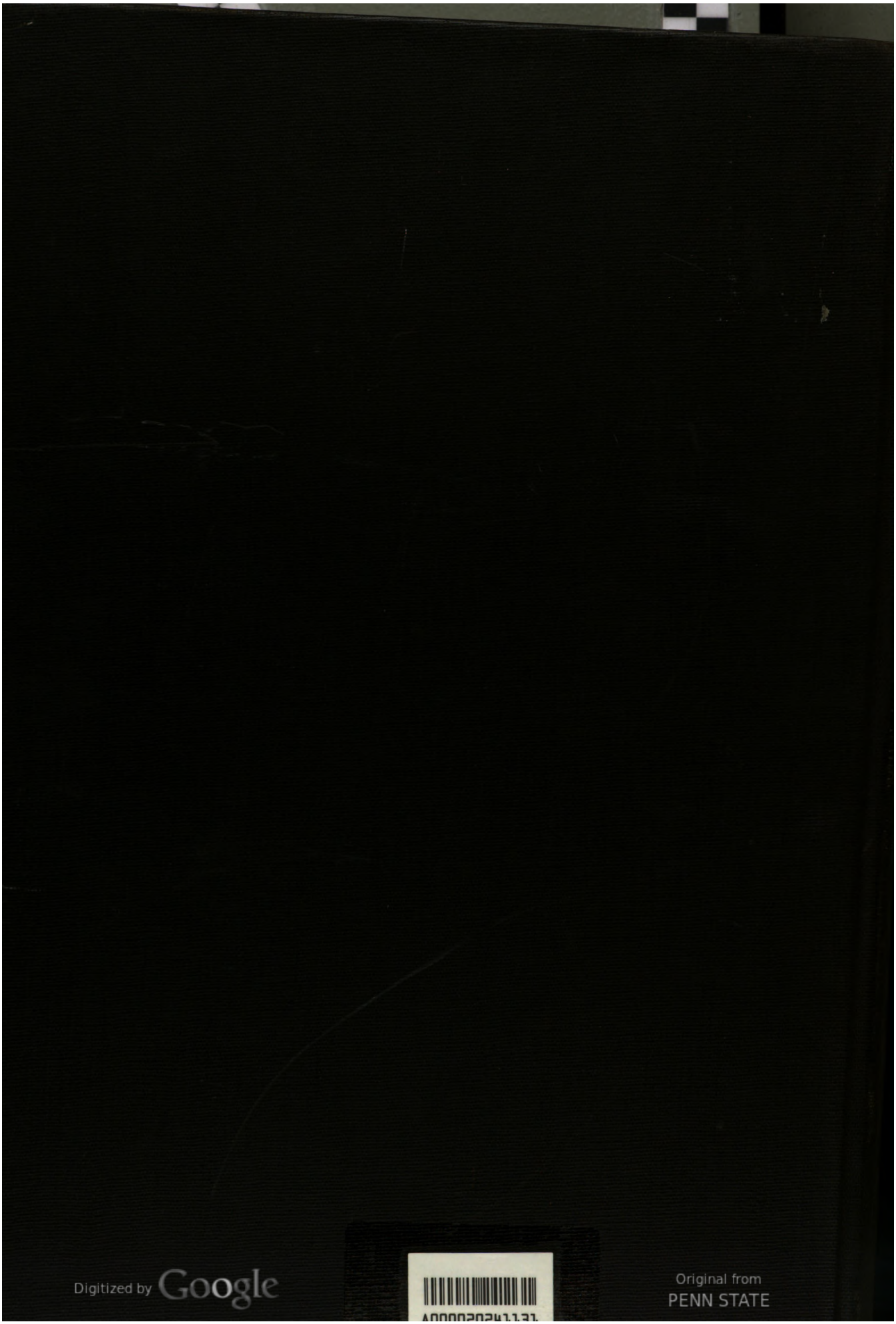
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